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IRELAND FOR THE IRISH

ON AFFAIRS STRICTLY IRISH.

THE government of Ireland has been time out of mind a stumbling-block in the way of English rule.

Without going back over the seven centuries, during which Ireland has been more or less under the dominion of England, let us consider her relations with England during the present century. The existing Act of Union was passed in 1800, under the auspices of Pitt, and under that Act the Parliament of Ireland, commonly called Grattan's Parliament, came to an end, the representation of Ireland being merged in the Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland. History records with shame the corrupt influences by which the Parliament of Ireland was drawn into this surrender of its privileges. Pitt may have justified such proceedings to his own mind by looking forward to the better government of Ireland as the object in view. Had he been left to the exercise of his own judgment, he would no doubt have dealt with the grievances of Ireland in a liberal and enlightened spirit; but he was encountered and thwarted by prejudices in various quarters, and his desire for the better government of the country was effectually checked. Had he been free to deal as he thought fit with the questions of Religious Liberty, of a dominant Church, and of a reform of the Land Laws, we should probably have been spared the constant conflicts with the Irish people which have prevailed throughout the present century ever since the so-called Union was established; for the Irish people might under such circumstances have been well affected to a British Parliament dealing justly with them.

In the course of three successive generations the Irish, after protracted struggles, have wrong from reluctant British Parliaments:—

1st. Catholic Emancipation in 1829; and

2ndly. The Disestablishment of the Church of a small minority in 1868; while . .

3rdly. The Reform of the Irish Land Laws has been the bone of contention in the British Parliament down to the present day.

Many of us are old enough to have witnessed the fierce struggles which have prevailed in Parliament touching the above measures. Ministries have been wrecked, Parties have been shattered, and the House of Commons has been forced to protect itself by stringent rules for the conduct of its proceedings and the restraint of its members; while reforms of various grievances earnestly desired by the people of England and Scotland, and of which there is now a long list of accumulated arrears, have been postponed in order to make way for the demands of Irish legislation.

We might have been spared all these struggles in and out of Parliament had we sooner recognized the principle of self-government for Ireland; while the British Parliament would have been free to clear off its arrears of legislation.

While the Irish have thus struggled throughout the present century for the redress of their grievances, they have never ceased at the same time to demand self-government in some form as the highest object of their aspirations: thus—

Mr. O'Connell raised the cry of Repeal of the Union in 1829;

Mr. Smith O'Brien followed on the same lines in 1848; and subsequently .

Mr. Butt proposed a modified form of Home Rule.

The Parliamentary contingent following these leaders did not exceed forty members.

Mr. Parnell now maintains that the government of Ireland as to affairs strictly Irish should be left to an Irish Parliament; and he is at the head of a contingent of eighty-six members. The standard of self-government has therefore been constantly raised ever since the Union; and it is now borne by eighty-six members, being five-sixths of the representatives of the Irish people. The Parliament of 1885 was thus, at its birth in November last, brought face to face with the startling fact that five-sixths of the Irish people desired self-government in the form of an Irish Parliament for Irish affairs.

Of the leading questions referred by the constituencies at the late general election to the Parliament of 1885 for settlement, the most important was that of self-government, whether in England, Scotland, or Ireland. Ireland spoke its mind upon that subject with redoubled force. It may be presumed that the magnitude of the return of Irish members pledged to Home Rule was an important factor in the consideration of statesmen both of the Government of Lord Salisbury and afterwards of the Government of Mr. Gladstone;

and that it weighed both with the Government of Lord Salisbury in suspending for a short period coercive legislation and with that of Mr. Gladstone in taking up the Irish Question as one of pressing and paramount importance. Local self-government had been promised all round by all Parties to England, Scotland, and Ireland; but the state of Ireland stamped with urgency the question of local self-government for Ireland, and gave it precedence over all other questions. The question which has stirred both Governments, and which now stirs the country, is this: Can the desire of the Irish for a separate Parliament for Irish affairs be met without detriment to Imperial interests?

Upon some leading points it is to be hoped that there will be general agreement, although upon minor matters there may be wide differences. May we not look for general agreement upon the following propositions?—

1. That self-government is a safe and sound principle of government, if applied within proper limits.

2. That self-government should be given in all cases in such form as may be desired by the governed, provided no injury be thereby done to the common good.

3. That the form of self-government desired by the Irish should accordingly be conceded, provided the common good is not thereby damaged.

Now, we may look upon the Government of Ireland Bill lately rejected by the House of Commons as a *bona fide* attempt to satisfy Ireland without injury to the State, although there may be wide diversity of opinion whether both those objects will be effectually secured by it. The House, by refusing to read the Bill a second time, has rejected the essential principle of the Bill—that is, the government of Ireland by an Irish legislative body—and has rendered necessary an appeal to the people on that question. It is for the electors of the United Kingdom to determine whether the Irish shall or shall not have self-government as they desire, securities being taken for safeguarding the honour and interests of the State.

For the proper determination of this grave question it is important to bear in mind that there are Parliaments and Parliaments. Of all Parliaments in the world our English Parliament has the largest powers. It is, humanly speaking, omnipotent. But Parliaments differ widely in the extent of their prerogatives. We have colonial and foreign Parliaments of varying types, exercising functions more or less extensive. In England, when we speak of a Parliament, we naturally have in view that branch of our Parliament with which we are all familiar—our House of Commons. But we should commit a gross mistake if we attributed to all Parliaments powers such as those wielded by the House of Commons.

And if we look at the Parliament of Ireland, as defined by the Government of Ireland Bill, we find that its powers are much restricted—far more restricted, indeed, than those of our colonies. It cannot make peace or war, nor can it enter into treaties with foreign Powers, nor can it make laws with regard to the army, navy, militia, or volunteers, or with respect to trade or navigation, or the postal service or the currency. It can raise neither soldiers, nor sailors, nor militia, nor volunteers; neither can it man a ship of war. It cannot appoint a postman, nor a tidewaiter, nor a consul or other officer to conduct our business with a foreign Power. Its jurisdiction is strictly limited to Ireland alone, and it has no force beyond the shores of that island.

At the same time, while the Parliament of Ireland is by the Bill thus strictly limited in its functions and powers, the Imperial Parliament will retain all its functions and powers, and will be relieved of the constant demands upon its time for legislation for Ireland, which will be relegated to the Irish Parliament. Let us, therefore, not be deluded by the baseless cry that the Imperial Parliament and the Irish Parliament will be of co-ordinate authority.

The Government of Ireland Bill, as introduced by Mr. Gladstone, was not without its faults, but these would have been open to correction in Committee by a friendly Parliament. The House of Commons, however, by rejecting the second reading, showed that it was not friendly to the essential principle of the Bill—that is, the establishment of a legislative body in Ireland for the government of Ireland. What may be the form and substance of the next Government of Ireland Bill we cannot pretend to say, nor can we predict by whose hands it will be presented to Parliament; but we may be sure that self-government for Ireland in some form will engross the time and attention of Parliament until the question is finally set at rest by concession to the reasonable demands of Ireland.

The main objections to the Bill which have been raised are—

1. That the Irish members are at all times totally excluded from the Imperial Parliament.
2. That the rights of property and of the person are not sufficiently protected.
3. That the Protestant minority in Ulster and elsewhere are left exposed to the vengeance of the Roman Catholic priests.

As to the first objection above stated, Mr. Gladstone has himself held out hopes that he can meet it, and there are several ways in which it might be met. We may be assured that he will take care that the questions upon which the judgment of the Irish members may be taken shall be strictly defined and limited to Imperial matters; otherwise confusion may ensue, and Irish members may be again taking part in the affairs of Great Britain.

With regard to the second and third objections, they are founded upon the belief that Irishmen will, upon the attainment of their ends, show their gratitude by immediately ignoring the rights of property and the principles of religious liberty.

Let us hope for better things. There are prophets of evil who contend that the Irish are no better than Hindoos and Hottentots, and are unfit for self-government. For my part I have higher hopes of the Irish race. I do not believe that they are incapable of self-government and of doing justice to their neighbours.

But if there are those who really believe that, upon self-government for Ireland being conceded, Irishmen will at once proceed to break all the Ten Commandments, let them declare what securities they desire, in order that we may see whether they are reasonable and practicable.

I would rather not predict what would happen in the event of the prayer of Ireland being again and again refused, lest it should be said that I had the bad taste to use threats instead of arguments. But having had some experience, as Speaker of the House of Commons, of the severe strain upon parliamentary government consequent upon the attitude of members from Ireland disaffected to the British connection, I deem it my duty to warn all those interested in Parliament (and who is not ?) of the dangers ahead.

If Ireland were asking for concessions either unreasonable or dangerous, I would be the last to raise my voice for peace; but, as it is, I am persuaded that peace may now safely be made with Ireland, ensuring better government, more real union, and increased strength to the United Kingdom.

HAMPDEN.

EXPANSION OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

THE word Church or Kirk, it is well known, is the first half, as **T**he Église is the second, of the compound phrase κυριακή ἐκκλησία, the Lord's civic assembly; and so implies a relation, in the constituent members, of blending sympathy among all, through reverence in each for an ideal Head. It denoted the confraternity of disciples devoted to a Universal Religion; universal in the twofold sense, of drawing all men into Divine relations, and penetrating the whole of life with its consecrating spirit. When this world-wide term receives a limiting addition, the phrase, *e.g.*, "Church of England," simply marks out the portion of the confraternity dwelling in this land; and the rule for knowing who they are can be no other than that which defines them always and everywhere. An organized society which assumes this name pledges itself, *eo ipso*, to accept no narrower boundary and to welcome upon its area "the entire Christian thought and life of the nation." Whatever distinctive physiognomy may be imparted to the religion by the ethnological and historical characteristics of our island, no local law, no will of Prince or vote of Parliament, can change the conditions of discipleship or unchurch any who means loyally to accept them. "I am not," said Richard Baxter, "for narrowing the Church more than Christ himself alloweth us, not for robbing Him of any of His flock." Nor was this a mere vague sentiment of his, blind to its own range of application. For when to his favourite formula of conditions—viz., the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments—it was objected that this "would admit the Papist and the Socinian," he simply answered, "So much the better for concord and unity." And from fidelity to this principle he declined the bishopric of Worcester, offered him at the Restoration, though the alternative was ejection from his living on the memorable day of St. Bartholomew, 1662.

The offence thus met at its birth by Baxter's protest is the unaltered wrong which we still deplore, as disentitling the "Church of England" to its comprehensive name: "She shuts out from her communion, and for more than two centuries has persistently disowned, multitudes of faithful citizens and devout households, including not a few who have borne the very "seal of God upon their foreheads." True it is that her sin, if tried by the contemporary standard of ecclesiastical duty, was venial enough; the whole mind of Christendom being possessed by the preconception of one stereotyped form of supernatural institution which left nothing to human thought or will except to realize it; and Puritan and Anglican alike aiming at the unconditional enforcement of the type in which he believed, and never doubting that, when once set up as the expression of the national life, it would gather in the obedience of all. The only question was, what form was appointed for the single universal Church which was to be the organ of the whole people's worship. The Church of England has not arisen by the imaginary process of selection, for exclusive favour and adoption by the State, of one among several coexisting Churches entitled to be its religious equals. No such plurality was there, to give room for unjust selection. The wrong was of a different kind; and consisted in rigidly constituting the only Church which any one contemplated, without scope for conscientious varieties of form and thought. But the historical consequence of that first sin has been the successive emergence, long resisted yet irresistible, of separate Churches without part or lot in the ecclesiastical inheritance of the land, and related to it by traditions of exile rather than of fellowship. So that it has come round at last to the unintended result, of one exclusive Christian Body standing in the ascendant as the State-favourite, among a number that have won by unaided enthusiasm a place little less conspicuous in the history of their country and quite as deep in the hearts of its people. And through fatal misdirection under the counsels of Clarendon in 1662, the Church of England fails of her proper mission to be the instrument of unity, the centre of public reverence, the organ of social duty, and the inspirer of national righteousness. The hopeful feature, however, is clearly to be seen, that she is conscious of her failure and anxious to repair it. Whether the main cause of it is yet sufficiently apparent to her to save the waste of strength on illusory experiments, is perhaps doubtful. Yet it is rendered plain enough by historical experience and the vehement contrast between some at least of her own formularies and the living thought and feeling of the present day.

• If we were asked what was the end and essence of a Christian Church, might we not say—the sanctification of human life by conscious communion with the infinitely Perfect Spirit, and the

consequent enthusiasm of all pure and uniting affections? The inwardness of Christian principle carries it behind the moralities of habit and the efforts of the will, and so sets in order the secret springs of all we do, as to make it flow forth swift and free. It is the special function of religion to reach and wake up the unsuspected possibilities of the soul, and, in bringing them to the birth, to lift the common duty into a transcendent light, and on the very dust of work grow a sweet grass elastic to the feet.* Without denying that the simply ethical forces do often build up a truly noble nature, we must yet acknowledge that the kindred fires of love to God and love to man blend in the fervours of the highest character; and that only under the benign look of our divine relations do the passions sink to rest, and a Christ-like peace pass over the storms of life.

The more closely you look through the history of Christendom, the less can you deny that every Church within its compass has in some good measure attained this end, has shown power to rescue its votaries from the thralldom of selfish aims and inspire them with an intense disinterestedness far above the highest level of the labouring will. The birth-hour of a new religious movement may usually be identified with a flash of startling experience or of missing truth in some strong soul that, ere it is quenched, can fling it into others and save it by multiplied reverberation: and the enthusiasm of that early season is rarely spent without producing marvels of "conversion," and increasing the number of the apostles of mercy, if not of "the noble army of martyrs." This it is that gives so touching an interest to the interior history of every rudimentary sect. You see there the free movement of the human spirit played on by divine visions simply felt. To the next generation, concerned chiefly with interpreting them, they become matters of second-hand reflection: they have to be communicated to unawakened minds; and, for this end, are looked at, and turned this way and that, and fitted to the measure of familiar analogies; till they are transformed from winged angels into walking thoughts. This handling of an original inspiration by secondary minds working upon it and not in it, is the process of transmuting a religion into a theology. And those who conduct it are liable to the inveterate illusion of supposing that in the distinctive form of the theology the secret is wrapped up of the religion's consecrating power. And so it comes to pass that each organic constituent of Christendom plumes itself chiefly on its characteristics in doctrine; credits these with all its good; and sets up its own *modes of thinking* as conditions of harmony with God. Not that the fixed ideas of other communions are called in question or set aside: only they fall into a secondary place: and while the divine message stands in the same terms for all the fraternities of faith, the *italics* throw the emphasis in each case on different words,

so that it speaks itself out from heart and lips in ever contrasted tones. With the Catholic the sacraments of grace, with the Lutheran the justification by faith, with the Calvinist the vicarious atonement, with the Wesleyan the crisis of conversion, with the Society of Friends the power of the Spirit, with Tauler the new birth into union with God, with Frederick Maurice the incarnation, with Channing the everlasting holiness and love, has served as the key-note of some different setting of the same symphony.

Bring all these witnesses to the test of experience; and mark the result. Every one of their pleas can produce practical evidence of what it asserts, and fails only in what it slights or denies. No Church need shrink from having its vitality tried by its fruits of exceptional greatness and sanctity of character. Wander where you will through the interior of this or that communion, you will come across essentially the same humility and elevation of spirit, the same tender self-forgetfulness, the same composure and steadfastness of trust, the same refinement, not of culture but of simplicity, not of acquired knowledge but of ideal habit, which ever reappear in the genuinely Christian type of mind. If then fruits so similar are ripened on the branches of various theologies, they must be nourished by the aliment which is common to all, not by that which is special to any: and the mistake of each Church is not in what it selects for its own love, but in its disparagement of others for selecting something else for theirs: in the refusal of fellowship on grounds of mere intellectual variety, notwithstanding the evident fact and often the secret consciousness of spiritual unity. The clear and pure-minded student cannot but ask with melancholy wonder, how it is that ecclesiastical history, sheltering in its quieter recesses so many gracious and lovely characters, is yet on the whole so sad a tale of strife and persecution. It has resources within it which might have turned it into a divine drama. The calendar of its true saints is more Catholic than any organized Catholicity, transcending all orthodoxies and consecrating many a heresy. Take at random a few from its line of illuminated names from many a communion. St. Francis of Assisi, Tauler and Fénelon; Bishop Wilson, William Law, Wesley and Cowper; Rutherford and Leighton; Robert Barclay and Elizabeth Fry; Brainerd and Channing; these surely not only unite in their appeal to us, but constitute a chorus of separated voices converging into one hymn before the Soul of souls. The sympathy of such spirits with each other, and their power over men touched only by their image or their word, you cannot arrest by any logical array of their contradictions. The reverence for them will itself operate as one of the subsidiary religions of the world. Nor can anything be more deplorable than the attempts of theological polemic to snatch them from our veneration by whispers of their

"unsoundness in the faith," while palliating, it may be, the crimes of some favourite, because there was no flaw in his belief.

Even amid the bitter strifes of the seventeenth century, there were a few Englishmen of penetration deep enough to see beneath the troubled surface, and of position high enough to make their calm voice heard above the conflicting rage and scoffing of the time. Here, for instance, is the conclusion drawn by Sir Matthew Hale from his large experience of life:—

"He that fears the Lord of heaven and earth, walks humbly before Him, thankfully lays hold of the message of redemption by Jesus Christ, strives to express his thankfulness by the sincerity of his obedience, is sorry with all his soul when he comes short of his duty, walks watchfully in the denial of himself and holds no confederacy with any lust or known sin; if he fails in the least measure, is restless till he has made his peace by true repentance; is true to his promise, just in his actions, charitable to the poor, sincere in his devotions; that will not deliberately dishonour God though with the greatest security of impunity, that hath his hope in heaven and his conversation in heaven; that dare not do an unjust act though never so much to his advantage; and all this because he sees Him that is invisible and *fears Him because he loves Him*, fears Him for His goodness as His greatness; such a man, whether he be an *Episcopal*, or a *Presbyterian*, or an *Independent*, or an *Anti-baptist*, he hath the life of *Religion* in him; and that life acts in him, and will conform his soul to the image of his Saviour, and walk along with Him to eternity." *

The permanent springs of religious sympathy are not then to be sought in concurrent intellectual assent to systems of theology. Although these systems necessarily tincture the language of devout utterance (for language has to be finite even where feeling is infinite), yet it is marvellous to see how near the deepest souls approach in what they say of divine things, not in the open halls of colloquy with one another, but when they enter into their closet and shut the door and are in soliloquy before Him that seeth in secret. There is a certain literature of devotion which, by various escape from privacy, men have been permitted to overhear, or, by sympathetic afterthought, have been invited to appropriate as in reality their own; and nothing—not even the great epics and lyrics of the world—is more durable or more catholic; it passes from language to language; it survives, from age to age; and even crosses the barrier between religions that profess to have no dealings with each other. On the sacred shelf of every library may be found, standing perhaps side by side, "The Meditations of Antoninus," the "Imitatio Christi," "St. Francis de Sales," the "Theologia Germanica," "George Herbert," the "Holy Living and Dying," "The Serious Call," "The Christian Year," the "In Memoriam." In the maturer stages of human development nothing is so nearly universal, and therefore so pro-

* Judgment of Sir Matthew Hale (Chief Justice of the King's Bench), 1684. Published by Richard Baxter.

foundly uniting, as the reverence for sanctity, the aspiration after harmony with God, the shame for neglected duty or violated right, and the consciousness of capacities that need more than mortal life; and the poem or the prayer that breathes forth these things with power will wake in dissimilar minds a concord startling, it may be, to themselves, and most pathetic to others. If those who take charge of the divine message can reach these depths (and the way is open and simple), disunion will cease. If they cannot, all attempted substitutes will be unavailing.

Compare, for instance, with this natural appeal, the aim at *uniformity of thought* to which the Church has unhappily committed itself. So long as the "little flock" of disciples stood before the Master's eye, and were led by Him from village to village, and from thought to thought upon the way, while they yet passed with Him from lake to mountain, and witnessed His compassion and caught from the night-breeze His tones of distant prayer, their faith was the transfusion of His faith, their religion was the faint reverberation of His. To be His follower was to identify one's self with His worship, His love, His life, and see realized in Him the essence of the perfect relation of man to God. But no sooner was He gone from the world than men began to turn from His inward *Religion* to speculate about the composition of His *Person*, and thence start question after question on the inscrutable mysteries of the Godhead; in the impossible solution of which interest was more and more concentrated, and the moral and spiritual influence of the Founder prejudiced if not lost. Christianity, thus thrust out of its native fields into a foreign desert of metaphysics, has too long wandered among the thorns upon the barren way, to escape without parching thirst and bleeding feet; but from the very consciousness of dearth and suffering, is, I believe, with instinctive yearning turning homewards, better prepared than for ages past to re-accept the simple devoutness and lowly humanities which are the true continuity of Christ's spirit and the fulfilment of His prayer for union with God.

But look at the interval spent in struggling for uniformity in doctrine and usage. It is a miserable history, of contention ever new, determined only by tyranny never tired. If ever in some oasis of Christendom the pieties and charities of life had won a settled peace, no sooner did some perverse visitant import his doctrinal enigmas from the great centres of the world, than the unity was utterly broken up, and wrangling voices displaced the concordant hymn. Even the semblance of Catholicity has been maintained only by the rude device of perpetual expulsion of minorities and arrogant claims to the monopoly of grace. Yet the vast machinery of councils and popes, speaking in anathemas and authoritative creeds, and acting through an executive having command of the dungeon and the stake,

has been powerless to help a single truth or withhold a single error incident to the natural development of the human mind, or to extinguish any topic of controversy, unless at the cost of eliciting others. In spite of all our ecclesiastical protectors against blasphemies, heresies, and divisions, I suppose our theoretical divergencies to-day are more numerous than were ever condemned in the longest list of Papal denunciations.

Has England then, since she threw off the yoke of Rome, worked out the problem to more successful issue? Has she escaped the curse of ecclesiastic conflict, and trained a people one in faith, in thought, in worship? Scarcely had she begun to chase her own *ignis fatuus* of dogmatic uniformity, than signs appeared of the hopelessness of her illusion. The first Service Book (1549) of Edward the Sixth could not be upheld for more than two years. The second (1552), though enforced by penalties of imprisonment, and, in obstinate cases, of death, was modified in 1559 to suit the orthodoxy of Queen Elizabeth; and again in 1604 to satisfy the infallibility of James the First. The forty-two "Articles of Religion" of 1552 were reduced to thirty-nine in 1562. The civil conflicts which began with Hampden and ended with Monk were quite as much ecclesiastic as political, and involved a competition between semi-Catholics and Puritans for possession of the Church; each party unhappily assuming that by authoritative definition it could dictate a complete scheme of theological truth, and determine the national belief in the present and for the future. The Westminster Assembly of Divines in 1643, representing the Presbyterians, and the compilers of the Savoy Confession of the Independents, in 1654, were not less rigidly dogmatic than Laud in his Revised Prayer-Book for Scotland in 1637.

Still, with all the alienation and heartburnings of party, the evil had not consummated itself in positive schism. It remained a quarrel about what, when all was settled, the Church should be and do; and as this or that faction rose and fell, the livings vacated by death or forfeit were occupied by Anglican or Puritan incumbents, and the services accommodated to the conscience of the minister. During the Commonwealth, accordingly, samples might be found, in the different parishes of England, of the High Church, the Genevan, and the Congregational order of worship, all in the suspense of a truce, and each in the hopes of victory. After the Restoration the palm was awarded, by royal faithlessness and ritual prejudice, to the sacerdotal party; the Book of Common Prayer was re-instated in obligatory use, after being subjected, in its rubrics and its substantive contents, to more than six hundred alterations, framed with a view not to facilitate union but to render it impossible; and the Act which accomplished this vindictive reaction remains—shameful to say—the

constitutive charter of the "Church of England" to this day! It instantly consolidated disaffection into schism, making outcasts of two thousand of the clergy with their adherents who could not be brought to play the hypocrite; and, by forcing into existence and separate development the new social class of *Nonconformists*, giving England thenceforth a dual history, of virtually two nations upon one soil, unequal in privilege, distinct in education, in literature, in their inward moral physiognomy and their outward economy of life; knowing little of one another, and therefore prone to fanciful antipathies rather than to genuine sympathies. This result was doubtless not what was intended. The triumphant party had no idea of setting up a rival group of communions more or less confederated with each other and all alien to itself; but expected that patience would soon be exhausted by privation and resistance die out, and the recusants be seen stealing back into the churches. On this calculation they were elaborately kept apart as scattered exiles. Nothing was permitted them which could lead to organization; no conferences, no preaching, no "conventicles," not even any school-keeping. They were to be tired out into repentance and return. This reckoning was not entirely disappointed. But the only effect of its partial fulfilment was to weed out all the softer material from the secession, and leave the consciences of tougher make to defy the wrongs of law and persist in laying the foundations of a temple truer to the simplicity of Christ.

Here, then, is the last attempt on the part of the Church to secure unity by doctrinal uniformity—an attempt prolonged through more than two centuries, and still operative at the present hour. Let the results determine whether the experiment has been worth trying, and gives encouragement to its continuance. Have the centrifugal forces which provoked it been controlled by it, and ceased? On the contrary, they immediately wrenched away and flung off into integral worlds the bodies that before had only been as disturbed molecules in their dependent place; and, besides these three (Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists) there has ever since been shelling off, from this or that centre, some new fragment, the Society of Friends, the Moravian Brethren, the Wesleyans, and a host of minor clusters, swelling the excluded—or, if you prefer the phrase, the self-excluded—aggregate to one-half of our religious population. All these, by the very fact of the sanctuary door being shut against such piety as theirs, are thrown into the attitude of fixed alienation which is contracted by hopeless exiles. That which keeps them out—be it sacrament or be it doctrine—is an offence to them, not as being dear to others, but as a condition imposed upon themselves. To the essence of Christian worship it is foreign in their sight, and therefore at least a "thing indifferent." And

as Howe has wisely said, "The imposers of things indifferent are the true schismatics."

It is no wonder, then, that the devotee of orthodoxy, on finding this phenomenon of unrest repeating itself always and everywhere, exclaims in despair that the history of Christianity is a dictionary of heresies, for, so far as it records a straining after uniformity, it is concurrent with a perpetual process of differentiation. And the case is not yet complete. Even where the effort partially succeeds, and induces a vast multitude to tender their assent, and utter with their voice one and the same thing, this is notoriously no evidence that in their heart they are thinking the same thought. The Church which can be the common home of Pusey and Simcon and Stanley, having three theologies marked by extreme incompatibilities, wrapped up within the same formulas, has conspicuously failed in its definitions, and let into its interior the very sources of dissension which it intended to exclude. Its elaborate safeguards against error on all sides—Romanist, Calvinistic, Latitudinarian—have utterly broken down; so that its literature would furnish materials for a compendium of all the chief types of "soul-destroying perversion," which its *via media* was designed to escape. We are so accustomed to this phenomenon that we hardly appreciate its real significance; and if on the outside observer, to whom it is new, it produces a startling and saddening effect, he had better not say so, unless he is content to be regarded as a simpleton. I should be glad to think that the co-presence of opposite theologies among men apparently committed to the same was attributable simply to ambiguous and illogical expression of doctrine in the Creeds, Articles and Services of the Church; so that it was evidence of nothing more than bad workmanship in the ecclesiastical constructors in the past. But though this cause is certainly present, it is not there upon such a scale as to account for the striking variation which we see, without the co-operation of personal predispositions in the interpreter, belonging less to his understanding than to his will. In this connection I cannot help touching on some grave moral evils inseparable from the mistaken aim at doctrinal uniformity.

Of these perhaps the most obvious is, that from the service of the Church, a number of men are repelled who, above all others, are fitted both for her humblest and her highest work. In almost every group of educated people you may come across some one to whom your eye is drawn by his look of natural openness and modest refinement, and whose speech, if you converse with him, wins you by its clear yet reflective simplicity. Graver than his companions, and rather an amused observer than a personal partner of their gossiping hilarities, he seems to look at the same things from another side, and take from them a somewhat different mood. Without any trace

of the lawyer's sharpness, or the artist's effusiveness, or the physician's shreds of scientific phraseology, he betrays his social position only negatively by his layman's dress. You feel that somehow he does not conform exactly to the pattern of any class; and the curiosity thus excited is at once explained and relieved when you hear that not long ago he was a clergyman; but that the fresh enthusiasm with which he had thrown himself into his duties had become clouded with sadness from theological doubts; and that nothing could induce him to go through the services as the mere mouthpiece of others, with only broken snatches of inward worship; so that he had resigned his living and the work he loved. Happier would it have been for him if he had earlier discovered how insecure was his assent to the Articles he must sign and the Creeds he must recite, and so had taken his place in the far larger class of the unordained who recoil from the intolerable burden of ecclesiastical orthodoxy before it is assumed. At whatever time, and whether at the cost of the greater or the lesser sacrifice, the struggle and the shock may come, it cannot be denied that it is distinctively to the nobler spirits that this experience presents itself—the clear mind to see a contradiction—the large moral sense to measure its significance, and the firm will to ward off a lie from the yet guileless lips. It is precisely the men intellectually and spiritually incorruptible whom the ordeal of subscription and creeds picks out for rejection. And these are the very “salt of the earth,” without whose antiseptic influence through the whole substance of society there will be no arrest to the spreading rot of our civilization.

Closely connected with this first evil is another, virtually its complement, only working within the Church instead of repelling from it. The vast range of doctrinal obligation involved in assent to the contents of the Book of Common Prayer is such that a real *bonâ fide* assumption of it is absolutely impossible, unless to a mind too confused and a temper too passive to grasp the whole and quicken every phrase with its living thought. I do not say that a clergyman may not give forth the services throughout the year with heart and soul behind each word; but, in order to do so, his understanding must belong to the sixteenth century and his affections only to the nineteenth. As this is a combination which cannot often be repeated, the average fact must be confessed, that a kind of balance is struck by the reader's conscience between assent and dissent, and contents him if it emerges on the affirmative side; and that, as this is not the natural way of expressing personal thought and feeling, there is necessarily an indefinite amount of unreality and officialism in worship—i.e., of worship simulated by mechanical imitation. So often is this excused upon the plea that a liturgical form designed to meet the average needs of a miscellaneous multitude cannot be in

very intimate relation with the individual feeling of any, that the very idea seems almost lost of applying to public prayer the standard of sincerity which is carried into private devotion. If the question is asked respecting a clergyman of doubtful orthodoxy—"How can he bring himself to utter this passage in the Litany or that in the Communion Service?"—you are sure to hear the answer, "Oh, he is only bound, you know, to a *general agreement* with what he has to read, and cannot be held responsible for every petition or sentiment as if it were his own." Such reply would be perhaps admissible if his offices in the church desk were a matter merely of human *contract* between himself as a servant and the trustees of the institution which employs him. He complies with the terms of the conditions accepted by him, and is not chargeable with bad faith. But can *worship* be reduced to a matter of contract? Prayer surely opens another personal relation, carrying in its very essence a transcendent obligation with which no mortal can intermeddle—the relation of the soul's union and communion with God; and this can live only in the translucent air of absolute simplicity, and is instantly blotted out if the faintest film of insincerity should intervene. And whoever is at all conversant with the literature of devotion is well aware that to the spirit habitually pure the consciousness of any lapse into empty lip-worship or specious pretence is an experience full of shame, as tainting piety itself with sin. The dying away of this essentially true and natural feeling has gone, I believe, much further in the Church than among Nonconformists, whose conscience takes its impress from the usage of Free Prayer. And the difference, if it exists, can hardly be unconnected with the exclusive use of a Liturgy, rich indeed in imperishable elements of Christian devotion, yet so much marred by what is no longer true, that the flow of piety is broken by frequent parentheses of critical omission, and its enthusiasm falls to pieces and accepts collapse.

The habit of mind that is trained under these conditions, though compatible with great excellences, is not favourable to popular influence, and is doubtless one of the causes why the strength of the Church of England, so marked in the upper and middle classes of society, hardly extends any further. Among the independent poor there is an unmerited distrust of the parish priest and his curates so widely spread, that the clerical garb is rather a hindrance than a help to frank and friendly relations with them, and the bell which calls to public worship is answered by very few of them. To some extent the propaganda of an atheistic literature is responsible for this; and still more, among the country labourers, the dull and unawakened condition of mind, on which, in spite it may be of the Catechism and the Commandments, religious ideas and affections have not yet dawned. But even the comparatively few who have not abandoned

the pious usages of their fathers, are found rather in the Methodist chapel than in "the people's church." They find themselves languid and sleepy under the repetition of a familiar form rolling past them like a spent ball, and prefer the lightning flash of passionate prayer, with the swift and piercing aim at their sins, which alone can lay them low. They need appeals more stirring, darker with terror, brighter with joy, than can be delivered from the printed book of the desk and the calm manuscript of the pulpit. For the more the poor soul is hampered and pressed down by the six days' material necessities, the deeper is her sigh for a sabbath's ascent into a diviner air upon the free wing of a reviving love. Till the Liturgy is more flexible, less formal, less sacramentarian, silent about absolution, and freer from obsolete turns of thought, it will not speak with full power to the living experience of this age, and will leave in the hands of those who do not use it some of the most efficacious resources for the Christianizing of our people. The long delay of necessary change has already produced a mischievous distrust of the reality of public worship. And though among the declared Secularists this feeling is directed upon *all* religious services, it is applied to them with a difference; while the cynical critic will look upon a Wesleyan or Independent as a fanatic, and the clergyman as an official formalist, he will credit the former with a sincerity which he will hesitate to allow the latter.

This hesitation finds, unhappily, too much excuse in one other consequence with which I must charge the requirement of doctrinal uniformity. As the system cannot be worked, it is of course evaded; and unorthodox men are found in Holy Orders at various stages of deviation from the standards prescribed and accepted. It is bad enough to have this justified by resort to the pretence of double senses in words and the innocence of non-natural interpretations. Perhaps it is possible for a man to trick himself into the belief that to insert his own idea into a form of words instead of what the author put there is a process of "interpretation," and with this "flattering unction" to varnish over the consciousness of his sin. But the case is far worse when, after deliberate breach of his engagement, he angrily turns upon those to whom he made it, and avows his insincerity, and with it his intention to decline its penalties. Heresy-hunting is no doubt as contemptible as any other exercise of the profession of informer; but to despise the informer does not involve vindication of the wrong which he denounces. Yet in this case it is too often assumed that, because the one is illiberal, the other is venial. It is humiliating to read such shameless pleas for a false moral position as are sometimes put forth by divines of eminence in the Church. Thus, in a published "Letter to a Young Man on the Difficulties and Discouragements in the Study of the Scriptures," Bishop Hare says:—

"The man whose study of the Scriptures has betrayed him into a suspicion of some heretical opinions must be blackened and defamed—insulted by every worthless wretch as if he had as little learning and virtue as the lowest of those who are against him. Orthodoxy will cover a multitude of sins, but a cloud of virtues cannot cover the want of the minutest particle of orthodoxy.

"It is the opinion of the world that a man is all his life bound by the subscriptions he made in his first years, as if a man were as wise at twenty-four, and knew as much of the Scriptures and could judge as well of them, as he can at fifty.

"To be plain, the one thing which turned men from so noble a study was the *want of liberty*, which in this study only is denied men, unless you resolve to conceal your sentiments and speak always with the vulgar." *

Excellent reasons for legalizing "liberty;" but not for usurping it after parting with it for a price! Lower still is the tone of Dr. Middleton:—

"There are many things in the Church that I wholly dislike: yet whilst I am content to acquiesce in the ill, I should be glad to taste a little of the good, and to have some amends for that *ugly assent and consent*, which no man of sense can approve of. We read of some of the earliest disciples of Christ who followed Him, not for His works, but the loaves. These are certainly blameable, because they saw His miracles; but to us, who had not the happiness to see the one, it may be allowable to have some inclination to the other. Your Lordship [Hervey] knows a certain prelate who, with a very low notion of the Church's sacred bread, has a very high relish for, and a very large share of, the temporal. My appetite for each is equally moderaté, and would be satisfied almost with anything but mere emptiness. I have no pretensions to riot in the feast of the elect, but with the sinner in the Gospel, to gather the crumbs that fall from the table." †

You are afraid of heterodoxy, and insist on precautions against it. Are you *not* afraid of these their scandalous results?

From this brief summary of historical experience the conclusion is irresistible, that doctrinal uniformity is absolutely unattainable; and that the attempt to secure it, like every other struggle against natural and divine law, entails, in the process of inevitable failure, a train of frightful evils, darkening to the understanding, embittering to the affections, and corrupting to the conscience, of both its agents and its victims. For the unity which you seek you must go deeper than the workings of those critical and speculative faculties whence formulated theologies spring, and penetrate to those inmost spiritual needs and aspirations which Christ has brought us to feel as children of God, called to be "perfect as the Father in heaven is perfect." Tell me not that these are depths which you cannot reach, and which you dare not trust without taking the security of a specific bond of thought. Where you cannot pierce, the Spirit of God can pass without you. And the history of the past affords decisive encouragement to fling your broken securities away: for not more emphatic is its

* Quoted by Lecky, in his "History of the Eighteenth Century," vol. ii. p. 540, note.

† Ibid., p. 543, note.

testimony that systems of theology change, than that the religious life that clothes itself with them transmigrates and survives. Is it not an old story that the imprisoned heretics of one age reappear as the liberating apostles of another? that the offscouring of the world yesterday turn out to be its purifiers to-day? "Roundheads," "Puritans," "Quakers," "Methodists," were they not all names of insult and mockery in their origin, and have they not something of a saintly meaning in their permanence? Neither bishop nor priest, I suppose, would now have the face to say—unless in an official sense, which is equivalent to nonsense—that Baxter, Owen, Bunyan, the Wesleys, Elizabeth Fry, and Chalmers, were worse Christians than Laud, Clarendon, Berkeley, Wilberforce, Arnold, and Keble. Christ, it is said, "knew what was in man." Were He to return and mingle with us here, as once with the villagers of Galilee, would He gather His own exclusively from the High Church, or the Low, or the Broad, and dismiss the miscellaneous Dissenting crowd, and the Wesleyan Conference, and the Friends that own no sacraments, with a "Depart from me, I know you not?" Such a perverse conception of both Him and them, as an assenting answer to this question would imply, has ceased to be possible; and the alternative inference is that the Christian essence of religion pervades and outlives the shifting aspects of its partial theologies. We are brought therefore to the clear conclusion: You cannot prevent the intellectual varieties; you need not fear for the spiritual essence.

To guard this position against a frequent misunderstanding I must add, that it does not so distinguish between theology and religion as to assume that they can exist apart; or in any way propose to set up a religion which shall dispense with theology and care nothing about it. Religion, if it be Christian, cares tenderly, scrupulously, reverently about everything human; and nothing is more persistently human than the modes of thinking about God and divine things. But these objects, whose real relation to us is implicated in irresistible drawings of affection, are infinite, invisible, in the best sense ideal; and, in order to present themselves to steady and consistent apprehension, must accept the limits of our finite thought and make the best of the tentative symbols at our command. To this condition immediate revelation is no less subject than mediate discovery by inference; however great, it shrinks to the measure of our mind, and enters only *ad modum recipientis*. Whatever that measure be, the object which fills it all is to us highest and supreme; and that it should remain so, by never allowing a growth of capacity to exceed it or to abate its pressure into the infinitude beyond, is of the utmost moment to the spiritual character. In other words, to keep our theological conceptions pure and true to our best intelligence is an obligation never to be relaxed. But the human mind has a long,

may an indefinite, range of development to pass through; and the resources as well as the energies of thought are vastly greater at one stage than at another, and will yield a proportionally nobler and sublimer theology as the garb of its religion. The unequal stages cannot but exist all together in a complex civilization like ours, exhibiting in considerable classes the whole series from the most rudimentary to the most richly endowed types of intellect. Each of these stand in natural affinity with such elements and aspects of religious truth as are nearest to its possibilities of thought and needs of character; and an interchange of place among them, were it attainable, would produce only disastrous incongruities. You cannot satisfy the soul of a Pascal by setting him to beat a drum and shout a "hallelujah" in a Salvation Army; nor can you edify the actual pious drummer by the solemn grandeur of Pascal's "Thoughts." Modes of belief in regard to our infinite relations are not statuesque forms which can be shaped in fixed moulds and set up like bronze figures in a permanent Valhalla for the veneration of all ages; but pulsating organisms that live by movement, and in movement grow, and in growing feel a widening environment, and breathe a higher air, and meet a flood of larger light. This is the reason why each step of the change should be allowed its place and season, so that we should not "judge one another any more;" and also, why it is fatal and blighting to embalm the obsolete, and set up as sacred its ghastly mimicry of life.

The Church reform prescribed by these principles is very simple, but very large. Its fundamental rule is, that theological doctrine is no proper subject of legislation at all. Every proposal therefore to shift the boundaries of what is permitted as "orthodox," either by drawing them in against High Churchmen, or widening them out in favour of Broad Churchmen, is unsound and inadmissible; being only a modified application, with a new standard, of the aim at uniformity.

Instead of insisting on uniformity, we must freely open our hearts to welcome variety, recognizing it for what it plainly is, the result of a divine law, operative in the development of the human mind and the healthy growth of human societies. Let us leave it to Rome, if she must persist in her old ways, to reproach us with our "variations;" and, far from repeating it against each other, let us with one voice accept it with joy and say, "Yes, these are our signs that we are on the march and with the moving host of God's providence, and have not stepped aside and fallen asleep while the centuries sweep past. Varieties are the marks of life, the tokens of promise: it is death that knows no change." Far then from excommunicating all theologies but our own, be it ours, as English Christians, to give them recognition as honest and legitimate attempts to interpret divine things; and as genuine expressions of Christian piety, and

then to leave their future to their own natural laws. •Such of them as have given pledge of resolute conscience and faithful devotion by foregoing their national inheritance, and at their own cost organizing themselves into voluntary communions complete in their ecclesiastical outfit and embodying their conception of the Church of Christ, should at once be taken into adoption as constituent elements of the Church of England; for all of them are vehicles of divine truth, in terms and tones that speak home to the multiform moods and exigencies of the human soul; they are blossoming varieties of the parent tree of life, under changing skies and in differing soil. • Surely this expansion of the national "household of faith" ought not to be any longer difficult, now that even extreme contrasts of doctrine have come to be openly treated as simply differences of *opinion*, Sacerdotalism and Latitudinarianism finding a common home in an undivided Church. No more is asked than that the same rule of non-exclusion should be applied *outside* which already prevails *within*.

If the proposed act of adoption is to accomplish its end, it must be *unconditional*; each Nonconformist body which has stood the test of time and acquired an historic place being taken just as it is, without disturbance to its orders, its disciplinary usages, its forms of worship, its subsidiary institutions and endowments. • Its chapels would be entered on the register of Church of England places of worship. Its ministers' names would appear in the Clergy List, and to every person there mentioned all pulpits would be legally open, and preferment in the Episcopal branch of the Church accessible in every degree. The only condition which this expansion would render indispensable is that reasonable security be taken for adequate education and personal competency for the duties of the Christian ministry.

Is it said that in such a reconstruction all the concessions are made to the Nonconformists, and all the sacrifices demanded from the existing Churchmen? This is true so far as all reparation for past wrong is *ipso facto* a surrender of some privilege seized, and a return of exiles necessarily dilutes a citizenship which had been monopolized. But from the Anglican clergyman no sacrifice is asked of any personal conviction or ecclesiastical preference. He may receive his Holy Orders as at present; he may retain and profess every article of his orthodoxy; if his fellow-worshippers are at one with him he may not only abide by the Liturgy just as it is, but wear the vestments and assume the postures and head the processions and introduce the music that he most approves. He need not admit into his pulpit the neighbouring Wesleyan or Independent minister, or accept an exchange with him. The only things which he must *not* do are, to enforce upon others what is permitted to himself, and to deny to others what is permitted to them. Both he

and they would have more liberty than at present; but neither is any longer to hurt the other in its exercise.

As with the individual clergyman, so with the Episcopal section of the Church. It must be left no less undisturbed in its usages than its new confederates. It may keep its Ordination rite for its own deacons and priests; but it must no longer disown the ecclesiastical equality of those who decline it and enter by another door. Nay, more; the proposed abolition of Subscription applies to it only as a legal condition of entrance into the service of the future Church of England, and not to any voluntary regulations which its Episcopal branch may approve for its own particular constitution. If its bishops and influential laymen should be unwise enough to reimpose by choice the yoke upon their ministers which had been removed by law, the liberty of usage allowed to the incorporated Nonconformists could certainly not be denied to them. The interior exclusiveness of this or that voluntary society no reform can touch except that which reaches thought and sentiment; all that instituted change can do is to prevent that exclusiveness becoming aggressive.

The complicated problem of Church reform on its financial side I am not competent to discuss. Two things only appear to me clear on grounds of general principle—viz., (1) that to alienate the vast property accumulated through past ages for the spiritual culture of our people and their training in all righteousness, and to throw it into the lottery of possible appropriations, whereof even the best would be inferior, and the indefinite remainder either wrongful private gain or wasteful public loss, would be an irredeemable folly; and (2) that a distinction should be drawn between such portion of the ecclesiastical revenues as may be presumably referred in its origin to private benefactions, and such vested right, immemorial and universal, like that to the tithe, as may be attached to the whole spiritual corporation. The former stands on the same footing as the endowments of the voluntary religious bodies, and, like these, should not be disturbed from their present appropriation. The latter, coextensive in design, may be treated as coextensive also in application, with the ecclesiastical wants of the nation at large, and as available therefore for use by all constituent parts of the expanded Church of England, Episcopal and non-Episcopal alike. The adjustment of claims under the extended distribution would need a Commission on which the interests affected should be adequately represented. It would, of course, remain open to any minister or congregation having a scruple against touching a nationally inherited fund for religious use, to decline the allotted subsidy. For a time, no doubt, many of the present Nonconformists would thus prefer continued separation in regard to temporalities, while heartily welcoming the spiritual equalization and fraternal interchange of offices and union in worship.

But the whole tendency would be to a gradual assimilation and fusion in which such arbitrary lines would disappear.

The Act of Uniformity created Dissent, and the repeal of that Act is the condition of superseding Dissent. The measure, however, would open the way for a more immediate change which, not without reason, alarms the imagination of many Churchmen. Take away the Act which secures the use of the Liturgy as it is, and you set the clergy free to cut and carve it as they please, to make up an anthology out of it, to obey or disobey the rubrics; and thus place the worshippers at the mercy of whatever twists may be given to the service by High or Low Church whims. Certainly, no such power as this must be erected into an exclusive clerical right. But the proper precaution against it is simple enough—viz., to vest the new liberty not in the incumbent alone, but in a local Church Council which shall include, with him, a number of elected lay members, preponderantly from the habitual worshippers, but partly from other parishioners, who together shall secure an adequate representation of the religious feeling of the place. There is no reason why harmony and concurrence between minister and people should be less attainable by such means among Episcopalians than among the existing Nonconformists, whose peace is rarely disturbed by pastoral perversities. If both incumbent and people, being of one mind, desire some liturgical omission or modification which has become permissible, who could wish to force upon them prayers they cannot pray, or professions that are false? Some flexibility has in fact become indispensable to keep the services true to the conscience and close to the affections of a modern congregation. And when once it is allowed, the collective experience of its working in the several parishes of the country would soon accumulate a body of evidence of the utmost value for a future revision of the Liturgy. If ever such revision were entrusted to a committee of divines, they would run into discussions and dissensions about the absolute truth or authority of the phrases proposed, a matter which no committee can determine. What is practically wanted is simply such a selection from the admitted aspects and expressions of religious truth and feeling, as accord with the living needs and capacity of the Christian people. And only by taking the measure of their capacity in free experiments can security be obtained that nothing shall be thrust upon them, and nothing taken from them, to the prejudice of their sincerest piety.

This consideration reconciles me, and may reconcile, I think, a reasonable Churchman, to the temporary loss of entire identity of worship in all the parishes of the land, which might follow from repealing the Act of 1602. If there be any one who denies that we have at all outgrown the standards of the Prayer-Book, and sees no

need of change, I own the advantage he has in being able to preserve collective uniformity and individual sincerity together ; and I cannot expect from him any patience with a plan which would leave a travelling Episcopalian uncertain what he may be invited to join in as he passes from parish to parish. But whoever admits the need of revision has to choose between making it at once and authoritatively, by such inclinations and conjectures in the dark as may work and vote in a committee not nominated from heaven ; and allowing it to emerge as the result of an interposed period of sanctioned appeal by multiplied experience to the sincere sentiment of the worshippers. By the former method, the transition from one book to another may be concentrated on a single date, when uniformity the first is succeeded by uniformity the second. The people are thus got through the process of change as fast as possible, and safely replanted on what is authoritatively provided for them. But now, after the thing is done, it remains to be determined whether it fits them ; and whether, if it fits them here, it will also fit them there—and everywhere ; very important questions, which surely should rather precede than follow the revisers' work. By the latter method the materials for answering them are ready at the outset ; and are cheaply purchased by an interval of variety which permits a true eye to look beneath the mask of decent but dissembling unity. Nowhere does the nightmare of uniformity, the long agony of Christendom, sit so heavy as on the breast of our Episcopalian Church ; and under it, unless soon shaken off, she will sink, I fear, into the sleep of death. Her greatest blessing of late years has been her internal divisions ; and she is always struggling either to hide them or to wipe them out. What she wants above all is a frank and trustful experience of the very variations which she has always resisted and denounced. Let her not suppose that stability means standing still. It is dead habit and monotony in church that she has to fear. And nothing would so freshen her people and quicken her traditions and routine in worship into living thought and enthusiasm, as to take them into counsel on her spiritual things, and elevate their own convictions and conscience into active factors in her constitution and affairs. It is a consequence of her *too Catholic* inheritance that their religion is rather *given* them than *wrought out* by them, and that the creative spirit finds no interstices of entrance in the ordered and obedient will. Release her from the Act of Uniformity, and she will be immediately thrown upon the very experience which has matured the manly vigour and the spiritual fervour of the religious bodies sprung from the excommunicated Puritans.

The reform of which, in supplement of Sir George Cox's exposition, I have spoken in this paper, undoubtedly dispenses with many

definitions of doctrine and decrees of Councils which have been usually consulted as the working rules and ground-plan for the construction of a Church. Behind all the "doubtful disputations" of a Christendom bewildered by its own dogmas, there is a superior authority to which the appeal for guidance must be carried. Greater contrast there cannot be, if you ask about "essentials," than between the voice of Christ and the voice of the Church. To the question, "What must I do to be saved?" the divine answer came, "Love God with all thy heart and mind, and thy neighbour as thyself." To the same question the ecclesiastical reply has hitherto consisted in pointing to a string of slippery propositions, stretched for you as the sole span across the fiery abyss, and telling you, "Walk that mile of tight-rope with steady foot, neither dizzyed by the fumes nor trembling at the shrieks from that lake of torment, and thou shalt be saved." It cannot be said that we have risen above the low cruelty of this answer so long as in all our churches we dash the joy of Christmas and Easter Days by giving out as "the Catholic Faith" a tissue of scholastic incredibilities, without "keeping which whole and undefiled" a man "shall without doubt perish everlastingly." It is time for the Church of England to change her voice, with which her heart is already out of tune; and instead of repelling her children from her by a host of unspiritual conditions, revert to Christ's simple claim of devout and humane love.* Let her do this, and do it quickly; and the exiles long expelled—nay, the enemies that threaten her with downfall—will rally to her and ask enrolment as her National Guard.

Only by such bold redress of long misunderstanding can the breach be healed between the sincere thought and reverence of to-day and the creeds of the fourth and doctrinal revisions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, content at last with the homage due to their historical merits. Only thus is there hope of arresting the general defection from the religious life observable both in the intellectual classes and through large strata of the Demos—a defection which it is impossible to contemplate without anxiety; for the moral sense, no longer uplifted by any divine perfection, gradually sinks and lets the nobler inspirations die; and a society has reason for dismay where there is an ever-widening chasm between the two summit-levels of *thought* and *character*.

No doubt the fusion of Conformists and Nonconformists can only be a work of time; and to open the possibility will not be to realize the actuality, except by degrees. Where the centrifugal development has occupied more than two centuries, the centripetal tendency to reunite may need some generations to assert its full power and permit all repulsive prepossessions to cease. But when once the complaint of monopoly and wrong, and the arrogance and soreness of exclusion

are fairly gone, and the embracing arms of fellowship are thrown wide in entreaty, distrust and doubt will wear away, and the nascent movement of Christian sympathy will gain accelerated speed, and make light of the barriers that divide as now.

In pleading for the free play of doctrinal variety, and trusting simply to spiritual affinities, am I overstraining the limits of the Church of Christ? Am I trying to open a door which He has shut? Hear, then, how His own doorkeeper—he that hath *the keys*—defines the scope of his Lord's own instructions, and the capacity of the divine sanctuary: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation *he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is acceptable to Him.*" That is the foundation truth of all our pleadings: and it rests upon the Rock whereon the Christian Church is built.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

EDMUND BURKE.

MR. JOHN MORLEY, who amongst other things has written two admirable books about Edmund Burke, is to be found in the Preface to the second of them apologizing for having introduced into the body of the work extracts from his former volume—conduct which he seeks to justify by quoting from the Greek (always a desirable thing to do when in a difficulty), to prove that though you may say what you have to say well once, you cannot so say it twice.

A difficulty somewhat of the same kind cannot fail to be felt by every one who takes upon himself to write on Burke; for however innocent a man's own past life may be of any public references to the subject, the very many good things other men have said about it must seriously interfere with true liberty of treatment.

Hardly any man, and certainly no politician, has been so bepraised as Burke, whose very name, suggesting, as it does, splendour of diction, has tempted those who would praise him to do so in a highly decorated style, and it would have been easy work to have brought together a sufficient number of animated passages from the works of well-known writers all dedicated to the greater glory of Edmund Burke, and then to have tagged on half-a-dozen specimens of his own resplendent rhetoric, and so to have come to an apparently natural and long-desired conclusion without exciting any more than usual grumble.

This course, however, not recommending itself, some other method had to be discovered. Happily, it is out of the question within present limits to give any proper summary of Burke's public life. This great man was not, like some modern politicians, a specialist, confining his activities within the prospectus of an association; nor was he, like some others, a thing of shreds and patches,

busily employed to-day picking up the facts with which he will overwhelm his opponents on the morrow; but was one ever ready to engage with all comers on all subjects from out the stores of his accumulated knowledge. Even were we to confine ourselves to those questions only which engaged Burke's most powerful attention, enlisted his most active sympathy, elicited his most bewitching rhetoric, we should still find ourselves called upon to grapple with problems as vast and varied as Economic Reform, the Status of our Colonies, our budding Empire in India, our relations with Ireland both in respect to her trade and her prevalent religion; and then, blurring the picture, as some may think—certainly rendering it Titanesque and gloomy—we have the spectacle of Burke in his old age, like another Laocœon, writhing and wrestling with the French Revolution; and it may serve to give us some dim notion of how great a man Burke was, of how affluent a mind, of how potent an imagination, of how resistless an energy, that even when his sole unassisted name is pitted against the outcome of centuries, and we say Burke and the French Revolution, we are not overwhelmed by any sense of obvious absurdity or incongruity.

What I propose to do is merely to consider a little Burke's life prior to his obtaining a seat in Parliament, and then to refer to any circumstances which may help us to account for the fact, that this truly extraordinary man, whose intellectual resources beggar the imagination, and who devoted himself to politics with all the forces of his nature, never so much as attained to a seat in the Cabinet—a feat one has known to be accomplished by persons of no proved intellectual agility. Having done this, I shall then, bearing in mind the aphorism of Lord Beaconsfield, that it is always better to be impudent than servile, essay an analysis of the essential elements of Burke's character.

The first great fact to remember is, that the Edmund Burke we are all agreed in regarding as one of the proudest memories of the House of Commons, was an Irishman. When we are in our next fit of political depression about that island, and are about piously to wish, as the poet Spenser tells us men were wishing even in his time, that it were not adjacent, let us do a little national stock-taking, and calculate profits as well as losses. Burke was not only an Irishman, but a typical one—of the very kind many Englishmen, and even possibly some Scotchmen, make a point of disliking. I do not say he was an aboriginal Irishman, but his ancestors are said to have settled in the county of Galway, under Strongbow, in King Henry the Second's time, when Ireland was first conquered and our troubles began. This, at all events, is a better Irish pedigree than Mr. Parnell's.

Skipping six centuries, we find Burke's father an attorney in

Dublin—which somehow sounds a very Irish thing to be—who in 1725 married a Miss Nagle, and had fifteen children. The marriage of Burke's parents was of the kind called mixed—a term which doubtless admits of wide application, but when employed technically, signifies that the religious faith of the spouses was different; one, the father, being a Protestant, and the lady, an adherent* to what used to be pleasantly called the “old religion.” The severer spirit now dominating Catholic councils has condemned these marriages, on the score of their bad theology and their lax morality; but the practical politician, who is not usually much of a theologian—though Lord Melbourne and Mr. Gladstone are distinguished exceptions—and whose moral conscience is apt to be robust (and here I believe there are no exceptions), cannot but regret that so good an opportunity of lubricating religious differences with the sweet oil of the domestic affections should be lost to us in these days of bitterness and dissension. Burke was brought up in the Protestant faith of his father, and was never in any real danger of deviating from it; but I cannot doubt that his regard for his Catholic fellow-subjects, his fierce repudiation of the infamies of the Penal Code—whose horrors he did something to mitigate—his respect for antiquity, and his historic sense, were all quickened by the fact that a tenderly loved and loving mother belonged through life and in death to an ancient and outraged faith.

The great majority of Burke's brothers and sisters, like those of Laurence Sterne, were “not made to live,” and out of the fifteen, but three, besides himself, attained maturity. These were his eldest brother, Garrett, on whose death Edmund succeeded to the patrimonial Irish estate, which he promptly sold; his younger brother, Richard, a highly speculative gentleman, who always lost; and his sister, Juliana, who married a Mr. French, and was, as became her mother's daughter, a rigid Roman Catholic—who, so we read, was accustomed every Christmas Day to invite to the hall the maimed, the aged, and distressed of her vicinity, to a plentiful repast, during which she waited upon them as a servant. A sister like this never did any man any serious harm.

Edmund Burke was born in 1729, in Dublin, and was taught his rudiments in the country—first, by a Mr. O'Halloran, and afterwards by a Mr. FitzGerald, village pedagogues both, who at all events succeeded in giving their charge a brogue which death alone could silence. Burke passed from their hands to an academy at Ballitore, kept by a Quaker, from whence he proceeded to Trinity College, Dublin. He was thus not only Irish born, but Irish bred. His intellectual habit of mind exhibited itself early. He belonged to the happy family of omnivorous readers, and in the language of his latest schoolmaster he went to college with a larger miscellaneous

stock of reading than was usual with one of his years ; which, being interpreted out of pedagogic into plain English, means that "our good Edmund" was an enormous devourer of poetry and novels, and so he remained to the end of his days. That he always preferred Fielding to Richardson is satisfactory, since it pairs him off nicely with Dr. Johnson, whose preference was the other way, and so helps to keep an interesting question wide open. His passion for the poetry of Virgil is significant. His early devotion to Edward Young, the grandiose author of the "Night Thoughts," is not to be wondered at, though the inspiration of the youthful Burke, either as poet or critic, may be questioned, when we find him rapturously scribbling in the margin of his copy :

"Jove claimed the verse old Homer sung,
But God himself inspired Dr. Young."

But a boy's enthusiasm for a favourite poet is a thing to rejoice over. The years that bring the philosophic mind will not bring—they must find—enthusiasm.

In 1750, Burke (being then twenty-one) came for the first time to London, to do what so many of his lively young countrymen are still doing—though they are beginning to make a grievance even of that—eat his dinners at the Middle Temple, and so qualify himself for the Bar. Certainly that student was in luck who found himself in the same mess with Burke ; and yet so stupid are men—so prone to rest with their full weight on the immaterial and slide over the essential—that had that good fortune been ours we should probably have been more taken up with Burke's brogue than with his brains. Burke came to London with a cultivated curiosity, and in no spirit of desperate determination to make his fortune. That the study of the law interested him cannot be doubted, for everything interested him, particularly the stage. Like the sensible Irishman he was, he lost his heart to Peg Woffington on the first opportunity. He was fond of roaming about the country during, it is to be hoped, vacation-time only, and is to be found writing the most cheerful letters to his friends in Ireland, all of whom are persuaded that he is going some day to be somebody, though sorely puzzled to surmise what thing or when, so pleasantly does he take life, from all sorts of out-of-the-way country places, where he lodges with quaint old landladies who wonder maternally why he never gets drunk, and generally mistake him for an author until he pays his bill. When in town he frequented debating societies in Fleet Street and Covent Garden, and made his first speeches ; for which purpose he would, unlike some debaters, devote studious hours to getting up the subjects to be discussed. There is good reason to believe that it was in this manner his attention was first directed to India. He was at all

times a great talker, and, Dr. Johnson's dictum notwithstanding, a good listener. He was endlessly interested in everything—in the state of the crops, in the last play, in the details of all trades, the rhythm of all poems, the plots of all novels, and indeed in the course of every manufacture. And so for six years he went up and down, to and fro, gathering information, imparting knowledge, and preparing himself, though he knew not for what.

The attorney in Dublin grew anxious, and searched for precedents of a son behaving like his, and rising to eminence. Had his son got the legal mind?—which, according to a keen observer, chiefly displays itself by illustrating the obvious, explaining the evident, and expatiating on the commonplace. Edmund's powers of illustration, explanation, and expatiation could not indeed be questioned; but then the subjects selected for the exhibition of those powers were very far indeed from being obvious, evident, or commonplace; and the attorney's heart grew heavy within him. The paternal displeasure was signified in the usual manner—the supplies were cut off. Edmund Burke, however, was no ordinary prodigal, and his reply to his father's expostulations took the unexpected and unprecedented shape of a copy of a second and enlarged edition of his treatise on the "Sublime and Beautiful," which he had published in 1756 at the price of three shillings. Burke's father promptly sent the author a bank-bill for £100: conduct on his part which, considering he had sent his son to London and maintained him there for six years to study law, was in my judgment both sublime and beautiful. In the same year Burke published another pamphlet—a one-and-sixpenny affair—written, ironically, in the style of Lord Bolingbroke, and called "A Vindication of Natural Society; or, a View of the Miseries and Evils arising to Mankind from every species of Civil Society." Irony is a dangerous weapon for a public man to have ever employed, and in after-life Burke had frequently to explain that he was not serious. On these two pamphlets' airy pinions Burke floated into the harbour of literary fame. No less a man than the great David Hume referred to him, in a letter to the hardly less great Adam Smith, as an Irish gentleman who had written a "very pretty treatise on the Sublime." After these efforts, Burke, as became an established wit, went to Bath to recruit, and there, fitly enough, fell in love. The lady was Miss Jane Mary Nugent, the daughter of a celebrated Bath physician; and it is pleasant to be able to say of the marriage that was shortly solemnized between the young couple, that it was a happy one, and then to go on our way, leaving them—where man and wife ought to be left—alone. Oddly enough, Burke's wife was also the offspring of a "mixed marriage"—only, in her case it was the father who was the Catholic; consequently both Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Burke were of the same way of

thinking, but each had a parent of the other way. Although getting married is no part of the curriculum of a law student, Burke's father seems to have come to the conclusion, that after all it was a greater distinction for an attorney in Dublin to have a son living amongst the wits in London, and discoursing familiarly on the "Sublime and Beautiful," than prosecuting some poor countryman, with a brogue as rich as his own, for stealing a pair of breeches; for we find him generously allowing the young couple £200 a year, which no doubt went some way towards maintaining them. Burke, who was now in his twenty-eighth year, seems to have given up all notion of the law. In 1758 he wrote for Dodsley the first volume of the "Annual Register," a melancholy series which continues to this day. For doing this he got £100. Burke was by this time a well-known figure in London literary society, and was busy making for himself a huge private reputation. The Christmas Day of 1758 witnessed a singular scene at the dinner table of David Garrick. Dr. Johnson, then in the full vigour of his mind, and with the all-dreaded weapons of his dialectics, kept burnished by daily use, was flatly contradicted by a fellow-guest some twenty years his junior, and, what is more, submitted to it without a murmur. One of the diners, Arthur Murphy, was so struck by this occurrence, unique in his long experience of the Doctor, that on returning home he recorded the fact in his journal, but ventured no explanation of it. It can only be accounted for—so at least I venture to think—by the combined effect of four wholly independent circumstances: *First*, the day was Christmas Day, a day of peace and goodwill, and our beloved Doctor was amongst the sincerest, though most argumentative, of Christians, and a great observer of days. *Second*, the house was David Garrick's, and consequently we may be certain that the dinner had been a superlatively good one; and has not Boswell placed on record Johnson's opinion of the man who professed to be indifferent about his dinner? *Third*, the subject under discussion was India, about which Johnson knew he knew next to nothing. And *fourth*, the offender was Edmund Burke, whom Johnson loved from the first day he set eyes upon him to their last sad parting by the waters of death.

In 1761 that shrewd old gossip, Horace Walpole, met Burke for the first time at dinner, and remarks of him in a letter to George Montague:

"I dined at Hamilton's yesterday: there were Garrick, and young Mr. Burke, who wrote a book, in the style of Lord Bolingbroke, that was much admired. He is a sensible man, but has not worn off his authorism yet, and thinks there is nothing so charming as writers, and to be one. He will know better one of these days."

But great as were Burke's literary powers, and passionate as was

his fondness for letters and for literary society, he never seems to have felt that the main burden of his life lay in that direction. He looked to the public service, and this though he always believed that the pen of a great writer was a more powerful and glorious weapon than any to be found in the armoury of politics. This faith of his comes out sometimes queerly enough. For example, when Dr. Robertson in 1777 sent Burke his cheerful *History of America* in quarto volumes, Burke in the most perfect good faith closes a long letter of thanks thus :

"You will smile when I send you a trifling temporary production made for the occasion of the day, and to perish with it, in return for your immortal work."

I have no desire to say anything disrespectful of Principal Robertson; but still, when we remember that the temporary production he got in exchange for his *History of America* was Burke's immortal letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol on the American War, we must, I think, be forced to admit that, as so often happens when a Scotchman and an Irishman do business together, the former got the better of the bargain.

Burke's first public employment was of a humble character, and might well have been passed over in a sentence, had it not terminated in a most delightful quarrel, in which Burke conducted himself like an Irishman of genius. Sometime in 1759 he became acquainted with William Gerard Hamilton, commonly called "Single-speech Hamilton," on account of the celebrity he gained from his first speech in Parliament, and the steady way in which his oratorical reputation went on waning ever after. In 1761 this gentleman went over to Ireland as Chief Secretary, and Burke accompanied him as the Secretary's secretary, or, in the unlicensed speech of Dublin, as Hamilton's jackal. This arrangement was eminently satisfactory to Hamilton, who found, as generations of men have found after him, Burke's brains very useful, and he determined to borrow them for the period of their joint lives. Animated by this desire, in itself praiseworthy, he busied himself in procuring for Burke a pension of £300 a year on the Irish establishment, and then the simple "Single-speech" thought the transaction closed. He had bought his poor man of genius, and paid for him on the nail with other people's money. Nothing remained but for Burke to draw his pension and devote the rest of his life to maintaining Hamilton's reputation. There is nothing at all unusual in this, and I have no doubt Burke would have stuck to his bargain, had not Hamilton conceived the fatal idea that Burke's brains were *exclusively* his (Hamilton's). Then the situation became one of risk and apparent danger.

Burke's imagination began playing round the subject: he saw himself a slave, blotted out of existence—mere fuel for Hamilton's flame. In a week he was in a towering passion. Few men can afford to be angry. It is a run upon their intellectual resources they cannot meet. But Burke's treasury could well afford the luxury; and his letters to Hamilton make delightful reading to those who, like myself, dearly love a dispute when conducted according to the rules of the game by men of great intellectual wealth. Hamilton demolished and reduced to a stony silence, Burke sat down again and wrote long letters to all his friends, telling them the whole story from beginning to end. I must be allowed a quotation from one of these letters, for this really is not so frivolous a matter as I am afraid I have made it appear—a quotation of which this much may be said, that nothing more delightfully Burkean is to be found anywhere:

"MY DEAR MASON,

"I am hardly able to tell you how much satisfaction I had in your letter. Your approbation of my conduct makes me believe much the better of both you and myself; and I assure you, that that approbation came to me very seasonably. Such proofs of a warm, sincere, and disinterested friendship were not wholly unnecessary to my support at a time when I experienced such bitter effects of the perfidy and ingratitude of much longer and much closer connections. The way in which you take up my affairs binds me to you in a manner I cannot express; for to tell you the truth, I never can (knowing as I do the principles upon which I always endeavour to act) submit to any sort of compromise of my character; and I shall never therefore look upon those who, after hearing the whole story, do not think me *perfectly* in the right, and do not consider Hamilton an infamous scoundrel, to be in the smallest degree my friends, or even to be persons for whom I am bound to have the slightest esteem, as fair and just estimators of the characters and conduct of men. Situated as I am, and feeling as I do, I should be just as well pleased that they totally condemned me, as that they should say there were faults on both sides, or that it was a disputable case, as I hear is (I cannot forbear saying) the affected language of some persons You cannot avoid remarking, my dear Mason, and I hope not without some indignation, the unparalleled singularity of my situation. Was ever a man before me expected to enter into formal, direct, and undisguised slavery? Did ever man before him confess an attempt to decoy a man into such an alleged contract, not to say anything of the impudence of regularly pleading it? If such an attempt be wicked and unlawful (and I am sure no one ever doubted it), I have only to confess his charge, and to admit myself his dupe, to make him pass, on his own showing, for the most consummate villain that ever lived. The only difference between us is, not whether he is not a rogue—for he not only admits but pleads the facts that demonstrate him to be so; but only whether I was such a fool as to sell myself absolutely for a consideration which, so far from being adequate, if any such could be adequate, is not even so much as certain. Not to value myself as a gentleman, a free man, a man of education, and one pretending to literature; is there any situation in life so low, or even so criminal, that can subject a man to the possibility of such an engagement? 'Would you dare attempt to bind your footman to such terms? Will the law suffer a felon sent to the plantations to bind himself

for his life, and to renounce all possibility either of elevation or quiet? And am I to defend myself for not doing what no man is suffered to do, and what it would be criminal in any man to submit to? You will excuse me for this heat."

I not only excuse Burke for his heat, but love him for letting me warm my hands at it after a lapse of 120 years.

Burke was more fortunate in his second master, for in 1765, being then thirty-six years of age, he became private secretary to the new Prime Minister, the Marquis of Rockingham; and by the interest of Lord Verney was returned to Parliament for Wendover, in Bucks; and on January 27, 1766, his voice was first heard in the House of Commons.

The Rockingham Ministry deserves well of the historian, and on the whole has received its deserts. Lord Rockingham, the Duke of Richmond, Lord John Cavendish, Mr. Dowdeswell, and the rest of them, were good men and true, judged by any ordinary standard; and when contrasted with most of their political competitors, they almost approach the ranks of saints and angels. However, after a year and twenty days, his Majesty King George the Third managed to get rid of them, and to keep them at bay for fifteen years. But their first term of office, though short, lasted long enough to establish a friendship of no ordinary powers of endurance between the chief members of the party and the Prime Minister's private secretary, who was at first, so ran the report, supposed to be a wild Irishman, whose real name was O'Bourke, and whose brogue seemed to require the allegation that its owner was a Popish emissary. It is satisfactory to notice how from the very first Burke's intellectual pre-eminence, character, and aims were clearly admitted and most cheerfully recognized by his political and social superiors; and in the long correspondence in which he engaged with most of them, there is not a trace to be found, on one side or the other, of anything approaching to either patronage or servility. Burke advises them, exhorts them, expostulates with them, condemns their aristocratic languor, fans their feeble flames, drafts their motions, dictates their protests, visits their houses, and generally supplies them with facts, figures, poetry, and romance. To all this they submit with much humility. The Duke of Richmond once indeed ventured to hint to Burke, with exceeding delicacy, that he (the Duke) had a small private estate to attend to as well as public affairs, but the validity of the excuse was not admitted. The part Burke played for the next fifteen years with relation to the Rockingham party reminds me of the functions I have observed performed in lazy families by a soberly clad and eminently respectable person who pays them domiciliary visits, and, having admission everywhere, goes about mysteriously from room to room, winding up all the clocks. This is what Burke did for the Rockingham party—he kept it going.

But fortunately for us, Burke was not content with private adjuration, or even public speech. His literary instincts, his dominating desire to persuade everybody that he, Edmund Burke, was absolutely in the right, and every one of his opponents hopelessly wrong, made him turn to the pamphlet as a propaganda, and in his hands

"The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains."

So accustomed are we to regard Burke's pamphlets as specimens of our noblest literature, and to see them printed in comfortable volumes, that we are apt to forget that in their origin they were but the children of the pavement, the publications of the hour. If, however, you ever visit any old public library, and grope about long enough, you are likely enough to find a shelf holding some twenty-five or thirty musty, ugly little books, usually lettered "Burke," and on opening any of them you will come across one of Burke's pamphlets as originally issued, bound up with the replies and counter-pamphlets it occasioned. I have frequently tried, but always in vain, to read these replies, which are pretentious enough—usually the works of deans, members of Parliament, and other dignitaries of the class Carlyle used compendiously to describe as "shovel-hatted"—and each of whom was as much entitled to publish pamphlets as Burke himself. There are some things it is very easy to do, and to write a pamphlet is one of them; but to write such a pamphlet as future generations will read with delight, is perhaps the most difficult feat in literature. Milton, Swift, Burke, and Sydney Smith are, I think, our only great pamphleteers.

I have now rather more than kept my word so far as Burke's pre-parliamentary life is concerned, and will proceed to mention some of the circumstances that may serve to account for the fact, that when the Rockingham party came into power for the second time in 1782, Burke, who was their life and soul, was only rewarded with a minor office. First, then, it must be recorded sorrowfully of Burke that he was always desperately in debt, and in this country no politician under the rank of a baronet can ever safely be in debt. Burke's finances are, and always have been, marvels and mysteries; but one thing must be said of them—that the malignity of his enemies, both Tory enemies and Radical enemies, has never succeeded in formulating any charge of dishonesty against him that has not been at once completely pulverized, and shown on the facts to be impossible. Burke's purchase of the estate at Beaconsfield in 1768, only two years after he entered Parliament, consisting as it did of a good house and 1600 acres of land, has puzzled a great many good men—much more than it ever did Edmund Burke. But how did he get the money? After an Irish fashion—by not getting it at all.

Two-thirds of the purchase-money remained outstanding on mortgage, and the balance he borrowed; or, as he puts it, "With all I could collect of my own, and by the aid of my friends, I have established a root in the country." That is how Burke bought Beaconsfield, where he lived till his end came; whither he always hastened when his sensitive mind was tortured by the thought of how badly men governed the world; where he entertained all sorts and conditions of men—Quakers, Brahmins (for whose ancient rites he provided suitable accommodation in a greenhouse), nobles and abbés flying from revolutionary France, poets, painters, and peers; no one of whom ever long remained a stranger to his charm. Burke flung himself into farming with all the enthusiasm of his nature. His letters to Arthur Young on the subject of carrots still tremble with emotion. You all know Burke's "Thoughts on the Present Discontents." You remember—it is hard to forget—his speech on Conciliation with America, particularly the magnificent passage beginning, "Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom, and a great empire and little minds go ill together." You have echoed back the words in which, in his letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol on the hateful American War, he protests that it was not instantly he could be brought to rejoice when he heard of the slaughter and captivity of long lists of those whose names had been familiar in his ears from his infancy, and you would all join with me in subscribing to a fund which should have for its object the printing and hanging up over every editor's desk in town and country a subsequent passage from the same letter:

"A conscientious man would be cautious how he dealt in blood. He would feel some apprehension at being called to a tremendous account for engaging in so deep a play without any knowledge of the game. It is no excuse for presumptuous ignorance that it is directed by insolent passion. The poorest being that crawls on earth, contending to save itself from injustice and oppression, is an object respectable in the eyes of God and man. But I cannot conceive any existence under heaven (which in the depths of its wisdom tolerates all sorts of things) that is more truly odious and disgusting than an impotent, helpless creature, without civil wisdom or military skill, bloated with pride and arrogance, calling for battles which he is not to fight, and contending for a violent dominion which he can never exercise. . . .

"If you and I find our talents not of the great and ruling kind, our conduct at least is conformable to our faculties. No man's life pays the forfeit of our rashness. No desolate widow weeps tears of blood over our ignorance. Scrupulous and sober in a well-grounded distrust of ourselves, we would keep in the port of peace and security; and perhaps in recommending to others something of the same diffidence, we should show ourselves more charitable to their welfare than injurious to their abilities."

You have laughed over Burke's account of how all Lord Talbot's schemes for the reform of the king's household were dashed to pieces because the turnspit of the king's kitchen was a member of Parlia-

ment. You have often pondered over that miraculous passage in his speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debts describing the devastation of the Carnatic by Hyder Ali—a passage which Mr. John Morley says fills the young orator with the same emotions of enthusiasm, emulation, and despair that (according to the same authority) invariably torment the artist who first gazes on "The Madonna" at Dresden, or the figures of "Night" and "Dawn" at Florence. All these things you know, else are you mighty self-denying of your pleasures. But it is just possible you may have forgotten the following extract from one of Burke's farming letters to Arthur Young:—

"One of the grand points in controversy (a controversy indeed chiefly carried on between practice and speculation) is that of *deep ploughing*. In your last volume you seem on the whole rather against that practice, and have given several reasons for your judgment which deserve to be very well considered. In order to know how we ought to plough, we ought to know what end it is we propose to ourselves in that operation. The first and instrumental end is to divide the soil; the last and ultimate end, so far as regards the plants, is to facilitate the pushing of the blade upwards, and the shooting of the roots in all the inferior directions. There is further proposed a more ready admission of external influences—the rain, the sun, the air, charged with all those heterogeneous contents, some, possibly all, of which are necessary for the nourishment of the plants. By ploughing deep you answer these ends in a greater mass of the soil. This would seem in favour of deep ploughing as nothing else than accomplishing, in a more perfect manner, those very ends for which you are induced to plough at all. But doubts here arise, only to be solved by experiment. First, is it quite certain that it is good for the ear and grain of farinaceous plants that their roots should spread and descend into the ground to the greatest possible distances and depths? Is there not some limit in this? We know that in timber, what makes one part flourish does not equally conduce to the benefit of all; and that which may be beneficial to the wood, does not equally contribute to the quantity and goodness of the fruit, and, *vice versa*, that what increases the fruit largely is often far from serviceable to the tree. Secondly, is that looseness to great depths, supposing it useful to one of the species of plants, equally useful to all? Thirdly, though the external influences—the rain, the sun, the air—act undoubtedly a part, and a large part, in vegetation, does it follow that they are equally salutary in any quantities, at any depths? Or that, though it may be useful to diffuse one of these agents as extensively as may be in the earth, that therefore it will be equally useful to render the earth in the same degree pervious to all? It is a dangerous way of reasoning in physics, as well as morals, to conclude, because a given proportion of anything is advantageous, that the double will be quite as good, or that it will be good at all. Neither in the one nor the other is it always true that two and two make four."

This is magnificent, but it is not farming, and you will easily believe that Burke's attempts to till the soil were more costly than productive. Farming, if it is to pay, is a pursuit of small economies, and Burke was far too Asiatic, tropical, and splendid to have any thing to do with small economies. His expenditure, like his rhetoric was in the "grand style." He belongs to Charles Lamb's great race, "the men who borrow." But indeed it wasn't so much that Burke

borrowed as that men lent. Right-feeling men did not wait to be asked. Dr. Brocklesby, that good physician, whose name breathes like a benediction through the pages of the biographies of the best men of his time, who soothed Dr. Johnson's last melancholy hours, and for whose supposed heterodoxy the dying man displayed so tender a solicitude, wrote to Burke, in the strain of a timid suitor proposing for the hand of a proud heiress, to know whether Burke would be so good as to accept £1,000 at once, instead of waiting for the writer's death. Burke felt no hesitation in obliging so old a friend. Garrick, who, though fond of money, was as generous hearted a fellow as ever brought down a house, lent Burke £1,000. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who has been reckoned stingy, by his will left Burke £2,000, and forgave him another £2,000 which he had lent him. The Marquis of Rockingham by his will directed all Burke's bonds held by him to be cancelled. They amounted to £30,000. Burke's patrimonial estate was sold by him for £4,000; and I have seen it stated that he had received altogether from family sources as much as £20,000. And yet he was always poor, and was glad at the last to accept pensions from the Crown in order that he might not leave his wife a beggar. This good lady survived her illustrious husband twelve years, and seemed then for the first time to have some success in paying his bills, for at her death all remaining demands were found to be discharged. For receiving this pension Burke was assailed by the Duke of Bedford, a most pleasing act of ducal bounty, since it enabled the pensioner, not bankrupt of his wit, to write a pamphlet, now of course a cherished classic, and introduce into it a few paragraphs about the House of Russell and the cognate subject of grants from the Crown. But enough of Burke's debts and difficulties, which I only mention because all through his life they were cast up against him. Had Burke been a moralist of the calibre of Charles James Fox, he might have amassed a fortune large enough to keep up half a dozen Beaconsfields by simply doing what all his predecessors in the office he held, including Fox's own father, the truly infamous first Lord Holland, had done—namely, by retaining for his own use the interest on all balances of the public money from time to time in his hands as Paymaster of the Forces. But Burke carried his passion for good government into actual practice, and cutting down the emoluments of his office to a salary (a high one, no doubt), effected a saving to the country of some £25,000 a year, every farthing of which might have gone without remark into his own pocket.

Burke had no vices, save of style and temper; nor was any of his expenditure a profligate squandering of money. It all went in giving employment or disseminating kindness. He sent the painter Barry to study art in Italy. He saved the poet Crabbe from starvation and despair, and thus secured to the country one who owns the

unrivalled distinction of having been the favourite poet of the three greatest intellectual factors of the age (scientific men excepted), Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, and Cardinal Newman. Yet so distorted are men's views that the odious and anti-social excesses of Fox at the gambling-table are visited with a blame usually wreathed in smiles, whilst the financial irregularities of a noble and pure-minded man are thought fit matter for the fiercest censure or the most lordly contempt.

Next to Burke's debts, some of his companions and intimates did him harm and injured his consequence. His brother Richard, whose brogue we are given to understand was simply appalling, was a good-for-nothing, with a dilapidated reputation. Then there was another Mr. Burke, who was no relation, but none the less was always about, and to whom it was not safe to lend money. Burke's son, too, whose death he mourned so pathetically, seems to have been a failure, and is described by a candid friend as a nauseating person. To have a decent following is important in politics.

A third reason must be given : Burke's judgment of men and things was often both wrong and violent. The story of Powell and Bembridge, two knaves in Burke's own office, whose cause he espoused, and whom he insisted on reinstating in the public service after they had been dismissed, and maintaining them there, in spite of all protests, till the one had the grace to cut his throat and the other was sentenced by the Queen's Bench to a term of imprisonment and a heavy fine, is too long to be told, though it makes interesting reading in the 22nd volume of Howell's State Trials, where at the end of the report is to be found the following note :—

"The proceedings against Messrs. Powell and Bembridge occasioned much animated discussion in the House of Commons, in which Mr. Burke warmly supported the accused. The compassion which on these and all other occasions was manifested by Mr. Burke for the sufferings of those public delinquents, the zeal with which he advocated their cause, and the eagerness with which he endeavoured to extenuate their criminality, have received severe reprehension, and in particular when contrasted with his subsequent conduct in the prosecution of Mr. Hastings."

The real reason for Burke's belief in Bembridge is, I think, to be found in the evidence Burke gave on his behalf at the trial before Lord Mansfield. Bembridge had rendered Burke invaluable assistance in carrying out his reforms at the Paymaster's Office, and Burke was constitutionally unable to believe that a rogue could be on his side ; but indeed Burke was too apt to defend bad causes with a scream of passion, and a politician who screams is never likely to occupy a commanding place in the House of Commons. A last reason for Burke's exclusion from high office is to be found in his aversion to any measure of Parliamentary Reform. An ardent reformer like the

Duke of Richmond—the then Duke of Richmond—who was in favour of annual parliaments, universal suffrage, and payment of members, was not likely to wish to associate himself too closely with a politician who wept with emotion at the bare thought of depriving Old Sarum of parliamentary representation.

These reasons account for Burke's exclusion, and jealous as we naturally and properly are of genius being snubbed by mediocrity, my reading at all events does not justify me in blaming any one but the Fates for the circumstance that Burke was never a Secretary of State. And after all, does it matter much what he was? Burke no doubt occasionally felt his exclusion a little hard; but he is the victor who remains in possession of the field; and Burke is now, for us and for all coming after us, in such possession.

It now only remains for me, drawing upon my stock of assurance, to essay the analysis of the essential elements of Burke's mental character, and I therefore at once proceed to say that it was Burke's peculiarity and his glory to apply the imagination of a poet of the first order to the facts and the business of life. Arnold says of Sophocles—

“He saw life steadily, and saw it whole.”

Substitute for the word “life” the words “organized society,” and you get a peep into Burke's mind. There was a catholicity about his gaze. He knew how the whole world lived. Everything contributed to this: his vast desultory reading; his education, neither wholly academical nor entirely professional; his long years of apprenticeship in the service of knowledge; his wanderings up and down the country; his vast conversational powers; his enormous correspondence with all sorts of people; his unfailing interest in all pursuits, trades, manufactures;—all helped to keep before him, like motes dancing in a sunbeam, the huge organism of modern society, which requires for its existence and for its development the maintenance of credit and of order. Burke's imagination led him to look out over the whole land: the legislator devising new laws, the judge expounding and enforcing old ones, the merchant despatching his goods and extending his credit, the banker advancing the money of his customers upon the credit of the merchant, the frugal man slowly accumulating the store which is to support him in old age, the ancient institutions of Church and University with their seemly provisions for sound learning and true religion, the parson in his pulpit, the poet pondering his rhymes, the farmer eying his crops, the painter covering his canvases, the player educating the feelings. Burke saw all this with the fancy of a poet, and dwelt on it with the eye of a lover. But love is the parent of fear, and none knew better than Burke, how thin is the lava layer between the costly fabric of society and the volcanic heats

and destroying flames of anarchy. He trembled for the fair frame of all established things, and to his horror saw men, instead of covering the thin surface with the concrete, digging in it for abstractions, and asking fundamental questions about the origin of society, and why one man should be born rich and another poor. Burke was no prating optimist: it was his very knowledge how much could be said against society that quickened his fears for it. There is no shallower criticism than that which accuses Burke in his later years of apostacy from so-called Liberal opinions. Burke was all his life through a passionate maintainer of the established order of things, and a ferocious hater of abstractions and metaphysical politics. The same ideas that explode like bombs through his diatribes against the French Revolution, are to be found shining with a mild effulgence in the comparative calm of his earlier writings. I have often been struck with a resemblance, which I hope is not wholly fanciful, between the attitude of Burke's mind towards government and that of Cardinal Newman's towards religion. Both these great men belong, by virtue of their imaginations, to the poetic order, and they both are to be found dwelling with amazing eloquence, detail, and wealth of illustration on the varied elements of society. Both seem as they write to have one hand on the pulse of the world, and to be for ever alive to the throb of its action; and Burke, as he regarded humanity swarming like bees out and in of their hives of industry, is ever asking himself, How are these men to be saved from anarchy? whilst Newman puts to himself the question, How are these men to be saved from atheism? Both saw the perils of free inquiry divorced from practical affairs.

"Civil freedom," says Burke, "is not, as many have endeavoured to persuade you, a thing that lies hid in the depth of abstruse science. It is a blessing and a benefit, not an abstract speculation; and all the just reasoning that can be upon it is of so coarse a texture as perfectly to suit the ordinary capacities of those who are to enjoy and of those who are to defend it."

"Tell men," says Cardinal Newman, "to gain notions of a Creator from His works, and if they were to set about it (which nobody does), they would be jaded and wearied by the labyrinth they were tracing; their minds would be gorged and surfeited by the logical operation. To most men argument makes the point in hand only more doubtful and considerably less impressive. After all, man is not a reasoning animal; he is a seeing, feeling, contemplating, acting animal."

Burke is fond of telling us that he is no lawyer, no antiquarian, but a plain, practical man; and the Cardinal, in like manner, is ever insisting that he is no theologian—he leaves everything of that sort to the Schools, whatever they may be, and simply deals with religion on its practical side as a benefit to mankind.

If either of these great men have been guilty of intellectual excesses, those of Burke may be attributed to his dread of Anarchy, those of Newman to his dread of Atheism. Neither of them was

prepared to rest content with a scientific frontier, an imaginary line. So much did they dread their enemy, so alive were they to the terrible strength of some of his positions, that they could not agree to dispense with the protection afforded by the huge mountains of prejudice and the ancient rivers of custom. The sincerity of either man can only be doubted by the bigot and the fool.

But Burke, apart from his fears, had a constitutional love for old things, simply because they were old. Anything mankind had ever worshipped, or venerated, or obeyed, was dear to him. I have already referred to his providing his Brahmins with a greenhouse for the purpose of their rites, which he watched from outside with great interest. One cannot fancy Cardinal Newman peeping through a window to see men worshipping false though ancient gods. Warren Hastings' high-handed dealings with the temples and time-honoured if scandalous customs of the Hindoos filled Burke with horror. So, too, he respected Quakers, Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, and all those whom he called Constitutional Dissenters. He has a fine passage somewhere about Rust, for with all his passion for good government he dearly loved a little rust. In this phase of character he reminds one not a little of another great writer—whose death literature has still reason to deplore—George Eliot; who, in her love for old hedge-rows and crumbling moss-grown walls, was a writer after Burke's own heart, whose novels he would have sat up all night to devour; for did he not deny with warmth Gibbon's statement that he had read all five volumes of "Evelina" in a day? "The thing is impossible," cried Burke; "they took me three days doing nothing else." Now, "Evelina" is a good novel, but "The Mill on the Floss" is a better.

Wordsworth has been called the High Priest of Nature. Burke may be called the High Priest of Order—a lover of settled ways, of justice, peace, and security. His writings are a storehouse of wisdom, not the cheap shrewdness of the mere man of the world, but the noble, animating wisdom of one who has the poet's heart as well as the statesman's brain. Nobody is fit to govern this country who has not drunk deep at the springs of Burke. "Have you read your Burke?" is at least as sensible a question to put to a parliamentary candidate, as to ask him whether he is a total abstainer or a desperate drunkard. Something there may be about Burke to regret, and more to dispute; but that he loved justice and hated iniquity is certain, as also it is that for the most part he dwelt in the paths of purity, humanity, and good sense. May we be found adhering to them!

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

THE WORLD AS AN OBJECT.

IN a previous essay (the Rede Lecture, *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, July 1885) I have sought to show that there are but three logically possible theories of the World of Being. There is first the theory of Materialism, which supposes matter in motion to be the ultimate or self-existing Reality, and, therefore, the cause of mind. Next, there is the theory of Spiritualism, which supposes mind to be the ultimate Reality, and, therefore, the cause of matter in motion. Lastly, there is the theory of Monism, which supposes matter in motion to be substantially identical with mind, and, therefore, that as between mind and matter in motion there is no causal relation either way. In my previous essay I considered these three logically possible theories, and argued that of them the last-mentioned is the only one which satisfies all the facts of feeling on the one hand, and of observation on the other. The theory of Monism alone is able to explain, without inherent contradiction, the phenomena both of the subjective and objective spheres.

Without going over the ground already traversed, it is my object in the present essay to extend the considerations presented in my former one. Assuming the theory of Monism, I desire to ascertain the result to which it will lead when applied to the question whether we ought to regard the external world as of a character mental or non-mental. As observed in the previous essay, this question has already been considered by the late Professor Clifford, who decided that on the monistic theory the probability pointed towards the external world being of a character non-mental; that, although the whole universe is composed of "mind-stuff," the universe as a whole is mindless. This decision I then briefly criticized; it is now my object to contemplate the matter somewhat more in detail.

I will assume, on account of reasons previously given, that when we speak of matter in motion we do not at all know what it is that moves, nor do we know at all what it is that we mean by motion. Therefore if, as unknown quantities, we call matter a and motion b , all we are entitled to affirm is that $a + b = z$, where z is a known quantity, or mind. Obversely stated, we may say that the known quantity z is capable of being resolved into the unknown $a + b$. But, inasmuch as both a and b are unknown, we may simplify matters by regarding their sum as a single unknown quantity x , which we take to be substantially identical with its obverse aspect known as z .

Here, then, are our data. The theory of Monism teaches that what we perceive as matter in motion, x , is the obverse of what we know as mind, z . What, then, do we know of z ? In the first place, we well know that this is the only entity with which we are acquainted, so to speak, at first hand; all our knowledge of x (which is the only other knowledge we possess) is possible only in so far as we are able to translate it into terms of z . In the next place, we know that z is itself an entity of the most enormous complexity. Standing as a symbol of the whole range of individual subjectivity, it may be said to constitute for each individual the symbol of his own personality—or the sum total of his conscious life. Now each individual knows by direct knowledge that his conscious life is a matter, as I have said, of enormous complexity, in which numberless ingredients of feeling, thought, and volition are combined in numberless ways. Therefore the symbol z may be considered as the sum of innumerable constituent parts, grouped *inter se* in numberless systems of more or less complexity.

From these considerations we arrive at the following conclusions. The theory of Monism teaches that all z is x ; but it does not, therefore, necessarily teach that all x is z . Nevertheless, it does teach that if all x is not z , this must be because x is z , *plus* something more than z , as a little thought will be sufficient to show. Thus, the four annexed diagrams exhaust the logical possibilities of any case, where the question is as to the inclusion or exclusion of one quantity by another. In Fig. 1 the two quantities are coincident; in Fig. 2 the one is wholly included by the other; in Fig. 3 it is partially included; and in Fig. 4 wholly excluded. Now in the present case, and upon the data supplied, the logical possibilities are exhausted by Figs. 1 and 2. For, upon these data, Figs. 3 and 4 obviously represent logical impossibilities; no part of Mind can, according to these data, stand outside the limits of Matter and Motion. Therefore, if the Ego is not coincident with the Non-ego (or if all x is not z , as in Fig. 1), this can only be because the Ego is less extensive than the Non-ego (or because x is z *plus* something more than z , as in Fig. 2).

Of these two logical possibilities Idealism, in its most extreme form, may adopt the first. For Idealism in this form may hold

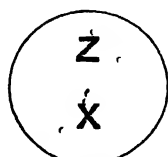


Fig. 1

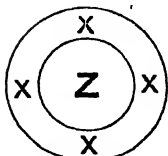


Fig. 2

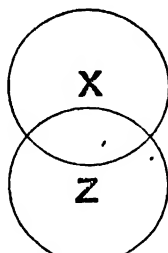


Fig. 3

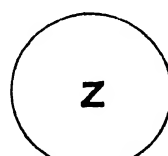
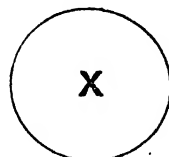


Fig. 4

that apart from the Ego there is no external world; that outside of *z* there is no *x*; that the only *esse* is the *percipi*. But, as very few persons nowadays are prepared to go the length of seriously maintaining that in actual fact there is no external world save in so far as this is perceived by the individual mind, I need not wait to consider this possibility. We are thus practically shut up to a consideration of the possibility marked 2.

The theory of Monism, then, teaches that *x* is *z* *plus* something more than *z*; and therefore it becomes a matter of great moment to consider the probable nature of the overplus. For it obviously does not follow that because *x* is greater than *z* in a logical sense, therefore *x* must be greater than *z* in a psychological sense. Save upon the theory of Idealism (with which Monism is not specially concerned) the amount (whatever it may be) wherein *x* is greater than *z*, may not present any psychological signification at all. We may find that the surface of our globe is considerably larger than that of the dry land, and yet it may not follow that the mental-life to be met with in the sea is psychologically superior to that which occurs on dry land. Therefore, if in the diagram 2 we represent by comparative shading degrees of psychological excellence, it is evident that the theory of Monism must entertain the three following possibilities. It makes no difference what the comparative

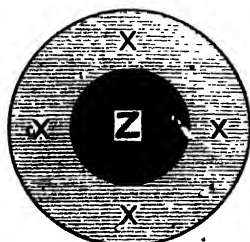


Fig. 5

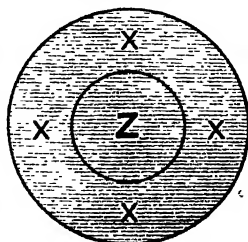


Fig. 6



Fig. 7

areas of x and z may be, or whether x be uniformly shaded throughout its extent. All we have so far to notice is that the fact of logical inclusion does not necessarily carry with it the implication of psychological superiority.

Next we must notice that besides our own subjectivities, we have cognizance of being surrounded by many other inferred subjectivities more or less like in kind (*i.e.*, other human minds); and also yet many other inferred subjectivities more or less unlike, but all inferior (*i.e.*, the minds of lower animals, young children, and idiots). Following Clifford, I will call these inferred subjectivities by the name of ejects, and assign to them the symbol y . Thus, in the following discussion, x = the objective world, y = the ejective world, and z = subjective world. Now, the theory of Monism supposes that x , y , and z are all alike in kind, but present no definite teaching as to how far they may differ in degree. We may, however, at once allow that between the psychological value of z and that of y there is a wide difference of degree; and also that, while the value of z is a fixed quantity, that of y varies greatly in the different parts of the area y . Our scheme, therefore, will now adopt this form—

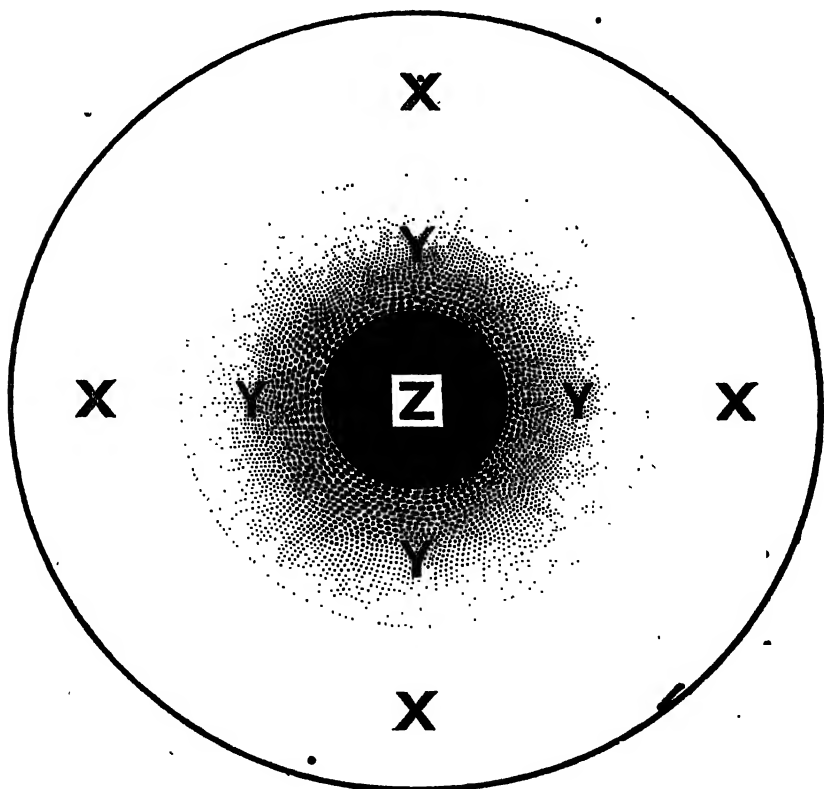


FIG. 8

But the important question remains how we ought to shade x . According to Clifford, this ought scarcely to be shaded at all, while according to theologians (and theists generally) it ought to be shaded so much more deeply than either y or z , that the joint representation in one diagram would only be possible by choosing for the shading of x a colour different from that employed for y and z , and assigning to that colour a representative value higher than that assigned to the other in the ratio of one to infinity. It will be my object to estimate the relative probability of these rival estimates of the psychological value of x .

Starting from z as our centre, we know that this is an isolated system of subjectivity, and hence we infer that all y is composed of analogous systems, resembling one another as to their isolation, and differing only in their degrees of psychological value. Now this, translated into terms of x (or into terms of objectivity), means that z is an isolated system of matter in motion, and that the same has to be said of all the constituent parts of y . In other words, both subjectivity and objectivity are only known under the condition of being isolated from objectivity; which, obversely considered, means that the matter in motion here concerned is temporarily separated off from the rest of the objective world, in such wise that it forms a distinct system of its own. If any part of the objective world rudely forces its way within the machinery of that system, it is at the risk of disarranging the machinery and stopping its work—as is the case when a bullet enters the brain. Such converse as the brain normally holds with the external world, is held through the appointed channels of the senses, whereby appropriate causation is supplied to keep the otherwise isolated system at work. We know, from physiological evidence, that when such external causation is withheld, the isolated system ceases to work; therefore, the isolation, although complete under one point of view, under another point of view is incomplete. It is complete only in the sense in which the isolation of a machine is complete—i.e., it is in itself a working system, yet its working is ultimately dependent upon causation supplied from without in certain appropriate ways. This truth is likewise testified to on the obverse aspect of psychology. For analysis shows that all our mental processes (however complex they may be internally) are ultimately dependent on impressions of the external world gained through the senses. Whether regarded objectively or subjectively, therefore, we find that it is the business of the isolated system to elaborate, by its internal processes, the raw materials which are supplied to it from without. Seeing, then, that the isolation of the system is thus only partial, we may best apply to it the term circumscribed. Such partial isolation or circumscription of matter in motion—so that it shall in itself constitute a little working

microcosm—appears to be the first condition to the being of a subjective personality. Why, then, does not the working of a machine present a subjective side?

Our answer to this question is to be found in the following considerations. We are going upon the hypothesis that all mind is matter in motion, and that all matter in motion is mind—or, as Clifford phrased it, that all the external world is composed of mind-stuff. No matter how lightly we may shade x , we are assuming that it must be shaded, and not left perfectly white. Now, both mind and matter in motion admit of degrees: first as to quantity, next as to velocity, and lastly as to complexity. But the degrees of matter in motion are found, in point of observable fact, not to correspond with those of mind, save in the last particular of complexity, where there is unquestionably an evident correspondence. Therefore it is that a machine, although conforming to the prime condition of subjectivity in being a circumscribed system of matter in motion, nevertheless does not attain to subjectivity: the x does not rise to z because the internal processes of x are not sufficiently intricate, or their intricacy is not of the appropriate kind. From which it follows that although, as I have said, all matter in motion is mind, merely as matter in motion (or irrespective of the kinds and degrees of both) it may not necessarily be mind in the elaborated form of consciousness: it may only be the raw material of mind—or, as Clifford called it, mind-stuff. Thus, although all conscious volition is matter in motion, it does not follow that all matter in motion is conscious volition. Which serves to restate the question as to how far it is probable, or improbable, that all matter in motion is conscious volition—i.e., how deeply we ought to shade x .

Well, the first thing to be considered in answering this question is that, according to the theory of Monism, we *know* that it is within the range of possibility for matter in motion to reach a level of intricacy which shall yield conscious volition, and even self-conscious thought of an extremely high order of development. Therefore, the only question is as to whether it is possible, or in any way probable, that matter in motion as occurring in x resembles, in point of intricacy, matter in motion as occurring in z . Professor Clifford perceived that this is the core of the question, and staked the whole answer to it on an extremely simple issue. He said that unless we can show in the disposition of heavenly bodies some morphological resemblance to the structure of a human brain, we are precluded from rationally entertaining any probability that self-conscious volition belongs to the universe. Obviously, this way of presenting the case is so grossly illogical that even the exigencies of popular exposition cannot be held to justify the presentation. For aught that we can know to the contrary, not merely the highly specialized

structure of the human brain, but even that of nervous matter in general, may only be one of a thousand possible ways in which the material and dynamical conditions required for the apparition of self-consciousness can be secured. To imagine that the human brain of necessity exhausts these possibilities is in the last degree absurd. Therefore, we may suggest the following presentation of Clifford's case as one that is less obviously inadequate:—if any resemblance to the material and dynamical conditions of the microcosm can be detected in the macrocosm, we should have good reason to ascribe to the latter those attributes of subjectivity which we know as belonging to the former; but if no such resemblance can be traced, we shall have some reason to suppose that these attributes do not belong to the universe. Even this, however, I should regard as much too wide a statement of the case. To take the particular conditions under which alone subjectivity is known to occur upon a single planet as exhausting the possibilities of its occurrence elsewhere, is too flagrant a use of the method of simple enumeration to admit of a moment's countenance. Even the knowledge that we have of the two great conditions under which terrestrial subjectivities occur—circumscription and complexity—is only empirical. It may well be that elsewhere (or apart from the conditions imposed by nervous tissue) subjectivity is possible irrespective both of circumscription and of complexity. Therefore, properly or logically regarded, the great use of the one exhibition of subjectivity furnished to human experience, is the proof thus furnished that subjectivity is possible under *some* conditions; and the utmost which on the grounds of such proof human experience is entitled to argue is, that *probably*, if subjectivity is possible elsewhere, its possibility is given by those conditions of circumscription and complexity in the material and dynamical relations concerned, which we find to be the invariable and quantitative concomitants of subjectivity within experience. But this is a widely different thing from saying that the only kind of such circumscription and complexity—or the only disposition of these relations—which can present a subjective side, is that which is found in the structures and functions of a nervous system.

Now, if we fix our attention merely on this matter of complexity, and refuse to be led astray by obviously false analogies of a more special kind, I think there can be no question that the macrocosm does furnish amply sufficient opportunity, as it were, for the presence of subjectivity, even if it be assumed that subjectivity can only be yielded by an order of complexity analogous to that of a nervous system. For, considering the material and dynamical system of the universe as a whole, it is obvious that the complexity presented is greater than that of any of its parts. Not only is it true that all

these parts are included in the whole, and that even the visible sidereal system alone presents movements of enormous intricacy,* but we find, for instance, that even within the limits of this small planet there is presented to actual observation a peculiar form of circumscribed complex, fully comparable with that of the individual brain, and yet external to each individual brain. For the so-called "social organism," although composed of innumerable individual personalities, is, with regard to each of its constituent units, a part of the objective world—just as the human brain would be, were each of its constituent cells of a construction sufficiently complex to yield a separate personality.

If to this it be objected that, as a matter of fact, the social organism does not possess a self-conscious personality, I will give a twofold answer. In the first place, Who told the objector that it has not? For aught that any one of its constituent personalities can prove to the contrary, this social organism may possess self-conscious personality of the most vivid character; its constituent human minds may be born into it and die out of it as do the constituent cells of the human body: it may feel the throes of war and famine, rejoice in the comforts of peace and plenty: it may appreciate the growth of civilization as its passage from childhood to maturity. If this at first sight appears a grotesque supposition, we must remember that it would appear equally so to ascribe such possibilities to the individual brain, were it not for the irrelevant accident of this particular form of complex standing in such relation to our own subjectivity that we are able to verify the fact of its ejectivity. Thus, for aught that we can tell to the contrary, Comte may have been even more justified than his followers suppose, in teaching the personification of Humanity.

But, in the next place, if the social organism is not endowed with personality, this may be for either one of two reasons. All the conditions required for attaining so high a level of psychical perfection may not be here present; or else the level of psychical perfection may be higher than that which we know as personality. This latter alternative will be considered in another relation by-and-by, so I will not dwell upon it now. But with reference to all these possible contingencies, I may observe that we are not without clear indications of the great fact that the high order of complexity which has been reached by the social organism, is accompanied by evidence of something which we may least dimly define as resembling subjectivity. In numberless ways, which I need

* If we imagine the visible sidereal system compressed within the limits of a human skull, so that all its movements which we now recognize as molar should become molecular, the complexity of such movement would probably be as great as that which takes place in a human brain. Yet to this must be added all the molecular movements which are now going on in the sidereal system, visible and invisible.

not wait to enumerate, we perceive that Society exhibits the phenomena both of thought and conduct. And these phenomena cannot always be explained by regarding them as the sum of the thoughts and actions of its constituent individuals—or, at least, they can only be so regarded by conceding that the thoughts and actions of the constituent individuals, when thus *summed*, yield a different product from that which would be obtained by a merely arithmetical computation of the constituent parts: the composite product differs from its component elements, as H_2O differs from $2H + O$. The general truth of this remark will, I believe, be appreciated by all historians. Seeing that ideas are often, as it is said, “in the air” before they are condensed in the mind of individual genius, we habitually speak of the “Zeit-geist” as a kind of collective psychology, which is something other than the mere sum of all the individual minds of a generation. That is to say, we regard Society as an *eject*, and the more that a man studies the thought and conduct of Society, the more does he become convinced that we are right in so regarding it. Of course this *eject* is manifestly unlike that which we form of another individual mind: it is much more general, vague, and so far unlike the pattern of our own subjectivity that even to ascribe to it the important attribute of personality is felt, as we have just seen, to approach the grotesque. Still, in this vague and general way we do ascribe to Society *ejective* existence: we habitually think of the whole world of human thought and feeling as a psychological complex, which is other than, and more than, a mere shorthand enumeration of all the thoughts and feelings of all individual human beings.

The *ejective* existence thus ascribed to Society serves as a stepping-stone to the yet more vague and general ascription of such existence to the Cosmos. At first, indeed, or during the earliest stages of culture, the ascription of *ejective* existence to the external world is neither vague nor general: on the contrary, it is most distinct and specific. Beginning in the rudest forms of animism, where every natural process admits of being immediately attributed to the volitional agency of an unseen spirit, anthropomorphism sets out upon its long course of development, which proceeds *pari passu* with the development of abstract thought. Man, as it has been truly said, universally makes God in his own image; and it is difficult to see how the case could be otherwise. Universally the *eject* must assume the pattern of the subject, and it is only in the proportion that this pattern presents the features of abstract thinking that the image which it throws becomes less and less man-like. Hence, as Mr. Fiske has shown in detail, so soon as anthropomorphism has assumed its highest state of development, it begins to be replaced by a continuous growth of “*deanthropomorphism*,” which, passing through polytheism into monotheism, eventually ends

in a progressive "purification" of theism—by which is meant a progressive metamorphosis of the theistic conception, tending to remove from Deity the attributes of Humanity. The last of these attributes to disappear is that of personality, and when this final ecdysis has been performed, the eject which remains is so unlike its original subject, that, as we shall immediately find, it is extremely difficult to trace any points of resemblance between them.

Now it is with this perfect, or imago condition of the world-eject, that we have to do. Mr. Herbert Spencer, in what I consider the profoundest reaches of his philosophic thought, has well shown, on the one hand, how impossible it is to attribute to Deity any of the specific attributes of mind as known to ourselves subjectively; and, on the other hand, how it is possible to conceive "symbolically" that the universe may be instinct with a "quasi-psychical" principle, as greatly transcending personality as personality transcends mechanical motion.* Accepting, then, the world-eject in this its highest conceivable stage of evolution, I desire to contemplate it under the light of the monistic theory.

We have seen that, whether we look upon the subjective or objective face of personality, we find that personality arises from limitation—or, as I have previously termed it, circumscription. Now, we have no evidence, nor are we able to conceive, of the external world as limited; consequently we are not able to conceive, of the world-eject as personal. But, inasmuch as personality arises only from limitation, the conclusion that the world-eject is impersonal does not tend to show that it is of lower psychical value than conscious personality; on the contrary, it tends to show that it is probably of higher psychical value. True, we are not able to conceive actually of mind as impersonal; but we can see that this merely arises from our only experience of mind being given under conditions of personality; and, as just observed, it is possible to conceive symbolically that there may be a form of mind as greatly transcending personality as personality transcends mechanical motion.

Now, although we cannot conceive of such a mind actually, we may most probably make the nearest approach to conceiving of it truly, by *provisionally* ascribing to it the highest attributes of mind as known to ourselves, or the attributes which belong to human personality. Just as a thinking insect would derive a better, or more true, conception of human personality by considering it ejectively than by considering it objectively (or by considering the mind-processes as distinguished from the brain-processes), so, if there is a form of mind immeasurably superior to our own, we may probably gain a more faithful—howsoever still inadequate—conception of it by con-

* "Principles of Psychology," vol. i. pp. 159-61; "Essays," vol. iii. pp. 246-9; and "First Principles," p. 26.

templating its operations ejectively than by doing so objectively. I will, therefore, speak of the world-eject as presenting conscious volition, on the understanding that if x does not present either consciousness or volition, this must be—according to the fundamental assumption of psychism on which we are now proceeding—because x presents attributes at least as much higher than consciousness or volition as these are higher than mechanical motion. For when we consider the utmost that our conscious volition is able to accomplish in the way of contrivance—how limited its knowledge, how short its duration, how restricted its range, and how imperfect its adaptations—we can only conclude that if the ultimate constitution of all things is psychical, the philosophy of the Cosmos becomes a “philosophy of the Unconscious” only because it is a philosophy of the Superconscious.

Now, if once we feel ourselves able to transcend the preliminary—and doubtless very considerable—difficulty of symbolically conceiving the world-eject as super-conscious, and (because not limited) also super-personal, I think there can be no question that the world-object furnishes overwhelming proof of psychism. I candidly confess that I am not myself able to overcome the preliminary difficulty in question. By discharging the elements of personality and conscious volition from the world-eject, I appear to be discharging from my conception of mind all that, most distinctively belongs to that conception; and thus I seem to be brought back again to the point from which we started: the world-eject appears to have again resolved itself into the unknown quantity x . But here we must distinguish between actual conception and symbolical conception. Although it is unquestionably true that I can form no actual conception of Mind save as an eject of personality and conscious volition, it is a question whether I am not able to form a symbolical conception of Mind as thus extended. For I know that consciousness, implying as it does continual change in serial order of circumscribed mental processes, is not (symbolically considered) the highest conceivable exhibition of Mind; and just as a mathematician is able to deal symbolically with space of n dimensions, while only able really to conceive of space as limited to three dimensions, so I feel that I ought not to limit the abstract possibilities of mental being by what I may term the accidental conditions of my own being.

I need scarcely wait to show why it appears to me that if this position is granted, the world-object furnishes, as I have said, overwhelming proof of psychism; for this proof has been ably presented by many other writers. There is first the antecedent improbability that the human mind should be the highest manifestation of subjectivity in this universe of infinite objectivity. There is next the fact that throughout this universe of infinite objectivity—so far, at least, as human observation can extend—there is unquestionable

evidence of some one integrating principle, whereby all its many and complex parts are correlated with one another in such wise that the result is universal order. And if we take any part of the whole system—such as that of organic nature on this planet—to examine in more detail, we find that it appears to be instinct with contrivance. So to speak, wherever we tap organic nature, it seems to flow with purpose; and, as we shall presently see, upon the monistic theory the evidence of purpose is here in no way attenuated by a full acceptance of any of the “mechanical” explanations furnished by science. Now, these large and important facts of observation unquestionably point, as just observed, to some one integrating principle as pervading the Cosmos; and, if so, we can scarcely be wrong in supposing that among all our conceptions it must hold nearest kinship to that which is our highest conception of an integrating cause—viz., the conception of psychism. Assuredly no human mind could either have devised or maintained the working of even a fragment of Nature; and, therefore, it seems but reasonable to conclude that the integrating principle of the whole—the Spirit, as it were, of the Universe—must be something which, while as I have said holding nearest kinship with our highest conception of disposing power, must yet be immeasurably superior to the psychism of man. The world-eject thus becomes invested with a psychical value as greatly transcending in magnitude that of the human mind, as the material frame of the universe transcends in its magnitude the material frame of the human body. Therefore, without in any way straining the theory of Monism, we may provisionally shade x more deeply than z , and this in some immeasurable degree.

One other matter remains to be considered with reference to this world-eject as sanctioned by Monism. It leaves us free to regard all natural causation as a direct exhibition of psychism. The prejudice against anything approaching a theistic interpretation of the Universe nowadays arises chiefly from the advance of physical science having practically revealed the ubiquity of natural causes. It is felt that when a complete explanation of any given phenomenon has been furnished in terms of these causes, there is no need to go further: the phenomenon has been rendered intelligible on its mechanical side, and therefore it is felt that we have no reason to suppose that it presents a mental side—any supplementary causation of a mental kind being regarded as superfluous. Even writers who expressly repudiate this reasoning prove themselves to be habitually under its influence; for we constantly find that such writers, after conceding the mechanical explanations as far as these have been proved, take their stand upon the more intricate phenomena of Nature where, as yet, the mechanical explanations are not forth-

coming. Whether it be at the origin of life, the origin of sentience, of instinct, of rationality, of morality, or of religion, these writers habitually argue that here, at least, the purely mechanical interpretations fail; and that here, consequently, there is still room left for a psychical interpretation. Of course the pleading for theism thus supplied is seen by others to be of an extremely feeble quality; for while, on the one hand, it rests only upon ignorance of natural causation (as distinguished from any knowledge of supernatural causation), on the other hand, abundant historical analogies are available to show that it is only a question of time when pleading of this kind will become more and more restricted in its subject-matter, till eventually it be altogether silenced. But the pleading which Monism is here able to supply can never be silenced.

For, according to Monism, all matter in motion is mind, and, therefore, matter in motion is merely the objective revelation, *to us* and *for us*, of that which in its subjective aspect—or in its ultimate reality—is mind. Just as the operations of my friend's mind can only be revealed to me through the mechanical operations of his body, so it may very well be that the operations of the Supreme Mind (supposing such to exist) can only be revealed to me through the mechanical operations of Nature. The only difference between the two cases is that while I am able, in the case of my friend's mind, to elicit responses of mechanical movement having a definite and intended relation to the operations of my own mind, similarly expressed to him; such is not the case with Nature. With the friend-eject I am able to *converse*; but not so with the world-eject.* This great difference, however, although obviously depriving

* It is, however, the belief of all religious persons that even this distinction does not hold. If they are right in their belief, the distinction would then become one as to the mode of converse. In this case what is called communion with the Supreme Mind must be supposed to be a communion *sui generis*: the converse of mind with mind is here *direct*, or does not require to be translated into the language of mechanical signs: it is subjective, not ejective. Still, even here we must believe that the physical aspect accompanies the psychical, although not necessarily observed. An act of prayer, for example, is, on its physical aspect, an act of cerebration: so is the answer (supposing it genuine), in as far as the worshipper is concerned. Thus prayer and its answer (according to Monism) resemble all the other processes of Nature in presenting an objective side of strictly physical causation. Nor is it possible that the case could be otherwise, if *all* mental processes consist in physical process, and *vice versa*. It is obvious that this consideration has important bearings on the question as to the physical efficacy of prayer. From a monistic point of view both those who affirm and those who deny such efficacy are equally in the right, and equally in the wrong; they are merely quarrelling upon different sides of the same shield. For, according to Monism, if the theologians are right in supposing that the Supreme Mind is the hearer of prayer in any case, they are also right in supposing that this Mind must necessarily be able to grant what is called physical answers, seeing that in order to grant *any* answer (even of the most apparently spiritual kind) some physical change must be produced, if it be only in the brain of the petitioner. On the other hand, the scientists are equally right in maintaining that no physical answer to prayer can be of the nature of a miracle, or produced independently of strictly physical causation; for, if so, the physical and the psychical would no longer be coincident. But, until the scientists are able to perform the hopeless task of proving where the possibilities of physical causation end, as a mere matter of abstract speculation and going upon the theory of Monism, it is evident that the theologians may have any latitude they choose to claim, both as regards this matter and that of so-called miracles.

me of any such direct corroboration of psychism in the world-eject as that which I thus derive of psychism in the friend-eject, ought not to be regarded by me as amounting, in the smallest degree, to *disproof* of psychism in the world-eject. The fact that I am not able to converse with the world-eject is merely a negative fact, and should not be allowed to tell against any probability (otherwise derived) in favour of psychism as belonging to that eject. There may be a thousand very good reasons why I should be precluded from such converse—some of which, indeed, I can myself very clearly perceive.

The importance of Monism in thus enabling us rationally to contemplate all processes of physical causation as possibly immediate exhibitions of psychism, is difficult to overrate. For it entirely discharges all distinction between the mechanical and the mental; so that if physical science were sufficiently advanced to yield a full natural explanation of all the phenomena within human experience, mankind would be in a position to gain as complete a knowledge as is theoretically possible of the psychological character of the world-eject. Already we are able to perceive the immense significance of being able to regard any sequence of natural causation as the merely phenomenal aspect of the ontological reality—the merely outward manifestation of an inward meaning. Thus, for example, I am listening to a sonata of Beethoven's played by Madame Schumann. Helmholtz tells me all that he knows about the physics and physiology of the process, both beyond and within my brain. But I feel that, even if Helmholtz were able to tell me very much more than he can, so long as he is dealing with these objective explanations, he is at work only upon the outer skin of the whole matter. The great reality is the mind of Beethoven communicating to my mind through the complex intervention of three different brains with their neuromuscular systems, and an endless variety of aerial vibrations proceeding from a pianoforte. The method of communication has nothing more to do with the reality communicated than have the paper and ink of this essay to do with the ideas which they serve to convey. In each case a vehicle of symbols is necessary in order that one mind should communicate with another; but in both cases this is a vehicle of *symbols*, and nothing more. Everywhere, therefore, the reality may be psychical, and the physical symbolic; everywhere matter in motion may be the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace.

Take again the case of morality and religion. Because science, by its theory of evolution, appears to be in a fair way of explaining the genesis of these things by natural causes, theists are taking alarm; it is felt by them that if morality can be fully explained by utility, and religion by superstition, the reality of both is destroyed. But Monism teaches that such a view is entirely erroneous. For,

according to Monism, the natural causation of morality and religion has nothing whatever to do with the ultimate truth of either. The natural causation is merely a record of physical processes, serving to manifest the psychical processes. Nor can it make any difference, as regards the ultimate veracity of the moral and religious feelings, that they have been developed slowly by natural causes; that they were at first grossly selfish on the one hand, and hideously superstitious on the other; that they afterwards went through a long series of changes, none of which therefore can have fully corresponded with external truth; or that even now they may be both extremely far for any such correspondence. All that such considerations go to prove is, that it belongs to the natural method of mental evolution in man that with advancing culture his ejective interpretations of Nature should more and more nearly *approximate* the truth. The world-object must necessarily vary with the character of the human subject; but this does not prove that the ejective interpretation has throughout been wrong in *method*: it only proves that such interpretation has been imperfect—and necessarily imperfect—in *application*.

Such, then, I conceive to be one of the most important consequences of the monistic theory. Namely, that by regarding physical causation as everywhere but the objective or phenomenal aspect of an ejective or ontological reality, it furnishes a logical basis for a theory of things which is at the same time natural and spiritual. On the objective aspect, the explanations furnished by reason are of necessity physical, while, on the ejective aspect, such explanations are of necessity metaphysical—or rather, let us say, hyper-physical. But these two orders of explanation are different only because their modes of interpreting the same events are different. The objective explanation which was given (as we supposed) by Helmholtz of the effects produced on the human brain by hearing a sonata, was no doubt perfectly sound within its own category; but the ejective explanation of these same effects which is given by a musician is equally sound within *its* category. And similarly, if instead of the man-object we contemplate the world-object, physical causation becomes but the phenomenal aspect of psychical causation; the invariability of its sequence becomes but the expression of intentional order; the iron rigidity of natural law becomes the sensuous manifestation of an unalterable consistency as belonging to the Supreme Volition.

My object in this paper has been to show that the views of the late Professor Clifford concerning the influence of Monism on Theism are unsound. I am in full agreement with him in believing that Monism is destined to become the generally accepted theory of things, seeing that it is the only theory of things which can receive the sanction of science on the one hand and of feeling on the other. But I disagree with him in holding that this theory is fraught with implications of an anti-theistic kind. In my opinion

this theory leaves the question of Theism very much where it was before. That is to say, while not furnishing any independent proof of Theism, it likewise fails to furnish any independent disproof. The reason why in Clifford's hands this theory appeared to furnish independent disproof, was because he persisted in regarding the world only as an object: he did not entertain the possibility that the world might also be regarded as an eject. Yet, that the world, under the theory of Monism, is at least as susceptible of an ejective as it is of an objective interpretation, I trust that I have now been able to show. And this is all that I have endeavoured to show. As a matter of methodical reasoning it appears to me that Monism alone can only lead to Agnosticism. That is to say, it leaves a clear field of choice as between Theism and Atheism; and, therefore, to a carefully reasoning Monist, there are three alternatives open. He may remain a Monist, and nothing more; in which case he is an agnostic. He may entertain what appears to him independent evidence in favour of Theism, and thus he may become a theist. Or he may entertain what appears to him independent evidence in favour of Atheism, and thus he may become an atheist. But, in any case, so far as his Monism can carry him, he is left perfectly free either to regard the world as an object alone, or to regard the world as also an eject.*

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* It may be explained that by Agnosticism I understand a theory of things which abstains from either affirming or denying the existence of God. It thus represents, with regard to Theism, a state of suspended judgment; and all it undertakes to affirm is, that, upon existing evidence, the being of God is unknown. But the term Agnosticism is frequently used in a widely different sense, as implying belief that the being of God is not merely now unknown, but must always remain unknowable. It is therefore often represented that Mr. Herbert Spencer, in virtue of his doctrine of the Unknowable, is a kind of apostle of Agnosticism. This, however, I conceive to be a great mistake. The distinctive features of Mr. Spencer's doctrine of the Unknowable, are not merely non-agnostic, but anti-agnostic. For the doctrine affirms that we have this much knowledge of God—namely, that if He exists, He must for ever be unknown. Without question, this would be a most important piece of definite knowledge with regard to Deity, negative though it be and, therefore, any man who holds it has no right to be called an agnostic.

To me it has always seemed that the doctrine of the Unknowable, in so far as it differs from the doctrine of the Unknown, is highly unphilosophical. By what right can it be affirmed that Deity, if He exists, may not reveal the fact of His existence to-morrow—and this to the whole human race without the possibility of doubt? Or, if there be a God, who is to say that there certainly cannot be a future life, in which each individual man may have unquestionable proof of Theism? It is a perfectly philosophical statement for any one to make that, as matters now stand, he can see no evidence of Theism; but to say that he knows the human race never can have such evidence, is a most unphilosophical statement, seeing that it could only be justified by absolute knowledge. And, on this account, I say that the doctrine of the Unknowable, in so far as it differs from the doctrine of the Unknown, is the very reverse of agnostic.

Now, the theory of Monism alone, as observed in the text, appears to be purely agnostic in the sense just explained. If in some parts of the foregoing essay I appear to have been arguing in favour of theistic implications, this has only been in order to show (as against Clifford) that the world does admit of being regarded as an eject. But inasmuch as—religious faith apart—we are not able to verify any such ejective interpretation, we are not able to estimate its value. Monism sanctions the shading of *x* as deeply as we choose; but the shading which it sanctions is only provisional.

INDIA REVISITED.

II.

I PASS now from questions of political and administrative reform to some other aspects of Indian life, the knowledge of which is essential to sound views, even on matters of policy. You may draw any conclusions you like in India if you limit the scope of your induction. You may prove to your own satisfaction that the British Government is the most perfect ever devised by man, as some official optimists actually affirm; or that it is the worst form of oppression ever invented, as others have sought to impress upon me. Either side can quote a certain class of facts which give plausible colour to their conclusions, but each leave out of view another large class of facts which vitally affect the result. An induction is only sound when it takes in all the phenomena, and the material and social phenomena of India are so different from those of Europe, that no opinions are worth anything which are not founded upon a general knowledge of them. The material condition is the first I will refer to, though it is true that at every point it is interpenetrated by the social and even the religious phases of Indian life. India is almost exclusively a country of rural population and agricultural industry; only $5\frac{1}{2}$ millions of people live in towns of over 50,000 inhabitants: nine-tenths of the people live in rural villages of a few hundreds of population, and subsist almost entirely on the products of the soil. One Indian village is almost an exact copy of another. All the people are divided into castes, and each follows its own pursuit, from father to son. One caste or profession is not allowed to pass into another. The "hereditary principle" rules supreme among the Hindoos. It is somewhat different with the Mahommedans, but even they have adopted many of the Hindoo ideas. Two great systems of land tenure divide the soil of India—the zemindary or landlord type, and

the ryotwary or peasant type. Lord Cornwallis, with the best intentions, stereotyped the zemindary system in Bengal by giving to the middlemen or farmers of the revenue permanent rights of possession, subject to a quit rent to the Government. He failed to take effectual care of the multitude of small peasants who tilled those estates, and who, under ancient Hindoo law, had occupancy rights akin to what we have conferred on the Irish tenants. Consequently there has arisen in Bengal precisely the same difficulty which has so long afflicted Ireland. The zemindars have been enabled, by the growth of population and its pressure on the soil, to rack-rent the miserable ryots, and their incomes have grown to several times what they were in the time of Lord Cornwallis, while their land tax remains the same.

Late in the day the Indian Government, after several ineffectual efforts, is seeking to remedy this by the Bengal Ryots Act, recently passed, which confers fixity of tenure and fair rents upon many millions of people, mostly small cultivators. Their poverty may be judged by the fact that six out of ten millions of holdings pay a rent of less than five rupees a year, say 7*s.* 6*d.* at the present rate of exchange. The population is so dense in some districts that it exceeds five hundred people to the square mile, and as all the land is occupied, and the population is steadily increasing and is averse to emigration, the terrible problems that confront us may be imagined. Over the rest of India the tenure is mostly ryotwary—that is, there is no landlord class between the Government and the peasantry, but the State deals direct with the small cultivators. The custom is to assess the land for periods of thirty years at a fixed rate, and then to re-value and re-assess according as it has changed in value or as cultivation has extended. The British Government has for many years favoured this system as one that allows the fruits of their labour to go directly to the cultivating class; yet there are large tracts of country scattered all over India where the zemindary system also exists. In most of these our Government found a powerful landlord class in possession, as, for instance, in Oude, and thought it best to interfere as little as possible with native customs. Indeed it may be said with truth that every form of land tenure exists in India, and in some parts the complexity of the system almost baffles description, and I am sorry to be obliged to add, that in all of them pressing agrarian difficulties exist, and it is not an easy matter to say upon the whole which conduces most to the good of the people. At first sight the peasant-proprietor system would seem to be the best, as the produce of the soil feeds only one class instead of two; but in some parts of India, such as the Deccan, where there are no landlords, the poverty is excessive, and the ryots are all in the grip of the money-lenders. A dead level of poverty is

not good for a country, and the existence of a certain number of wealthy men, like the native zemindars, serves to diversify the rural system and give colour and variety to it. Yet, unless carefully watched, these men too often oppress the peasantry, and it is absolutely necessary that the State should define and secure the rights of the cultivators, as it is now doing all over India.

The great object of the Government should be to encourage the peasantry to improve the soil by better culture, and to secure to them the fruits of their labour. In no other way can the dead level of poverty in India be much alleviated. The re-assessment of the land each thirty years tends, I much fear, to discourage improvements; it is true that the revenue regulations forbid taxing tenants' improvements; but it is next to impossible to distinguish them in the prodigious number of small occupancies there are in India, and the general opinion of the natives is that their assessment is raised if they improve their land. They become very frightened as the time of re-valuation approaches, and cease to make the most trifling improvements. The Government is always in want of money, and they allege that the revenue officers are valued and promoted in proportion as they bring in more revenue, and that this constant pressure for revenue makes it impossible for them to do justice to the peasantry. These complaints are loudest in Bombay; they allege there that recent assessments have raised the rents 25 per cent., though the ryots are extremely poor. As a rule, the Government officials deny the truth of these statements; and it is very difficult to arrive at the real facts of the case. The same discrepancy exists as to the share of the produce taken by the Government; it is alleged by the revenue officials to be about 7 per cent. of the gross produce, but the natives in many cases assured me it was 30 per cent., and in special cases even one-half, giving me full particulars of the value of the crops and the rent paid. These are the contradictions one meets continually in India. I believe both parties state what they believe to be true, but they adopt different modes of reckoning, and I strongly suspect that much more is taken out of the ryots than reaches the Government. I was repeatedly assured that the lower native officials squeezed much out of the peasantry by threats of over-assessment. They have it in their power almost to ruin a ryot by false statements; for the head officials cannot supervise properly the prodigious mass of detail involved in surveying and valuing millions of small holdings. Some idea of the difficulties may be formed from the time it took the Land Court in Ireland to fix fair rents for about 100,000 cases, and of the dissatisfaction its decisions caused. It is this tremendous difficulty that weighs against all schemes of direct taxation in India. According to Hindoo law, the State is entitled to a share of the produce of the soil. It is not in the strict sense a

landlord, as is often wrongly asserted ; but, according to the Institutes of Manu, the oldest Hindoo lawgiver, it may take a share varying from one-sixth to one-twelfth of the produce, according to the richness of the soil, and in times of emergency even one-fourth. The British scale of taxation is said to be much lower than in the old days of the Mahomedan rulers. The records of Aurunzebe—when the Mogul empire had attained its maximum extent—showed that the land revenue was 36 millions sterling, whereas now it is 22 millions, but it is probable that it was never fully collected. Asiatic rulers always demand much more than they get, but our scientific system squeezes out of the people all that is demanded.

It seems of so much importance to encourage the peasantry to improve their holdings, and add to the narrow margin that stands between them and famine, that I gravely doubt whether the ryotwary districts should be re-assessed at all, and in some of them the amount of tax should be reduced. It were better to forfeit a future increase of land revenue, if it were the means of raising the general level of well-being among the people, and encouraging them to put their savings into the soil. But whether this desirable consummation can be carried out depends upon whether a British fiscal policy shall be forced upon India. It can only be done if a customs revenue be raised, which the whole of India would most gladly pay in lieu of other taxes which are far more oppressive. Suppose 100 out of the 140 millions of foreign trade, now untaxed, paid a duty of 10 per cent., it would yield 10 millions of revenue, by means of which the land assessment could be reduced and made permanent, while other most objectionable imposts could be removed. It is unfair to impose English ultra-free-trade ideas upon a country like India. One of the greatest dangers that besets our rule lies in despising the wishes of the natives in such matters. If we are to allow India to have any voice in the construction of her revenue system it will tend, I have no manner of doubt, in the direction I have indicated.

The main difficulty that confronts us in India is the extreme poverty of the rural population, and the ever present danger of famine. A failure of the rains, which happens periodically, means death to millions, unless fed by the Government, and therefore the first and principal object of the Government is to increase the fertility of the soil, and to provide for the easy transit of food into famine-stricken regions.

This leads me to allude to the need of irrigation. Were it possible to apply to all India the admirable system of irrigation that the Nile provides for Egypt, famines would be unknown and wealth would rapidly increase ; but, according to the admirable Report of the Famine Commission (one of the ablest State papers ever issued, and a veritable mine of information on Indian questions) only some

15 per cent. of the cultivated soil of India is irrigated, and much even of that fails in very dry seasons.

One of the first duties of Government, where the rule is a kind of paternal despotism, as in India, is to construct canals and build tanks where the conditions admit of it, and, above all, to give every encouragement to the construction of wells by the peasantry. Much has been done of late years, and is still doing, in the way of constructing canals in Northern India along the great waterways of the Ganges and its tributaries, and most successful works have been made in Madras; but, after all, there is only a small part of the area of India that is capable of so being dealt with, and the more primitive system of tanks and wells must be relied on over most of the country. Nothing strikes a traveller more in the winter or dry weather season than the patches of delicious green vegetation dotted over the parched plains of India. As you approach these green oases, you see in the centre of each a gentle mound, up and down which a pair of bullocks are patiently toiling, drawing a bucket of water out of a deep well, whose mouth is at the top of the mound. A peasant drives the team, and another empties the pitcher into a channel, which conducts it into the surrounding fields, over which it is spread by many little subsidiary channels. A rich mass of foliage marks the presence of the water, and no famine need be feared in that favoured spot, unless the well ceases to yield. Millions of such wells exist in India, and for practical use they excel most of the engineering works. In Southern India the tank system generally prevails, which is the primitive mode of collecting the water into reservoirs during the rainy season, where the slope of the land admits of it. Unfortunately in some parts of India, such as the Deccan, the subsoil does not easily afford water for wells, and too little rain falls to be gathered into tanks, and chronic poverty seems to be the inevitable fate of the unhappy peasantry. Those wells and tanks are the chief improvement which the ryots can make in the soil. They are largely constructed by their own labour in the slack season, when there is little field work going on, and the chief help that Government can lend is to give them full security that they shall enjoy the fruits of the extra produce which irrigation yields. I much doubt whether the periodical re-assessment does not discourage the making of these wells and tanks, from the fear that the Government will tax the increased value so obtained. Certainly that view, whether rightly or wrongly, is largely held by the natives.

The other great means of preventing famines is the spread of railway communication, and here our Government has done noble work in the last twenty years. This work, however, must be done gradually, and so as not to burden the finances of India. For several years the existing railway system was a heavy drain on the finances

—it is now paying interest, and yields a surplus revenue; but we cannot afford to make railways largely in the future without a well-founded expectation that they will pay interest on capital. The strained state of Indian finance leaves no room for making experiments. It is also a mistake to assume, as is too readily done in England, that the railway does away with the danger of famine. The statistics of recent famines show very heavy loss of life in districts traversed by railways. The fact is, when the great bulk of the food crop of a district perishes, and the people have no money to buy imported food, a railway is of no use, unless the Government feeds the people gratuitously. It did so with success in one or two cases of recent famines, but generally it has encumbered the relief with labour tests and other conditions which deprived it of much of its value.

The effective dealing with a vast famine is one of the most tremendous tasks ever put upon a Government. The last Madras famine affected 50 millions of people, and in spite of an expenditure of 10 millions sterling, several millions of people died, and almost the whole stock of animals in many districts. If the Government is to cope effectively with these frightful calamities in the future, it must set aside a larger amount of revenue than "the insurance fund" of $1\frac{1}{2}$ millions that is now nominally so appropriated, and this ought to be locked upon as the equivalent of a poor's rate, which does not exist in India. I was informed by many of the natives, that one result of the railways was to clear the country every year of its surplus stocks of grain, and so when famine came to render them more helpless than they were before. In the old times the custom was to bury all surplus food in the ground, and to keep it there till a season of scarcity occurred. In some parts of India, such as the Punjab, it was alleged that several years' supplies used to be kept in stock. All this has been changed, and now a vast export trade in wheat and rice has arisen, and as railways increase in India so will it export food more and more largely.

This export of food is not looked upon by the natives with the same unmixed satisfaction that it is by our merchants. It is curious to contrast the opposite points of view from which commercial problems are approached by Europeans and natives. To the English mind exports of food, or any surplus products, appear an unmixed source of wealth. To the Hindoo they too often mean a dangerous depletion of the necessities of life. Neither view is altogether correct, but there is enough of truth in the Indian conception to make us careful of dogmatizing about the economy of a country so totally different from our own.

In connection with this I may remark that nothing impressed me

more than the prodigious capacity of India for wheat growing. It is the principal cold weather crop of Northern India, and as you travel through the vast valleys of the Jumna and Ganges you see hundreds of miles planted with this grain. The cost of cultivation is far below that of Europe or even America. Labour at from 3*d.* to 6*d.* a day, and a land assessment of 2*s.* to 4*s.* per acre gives the Indian producer an immense advantage over the European or American grower, and as railways spread through the country the competition of India will be increasingly felt in Europe, and will produce remarkable results.

Before passing from the economical condition of India I must allude to the tremendous evil of indebtedness among the peasantry. There is only one opinion as to the gigantic extent of this evil. I was assured in the North-West that 90 per cent. of the cultivators were habitually in debt to the money-lenders. Probably this may be above the average, but there is no doubt that all over India it is the rule for the ryot to be in debt to the village money-lender. It is a difficulty that seems incapable of solution. The Hindoo peasant goes into debt with the same readiness that a child spends its money on sweetmeats. He has no capacity of gauging the future. He will promise to pay any rate of interest to gain some present ease, and not unfrequently the rate charged is one *anna* per rupee per month, or 72 per cent. per annum. Their caste system enormously adds to this evil. It requires them to spend large sums in proportion to their means on marriage and funeral ceremonies. A man frequently spends on one such occasion a sum equal to four or five years' income, which he borrows from the *Bunyea*, or village lender. One case was brought before me of a rising young man, an earnest student at college, whose income was seven rupees per month. His father died, and his caste insisted on his spending 1100 rupees in funeral rites. To do this he had to load himself with debt, the interest on which absorbed nearly all his income, and broken-hearted, he had to give up his studies and his prospects for life.

I fear that British rule has increased this evil by imparting our Western ideas of the obligation of all contracts. Our courts of law have, as a rule, up till recent years treated all debts as binding, and enforced their collection by distraint or ejectment when the creditors demanded it. Immense numbers of suits have been brought against ryots for the payment of debts at usurious interest, and multitudes have been sold out of house and home and become landless beggars. As we had abolished the Usury Laws in England, we thought it right to do so in India, contrary to the immemorial traditions of the country. We are now retracing our steps, after great evil has been done. The Decan Ryots Act gives power to the Court to reduce debts when the interest is excessive, and when advantage has evi-

dently been taken of an ignorant debtor. The same principle is gradually being extended to the rest of India, and we are going much more on the lines of ancient Hindoo law, which protects an ignorant debtor against the consequences of his own folly, and forbids his farm and household goods being sold up for debt. The difficulties that surround this question are enormous, for there are innumerable ways in which an ignorant and credulous peasantry may be victimized; but, speaking broadly, I believe that ancient Hindoo customs were much more suited to this primitive people than our advanced ideas of commercial law. I can hardly express my sense of the danger of applying to India the latest forms of European thought. Let the principles of British commercial economy be rigorously applied to India, and in course of time the bulk of the rural population would be lawless beggars and paupers. Carry out to its logical issues the principles of free trade in land, in money, in goods, free competition in all departments of life, and enforce by law all contracts, and you will gradually vest all property in India in the hands of the money-lending and trading classes.

The modern conception of England, as of all advanced and commercial nations, is to enlarge to the uttermost individual rights and responsibilities; each person is held to be free to contract himself into any obligation he chooses, the law having no function but to enforce these contracts. Society is looked upon merely as a mass of units, each fighting and struggling for his own hand under the fire of the hottest competition. It is thought to be a law of Nature that the weakest should go to the wall. Anything that looks like Protection is the rankest heresy. Now the constitution of Hindoo society is precisely the reverse of this—the individual is swallowed up and lost in the family, the village, the caste. He has hardly any rights of his own; he is more like a member of a community of bees, or ants, or beavers, if I may use the simile. His place in society is fixed for him by birth, his duties are hereditary, his rights and obligations are decided by status, not by contract. He is incapable of contracting for himself upon the hard commercial principles of modern Europe, and to apply to him our conceptions of law is the most cruel tyranny. I believe more mischief would be wrought in India in ten years by applying the theories of our advanced political and commercial doctrinaires than was caused by the invasion of Tamerlane, or Nadir Shah, or the ruthless Moguls. I do not for a moment imply that we have committed such mistakes; a series of great administrators have sought to adapt and improve ancient Hindoo law to the modern needs of India; still most serious mistakes have been made, and will be made again, if we permit modern English ideas to be forced on a country centuries behind us in social development.

The general complaint of the natives is that our elaborate British jurisprudence is not suited for the simple wants of the village community. It is said greatly to multiply litigation, and to stimulate the fabrication of false evidence. Our European judges admit that it is almost a lottery whether or not a right decision is come to, so hopeless is it to get at the true facts of the case. The old native system was to leave a large discretion to the Panchayet, or council of five village elders, who heard cases on the spot, and administered justice in a rude way, from their knowledge of the locality and of the customs of the people. It is now claimed by many that this ancient tribunal should be re-established, with power of settling cases up to a limited amount; and the suggestion is well worthy of consideration.

Indeed, many of our best administrators are coming to the conclusion that we should restore, where possible, more of the old village customs of the Hindoos. They perceive the harm that has been done by breaking them up, and the folly of putting a new patch of Western civilization upon the old garments of Indian tradition. We have succeeded best where we have preserved the integrity of the old village community, as is still the case in the North of India. We have done worst where we have broken it up, and substituted dealing with the individual ryot. Just as each beaver or ant taken out of its nest is helpless and soon perishes, so in some sense does the Hindoo when cut loose from the props that held him up. British law, I fear, has often knocked down those props in the attempt to build up better, with the only result of undermining the foundations of both.

This leads me to say that one of the greatest recent reforms in India is the extension of municipal government by Lord Ripon. It gives the native population the opportunity of co-operating for schemes of social improvement. All over India a spirit of enterprise has been called forth by this generous attempt; it is true that not much intelligence is yet evinced by the more backward communities, and one hears not a little ridicule of the blundering efforts of these infant governments; but, so far as I could judge, the experiment was working quite as well as could be expected, and I have no doubt will prove a great boon to the people. It will provide a school for education in the art of self-government and self-help, and will gradually educe a class of native administrators who will be capable of holding higher posts hereafter. It is true that for some time these local boards will need supervision, but already in the larger towns, such as Calcutta and Bombay, there is no little public spirit and intelligence displayed, and probably they are ahead of what our municipalities in England were before the close corporations were abolished.

One great reform, however, is urgently demanded by the natives—namely, that the control of the trade in intoxicating drinks should be vested in local bodies, and this leads me to observe that one of the greatest abuses of our government in India has been the extension it has given to the sale of alcoholic drinks. It ought to be known in England that all classes of the Indian population are by nature extremely temperate—by religion as well as custom they are mostly total abstainers, and they regard the vice of drunkenness with the deepest abhorrence. If left to themselves they would not have licensed shops for the sale of the vile alcoholic compounds which come from Europe, in comparison with which our own whisky and gin are comparatively wholesome. But the Government, in its desire for revenue, and ignorant of the consequences, has let out to contractors or farmers of the excise the right of opening liquor shops or “out stills” as they are called, and of late years many of these dram shops have been opened in country districts where the taste did not exist before. This mischief is worst in Bengal, and I was often told by the natives that groups of drunkards have been formed in many places where the vice was unknown before. The use of strong European spirits is deadly to the natives of India; it kills them far sooner than it does Europeans, and they have so little to spend that it involves them and their families in beggary. Hardly any worse evil could be inflicted on India than introducing a taste for alcohol;—it will, if persisted in, do for the Hindoos what opium has done for the Chinese. They become perfectly mad and reckless when they are addicted to this vice. It is a shameful thing that in the matter of morality our so-called Christian Government should fall behind the ethical code of India; yet so it is, and few things will more certainly undermine our hold on India than this defiance of native opinion. I am told that the revenue officials shelter themselves behind the fiction that it is better for Government to license the trade than suffer it to exist in a contraband fashion. I believe the truth to be that in many cases there was no trade or taste for the article till the excise officers planted the temptation amid an unwilling people. No doubt when the taste is once formed there is an irrepressible craving, which will find some means of gratification, and so the Government may excuse itself now for taxing the trade; but there is all the difference between tempting a people to drink to increase revenue, and seeking to curtail consumption by high duties. If the local bodies of India had the control of this trade, on the principal of “local option,” now generally assented to in England, they would either stamp it out, or hold it in check where extinction was impossible. Native opinion is so pronounced on this matter, that it may be trusted to act for the real good of the people, which our paternal Government does not. There is no doubt that the

three or four millions drawn from the Excise, and the chronic poverty of the Exchequer, are the motives that blind our eyes to the havoc that is being wrought; and to go further back, it is the injustice of England 'in forcing upon India a fiscal system unsuited to that country in the supposed interests of Free Trade. I trust the Commission, appointed to inquire into the Government of India, will probe this matter to the bottom, and insist that native opinion shall be fully represented. Had India the voice she ought to have in the management of her own affairs, an end would soon be put to this iniquity.

My remarks hitherto have been directed mainly to the defects of our system of government, and the complaints made by the educated natives; but it would not be fair to stop here. Some extremists are trying to make out that British government has been an unmixed evil to India, and pamphlets are being circulated among the natives, some of them written by discontented Europeans, attributing every ill to our oppressive and alien Government. These writings suppress everything that makes for the other side, and omit altogether to state that the chief causes, after all, of the poverty of the people are their own social and religious systems, and especially the tyrannical authority of caste. After all, the habits and beliefs of a people have more to do with their welfare than the action of governments. Some of these habits and beliefs are fatal to all prospects of improvement, so long as they hold the people in their iron grasp. Chief among these must be mentioned the inveterate custom of premature marriages. The first thing a Hindoo father thinks of is to get his child betrothed, which is usually done in infancy, and can never afterwards be annulled; and in the case of a daughter, marriage often actually takes place before the age of thirteen. An unmarried girl of fifteen is hardly to be met with, unless unfortunately a widow, in which case the Hindoo religion forbids re-marriage, and condemns the unhappy creature to life-long ignominy; it may be that her "betrothed" husband died when she was an infant, unconscious of his existence, yet she is treated almost as if she were an accomplice to his death, and is condemned to celibacy and reproach all her life. I am speaking generally of India, but there are exceptions, such as the Punjab, where this rule does not apply; but all over India the rule is for mere children to be married. In going through a school, and asking the members of a class of elder boys to stand up if married, almost every one rose to his feet. I need not add, the social results to the community are disastrous. One consequence is a great deterioration of physique, and an excessive multiplication of sickly children. The population is increased unnaturally, and a great portion of it is too feeble to maintain itself. The custom is for all

the married sons, with their wives and families, to live in the same household, while their father is alive, and it is not uncommon to find forty or fifty relatives living together under the same roof, and often the greater part of them are a burden upon the small number of bread-winners.

The Hindoos are extremely kind in maintaining their poor relations. Nobody thinks of casting off any one nearly related to himself, and so it happens that excessive poverty results from this constant increase of mouths dependent upon others for support. Their marriage customs are a part of their religion; they have no connection with common sense. A starving family marries off its daughters at twelve or thirteen to another pauper family, even though they know the offspring must die of hunger. It is held that a man without a son to perform his funeral rites is shut out from bliss hereafter, and it is further held that a son must take upon himself the burden of his father's debts, otherwise he forfeits his hope of future happiness.

Where this system is in full play amid a poor peasantry like that of Bengal, living on patches of four or five acres apiece, with the land over-cropped and no uncultivated soil to be had, one can conceive how impossible it is to raise their social state. The custom is to subdivide the land among the sons, so that holdings always grow smaller and the struggle to live fiercer. Besides, there is an immense amount of subletting and hosts of middlemen, who squeeze the classes below them as they are squeezed by those above them. Where 500 people are living on a square mile, solely by agriculture, and when they will not emigrate, it is obvious that no increase can take place without reducing the scale of living. A very heavy death rate is inevitable; it balances the heavy birth rate, and a low state of vitality prevails. The position of things is like that in the West of Ireland before the potato famine; the land was always being subdivided more and more as families increased, till the people barely existed on patches of potatoes. So in Bengal, they just exist on rice, which is a prolific crop, and feeds as many people per acre, I suppose, as any other crop in the world.

The recent census of India revealed the striking fact that one-third of the population was under twelve years of age; probably half the population was below eighteen. Were it not for the high death rate, supposed to be about 35 per 1000, against 22 in England, the Indian population would double every twenty-five or thirty years, and increase in a single century to double the whole population of the globe! Even as it is, with the abnormal death rate and the great amount of disease, the population is increasing at a rate which will double it in a century, and every sanitary improvement increases this rate. If 250 millions of people have such difficulty in living in India now, one marvels how 500 millions can live a century

hence! There can be no doubt that one effect of British rule has been to prodigiously increase the population. During the incessant wars of old times large tracts of India were laid waste, and enormous numbers of people were periodically cut off by war, pestilence and famine. We have no reliable statistics of the population of all India in former times,* but I have little doubt that the population of India has increased since the time of Clive more than in the 2000 years that intervened since the invasion of Alexander. I see no possible solution of this problem, except through a change in the habits and beliefs of the people, and so far only the dawn of that era is perceptible.

But there is another cause of extreme poverty and indebtedness.

The universal custom of India is to expend immense sums on marriages and funerals. I have already given an example of this. It is the outcome of the caste system; but so deeply is it implanted in Hindoo nature, that even the Christian converts are unable to rise above it. I was told of one experiment, where all the debts of the converts were paid off in order to start them fair in life, but it was soon found that they were as deeply in debt as before. One of the saddest things is that when the ryots get occupancy rights from the British Government—that is, when they are converted from tenants at will into permanent occupiers, they too often pledge the additional security so acquired, and get deeper into debt than before. The only remedy appears to be to secure by law their land and farming implements from attachment for debt, so that the village lender may have no lien for his advance.

In legislating for India, one has to remember that the bulk of the people are but children, and the Government has to act as a kind but firm father. An admirable movement for social reform is rising into importance among the educated Hindoos. It is partly the offspring of the Brahmo-Somaj movement, initiated by the well known Keshub Chunder Sen, and which may be described as an attempt to graft Christian morality upon a basis of Theism. Frequent meetings are now being held in all the large towns to advocate the alteration of pernicious caste rules, and urge the abolition of infant marriages, while sanctioning the re-marriage of widows, and encouraging female education. The ice of inveterate custom is slowly breaking under the dissolving influence of Western thought, and a meed of praise and generous support should be given to these enlightened natives, who, at the cost of much social suffering, have dared to emancipate themselves, and are seeking to free their countrymen from degrading bondage.

* I have said that the great solvent of Indian caste prejudice is Western thought; and this leads me to observe that the future of

* The first estimate made of the population of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa was 10 millions, now it is 67 millions.

India largely, indeed mainly, depends upon education. Nothing impresses a visitor more than the craving of the natives for English education. Wherever schools or colleges are opened they are soon crowded, and the universal desire is to learn to read English. At little village schools, if a European steps in, the pupils will crowd round him to show him how they can read English. Their natural difficulties are very great; some of our sounds they can scarcely articulate; the formation of their throat and palate seems to be different from ours, and it is a work of great labour to acquire good English pronunciation. Yet that difficulty is entirely surmounted by many, and some of the cultivated natives in the principal towns speak English with an elegance and eloquence that few of us could surpass. The great need of India is now primary education; colleges and high schools have been abundantly supplied, but the masses are still far behind, and it is felt that too much has been done for the rich, and too little for the poor. I cannot forbear expressing my admiration for the splendid missionary schools in all the great centres of Indian life. One of them, which I visited, had 1500 youths in attendance; they are better patronized by the natives than even the Government institutions, and that notwithstanding that the first lesson given is always upon the Scriptures. Nothing strikes one as more remarkable than the willingness of the Hindoos to let their children be taught Christianity. They are most reluctant that they should outwardly embrace it, for this involves forfeiture of caste, and a species of outlawry; but they recognize the moral benefit of being taught Christian morality, and prefer it to purely secular education. Cases have occurred where a Government secular school was started side by side with a mission school, and had to be given up, in consequence of the native preference for the latter.

This raises the great question—what is to be the character of the future education of India? A more momentous one was never asked; for, according to the decision taken, India may be a century hence a land of idolaters or of infidels, or at least nominally Christian. The whole subject was exhaustively treated by the recent Education Commission, and the general conclusion arrived at was that Government should undertake the function of stimulating and encouraging education by grants in aid to all voluntary schools by whomsoever originated, whether by the natives, European missionaries or others, but should not itself be the direct instructor of the people, except in special cases. There had been formerly much dissatisfaction felt at the action of the Education Department, and its attempt to absorb all education into its own hands; but now the voluntary bodies are satisfied, provided the recommendations of the Commission are faithfully carried out. The future of Indian education will

therefore depend upon the zeal and energy shown by the various classes of which Indian society consists. The Brahmin, the Brahmo-Somaj, the Mahomedan, and the Christian churches have all fair play, and not a little liberality is now being shown by native gentlemen in starting schools.

It may be hoped that the higher and nobler conceptions of life and duty given in the Christian schools will affect largely the whole future of Indian education. There is ground for believing that it will. It is highly valued by the natives of all classes, and its indirect effect is much greater than its direct. Very many teachers in the native schools have received their education in the mission colleges, and a constant stream of trained teachers is passing out of these normal schools and training colleges. The public at home must exercise constant vigilance to prevent these fountains of good for India being injured by official jealousy. There have been, and still are, painful instances of Government colleges whose whole influence is thrown against Christianity. The heads of some of these institutions are pronounced Agnostics, and miss no opportunity of instilling scepticism into the youth under their charge. It is often stated in India, that Government colleges turn out clever infidels—men whose whole view of life is merely destructive; it is from these classes that the strongest opponents to British rule proceed. The native newspapers that are most bitter against us are usually edited by Agnostics. That contempt for all authority, which commonly accompanies the destruction of faith, is most deadly in India; and one of the great problems of the future is to carry the Hindoo mind safely through the transition period when native faiths gradually decay. If that be so effected as to secure a permanent foothold for Christianity—it may be in some form better suited for an Eastern race than in its European dress—England will have done a work in India of which she may be proud; but if Western thought and science merely act as dissolving acids, and destroy all faith in religion, a terrible chaos may be predicted in India, and its certain revolt from British rule. It may be gravely questioned, whether any benefit at all will be conferred on India merely by pulverizing its ancient religions without substituting better. Her old faiths, with all their lamentable defects, yet hold society together; they enable multitudes of poor and often suffering people to bear patiently the hard incidents of their lot; they maintain reverence for authority in the breast of millions, and so make it easy for government to be carried on. If all this binding influence be destroyed, and nothing put in its place, the firm texture of Indian life will be broken to shivers, and such a cataclysm result as the world has seldom seen.

Before leaving the subject of education, I would say that the natives desire technical schools, after the model of those in Europe,

to stimulate native industry, and the Government will do well to respond to this demand. India has lost so much of her ancient hand-made manufactures, that it is incumbent on us to give her every chance of retrieving her trade by adopting improved modern processes. No jealousy of her competition with ourselves must hinder us from doing full justice to her aspirations. We must act in this, as in all other matters, as interpreters of the highest and most patriotic wishes of the native community. It is in the long run true self-interest so to do, for such policy alone can bind India to us in chains of genuine affection.

I cannot forbear saying that the Hindoo population are the reverse of exacting; they are contented with small mercies. All they want is fair play, and the consideration of their wishes. They are one of the most patient and contented peoples on the face of the earth. They are naturally courteous, and seldom dream of insulting a white man, unless badly treated themselves. It is a standing miracle that Europeans may travel alone all over India as safely as in any Western country. It is the rarest thing to hear of solitary Europeans, or even their wives and children, when left alone in the Mofussil, being harmed in any way. Much of this is of course due to the prestige of the dominant race, and the dread of swift penalty, but much also is due to the mild law-abiding character of the people themselves. It should be impressed on our countrymen that it is a crime to abuse this unique position they hold in India. Their treatment of the natives is vastly better than it was in the old days, and most of them, I believe, conduct themselves in a manner worthy of their country, but painful exceptions are to be found. One hears the contemptuous term "nigger" still applied to natives by those who should know better, especially by youths just come from home, and somewhat intoxicated by sudden power. The natives deeply feel the want of courtesy. They are themselves punctilious to a degree. Etiquette is a fine art among them, and it is a grievance of no small magnitude that some Europeans should fail to behave like gentlemen. The flames of war have been lighted before this by social insults, and may be again; and it should be distinctly impressed by the Government of India on all its officers that courtesy to the natives is a cardinal virtue, and that rudeness will bring sharp censure.

It is most unfortunate that since the explosion produced by the Ilbert Bill the relations of the two races have become more strained, especially in Calcutta and Bengal. I heard on all hands, both from English and natives, that there was increasing repulsion between them. The newspaper press in Bengal, both English and vernacular, did its utmost to fan the flame, and though it has subsided, the ill-feeling is not removed. I pronounce no opinion on

the wisdom of the Ilbert Bill ; it was part of a policy introduced by Lord Ripon from the highest motives. Its object was to raise the status of the natives, and open for them a gradual entrance into the higher posts of the service. This is the true and patriotic policy to be followed in India, and Lord Ripon was only endeavouring to carry out the Queen's proclamation of 1858 ; but it is alleged by the European community that the Ilbert Bill was ill-timed, and brought forward in a way offensive to their feelings, and that the substance of the change might have been attained without provoking race antagonism. I venture no opinion on this point ; but this I will say, that it is perilous for administrators just come from Europe to legislate on delicate questions involving race feeling. Great complaints are made that men are sent from home strangers to the complex structure of Indian life, but with large powers of legislation, and that just when they are beginning to understand their business, and be of use, they return home, having finished their five years' term of office. It does seem in many respects an unwise thing to give the initiative in Indian legislation to men unacquainted with the country and its traditions, and to promote them over the heads of old and trained officials ; but it may be said, on the other side, that unless the Indian bureaucracy is controlled from England, it will become despotic, and find itself in increasing opposition to native opinion. I cannot undertake to solve this difficulty. This only I will remark, that the appointments to high offices made from home have a vital bearing upon the welfare of India, and it would be worse than a mistake—it would be a crime—to give them merely as a reward for political service at home.

If the Government of India is to become the shuttlecock between parties, and its appointments the prize of the sharpest tongue, and the smartest intriguer, we may bid farewell to all hope of permanently holding that country. Now that India is rapidly growing in political knowledge, it judges of those appointments very differently from what it used to do ; moral qualities count for far more, and a governor to be esteemed must be worthy of honour, and if he is worthy he will receive it. I cannot forbear stating that no Viceroy in recent times has evoked loyalty among the natives as Lord Ripon did ; his name has quite a magical power over the Indian mind. Unhappily, this view is the reverse of that entertained by the Europeans, and it is deep matter for regret that one who has done so much to bind India to England should have got so little support from his own countrymen. Mistakes may have been committed from over-haste, or want of accurate knowledge, but one thing is undoubted. When the crisis of a Russian war seemed imminent, Lord Ripon's policy made India loyal from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, whereas the previous Viceroyalty left it in a state

of smouldering disaffection. The time has fully come when we must realize that our strength in India depends upon the goodwill of the natives. To make and keep India loyal counts for more than to have a strong frontier, and to secure that loyalty we must govern India increasingly in accordance with educated native opinion. We shall not find any want of support among the natives in resisting foreign aggression. The aim of the new India that is coming into existence is not to exchange one foreign ruler for another, but to mould British rule into accordance with Indian requirements. They wish to make Anglo-Indian government what the name implies—that is, a mixture of English and native administration. They recognize that England has given the first impulse to the new life which is now throbbing in India. They believe that she can confer much greater blessings on the country if she will give fair play to native aspirations; and they know that her strong hand alone secures internal peace, and protects against external invasion, and it does not enter their minds to cast off this powerful guardian, and risk the anarchy that is sure to follow.

It is not forgotten by the Hindoo population that they had little justice at the hands of the Mahommedan invaders from Central Asia. For many centuries India was to those cruel marauders what the later Roman Empire was to the Northern barbarians. They swooped down from the Afghan passes, and ravaged with fire and sword the fertile plains of Hindostan. So soon as British rule is removed the same thing would happen again, and all educated Hindoos know that well.

But there is one element of permanent disaffection, I fear, among the Indian population. The Mahommedan descendants of the ancient Moguls still behold at Delhi and Agra the departed magnificence of a great empire. The Taj at Agra, the immortal work of Shah Jehan, is, without exception, the most exquisite piece of architecture in the world. Europe has nothing to equal it. The vast mosques and mausoleums of the Mogul Emperors, their huge fortresses, the gigantic ruins of deserted cities which encumber the plains for many miles around Delhi, speak of the grandeur of an empire which was only second to that of ancient Rome. It were vain to think that the descendants of those who created this empire can love their conquerors. There is too much evidence that the ancient centres of Mahommedan authority are still far from friendly to the Power that supplanted them. Nor have the Mahommedans profited as the Hindoos have done by British education; they long stood sullenly aloof, and refused to enter our schools, and so the path to advancement was seized by the Hindoos, and they have the mortification of seeing their former subjects rising above them in the social scale. I am glad to think that this

opposition to modern ideas is subsiding, and in some places Mahommedans are sending their children more freely to our schools and seminaries; but it will be long before old memories pass away, and the new order of things be heartily accepted. The Mahommedans are believed to number about one-fifth of the population of India; but many of those are only Hindoos (whose forefathers had been forcibly converted) slightly varnished over. Such is much of the population of Eastern Bengal; they are not fanatical Mussulmans of the Arab type. It is chiefly in the Punjab and North-West Provinces, especially at Delhi, the old Mogul capital, that disaffection is still active.

The army that keeps in order this vast country, and overawes those centres of disaffection, is singularly small, considering the work it has to do, and it cannot safely be decreased; nor, on the other hand, would it be prudent to burden India with further military expenditure, for she is a very poor country. The universal native opinion is that we should on no account waste their resources on expeditions beyond the frontier; but they agree in the expediency of the frontier railways, and in the fortification of that natural boundary of extraordinary strength, which Nature has given to Hindostan. If India has ever to defend herself against foreign invasion, our true policy would be to throw ourselves more heartily upon native loyalty than we have done hitherto, and I believe it will respond to the occasion.

I will add, in conclusion, that the future guidance of our Indian Empire will task to the uttermost British statesmanship. New problems will constantly present themselves, demanding rare wisdom and tact to solve discreetly. We have to conduct India successfully through the various stages that separate a subject province from a self-governing colony. It is only at present capable of feeble progression; education and intelligence touch as yet but the fringe of its 250 millions; thick darkness still broods over the deep, and no one would propose dangerous experiments on a people who have never known since the world began any government which was not despotic. What we have to do is to absorb into our system the best native thought of India, and generously to welcome the aid it can give us in administering the country. The time is past for considering India as a close preserve for a profession. The new wine of Indian life must be put into the new bottles of a more liberal policy of rule. Deep interest is felt in India at the appointment of a Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry. It is much to be desired that this inquiry should be thorough and impartial; above all, that it elicit fully native opinion. It is much to be desired that, like the Famine Commission, it should hold its sittings in India; but, if that be not possible, ample facility must be given for

native witnesses to come before it and tender evidence. Justice would seem to require that eminent natives of India should sit on the commission—there is no difficulty in finding such men. If that be not practicable, the next best thing is to give these men the fullest and fairest hearing. Great good will arise if these principles be followed; but if they are not, much soreness and discontent will be felt in India. In this, as in all things, "honesty is the best policy," and the fullest and frankest investigation should be courted.

In the foregoing remarks my sole object has been truth. I have sought to state both sides of the case fully, even at the cost of some apparent inconsistency. If my remarks seem to bear hardly upon our administration of India, it is not because I seek to injure it, but to improve it. We have no need to be ashamed of the work we have done in India; but that work will improve in quality, and yield nobler results in future, just in proportion as it is brought within the scope of healthful criticism.

SAMUEL SMITH.

MEAT FOR THE PEOPLE.

THERE is to most men a time of trembling hope that they may turn out poets; but few, especially clergymen like myself, dream of one day making a name as purveyors of meat. To the adoption of this calling I was led by finding meat a luxury unknown to many of my poorer parishioners, owing to the prohibitive prices charged by butchers. I found a very low scale of diet prevailing amongst them, the children being fed upon little but bread; the pale and sickly appearance of many working lads making one positively heartsick. The dissatisfied expression, so common and so out of place on the boyish face, is the index of an ill-nourished frame, condemned from a very early age to labours overpowering strength and growth. In a paper which Mr. G. R. Sims wrote for me on "Sunday's Dinner" he says:

"Sunday's dinner! We know what that means here in the West, among the rich and well-to-do. But among the poor, the very poor, whose modest wage is at the utmost twelve or fourteen shillings a week—the toiling helots who live in one room in the slums—do you know what sort of feast their Sunday's dinner is? No! Then come with me and study the question. You seek knowledge on all points, of the lives of the poor. Learn a little on this one; it may help you in working out the great problem you have set yourself to solve. The Sunday's dinner of many of these people consists of no dinner at all. But there are thousands of men who, by hook or by crook, will on this one day of the week have a little meal that does not consist wholly of bread and butter."

He proceeds to show how the week's wages go: a few trifling articles are redeemed from the pawnbroker; the week's score at the public-house is paid up and a fresh one started; the remnant would not stretch far at the ordinary butcher's shop, but it suffices in the Sunday markets of New Cut, Seven Dials, Brick Lane, and East Street, Walworth, where Smithfield's refuse of the week is sold off to the poorest of the poor.

I cannot quite agree with Mr. Sims that the poor are experts in the matter of quality; indeed, they cannot afford to be very particular, and although they do like to handle and examine fish and meat, they will buy for food horrible carrion which looks only fit for the dog's kennel. Indeed he confesses—

"Sometimes when the dish returns from the bakehouse, Billy, the eldest boy, is observed to be holding his head high as he bears it along. It is not wicked pride at the size of the beef or the number of the potatoes that causes Billy's loftiness. Alas! no: the family, with one nose, discovers the bitter truth in a moment."

He ill-naturedly ascribes this to father having done the marketing instead of mother; but the way girls are brought up makes me doubt very much whether when they become housewives they are better judges than their lords and masters. My experience is, that they know neither how to market, to cook, to manage, nor to keep a house clean and inviting, that is, as a rule; they think of nothing but fine dresses until they are married, and fruit never comes without blossom—it is then too late to learn.

Mr. Sims's paper, giving concrete form to my own observation, set me thinking what a glorious thing it would be if it were possible to bring good meat within the compass of the humblest means—to fill the children with a fuller life and take off that dissatisfied look from the factory-boy's sallow face. If we could only bring meat down to its natural level of price, as co-operative stores and competition among traders have brought down other necessaries of life, there would be more stamina in the people; they would be better able to resist temptations that assail a lowered vitality, and poisonous emanations from drains and cess-pools, and all the evil powers of the air in a great city. It seemed to me that "Meat for the People" is needed to combat physical exhaustion; that a bread diet in our high-pressure and artificial life, sunless, airless, unamused, is not stay enough to nature; that a combination to keep up prices—"the ring"—is something anti-human, which it is a duty to endeavour to break; a conspiracy against the poor, middle, or lower class; a dishonest system of trading—a detestable species of protection, by which a few tradesmen grow fat and shining, while the multitude go short or gorge on carrion. One hears a continual outcry at the price of meat; it comes from high and low, town and country; but no one seemed to think there was any appeal, any way of invading the butcher caste; and little they, the butchers, recked of the outcry, while they were allowed without interruption to pile their profits. It is true the public will not always back up an attempt to break these nefarious rings—nefarious, not because they make the most profits they can, but because they are conspiracies. The marketing public

will play into the hands of the extortionate tradesman by helping him to ruin a cheaper competitor, that, when he has done so, he may turn round to his old prices. They will stimulate this Dutch auction until the purse stuffed with their own plunder wins the day, and begins to replete itself again, and make up for its losses by spoiling them once more. Prejudice, too, is rank; the poor are highly suspicious of attempts to do them good; the housekeeper, with prejudice in every cap-string, will have none of the cheap shop. Still, I thought the experiment ought to be tried, and as nobody would make a beginning, I would attempt it in my own parish. Many are the contumelious letters I have received from butchers, the threats to "give me a shaking," to bring me before the bishop—nay, to disestablish the Church. Butchers who were deacons and quoted Scripture, and butchers who used profane language have poured their precious balms or denunciations upon my head; but the gratitude of the poor, which I hardly expected, has healed my wounded spirit.

In course of time this attempt of mine attracted the notice of the farmers; a few of them began to kill for their neighbours, or even to set up shops and sell their own meat. The idea then of a movement of this kind on a great scale was proposed by Mr. Jenkins, the secretary of the Royal Agricultural Society; my experiment was quoted in a paper which he read before that Society; the Farmers' Club took it up, and I was honoured by an invitation to join a committee of the club to consider the question of direct supply, either by a limited liability company, or, as the chairman, Mr. Albert Pell, proposed, by co-operation, under the Industrial Societies Act. The objection to the latter proposal was that there would be no sufficient motive to make the working classes join: regard for the farmers' interests would hardly be sufficient. The committee did not in its discussions succeed in bringing the matter to an issue; nor is it to be wondered at, for they were trying to solve an insoluble problem. As a body they have no spare capital to invest in the business of a great butchering company. Even if they had, the difficulties of working out a scheme by which their interests as shareholders and as farmers could be reconciled would have been found insuperable. There would, immediately the company began its work, be three distinct and opposite interests: the farmer's, the company's, and the consumer's. The farmer would desire to sell at the highest; the consumer to buy at the lowest; the company or middleman's interest would be to buy at the lowest from those who were trying to sell at the highest, and to sell at the highest to those who would buy at the lowest. Several of the farmers' committee were naturally opposed to doing anything that would lower the price of meat; they complained of the butcher only because

he kept the profits on his side of the house. It appeared to me that a farmers' ring to take the place of the butchers' ring, and appropriate to the farmer the large profits of the butcher—a mere transfer to themselves of the overplus above a fair price paid by the public—was what they were really, though unconsciously, driving at. It is only due to him to say that it is the farmer, if any one, who is entitled to this increment. The producer's position in things agricultural is certainly more deserving of sympathy than the middleman's in trade: if all the butcher's profits went into the producer's pocket, still production would hardly pay; and what it is unfair the public should be charged by the butcher, who buys cheaply, it would be quite fair should be charged by the farmer, who produces dearly.

Sitting on the committee, though as a representative of a very different interest, I could not help feeling that the evident object of the farmers to effect a simple transfer was by no means unjustifiable. They were met, however, by the difficulty, that if they could succeed in forming a company and sold no cheaper than the butchers, they would not be able to make a trade; the public would not forsake the old shops where they had been accustomed to deal. It would be necessary, therefore, to undersell the butchers. The continual breeding of capital in a ready-money trade would enable them to do this, and yet make a considerable profit. But this is a game that more than one can play at. There would be plenty of butchers competing, and the only way would be to cut lower than the butchers could go, consistently with making a living. What would be a large annual profit for a company of persons not dependent on trade, a butcher with a capital of only a thousand or two could not possibly live upon. Instead of 20, he must have 100 per cent., and of course, if the company be too modest to take more than 5, he is hopelessly out of it. On the morality of 5 per cent. I have for this reason some doubt.

But it is evident the farmers, in starting their company, would have to abandon that which is their principal motive—viz., to secure for themselves the profit the butcher is making; and they could not scotch the butcher so completely as to prevent his lifting up his head again later on if they raised their prices to the old level.

It may perhaps seem inconsistent if, after sitting on the Farmers' Committee, and having been further engaged in consultation with Mr. Burdett Coutts, Lord Wantage, Mr. Pell, Mr. Clare Sewell Read, Mr. Faunce de Launce, and others, on the report ultimately presented in favour of a company, I now argue against the possibility of carrying out this project so far as the farmers are concerned. But these experiences only proved it to me, and the last communication I received stated that it was found impossible to bring the project to an immediate issue. I feel it desirable, therefore, that the ground

should be cleared of an impossible scheme, and way made for that which I believe to be most possible and certain of success.

I have been proceeding on the assumption of the success of the farmers in contriving a company which, if not floated with their own capital, would at all events be favourable to their interests. The directors would be men of the highest standing in the farming world; but then either these directors would find the capital themselves, or they would be answerable to a body of shareholders whose interests, if they were farmers, would be opposite to their interests in their other capacity; and if they were not farmers, altogether opposed. If, on the other hand, they themselves financed the undertaking, its capital might be too small in amount to make them look sharply after their own interests, and they could afford to be generous to the farmers; but in that case the puny concern would hardly be worth a serious thought. It would be a sort of farmers' benevolent society. Should the directors, on the other hand, find capital to a large amount, they would want the best return they could get. Having therefore, in order to make a trade and compete with already established butchers, to cut down prices to the consumer, they would strike the hardest bargain they could with the producer. The butchers would run them so close that they could not afford to give away any advantage. Indeed, it would not pay so well to buy directly from the farmer as to suit the daily requirements of trade in the open market, unless by doing so they could buy considerably cheaper.

My conclusion therefore is, that we cannot benefit the farmer and open up a new trade at the same time. The consumer's interests alone must be considered at first, but the farmer may help to keep foreign meat out of the market, and thereby indirectly reap great advantage. The artificial level to which the price of prime English meat is kept by the butcher ring is necessarily limiting its consumption, and letting in the foreigner; so he has a sufficiently strong motive for giving the new intermediary every fair advantage.

But there is another consideration for the farmer. Suppose a number of gentlemen, evolving themselves from the Farmers' Club and calling themselves the Farmers of England raise a flag of revolt against salesmen and butchers, unless they are prepared to enter on a meat war, and to operate on an immense scale with a vast capital, is there not a possibility of their doing their friends more harm than good? Just now the prices farmers are getting are unusually good. As I write the average all-round price of good mutton is about sevenpence a pound.

This syndicate or company of country gentlemen, starting, as I suspect it would, in a very small and prudent way, would excite a commotion in the irascible breasts of the butchers quite disproportionate to its importance. The feeble attempt would be annihilated

by opposition: the butchers would form counter-syndicates, also calling themselves farmers, and undersell the real farmers' representatives with foreign meat labelled "Primest South Down mutton" and "Scotch beef." Not only would the Farmers' Company be wound up ignominiously, but the accelerated importation of foreign meat would injure the whole farming interest, which would thus suffer by the feebly irritating proceeding of a few.

For these reasons I believe the farmers will not be well advised if they quarrel with the butchers. The movement of a small company or syndicate will not bring profits to the originators; it will not benefit the consumer to any great extent; it will exasperate the butchers; and it will enormously promote the importation of foreign meat, which already threatens to inundate the home market.

My own small enterprise, which some of the farmers had an idea of making their experiment upon, brought me into contact with some of the speculators in foreign meat. I have been requested to take sixty thousand pounds worth of the primest Texan beef per month—beef brought down in refrigerator railway cars from fifty miles above Galveston, and there shipped in steamers specially built to cross the bar, and brought over in the finest condition, and to appoint my own inspector in Texas to see that all the beasts are of the best quality—at 4½d. a pound.

I have been offered a weekly cargo of fresh mutton from a Baltic port at 5d. If the farmers rouse the butchers to retaliation, with such weapons at hand they will be annihilated. My humble opinion is, they had better, at present prices, let well alone.

Turning, however, from the farmer to the consumer, the question presents itself differently. No doubt it is well to keep money at home—if we can buy from the farmer, it comes round to us again; but although to those who prefer it and can afford to pay a good price, I would prefer to sell English, for the poorer classes wholesome foreign meat can be brought much more within the compass of their lowly means.

Because, however, it would be unwise for the farmers to wave a red flag before their customers—and their company would be nothing more than the waving of a red flag—it does not follow that there would not be a great prospect of usefulness and success for a company started purely in the interests of the consumer, ready to fight the butchers with the same weapons they would employ against the farmers, and, if need be, to cut as much or more under them with foreign meat as with English, but using the prestige to be derived from a direct supply from English and Scotch farms to attract the public. This was my idea for the working of my own stores; and for several reasons it seemed to me of immense importance to build upon this foundation a large undertaking.

I considered that the meat question was at the root of several others, which I may briefly recapitulate. Much of the slowness of London children and the weediness of our working lads arise from want of a sufficiently nourishing food for brain and body in the vitiated atmosphere against which the human system needs to be fortified. Much tipsiness also arises from this cause—insufficiency of nourishing food. Meat is dear, but gin is cheap. The unsatisfied system craves for something comforting. So dear butchers make full gin-shops, and the butchers help the publicans. Again, much of the meat one sees exposed for sale is revolting, and some of it has a latent mischief in it that no food inspector can detect. Then there is the connection between food and wages. When everything is dear, the working man cannot submit to lower wages; and because he cannot—because it would be impossible to live on less at the present cost of living—contracts slip away to Germany and Belgium. Consequently, it is from several points of view of vital importance to lower the price of meat, even if we do it—which I for one would regret—to the injury of the butchers.

It was from these premises I started on my enterprise of attempting to sell wholesome meat to the poor people of my own district at so low a rate that none need be obliged to go without it. I thought that even the poor seamstress, or the old body supported by the slender wages of her factory-boy son, might have a good meat dinner on Sunday if I could afford to sell at a bare shilling above cost prices; and even though a friendly butcher said to me, in accents of emotion, almost “with a tear in his blue e’en,” “Don’t, sir, whatever you do, interfere with trade,” I felt constrained to do something, when I saw a way, to interfere with that state of semi-starvation in which so many poor beings existed. And who can blame them if they drug their easily fuddled brains as a recompense to discontented nature, now and again, when they get the chance? I do not. Deeply do I sympathize with that poor, tipsy old thing whose life is so desolate and hopeless, but whose world the gin-bottle throws once more into a feeble glow. I think, however, a piece of good meat would have much the same effect without making her feel more disconsolate to-morrow.

My first butcher’s shop was a schoolroom, and I began in a very humble way, buying a couple of frozen sheep, getting them up from the docks on a barrow pushed by one of my boys, and chopping them up on a table in the schoolroom. In the cutting up we were rather unskilful, and had to engage a casual butcher. The school-children advertised my venture: their parents came in to buy, and the mutton was relished. We made enough profit to pay the butcher. Then I went on to six sheep, and got them a day or two before the market, as, if taken out of the freezing store on the Satur-

day, they were sheer blocks of ice, and had to be seated round the fire on chairs—New Zealand visitors far different from those foretold by Lord Macaulay—in a ghastly circle, to thaw their frozen limbs. Another advantage of getting them in on a Thursday or a Friday was that they were in better condition for cooking on Sunday, as the sheep comes out of the refrigerator as fresh, and therefore as unfit for cooking, as on the day on which it was killed, several months before. But there were also disadvantages. Sewn up in their cloths, my sheep presented a ludicrous aspect to the working lads who got into the schoolrooms in the evening: they polka'd these icy and inanimate partners round the room, and ungallantly hustled them about, leaving them in a battered and mauled condition. Now and then a stray cat got in, and tried the flavour of New Zealand mutton. The teachers revolted against the school being turned into a butcher's shop, and the Sunday scholars had their humble finery spoiled by sitting on greasy benches. When we had sold the best joints, breasts and scrags remained over until the following week, and not having any other market night but Saturday, I found myself a considerable loser, and was obliged to take a shop to sell off remnants. It became in the course of a short time a regular butcher's establishment. I was soon doing in this one shop a trade of fifty pounds a week, and making profits which, extended over a number of shops, would have been considerable. It was suggested to me by my manager, that while buying for one I might as easily buy for two or three, and when I had thoroughly tested the experiment, I took two other shops, and recently a fourth and fifth. In these shops I have sold English meat direct from the farmers when I could get it in that way; and I am now forming an Association which will spread out its tentacles in every direction to buy from them and resell to the public for ready money at the lowest prices that good meat can be sold at, to realize a small weekly profit. If I could, in one small shop, make an average net profit of nearly £2 a week, as I have done in Finsbury, then, since the same investment in stock turns over in the fifty-two weeks of the year fifty-two times, the year's profit would be about £100. Were a hundred shops opened, if each paid this small return, ten thousand pounds profit on the capital required would leave a good margin above working expenses.

I do not for a moment believe that it would be possible or indeed desirable to overthrow the mighty guild of butchers. What I hope is rather their benefit. I wish nothing worse to happen them than that they should meet this new movement, which will soon cover the land, by regaining the command of capital sunk in credit, and be able to sell as cheaply as any company of farmers or philanthropists.

FREEMAN WILLS.

THE DESCENT OF PROSERPINE.

NO amaranth-buds, no balm I bear,
No philter for a soul forlorn,
No charm to scatter thro' this air.
Then why come round me ye that mourn?
I cannot help you, sorrow-worn.

Look not on me, nor call me Queen,
Nor at my feet a gift implore,
For I have never worshipped been;
A simple child; the name I bore,
Persephone; 'tis heard no more.

Oh, Mother! wake the golden air
To some remembrance of thy child,
As thou in sunlight sittest there,
Let me not wholly be exiled
But call my name by wood and wild.

And on the margin of the sea,
By the sea-pink and lavender;
Let Echo hear it in her cave,
And tell it to the winds that stir
The murmurous labyrinths of fir

Upon the mountain-side ; and thou,
 Ceres, the flowers I love dispose
 Into a garland for thy brow,
 Narcissus, that his image knows,
 Crocus, and Enna's constant rose.

Styx. Great Strength, whose brow is o'er me bent,
 Is there no plea, no word, no tone,
 To wound thee, and to make relent ?
 Now while we linger, while I groan
 Upon the verge of thy dread zone,

Relent ! return ! dost thou desire
 A child of light to look upon
 In Hades, there to bring Heaven's fire ?
 See ! I am abject and undone ;
 The form, but not the joy, is won.

• Oh ! woods and valleys, streams and winds !
 He bears me down to shades uncouth,
 • That in his homeless home he binds,
 Where no relenting is, nor ruth ;
 Holy, and in my blameless youth.

The air moans as in coming storm,
 The flowers drop withered from my wreath,
 And soundless are the words I form,
 Upon my lips a struggling breath
 Flutters, I cross the stream of death.

Scatheless ! O Sun in Heaven secure !
 O colours of the skies that keep
 The world's imagination pure !
 O Woods and Floods ! and ye who leap
 Wild Winds, from headlands to the deep !

Still I am yours ! for me now pants
 Ceres' great heart, and on my way
 His winged foot light Hermes plants,
 Earth murmurs, Zephyr leaves to play,
 And by a cypress knells the day.

Pluto, my glory is not shed !
 Bethink thee thou are leading home
 To be a fellow with the dead,
 Strength unattained, and power to come
 But through thy precincts I will roam,

Till the new light about thy coast
 The Titans rouse, and feuds begin,
 And there bestirs a muttering host
 To insurrection, with a din
 Such as aforetime there has been.

And they like me shall learn to cross
 Thy fabled death, like me withstand
 Thy feigned dominion. See, I toss,
 Hope like a falcon from my hand
 To fly about this outcast land.

Lethe. Ah ! stress of night ! Here silence is
 Like the suppression of a sigh,
 That labours to be uttered. 'Tis
 A full-fed rivel lapsing by,
 And reeds that to the wind reply.

How far it seems this very morn !
 The sunrise, and the meadow-shcen ;
 The springing lark, the budding thorn ;
 And maidens dancing on the green.
 How far ! and has it ever been ?

Mine eyes are filled, as the wave sings,
 With gold dust from the moth of sleep,
 And dazzled with the purple wings
 Of dream ; and naiads round me sweep
 With mermaids dancing in the deep.

And now I hear a Syren lip
 Low chanting from a tufted cave,
 That draws a crag-encircled ship
 With dipping beak from wave to wave
 Bewildering—ah ! Ceres, save !

'Twas Lethe ! yet my spirit pure
 Repels its shadow and its stain ;
 For heavenly memories endure
 And brighten—though the earthly wane ;
 Ec'n now I seem to be again

Nestled to Ceres' bosom boon,
 Hearing of things beyond the ken
 Of mortals ; many a solemn rune ;
 Forgotten 'mid the haunts of men,
 Where chirp the swallow and the wren,

And now remembered ; mysteries,
 That made my childish bosom yearn,
 Being Jove's daughter. Thine it is,
 Pluto, to guide me while I learn
 The dooms of fate, and then return

To my appointed seat above,
 Knowing both worlds ; and there repose.
 See ! the clouds brighten as we move,
 All, Hades, all thou shalt disclose ;
 My Deity within me grows,

Unequalled knowledge I shall gain,
 Not vexed with doubt, nor dimmed with ruth,
 But passionless, and pure, and plain ;
 And see august in changeless youth
 Thine aspect, Eleusinian Truth.

Acheron. So guide me, King, I shall not blench
 Though housed with Night ; our nobler kind
 This much of darkness cannot quench,
 But shows its lustre more defined,
 And outline of immortal mind.

And though you lead with downward hand
 Me ever to your inmost zone,
 Where nameless powers in judgment stand,
 I shall not tremble, though alone,
 For gods to me are not unknown.

Sorrowful Acheron is this,
 Sighing upon its course? the air
 Quivers above its wan abyss
 Like summer noon intense, for prayer
 Anguish and wrath are mingled there.

Down on the cloven heart of earth,
 I look, where all its miseries lie ;
 And new regrets have hourly birth,
 So deeply felt they cannot die.
 The ghosts are round me suddenly !

As gathering olive trees enclose
 A traveller by the night ensnared ;
 Who plods his beaten way, nor knows,
 Till by the rising moon declared,
 The wraiths with whom he long hath fared.

So they surround me and amaze,
 And toward me reach with outstretched hands,
 And wistful eyes upon me gaze.
 Yes, yes, I come from distant lands,
 Persephone, who death withstands.

From me some virtue as I pass,
 Wanders as fragrance from a flower ;
 I lift them as a beam the grass,
 I give them back their little hour,
 Earth's joy and momentary power.

And some, whom hope revisiteth,
 Feed on my strength, and as I speak,
 Bend from my lips to catch the breath,
 And steal the life upon my cheek,
 And from my heart a pang bespeak

Of melting pity ; I divide
 Their sorrows, and my soul gives room
 To dark regret ; but at my side
 Thou standest, and before the doom
 Of thy still eye they melt in gloom.

Elysian Soft twilight, peace, and summer balm !
Fields. Ere falls the tear that I might weep.
 New spaces open wide and calm.
 I change ! as when from shingle steep,
 The boat falls noiseless to the deep.

Here dwell whom towered cities mourn
 As lost, but Freedom will not lose,
 Heroes, whose names to victory borne
 For lullabies the mothers use,
 For an awakening song, the muse.

How still it is ! long intervals
 Closing behind me belt on belt !
 For nought to measure Time befalls.
 In this Elysian air unfelt
 Ages and æons seem to melt.

Is it the morning on thy brow,
 Ceres, or noon, or night austere ?
 Are daffodils thy garland now ?
 Doth a new harvest give thee cheer ?
 Or on the dead fern drops the tear ?

Pluto, are these thy happy fields ?
 Where hours and steps of life are lost ;
 And no event the season yields,
 No growth, no check, no purpose crost,
 No glimmering future to accost.

To me not such. My fuller pulse
 On no Elysian dream is fed,
 But in its own strong life exults.
 Lo ! how their airy footsteps tread
 The flower that bendeth not his head.

Who keep from pain must keep from power ;
 Life is a bow they cannot bend ;
 Ev'n we who claim a heavenly dower
 Must with calamity contend,
 And be brought low, to reascend.

What rule is here—what empire shown ?

Against thee can these shades rebel

Arming with visionary frown ?

Revolt it boots not thee to quell,

Their sum of life, an asphodel.

Yield me, wouldst thou my spirit cheer,

Change, motion, let the threat respond

To threat rebellious ; let me hear

The stone of Sisypheus grind, or fond

Titan or Giant rend a bond.

Tartarus. Sudden the Night uncoils her hair

About us in a blinding cloud,

And no companionship we share

But Silence, of her secrets proud,

And Darkness moving in his shroud.

Does my heart fail me ? for immense

Tremblings possess the atmosphere.

'Tis Tartarus by its stubborn rënce

Of towers, and storm-clouds hovering near,

'Tis Tartarus, by a flash made clear.

Here mid the gleam and the eclipse .

Of light, and agitations rude,

That jar the words upon my lips,

Lie manacled the rebel brood,

But once sublime, who Jove withstood.

They see where Tartarus is riven,

And through the cleft the mighty stairs

Ascending that might reach to heaven ;

And each again in fancy shares

The glorious work, and not despairs.

For in his brain high thoughts of rule

Still glisten, schemes for gods to abet ;

Like stars reflected in a pool

Which a long drought has shrunk, and yet

Therein the spacious heavens are set.

See, here is one whose eyes dilate :
 A Titan, 'neath a crag he turns
 Groaning, and half uplifts its weight ;
 As the great soul our car discerns
 A spot upon his forehead burns,

Like the last blood-red season stain
 Upon the ash that fires the heath.
 The rocks dispart and close again,
 And in the drawing of his breath,
 Clench over him their jagged teeth.

Pluto, my heart with thine concurs
 In peace that comes of power, for, lo !
 Thy bosom has not heaved, nor stirs
 The blossom on thy youthful brow,
 Pomegranate-buds with ruby glow.

In peace ; for as a torrent's strength
 May in blind wrath its channel miss,
 And far abroad its silvery length
 Scatter in air, the sunbeams kiss
 Its showers, so their rebellion is

Orcus. As we recede the thunder-throcs
 Grow more and more subdued, and soon
 Into a rhythmic measure close,
 And the earth vibrates into tune,
 Its cradle song beneath the moon.

Not as a minstrel when of war
 Descanting, is the song of Fate ;
 But action's storm, tumult, and jar
 Rebellions and implacable hate
 Themselves into a song translate.

Now as mine eyes the distance probe,
 The darkness turns to dusky bloom ;
 As shadows of a purple robe,
 When you approach it, lose their gloom,
 And with rich tints the air illumine.

Softly the night her gate unbars ;
I see a gentle radiance,
Like that faint flame amid the stars
Where many constellations dance ;
And towers appear, and forms advance.

And now thy throne ascends, as when
A red streak of the rising sun
Ends the long vista of a glen.
My life is in the leaf ; I shun
No mystery till all are won.

They hail me, gathering through the land,
They hail me issuing from their cave
The Furies, each astonished hand
Hath dropt its torch upon the wave
Where red Cocytus fills his grave.

And flowers into my hands are borne ;
Lily, and lotus buds I find,
And poppy, handmaid to the corn,
And amaranth with nepenthe twined
Like love and peace, to soothe the mind.

And now a choral hymn they raise
Such as enthralled the solitude
When worshippers with holy lays
Awoke the deep Dodonian wood,
Upon whose echoes Pan would brood.

The splendour of our heavenly line,
Oh, Ceres, tames this lower crowd.
They bend before me at a sign,
The humble love me, and the proud
Are servants, at my aspect bowed.

What doth it aid me to repine ?
Oh, mother, if I must remain,
Look down ! The empire is divine !
I quell my spirit's former strain,
Uplift me, Pluto ! let me reign.

THE CHILD-GOD IN ART.

THE world has perhaps never been blessed with a more winning religious conception, one more grateful to undepraved human instincts, than that of an infant god—of a sweet tender little being, nestling in a mother's fond embrace, and lovely with all the charm of bodily frailness no less than of innocence, and who yet may be legitimately worshipped as King, Saviour, and God most holy.

To the mere student of the "science of religions," the God-child and His worship have a special interest, on account of points of contact which he will expect to find there between Christianity and Paganism, between the "religion of the Cross" and religion mainly dependent on some kind of æstheticism. Indeed, were such a conception allowed to get isolated from other religious truths, as it certainly would in the absence of a rigorously imposed creed, it could hardly fail to become idolatrous in the worst sense of the word. Nor is there reason for surprise that the worship of the infant Saviour should have inherited something of what was best in Paganism, seeing that the revelation which demands it is not the last word of Christianity but its first, the revelation needed for uniting in a common heart-worship the rough untutored shepherd of the hill-side and the sage initiated into the mysteries of Eastern religion or the subtleties of Eastern thought. Here, in fact, we find, on the one hand, such an appeal to our purest and healthiest feelings, that, as Mr. Ruskin has said in one of the most charming of his recent Oxford lectures, "from the moment when the spirit of Christianity had been entirely interpreted to the Western races, the sanctity of womanhood worshipped in the Madonna, and the sanctity of childhood in unity with that of Christ became the light of every honest hearth, and the joy of every pure and chastened soul;"* while, on the other hand, in

* *The Art of England.* Lect. iv.

the Babe nursed by its mother, the sterner aspects of Deity are veiled—one may almost say dormant. The soul is won by the charm of innocence and purity to the beauty of all the fruits of the Spirit; but the still unshriven feel that they may join without much compunction, at any rate without hypocrisy, in the *Venite adoremus*, and at the top of their voices, if they have a mind. The atmosphere, moreover, of Bethlehem is as much of the nursery as of the sanctuary. Before the Divine Babe, it is hardly unseemly to dance like the choir-boys of Seville or Luca's *fanciulli*, to skirl the bagpipes of Abruzzian shepherds, or to revel in the din which rejoices the honest hearts of our Salvation Army people. Nor does a still more materialistic and no less pagan mode of celebrating the Nativity show any sign of ceasing to recommend itself to the most uncompromising Puritan, the Christmas dinner being an uncommonly near approach to what was really the principal observance required by well nigh all the old religions of the Aryan race from the Bay of Bengal to the Atlantic.* The lesson, in fact, of the earliest great festival of the Church's year is not that of Holy Week. There is "a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance." It is at the feet of the Saviour crucified that is to be learnt the supreme truth of Christianity—that nothing is of value but self-sacrifice, that suffering, the curse of the lower creature, is the vocation and glory of the higher; and, in the procession to Calvary, he will cut a sorry figure who has any pretension to follow as a disciple, but no mind to take a share in bearing the cross. But the stable of Bethlehem, with its place of honour even for poor dumb animals, is open to all, to every one, at any rate, who is not too proud to "receive the Kingdom of Heaven as a little child." The very angels, who figure in the lovely group of the Nativity, have to be children—children, too, who would be hardly less angelic if they found their loving service not incompatible with a good romp. And it is not a little due to there being no sentinel requiring a pass-word at the gate, and no punctilious master of the ceremonies within, that the blessed influences of Bethlehem are diffused, widely diffused, far beyond the inner circle of orthodox believers and true disciples. Hence is it that, on the Continent, nothing is neglected to make the midnight mass attractive to the million, and the million, alas! means here the unconverted; so that,

* M. Boissier, for instance, on the innumerable religious confraternities of the Roman empire, says:—"Dès les temps les plus reculés, le repas commun avait été l'occupation la plus importante des colléges. Les sodalités qu'on institua quand on fit venir la mère des dieux de Pessinunte n'avaient rien trouvé de mieux pour honorer la déesse. Caton, qui était alors questeur, prit part aux diners qui furent célébrés à cette occasion. Cicéron lui fait dire que la table des associés était frugale et que ce que l'attirait dans ces festins 'était moins le plaisir de manger et de boire que celui de se trouver avec ses amis et de converser avec eux.' Mais tous les convives n'étaient pas aussi sobres que Caton, et l'autorité fut bientôt obligée d'intervenir pour modérer les dépenses excessives qu'on faisait aux fêtes de Cybèle."—*La Religion romaine d'August aux Antonins*, vol. ii. p. 282.

once in the year, the good church-goers, jostled by a rough crowd, must cheerfully make up their minds to stretching their capability of not taking scandal to the utmost point of endurance. Hence, too, in England, our Puritanism has not been equal to defending Yuletide from a triumphant invasion of pagan customs and rites; so that strict Evangelicals, who are shocked at the idea of their churches being decorated with the flowers of the season at Easter, would yet be sorry to miss there the scarlet berries of December; so that exclusive cultivators of the austere plain song will tolerate, even in church, Christmas carols full of quaint conceits or wild mirth; so that joviality is not deemed out of place at the family banquet, which is so far a sacred one, that it is a kind of sacrilege to be seated thereat without being in charity with all present, or without having liberally paid tribute to the new-born Saviour in the persons of His fellow-poor.

Now such a subject as the meeting of Heaven and Earth in the Nativity—a subject which may draw to any amount on the highest aspirations and imaginations of mysticism, on all that is brightest, sweetest and tenderest in home affections and associations, and on what is most brilliant and effective in pagan æstheticism—was there ever a more glorious one for art in general and for plastic art in particular? Apollo leading the choir of the Muses, the Birth of Athene, the War of the Gods with the Titans, these are subjects as noble in themselves as was their treatment by Greek art; but, even for a purely æsthetic purpose, they cannot vie with the Nativity—at once so realistic and so idealistic, so joyful and so solemn, so homely and so sublime, so clear to the simplest mind and so unfathomably mysterious, so austere and yet lending itself to the most magnificent displays of Venetian or Flemish colour, Florentine composition, or Byzantine decoration. That it has been equal to such a subject suffices to prove that Christian art need not fear comparison with any other, even had it left unsolved, as it certainly did for centuries, the most difficult problem it had to deal with, the representation, to wit—not of a divine being never limited by anthropomorphic conditions and with his divinity not yet manifested, such as the infant Zeus or Dionysus, or again as an infant Bodhisatva, nor of the symbol either of a mere abstraction, such as the child Eros, or of an occult filial relation, such as Horus, nor of an infant incarnation of a god, worshipped indeed as supreme, but with a humanity falling far short of the highest type, such as Krishna—but of a perfect human child, who is to be made known as the great God of the Universe.

A child-god of some kind has indeed had a place, generally, if not always, as a late development, in several pagan religions; and it is not unlikely that further archæological and palæographical research will bring to light more instances of such a conception than the not

very large number we know of at present; but, although the Greek, the Egyptian, the Hindu, and the Buddhist artist, each in his way, had an infinitely less difficult problem to solve than the Christian, what they achieved in that line is certainly not what has most redounded to their glory.

The Greek world has left very few traces of actual child-worship; but there seems to have been, according to Ottfried Müller,* at least a tendency in that direction in one of the most interesting and beautiful cults of antiquity, that of the "great goddesses," whose mysteries are associated with so much of what was really progressive and spiritualistic in the religion of Hellas, and with the biography of so many of Hellenism's noblest representatives. Müller, however, is not able to mention any extant representation of Cora as a child, and moreover this conception of her was probably evolved at too late a period to obtain a really religious treatment from Greek art, which, after its apogee in the divine work of Phidias, soon began to be sadly affected by the prevailing materialism and sensuality of a secularized and democratic age; for, although its degradation was but gradual and never came to be utter, although the stamp left on it by the gods invoked at Delphi and Olympia was never quite obliterated (to the last, the grandeur, one may almost say the sanctity, of its *style* could allow it to place a dance of raving mænads and drunken satyrs without æsthetic incongruity on a tomb), it became less and less equal to the creation of a new religious type.

It must not, however, be supposed that religion was altogether lost, that there was not even religious progress in a right direction all through that age of general decadence, not so unlike our own, when the craze for "science"—that is, for what may be more specifically termed the low sciences—dried up the soil, in which alone poetry and art, as well as religion, can spring and thrive, and when the idea of justice as the basis of legislation was as much held to be an outworn superstition as in any modernized state of contemporary Europe or America.† Such a vigorous and magnificent growth as

* "The daughter of Demeter, Cora, has attained little individuality in art, but is for the most part determined by the more clearly characterized beings with whom she stands in relation. On the one hand she is only a Demeter in tender youth and virgin attire; on the other she is, as the consort of Hades, the stern empress of the nether world, a Stygian Hera; but, after her return to the upper world, she is in mystic religion the bride of Dionysus (Liber et Libera), from whom the crowning with ivy and the Bacchian escort pass over to her."—*Ancient Art and its Remains*, by C. O. Müller, translated by John Leitch.

† "There is," says an alarming leader of the *Times* in March 1883, "a pretty general feeling that it is of very little use to rely upon principles of any kind. From time to time certain things come to be regarded as necessary and inevitable. They may be absolutely condemned by the principles formerly and recently held among us, and they may clearly lead to results which the holders of these principles regard as pernicious. But they are done all the same, and done with the tacit consent or active assistance of the very men who predict public misfortune. . . . The things are done, not in obedience to any principle, not in the belief that they are demanded by justice, but simply from the feeling that they cannot be refused." What a similar state of things

Hellenism could not wither away all at once ; and there were still undercurrents of genuine piety, spirituality and ideality, in which would be found the sweet waters, welled in the golden age of Hellas, from sanctuaries of the Olympian gods, and which came up again to the surface on the great religious revival in the upper classes, heralded if not aroused by the Sibylline voice of Virgil, and culminating in the lives of an Epictetus and an Aurelius.* But if Greek art was still beholden to the *δαισδαμονία* of the past, that of the time—between Alexander and Augustus—had as little effect on it as the austerity of a Deacon Paris, and countless other true followers of Christ in the eighteenth century had on the *style rococo*, which I remember being much amused to find in full bloom of frivolity in, of all places, one of the Jansenist churches of Amsterdam. So that it is to votive inscriptions, such as those recently made known by Mr. Newton, that we must turn in order to realize how much religious vitality survived all through the period, when the *zeit-geist* pointed only to the influence of Epicureans and scientists—of such as had set their hearts on “base luxury” or on “base knowledge.”†

Of a date not before this relatively debased period are the extant and most probably even the earliest representations, or at least types, of the infant Dionysus, the infant Zeus suckled by a goat, and the infant Hercules strangling serpents, the two latter subjects of not very frequent occurrence. None of these creations are known to have been the object of any worship, public or private ; they were consequently executed without any attempt at *θεοποίησις*, and seem to have been mere artists' fancies. Nor are they at all remarkable even as studies of juvenile humanity, being, indeed, perhaps the only subjects touched by Greek art which are altogether disappointing. In which art, says Mr. Ruskin, “I noted to you the singular defect, that it never gives you any conception of Greek children. Neither—up to the thirteenth century—does Gothic art give any conception of Gothic children ; for, until the thirteenth century, the Goth was not perfectly Christianized, and still thought only of the strength of humanity as admirable in battle or venerable in judgment, but not as dutiful in peace, nor happy in simplicity.”‡

The child Eros, however, cannot be dismissed so summarily, this conception having been a favourite one in every branch of plastic

brought the once so happy and prosperous, no less than glorious, Greek cities to, has been well described by M. Fustel de Coulanges, after Polybius, Plutarch, Aristotle, &c., in *La Cité Antique*.

* “Un lecteur qui passerait brusquement de l'étude des lettres de Cicéron à celle de la correspondance de Marc Aurèle se trouverait dans un monde nouveau. En deux siècles, la société romaine est entièrement changée ; et de tous les changements qu'elle a subis, l'un des plus remarquables et des moins attendus, c'est qu'elle a passé de l'incrédulité à la dévotion.”—*La Religion romaine d'Auguste aux Antonins*, by G. Boissier. On the religious influence of Virgil, see also *Essays, Classical*, by Fred. W. H. Myers.

† Herbert in *The New Republic*.

‡ *The Art of England*, lect. iv., on Kate Greenaway and Mrs. Allingham.

art, and having left specimens of sufficient merit and charm to be repeated with no intentional modification by the neo-pagan art of the sixteenth and following centuries; and it only remains to be seen if the chubby little Cupid can be quoted as a real god-child or child-god. The only sanctuaries of Eros, at least of any importance, hitherto known, were at Thespiæ in Bœotia, where his idol was a rough stone, and, apparently, dating from a much later time, and, not improbably, owing its existence to Bœotian colonists, at Parium in Mysia. The ancient Eros of Thespiæ seems to have been a variety of Hermes, the great intermediary between heaven and earth, day and night, &c.,* and to have been only identified with the son of Aphrodite, a creation of poetry rather than of religion, when the latter's type as a youth was given by Scopas, Praxiteles, or Lysippus, at any rate in the fourth century B.C. The child type is of still lower date, and, unlike the youth type, there is no trace of its having been anywhere worshipped as a god or used for anything else than as the symbol of an abstraction, Desire, in every octave of the scale of being, from the lowest to the highest—in compositions "allied to the toying poetry of later Anacreontica and the epigrammatic sports of the Anthology,"† as in mystical allegories suggested by the Platonism and kindred systems revived towards the close of the first century B.C.‡ "In the shape of a blooming child," says Ottfried Müller, "but never disagreeably soft in configuration, Eros, and more frequently Erotes, are to be seen in numberless reliefs and gems, dragging forth and breaking in pieces the insignia of all the gods, caressingly subduing the wildest brutes, and converting them into riding or draught animals, boldly and wantonly roving about among sea-monsters, and playfully mimicking every possible occupa-

* See *Histoire des Religions de la Grèce Antique*, vol. ii. p. 149, by Alf. Maury; and *Eros, Étude sur la Symbolique du Désir*, by L. Ménard (Claye, Paris, 1872), a short but excellent and exhaustive treatise.

† Ottfried Müller in *Ancient Art and its Remains*, translated by J. Leitch.

‡ "Le groupe d'Eros et Psychè se trouve quelquefois sur les tombeaux chrétiens dans les catacombes de Rome. La philosophie Alexandrine avait fait pénétrer dans tous les esprits cette allégorie du Désir céleste qui ramène les âmes vers les hauteurs. . . . La légende de Psychè a inspiré à Raphaël un ensemble de chefs-d'œuvre, la décoration de la Farnésine. Mais, dans cette suite de fresques, et surtout dans une autre série de compositions sur le même sujet qui figure dans l'œuvre de Raphaël, quoiqu'elle lui soit sérieusement contestée, l'union d'Eros sous les traits d'un enfant avec Psychè qui garde les formes d'une femme offre une disproportion aussi choquante pour le goût que pour la morale et que la chasteté de l'art grec avait toujours évitée. D'ailleurs, dans toutes les œuvres où l'art moderne emprunte ses motifs à la religion des anciens, il s'arrête à l'enveloppe des symboles. La science cherche à en pénétrer le sens intime, et toutes les fois qu'elle y parvient, on doit reconnaître que cette religion morte, à laquelle chaque génération a jeté en passant sa part d'injures, avait su, même aux jours de sa vieillesse et de sa décadence, revêtir de formes inimitables des conceptions d'une haute moralité et d'une mystérieuse profondeur."—*Eros, Étude*, &c., by L. Ménard.

§ However, some, if very few, of the great artists who have sought inspiration from classic antiquity have surely had a deeper insight into Hellenism: for instance, Mantegna at the close of the fifteenth century; Prudhon, at the close of the eighteenth; Watts and Burne-Jones, with Henry Holiday and others of the same noble school, at the present day.

tion of man, whereby art at length degenerates into a sport and completely surrenders all significance.”* And, if it is true that personifications of divine attributes at certain stages of Polytheism passed easily enough into persons, at this time, when personification—that is, anthropomorphic symbolism—was the rage, the tendency was all in the opposite direction. At any rate the ancients were just as well aware as ourselves of the difference between a person, whether god, dæmon or man, and a mere symbol.

In ancient Egypt, on the contrary, a child-god was only represented for strictly religious purposes, being very common either as a single figure or in the arms of a mother-goddess; but apparently not from an earlier date than the period of Egyptian history which is characterized by great power in the hands of a learned and initiated clergy, and by intensely spiritualistic tendencies, and which hardly began before the eleventh or twelfth dynasty. We then find in the pantheon of every or almost every division of the kingdom a supreme triad, consisting of a father, mother and child, though varying in names and attributes; and, by the side of the great temples, special sanctuaries, “Mammisi,” were built for the mysterious birth of the latter.†

This was also the greatest period of Egyptian plastic art, which culminated under the great eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties.

“Never,” wrote the late M. François Lenormant, “in the art of any nation has a greater success been obtained by truth and perfection of modelling, and by calm grandeur in the expression of features, than the heads of the colossi at Ibsambul. Winckelmann has not otherwise defined that placid beauty, which he held to be the acme of art. The Ludovisi Juno, at least not a fourth in size, does not surpass them in harmonious relation of the parts to each other and to the whole. Phidias himself has not stamped the brows of his gods and heroes with more majesty. The age of the first dynasties consequently, by whatever charm of truth and life its productions be characterized, was not the greatest age of Egyptian art, which reached a higher level through the influence of religion and the impulsion given to it by the priesthood.”‡

But among the innumerable masterpieces which Egyptian antiquity has left us, in vain do we seek a really happy rendering in sculpture or painting of the little figure representing the idea of Deity conceived as perpetually born anew. In the arms of Isis, Maut, Hathor, &c., the child is only to be known as such by his relative size, or by the conventional and stereotyped gesture, anything but graceful, which made the Greeks take Horus sucking his finger for a god of silence. These figures are indeed as little interesting as specimens of what the Egyptians could do to make their art devo-

* *Ancient Art and its Remains*, translated by J. Leitch.

† On “Mammisi,” as Champollion called them, see Perrot’s *Histoire de l’Art dans l’Antiquité, l’Egypte*, p. 440, and Fergusson’s *History of Architecture*, vol. i.

‡ *Les premières Civilisations*, vol. i. p. 275.

tional, as for showing any sympathy for or understanding of child-life. It makes no æsthetic difference, if a grand Egyptian goddess be suckling crocodiles (Neith was often thus represented), or the son of Osiris. The third member of the triad, in fact, though more of a 'divine person' than the child Eros, and certainly an object of worship, figures in art rather as the symbol of a mysterious filial relation than as a real child-god.*

It is in India that we might expect to meet with the nearest approach to the God-child of Christianity, seeing that not only are the human avatars of Vishnu incarnations of a divinity worshipped as supreme, but also that Krishna and Rama have become the objects of about the most popular cults of modern Hinduism, mainly from their being embodiments of the idea of "God with us" in a human form. Unfortunately, however, for the parallel, Vishnu, the great god of the warrior caste, was little concerned with any element of saintliness except valour, although the sagacious policy of the Brahmins was, according to circumstances of time and place, either to accept him with little or no modification, in order to oppose the worship of so easy-going a divinity to the austere but not un fascinating saint-worship of Buddhism, or else to try to do with him, as the Orphici with Bacchus, making his name and mere external attributes the envelope and vehicle of a pantheistic mysticism quite foreign to his original conception. It was in all probability during the great struggle with Buddhism, subsequently, by several centuries perhaps, to the Christian era, that the avatar system was concocted and developed from legends of various dates, the two great and already highly popular heroes of Indian song being impressed by it for incarnations of Vishnu, and, although it is far from impossible that there may have been here at one time or another some slight infiltration or influence of Christian tradition or more likely of Christian art, the Krishna and the Rama of the popular worships, ministered to by art, have ever, like the Vishnu of the same, been of a very low moral order, the former especially,† in spite of the quite different conception of an avatar covered by his name in the *Bhagavat Gita*. Now, the child-god of Hindu art is Krishna invoked as Gopala (the cow-herd), or as Gopinatha (the lord of the milkmaids), because he had already seduced the wife of the cowherd Ayana-Ghosha and sixty thousand milkmaids in the wilderness

* See in Perrot's *Histoire de l'Art dans l'Antiquité, l'Égypte*, the plates representing typical statuettes of Horus suckled by Isis, p. 87, and alone, p. 748.

† A French magistrate of Chandanagor has tried to make a sensation by undertaking to prove that Christ (the anointed) is but a development or variety of the warrior Krishna (the black). This monstrous thesis has been disposed of by Professor Max Müller's declaration, in his *Introduction to the Science of Religion*, that any one with a fair knowledge of Sanskrit and its literature, would have detected at once the quite recent and apocryphal fabrications for the European market of the texts quoted by M. Jacolliot as authorities.

of Vrinda, though one who looked into this prodigious infant's mouth had a vision there of the three worlds, with Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva sitting on their thrones. As Gopala, he is represented as "resting on one knee and, with his right hand extended craving sweetmeats from his mother,"* and as Gopinatha he is the special patron of courtezans.

But if Hinduism, for all its unquestionably lofty aspirations and speculations, its sublime lengths of asceticism, and the genuine tenderness of its devotional spirit (*bhakti*), has never been able to part company with a religious consecration of the grossest immorality and sensuality, Buddhism is generally free from this reproach; and we might expect great things of its plastic treatment of the new-born Gautama, "pointing," not to sweetmeats, but "with one hand to heaven and with the other to the earth he wished to save," or of the saintly infant Zen-Zai, so often met with in the arms of female representations of the singular androgynous divinity, Quanon of the Chinese, or Quenin of the Japanese, although this latter does not seem to be a quite orthodox conception of the religion in question. It can hardly, however, be asserted that the Buddha child is known to have received any much happier treatment from Asiatic art than the child Horus from Egyptian; and this is probably in great part due to the fact that the birth—the re-birth rather—and the infancy of a Bodhisatva, or Buddha elect, are far from offering the same interest to his worshippers as other incidents and stages of his career, such as, for instance, his renunciation, his preaching, or his attainment of perfection under the sacred tree.

I must not, however, be too confident that we may not one day come across an exquisitely lovely rendering of a Bodhisatva-child by some artist of Japan, another of so many delightful surprises from the charming country which the folly or cupidity of a political faction has just delivered over to the tender mercies of Western philistinism, since the time, not very distant, when it was generally supposed that its plastic art would hardly get beyond the fabrication of grotesque monsters. But there is a strong reason why Asiatic, even Buddhist, art has ever been at a disadvantage in dealing with a type required to be perfectly human as well as perfectly divine; and this is, that its main pre-occupation is to get decorative effect. The most anthropomorphic conceptions of the Hindu and Buddhist pantheons, for instance, will have their faces painted bright red, blue, yellow, or green; and we know that it was the same with the old *Śaiva*, carved in wood for the sanctuaries of Greece, before its art was emancipated from Asiatic traditions and influence. It is highly probable that the first image maker who gave a green face—now, it is true, become conventional—to Rama was chiefly concerned with

* Small's *Handbook of Sanskrit Literature*, p. 154.

his colour scheme, and its requirement of a hue that would match better than flesh-colour with the idol's garments or its surroundings. Are we therefore justified in accepting on æsthetical grounds the Abbé de Broglie's verdict—to quote one of the best and most recent authorities on the science of religions—that “the neo-brahminical pantheon, comparable only to that of the Chinese Buddhists, is the most revolting collection of monsters that can possibly be imagined”?* Granted that this would be no exaggerated statement of certain idols produced in barbarous, or even semi-barbarous, countries, it would be strange if in India, China, or Japan, where almost every human being has the making of an artist in him, there should be found habitual any gross violation of the laws of beauty in colour, or even in form. Certainly there is no end to the productions of Oriental plastic art which, if they existed in flesh and blood, would indeed be hideous monsters; but in flesh and blood they are not; nor are they even intended to be portraits. It is in stone, wood, or metal that their deviations from the canon of human proportion and other monstrosities are so conducive to decorative effect; and decorative effect, as every lover of architecture or of stained glass knows, is one of the most powerful means of manifesting the Divine in art. A Juggernath by a Hindu artist, even of little or no reputation, will not only be admitted by the most fastidious European connoisseur into his collection, but, in its own country, will awaken feelings sufficiently strong to make a man cheerfully submit to walk barefoot on burning embers, or to be crushed to death; whereas, the pretty-faced, simpering Madonnas of Carlo Dolce, or the modern *styleless* Parisian images, proportioned and coloured to look like life, which are now the eyesore of most Roman Catholic churches, are known to have little effect on the devout in comparison with the humanly impossible black-faced Virgins (black because nothing goes so well with the gold of a nimbus or crown), which have at one time or another been imported into France, Italy, and Spain from the East. One has only to notice, to be assured of the fact, how crowded are the sanctuaries of these black Madonnas with ex-votos, often costly, testifying to manifestations of supernatural power—answers to a faith of some kind—which modern science with its blinkers may ignore, but would find hard to disprove. The most cultivated Greeks, too, could not resist the æsthetic charm of Asiatic images, such as the many-breasted and but vaguely human Diana of Ephesus, whose worship was introduced into the Peloponnesus by such a representative Hellene as Xenophon,† the enthusiastic biographer and disciple of Socrates, and this at a time when the art of his own country was in all its glory.

* *Problèmes et Conclusions de l'Histoire des Religions*, p. 158.

† *Anabasis*, l. v. c. iii.

Now, the late M. Victor de Laprade has well shown* how the religious effect of the best of man's decorative art is much the same as that of God's decorative art in extra-human Nature, and how; reciprocally, architecture—and architecture apart from utilitarian purposes is but one of the decorative arts—has ever been the æsthetic outcome of that impression, that revelation of Deity, which, warped into a heresy, tends to confound the Creation, both visible and invisible, with its Author, to the great prejudice of morality and of the exercise of free-will; and from this Pantheism, as well as from its æsthetic results, the Asiatic world (wherein the Aryan and even the true Shemitic elements of its population is not numerically very considerable) has never been able to get quite clear, in spite of antagonistic movements as strong and widespread as Buddhism or Islam. The perpetual cropping up of Pantheism in the Moslem world has been well described by the late Count de Gobineau;† and what Sufism has been in Mahometanism, Kabbalism has been in Judaism, and Gnosticism in Oriental Christianity. Buddhism also has nowhere been able to keep itself practically free from Pantheistic notions, connected with magic and Nature-worship, however discordant with the teaching of its founder, who always proclaimed that the least in the kingdom of heaven was greater than the greatest *deva* or Nature-power.

In Europe the emancipation of religion from Pantheism (involving that of imitative art, not necessarily from all dependence on decorative effect, but from absorption by it) was the great work of Hellenism—of Homer, the Pythia, Phidias and Socrates.

"In history," wrote the late M. Victor de Laprade, "Christianity is the only revolution greater than that which is represented by Greece. . . . Greece means the advent of man, of human liberty, of the idea of the human race's vocation, in the midst of the crushing Pantheism of Asiatic religions. . . . Between the Pantheistic mysticism of the East and the mysticism of Christianity, Greece was destined to begin the work of conscience and free-will taking possession of themselves. . . . During several centuries, Greece adored deified man, to free herself from the oppressive worship of Nature; her paganism was less monstrous than that of Egypt and India, for in allowing the idea of liberty to reside in her idols, she kept up the idea of free-will, of a moral sense in Man, the idea of the distinction between good and evil, the idea of the possibility of a struggle with fatality, all those foundations of morality, which had been undermined by Oriental Pantheism. Greece brought minds to the gate of the true religion. When the Christian idea of the God-man shall be diffused, it will find its way prepared by the Greek religions and philosophies; it will take its seat quite naturally in the temples and in the schools founded by the genius of Hellas. . . . Thus the spirit of Greek and Roman antiquity, which was so long regarded as the principal adversary of the Gospel, was, on the contrary, its most powerful ally. To the disciples of Plato and the disciples of Jesus

* In *Le Sentiment de la Nature avant le Christianisme*

† In *Les Religions et les Philosophies de l'Asie centrale*.

there was only time needed for entering into communication and for learning to understand each other, before embracing in the name of the eternal *Λόγος*. In a very few centuries Athens and Rome were reconciled to the Gospel, to the doctrine of the Word; whereas, still to this day, Christianity has not succeeded in extending on the map of the ancient world beyond the frontiers of Greek philosophy and the Roman empire."*

But anthropomorphism has its heresies no less than Pantheism, so Europe had to lose entirely the plastic art of Græco-Roman paganism before being allowed to possess in sculpture or painting a really human manifestation of Deity as revealed by Christianity. To this end the ugly doings of the Iconoclasts were not without their use; and, long before the fall of the Western Empire, had begun that revenge of Asia upon Europe for the results in the former of Alexander's conquests, this influx of Orientalism, already signalized by Juvenal,† gradually reducing the imitative arts to mere accessories of architecture. Indeed, during the many centuries that Constantinople was the artistic, intellectual, and practically even the religious capital of all Europe, it required nothing short of a special intervention of Providence, of a great permanent miracle, to preserve the creed and theology of Catholic Christianity from making any concessions to Oriental Pantheism.

The plastic art of the Byzantine period must not, however, be despised; its mosaics,‡ icons, ivories, enamels, goldsmith's work, illuminated manuscripts, embroidered tissues, &c., are often extremely beautiful, and always devotional; only there is in most cases so little that is human in them that they must be judged as much from a decorator's point of view as a good opera, whatever the subject of its libretto, from a musician's. A Byzantine or Romanesque church will make much the same solemn impression if it is ornamented with angels or with devils; and, whatever the figures, they have all the appearance of having been made for the places they occupy

* "Le Sentiment de la Nature avant le Christianisme," pp. 253-55.

† "Jam pridem Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes," *Sat.* iii.

‡ "Dans un grand nombre des églises du VI^e et du VII^e siècle, la mosaïque, comme à Sainte-Sophie, prodigue toutes les richesses de sa décoration et se manifeste par des œuvres magistrales. Les artistes se plaisent à représenter de vastes compositions dont tous les détails se détachent nettement, ils évitent les sujets où un grand nombre de figures se mêlent les unes aux autres; ils s'attachent de préférence à ceux où l'action est presque nulle, les attitudes calmes et régulières, où l'on peut ranger les personnages de manière à ne point troubler la disposition uniforme de l'ensemble. Quelquefois même ils en placent autant d'un côté que de l'autre, afin de ne point rompre l'équilibre de la composition. Ce principe de symétrie devait se maintenir dans l'art byzantin. L'esprit des peintres en fut si pénétré qu'ils l'appliquent sans cesse et jusque dans les moindres œuvres: ce fut par là que cet art, tout en perdant parfois du côté de la vie et de la liberté, convient si bien à la décoration des grands édifices.

"Au point de vue technique, les mosaïstes byzantins n'avaient pas moins bien compris les conditions de leur art. Tandis que, depuis le moyen âge, on a multiplié les tons afin de rapprocher de l'aspect de la fresque, ils ne les employèrent qu'en petit nombre, juxtaposant les couleurs tranchées, négligeant les nuances intermédiaires. Comme la mosaïque est faite pour être vue de loin, la dureté de ces oppositions se perd dans l'harmonie générale de l'œuvre, mais, en revanche, tout se détache avec une vigueur et un éclat incomparables."—*L'Art byzantin*, by C. Bayet.

rather than the places for them, so that if the architect has required his niches, for instance, to be unusually depressed or elongated, their occupants have had to be adapted thereto with Procrustean rigour, and little or no regard for the normal proportions of the human body; just, too, as the shape of the "Greek" cross was determined by purely decorative considerations.

It was not before the twelfth century, after what Mr. Lilly has so well called "the Turning-point of the Middle Ages,"* the pontificate, to wit, of the great Hildebrand, that Western Europe began to shake off the artistic yoke of Constantinople. This was the true Renaissance of the Western world to its own æsthetic life. Already, in the thirteenth century, the imitative arts, if happily not yet daring to turn mutinous towards architecture, were beginning to aim at other than decorative effects; though it must be admitted that their earliest efforts in a new direction were often so clumsy that, for instance, if in the work of Cimabue we did not see a promise of Giotto, it would ill bear comparison with that of equally gifted contemporaries strictly adhering to Byzantine traditions. It was consequently fortunate that the new school had the half Pantheistic religiosity of Byzantine "high art," in which it was cradled, to fall back on, while struggling with types which it required really super-human efforts to create, as well as with many other problems, both æsthetical and technical, which had to be solved before plastic art could cease to depend on decorative effect for its success. Cimabue, for instance, has no idea of *pictorial* composition: to give prominence in a group to his Madonna, he has to make her the largest as well as the strictly central figure; and, even of a date as low as the fourteenth century, Italian pictures are to be met with which almost suggest Hindu prototypes.†

In our galleries, those "necropolises of art," as M. Taine has so happily called them, we come across many an old painting which only strikes us at first sight by the quaint uncouthness of its figures; yet, if we succeed in imagining it isolated from its present incongruous neighbours, and restored to its own place over an altar, with due accompaniment of tapers, hanging lamps, &c., immediately it is beautiful, not, indeed, always pictorially, but as a piece of architecture or music is beautiful. Alas! that plastic art should have come in the sixteenth century to disdain and throw off all dependence on such powerful resources that the Pre-Raphaelites are able so often to bring us face to face with the Divine, in spite of their whole work hardly offering an instance of what we would particularly not only desire, but expect, to find there: a satisfactory presentation of the God²

* See his *Chapters in European History*, vol. i. chap. ii.

† E.g., a small seated Virgin with Child and surrounding figures, No. 194 in the "Salle des sept Mètres" of the Louvre.

Man !* One type, indeed, certainly much less difficult to cope with, but far from easy, or rather many types, all successful and lovely, were soon created of the Virgin-mother *deipara*, and some of the Pre-Raphaelite types of angels and saints are no less happy ; but only more disappointing than the God-Man is the God-Child even of the *quattrocentisti*. From the Renaissance of Western art in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries to about the end of the fifteenth, the *bambino* is either a mere human child with nothing but that immense acquisition from the East, the gold glory, to mark its Divinity, or else it is a strange piece of deformity. Indeed, in the former case, few are the instances (certainly here and there in the works of the della Robbias, as in the exquisite little piece of colour, attributed to Margaret van Eyck, of the National Gallery,† where the body, though not unlike a frog's, is evidently meant to be graceful), which manifest any attempt at making it even attractive, as if the artist, counting on getting his devotional effect by other means, had shirked giving himself any trouble with the most difficult portion of his task. It is, however, for the abortive attempts during two or three centuries of the more painstaking masters that we must be grateful—such unpleasing ventures as the old-looking head on baby shoulders in the otherwise quite adorable “van Eyck” in the “Salon carré” of the Louvre; for to this long beating about the bush we must be not a little indebted for the manifestations in art, unhappily very few, of the God-Child, which belong to about the first quarter of the sixteenth century. It is, indeed, infinitely to be regretted that none such is to be found in the works of the half-century preceding, in the exquisite productions of Mantegna, Botticelli, the two Lippis, Perugino, Donatello, Mino, or of their Venetian, Flemish and Rhenish contemporaries. But the creation came just in time not to miss the last great years of the Italian schools, one of the earliest being the infant Saviour blessing His little companion St. John in the glorious “Leonardo”‡ of our National Gallery, which must at any rate have preceded some no less divine presentations of the Holy Child by Andrea del Sarto and Luini, and the marble, attributed to Michael Angelo, at Bruges.

In the quite early productions of Raphael, to whom “the mediæval principles lead up,” and from whom “the modern principles lead down,”§ the infant Saviour is always graceful, tender, and

* I should be inclined to believe the face of the adult Christ beyond the reach of art, had I not seen a small carving in silver, attributed to Benvenuto Cellini (?), now in the collection of Viscount G. de Kervéguen, and seeming to have originally served for the pommel of a sword. The august face of the Saviour crowned with thorns is coupled Janus-wise with that of a skull. For beauty as well as for divinity it is at least not surpassed by anything known to me in Greek art.

† No. 708.

‡ No. 1093.

§ Ruskin, in “Lectures on Architecture and Painting,” p. 215. See also, on the culmination of mediæval painting in the best work of Raphael and his contemporaries, Mr. Lilly's *Chapters in European History*, vol. i. pp. 228-9.

beautiful, but, except perhaps in the *Madonna del Cardellino* (in the Uffizi), where the movement of the arms is singularly noble, hardly more of a Divine being than the little St. John by his side. How different is, in the universally known *Madonna di San Sisto*, the Child-God, or rather the God-Child, with the whole scheme of the universe on His head! Though perhaps just a little wanting in tenderness, this wonderful creation probably never has been or will be surpassed for Divinity; but how comes it that it is unique in Raphael's whole work, and that in his later productions, such as the Holy Family in the "Salon carré," painted for Francis I., the Child Christ is merely a fine academical study after a fine living original, and, apart from pictorial relation to the other figures of the group, as though the painter had had no aim beyond doing justice to his model?

From about the middle of the sixteenth century at latest, we must come down to our own time to find again real manifestations of the God-Child in art. At any rate in the long intervening period, except, possibly, in the Spanish wood-carving of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which is singularly mediæval for its time, there was hardly any attempt that will bear comparison with the Holy Child in Hébert's *Notre Dame de la Délivrance* (an ex-voto for the church of his village, but so popularized by photography and engraving), or in several lovely paintings of the contemporary German schools. Nor is it a matter of reproach to the masters, whose endeavour has been to bring back plastic art to the point where it began to go astray through sacrificing ends to means, that they have not listened to the mischievous pride which would make originality the artist's chief aim, seeing that the Homeric epos, the types of the Greek gods, the mediæval cathedral, the Latin and Greek liturgies, the Ober-Ammergau passion-play—almost all the most perfect masterpieces of the world, were practically the work of many generations, each successive master taking it up, not seldom apocryphally, to improve by elimination, addition or correction on what had been achieved by the best, known to him, of his predecessors.

What is more to be feared for the nobler efforts of contemporary art than lack of originality is that the artificial soil of intellectual and æsthetic culture in which it is planted, however rich, may have but little depth, and that underneath there lies a stony substratum of materialism and unbelief; so that, although the good seed, as in the parable, has sprung up forthwith, the plants may be destined soon to wither away from lack of moisture for their roots.

LAND, LABOURERS AND ASSOCIATION.

“ONE place where I lived, I could dig as much in twenty minutes as I can here in two hours.” Remarks like this, and the facts to which they correspond, are almost enough to deter any one from venturing to write even a few words about the land or kindred questions. The great danger into which writers or speakers on the land question are liable to fall, with the exception only perhaps of the most cautious, is that of too hasty generalization. As, however, I have no special panacea to offer, and as I wish to speak mainly of one or two matters which can be, to a great extent, illustrated from a single district, it may be possible, to some degree, to avoid falling into this error.

The district in Warwickshire from which I would draw one or two illustrations is not unlike some other districts, where there is heavy land, which have grievously suffered in the last few years. The loss of farmer's capital has been enormous. A friend in this district said to me the other day, “I have known a ruined man on every farm in this parish in my own time.” Here, as elsewhere, the two great causes of depression, bad seasons and low prices, by no means entirely account for all that has happened. Not all landlords have been good landlords, nor all land agents wise land agents. In not a few cases, before the depression began, when farms became vacant, the highest offer was accepted without due regard to the knowledge and capabilities of the new tenant. There are cases where, if the permanent reductions of rent, which became ultimately necessary, had been given in good time, a really good hard-working farmer, who was doing his best by the land, might have been saved. Too often, where such men have had to go, they have been succeeded by men of straw, whose only intention was to take what they could^c out of the land

and go elsewhere. The land has often been starved by the withholding of that expenditure in buildings, draining, and the like, which, during the bad seasons, might have made all the difference to the result. "To a certain extent also," to use the words of a capable observer on this subject, "the farmer who was on some of the land was not of the old yeoman class, whose whole life was spent in the practice of agriculture; but he was often one of those who had entered on its pursuit without a sufficient knowledge of its details. When farming flourished profits were considerable, and this begat frequently an easy habit of life and indifference to small matters. Market days became days of pleasure, and household expenses gradually crept up." After all, such farmers only acted like many other men of business during the good times when profits were high.

A very serious matter has been the increasingly strained relations between some of the farmers and their labourers. In some cases, it is to be feared, this is rather worse than better; and in districts where much labour is required, agricultural success under such conditions is very difficult. Where the labour bill is cut down in every possible way, too often, it may be feared, for want of means, and where the labour that is done is not done with a will, serious drawbacks exist to the improvement of the present state of things.

When we add to the matters I have mentioned the late fall in the price of stock, which has been almost crippling to many, and on some farms has rendered the payment of rent, except out of capital, almost impossible, we are brought face to face with a very serious condition of affairs.

There are many who think that the last-mentioned fall in prices will not be permanent, and, if so, at any rate one additional source of difficulty will be removed. The present position, both for the landlord, the farmer, and the labourer, who in many places is sadly short of work, is certainly an unfortunate one. I do not attempt to determine which has suffered most, nor to enter upon the difficult subject of further security to farmers, and what this might bring about; but, under any circumstances, though wages may go further than they did, the agricultural labourer needs every reasonable attention and assistance which may help him towards an improved condition. The matter is perhaps additionally important now, when he is entering upon new political responsibilities, and is likely to have them increased rather than diminished.

I wish then to speak mainly with reference to the position of the labourer; but that which is for his benefit ought to be also good for the farmers and the landlords and for agriculture generally.

The hope which, I think, reasonable men may express for the agricultural labourer is briefly this: that the best of the working

men in the villages may have open to them, as far as possible, the same opportunities for improving their condition, and for making themselves self-reliant and capable citizens, as are already available for the rest of our working-classes in many of the great towns.

What are the advantages which the working-man, in a well administered town, has in an average case over his fellow working-man in an ordinary agricultural village? If the town working-man wishes to save, there is, or should be, a well managed building society, in the administration of which he can have a voice. There is the Odd Fellows' or Free Foresters' Lodge, at the meetings of which he can combine important lessons in business with social intercourse. There is the Co-operative Society, the affairs of which he can discuss, and help to control, at monthly and quarterly meetings. There is the Trade Union, whose financial and industrial position is brought before his consideration from time to time. In all these ways, whether with reference to his dwelling, to provision against sickness and death, to the best way of laying out his weekly wages, or to the strengthening of his position as a labourer, the town working-man has opportunities of himself controlling the administration and management of his own savings and expenditure. In many respects this is a most important matter; and if all English working-men in our towns had put their savings into the Post-office savings bank, or into clothing clubs, managed by other people, they would be a very different race of men from what they are. Then there is the Free Library, and there are educational classes of various kinds. There are mutual improvement societies, debating societies, and the like. With reference to his own dwelling or lodging, he can usually make his own terms with the landlord, or go elsewhere. In his mode of worship he has a very wide choice; in his way of thinking in political matters he has many chances of hearing both sides, and instructing himself in public affairs. He has the opportunity of taking a lively and hearty interest in the administration of municipal affairs, which so vitally affect himself and his fellows.

If we turn now to the agricultural labourer, it might be easy to show that, in individual cases and in certain villages, he may have many of the advantages already mentioned which the town labourer has. But no one would deny that, speaking broadly and generally, while the agricultural labourer has the advantage of an open-air and often a much more healthy life, with less monotony of employment, and therefore more chances of becoming a many-sided man, in relation to almost everything else he is at a disadvantage.

I have spoken of the townsman's opportunities in reference to municipal administration. We may well hope that a time is soon coming when an improved system of local government, if wisely used by those who have the ultimate control, may give the agricul-

tural labourers many advantages which they do not now possess, and this in various ways, and in different sorts of villages. English villages may be roughly divided into two classes. There are the "open" villages, where land and cottages belong to a variety of owners; and there are others which are owned entirely, or almost entirely, by single landlords. Both kinds of ownership have certain advantages, and certain disadvantages. Where the entire village belongs to a single bad landlord, the ownership of one man is obviously the worst conceivable system. But if the single landlord be a good one, the advantages from a sanitary, educational, and housing point of view are often equally obvious, and leave frequently little to be desired in these respects. The landlord has paid perhaps for the whole of a complete and effective system of drainage; he has built the school and subscribes largely to it; he has pulled down many bad cottages and built thoroughly healthy ones; he provides allotments for all who wish to have them. Yet there is one important disadvantage in this kind of village. There is a tendency at work which lessens the self-reliance and the independence of the people, and prevents them from learning to shift for themselves. "We cannot marry unless the bailiff gives us leave," is a complaint not uncommonly heard in these villages, and, though perhaps not strictly true, it indicates a feeling that a man cannot get a cottage without first submitting his claim and his past conduct to the landlord's representative. The same is true of schools, reading-rooms, clothing clubs, and similar institutions so far as they are provided and controlled to a great extent by others than the labourers themselves. A practical farmer of long experience in the neighbourhood of which I have spoken, says on this subject: "Landlords, I think, like to keep their villages in their own hands, no doubt with good motives. But grandmotherly government does not develop the best labourers. Two-handed ready helpful fellows are mostly men of some independence;" and he is further of opinion that the "open" villages have produced more vigorous, promising material among the labourers than the villages belonging all to one landlord. "The two-handed men," the "vigorous promising material," are what we need in our villages now more than ever before.

The advantages of the "open" village, where the owners are many instead of one, are not so obvious under present circumstances, as they would be under a better system of local government. In these there is no one ruling power which, to a great extent, settles the chief conditions of life for the rest of the community; and the powers that be are sometimes disorganized and irresponsible, and often enough ill educated. However, the present evils, which are in the main sanitary and educational, will, we may hope, be gradually removed by giving the people, as in the towns, a more thorough

control over their own affairs, and a greater responsibility with regard to them. The same means may also serve to counteract some of the disadvantages of the other kind of village of which I have spoken. There are many who fear the result of large measures of self-government in the country. But if all reasonable efforts are made to improve education, and to increase the labourer's sense of responsibility, there is nothing to fear. Mistakes will be made, and there will be many lessons learnt by experience. But that grave injustice will be done in the country any more than it has been done in the towns, there is no reason to anticipate.

It would appear then that a good system of local self-government in our villages, if it is intelligently and wisely administered, may tend to remedy some of the drawbacks of various kinds which surround the life of our agricultural labourers at the present time.

But there are many other important matters having a bearing on the progress of the labourers, which may do much towards bringing them nearer to the position of their most capable fellow working-men in the towns, and which ought to help to prepare them to be more efficient citizens in various ways. I should like to speak here of three such matters. *In the first place*, the promotion of a spirit of self-reliance by independent association among labourers; *in the second place*, a better understanding than now obtains in some districts between farmers and labourers; and, *in the third place*, more practical education in agricultural matters, in order to enable the labouring classes, as well as the farmers, to cultivate their land more intelligently and successfully.

I. If we look at many of our most vigorous towns we find that much of the healthiest social and political life in them has been largely assisted by the independent associations which working-men have carried on for their own improvement. The three main kinds of working-men's Associations have been the Friendly Societies, the Co-operative Societies, and the Trade Unions. These may each of them be considered in connection with agricultural labourers.

(1.) In respect to Friendly Societies the agricultural labourer is at present at an immense disadvantage. The workman in the town can, with the exercise of a very little intelligence, find out what Lodge of the Odd Fellows or Free Foresters or other Society it may be wisest to join, and ought to be able to avoid becoming the prey of some hopelessly unsound concern. But in the villages there are still hundreds of clubs to be found, a large number of which are financially rotten; and, partly for want of knowledge, partly on account of the pressure of village public opinion, the labourer is too often induced to join a society, which, after helping him for a little while, may break, and his hardly-won savings all be lost. A more systematic audit by properly qualified persons is of the greatest importance in the case

of these clubs. A great deal more might be done than is done at present to protect labourers from the disastrous results which follow from joining unsound societies. Much practical information, which might have saved hundreds of pounds of labourers' money, could be given to our country villagers, showing them that there are sound friendly societies managed by working-men like themselves, and pointing out their great advantages. Systematic missionary work carried on by working-men in our villages, in a manner which I will speak of later on, might have most valuable results.

(2.) The second form of independent association is the Co-operative Society. Those who are most in earnest now about giving the agricultural labourer more chances of getting on to the land, constantly speak of the necessity of giving him an opportunity of putting his savings into the soil. The natural question is, "Where are the savings to come from, considering the smallness of ordinary agricultural wages?" In the district of which I speak, the labourers have made some practical answers to this question in the form of several of these co-operative societies. There are in this neighbourhood a remarkable number of allotments and small holdings of various sizes; and, without the slightest doubt, there is the closest connection between the savings made at these societies, and the success of the allotment. On many occasions labourers have said to me, "I could never have got my land on so well if it had not been for the money I had saved at my society." In the cases where the allotments have gradually crept on from half an acre upwards in size, the money saved at the store which, if there had been no store, would not have been saved at all, has no doubt sometimes made all the difference between success and failure.

But there is a great deal more involved than this mere matter of personal saving. There may be, and there is sometimes, a corporate saving and a corporate purchase of land and buildings, which is of vital importance in educating the people for the work of local government. Let us take the case of Harbury, a Warwickshire village in this district. Twenty years ago a few labourers determined to take into their own hands the matter of supplying themselves with the daily necessities of life in their own way. They collected among themselves a little sum with which to begin the business; they then chose one of their number to look after it; and what has this determination of theirs done for themselves and their fellow-labourers? They have a society of 700 members, of whom four-fifths are agricultural labourers, and most of the rest workers in limestone quarries. They have started two branches in neighbouring villages, and send out carts to several hamlets in the district. They receive over their own counters £18,000 a year for food, clothing, and the like, at the ordinary prices of the district. Of

this sum they save at present nearly £2,000 yearly, which is either returned to the members, or invested in accordance with the resolutions of the whole body. The whole of this annual sum would be lost to these labourers if it was not for the existence of this society. A large portion of the money is annually drawn out by individual members, either to be used for additional comforts in the family, or for the improvement of allotments and small holdings; but a certain amount is retained by the society in the form of shares, and is deposited by the members at 5 per cent. Much of this money has been invested by the corporate body from time to time, often after much important discussion and debate. The society holds land and buildings, mainly freehold, worth £3,700, including some twenty cottages, chiefly let to various members. In a district where, unfortunately, many labourers can be dismissed at a week's notice from their cottages, the importance of this is obvious. There is a sum of £400 invested in the great Wholesale Co-operative Society—a society doing a business of nearly £5,000,000 a year, also managed by working-men, and from which the Harbury store makes many of its purchases; £400 has also been invested in an Association or Co-operative farm, of which I shall speak later on. The corporate holding of land for allotments is also a feature in this society; and it is a very important matter, for a sound financial concern like the Harbury society can make business-like terms for renting land for allotments far more easily than individual labourers.

As an instance of the amounts which are accumulated in this form of society, it may be mentioned that five members withdrew part of their savings a few months ago, amounting to not less than £300, and invested them in a small farm, which they rent as joint-tenants.

In order to make the method of saving in this society clear, it must be explained that the dividend is the amount of profit left over to the society after working expenses are paid, and the 5 per cent. interest due on the capital left by the members in the hands of the society. Accounts are made up quarterly, and dividend at so much in the pound declared, which is divided among the members according to the amount of their purchases during the quarter. The amount of each purchase is shown by a ticket retained at the time of buying by the purchaser, and given up when the dividend is claimed. The charges made are the average prices of the district. The Harbury society has not pushed up prices, but rather kept them down; the loaf there is fourpence-halfpenny, while in many villages it is five-pence. It should also be mentioned that the society gladly buys pigs from members who keep them, who, having gardens or being allotment holders, are enabled in this way to get a ready sale for a second or third pig.

No one who knows the district can doubt the very great advantages to the labourers of being largely delivered from debt—one of the greatest curses of the poor—of being able to save unconsciously without the friction involved by the effort to put by weekly out of small wages, and of the business habits and education brought about by the joint management of considerable sums of money.

"The curse of the poor," it has been truly said, "is their poverty," and, it might be added, their *ignorance*. One of the great disadvantages they labour under is that while the rich man can get a good article for a shilling, the poor man's shilling does not go nearly as far, as he has often to put up with bad articles deliberately made "for the country market," paying more for them than rich people pay for things ten times as good. One duty of the stores is to try to remedy this matter.

It must be added that a piece of freehold or long leasehold land for the store is of vital importance. All the early savings must go into plant, and the gradual extension of the business by the erection of stables, bakeries, and the like. If the building be held at a few months' notice at the will of a single landlord, there is an element of risk about the future which will damp the members' efforts, and seriously affect the welfare of the Society.

(3.) Thirdly, the Trade Union. A gentleman seeing a labourer at an agricultural show in this district the other day, asked him, "Well, my man, what has Joseph Arch done for you?" The answer was, "He has raised my wages from twelve shillings to fifteen shillings, and twopence farthing a week is quite worth paying for that!" Without endorsing this as a complete economical account of the case, it is in any case interesting to note that this labourer is a partner in an Association farm, with practically no chance of a quarrel with his employer, and that he still goes on with his subscription to the Union. "If a man don't see the good," he said to me once, "of going on with it, he can't see the length of a gooseberry." It is indeed much to be desired that the farmers could see what might be the value of a strong, well-organized, and effectively-managed Union, a fact of which many employers in our great north-country industries are well aware.

It has sometimes been said that many trade union leaders dislike the co-operative movement on various grounds. I will only quote in answer to this some remarks of Mr. Burt, which show how close the sympathy is between the two bodies:—

"Trade Unions were never so strong as they are at the present time, and though they may not be entirely satisfactory in their present shape—though they may yet be modified in form—it may be confidently predicted that the principle of association is likely to be yet more powerful among working-men in the future than it has been in the past. The most intelligent of the work-

men look to co-operation in one form or another for a solution of the great social problem of our time—the reconciliation of the interests of labour and capital. Whether that hope is destined to fulfilment, remains to be seen. Meanwhile it is gratifying to observe the growing friendliness between the Unions and the Co-operative Societies. That is proved not only in the courtesies which induce the respective bodies to send delegates to each other's annual congresses, but still more in the practical help they render to each other in the times of trouble and difficulty. The most active trades unionists are earnest co-operators, and those men would gladly welcome a yet closer alliance, and a still more cordial spirit of helpfulness between the societies. They are not without hope that the time may speedily come when the funds of the unions—less and less needed for strikes—may be utilized by directly aiding co-operative production, instead of being placed, as at present, in the hands of those who, too often, have but little sympathy with the highest aims and noblest aspirations of the working population of the country.”

Many working men in towns are looking to the land for the investment of their surplus capital, and there is a growing wish that more was being done for the labourers in the villages to give them information as to what co-operation has done for the working-classes in the towns. It is the removal of ignorance on the subject which is wanted, not any attempt by the upper classes to do for the working-men what can only succeed when done by themselves.*

Frequent complaints are made by working-men that many of those interested in politics steadily avoid this subject. It is clearly undesirable, when important political work has to be done, to excite antagonism between private traders and groups of working-men who do their trading for themselves, as it is also undesirable to breed mischief between employers and unionists. But the great body of 600,000 working-men co-operators may well desire that on fitting occasions, which must from time to time arise, this great movement, which has done so much for England, shall be pressed upon the attention, specially of the *agricultural labourers*, as well as the work of political reform. It is not unnatural that the co-operators especially should sometimes say: “The politician is frequently told by men who take a very narrow view of politics and of the welfare of the people, ‘This is a very dangerous subject, it may lose you votes, and therefore you must leave it entirely alone.’”

A work which may do so much for the labourer, especially in helping him to find a hitherto undiscovered source of savings, which he perhaps may put into the land, cannot rightly be altogether left unspoken of even by politicians.

It is difficult to say how far this charge may be true about many of those engaged in politics, but it matters the less because more and

* One of the assistant-commissioners in reporting to the Agricultural Commission writing about village associations, wisely says: “The labourers set their faces against anything like dictation on the part of the squire, parson, or farmer, and the grand secret of success of these institutions appears to be to place them under the management of the labourers themselves, to make them self-supporting and not in any sense charitable institutions.”

more surely in future politics must be closely linked with other methods of social progress. Of the working-men members in the new House of Commons, several of the most prominent habitually attend co-operative gatherings of their fellow working-men, and often urge the great importance of the subject upon them. Such men, and no doubt many others, earnestly desire to forward in the agricultural districts that which they know to have been of such infinite value to working-men in towns.

Before leaving this part of the subject, it may be well to emphasize once more the importance of enabling the labourers to save easily in connection with the matter of allotments and small holdings. In this district the agricultural labourers and the lime-workers hold between them an unusual number of allotments. In one parish a farmer writes: "The allotments here are between 250 and 300 acres. They are a great blessing to some of the labourers. As a rule they are in good order, and are farmed well. The holdings vary from a quarter of an acre to nine acres." Another farmer says: "The allotments are the bright spot in our parish, and they go on, for the most part, prosperously. In this district, formerly, the labourers had little chance of getting allotments in favourable places, but now that unfavourable times have come, they have got their chance, and so good comes out of evil." The depression helps the labourer to the land as tenant. In open parishes he can now have almost as much as he wants at reasonable prices. I think that a race of improved farmers for the future is being raised, or say developed, on our larger allotments. These will succeed if success is possible."

I may here give one case of what may be called a small holding rather than an allotment. There is a man in this district who has successfully cultivated eight acres for the last seven years, who traces his early success to his first savings at the co-operative store. He added to these savings by some months' work in the north in the good times, and returned to take his little farm of eight acres, on a seven years' lease, at fifty-five shillings an acre, the landlord to pay all rates and taxes. He has cultivated it in the ordinary farmer's way, cropping it with wheat, beans, and potatoes. His friends say that he is not a "worse man" pecuniarily than when he went into it. But yet an estimate that I have made, and circulated among various labourers for their criticism (which has been favourable on the whole), seems to show that an ordinary labourer on eight acres so cultivated could not expect to average a profit of more than eleven shillings a week, even if the rent were very low. But as a labourer he might get fourteen shillings a week. Such attempts, however, to estimate results on paper are often misleading when applied to individual cases. It is commonly admitted by the labourers themselves that not one man in six would have done what he has done, and that in the present state

of affairs many who might wish to try would try and fail. He is a very powerful man, has led a hard life, working from morning to night, has no small family to provide for, and lives on very simple fare. He admits that he has been able to buy his manure cheaply, and that if there had been many little holders like himself, he could not have got it for love or money. Some people would tell him that he ought to have cultivated his land in a different way, and perhaps this may be true. Others would say—"You would be better off if you were working for a farmer." But to him, and men like him, such arguments appeal in vain. If he can have his rent reduced, as I have little doubt he will, he will stick to his eight acres of land (or enlarge it if he can) provided only he can *live*, and preserve his independence. It may be interesting to note that my friend here mentioned is a strong Protectionist, and that his main view on politics is that we ought to put a duty on foreign corn and then the duty will save the rates and taxes.

I may here add another instance or two of the usefulness of the co-operative society to the labouring men in this district. A. works at the limestone quarries, has grown-up sons, and has gradually got into his hands two acres of land. He has saved £55 at the store in the last six years, and he told me that when he has wanted a bit of ploughing done on the land, which was very foul when he took to it, the money saved at the store has been quite invaluable. B. is an agricultural labourer also with grown-up sons. He has saved £35 in six years. C. is an agricultural labourer with a large young family; has saved £26 in six years. An agricultural labourer, who is getting on well with a big allotment, said to me the other day, "I am a 'co-oper.' to the back-bone; it's been at the bottom of all the good I ever did." And a labourer's wife said, "I buy for my husband and the two big lads at the store, and since I have gone to it I have had £6 a year into the house more than I ever had before—not given me by anybody, but made in my own society; and you know what £6 a year is to a labouring man's wife."

II. In arable districts like this, where labour plays such a very important part, an improved relationship between masters and men is a matter of very great importance. There are two Association farms in this district, which, so far as getting better work done, and promoting a feeling of harmony between all those who are interested in making the land produce its best, have set an admirable example.

The question of whether these farms will be financially successful is not one which anybody will have a right to pronounce an opinion upon till several more years have gone by. There has been a serious loss this year on these, as on other farms, through the fall of the price of stock. On both farms a system of very high and expensive

farming has been embarked upon. This may or may not be wise, and it is the wisdom of this, rather than the wisdom of the association *method*, which is on its trial. In any case, on 700 or 800 acres of land, which barely employed a dozen labourers two or three years ago, and produced very little, nearly forty men and lads are now employed, and the land is beginning to produce very good results indeed. There is one matter especially on which I wish to lay stress now, and that is the opinion which has been formed by practical farmers and others, who are in a position to take an unprejudiced view on the subject, and their hopes with reference to some scheme which may bring about more harmony between employer and employed in some of our agricultural districts.

One farmer in the district says, "I believe our labourer is a man who would work, and work honest; but, under the present state of things, he feels no further interest than the day's pay. I want him to have a love for his occupation, and I think the only way is through association farming." Another farmer says, "It is impossible to farm to a profit with the present ill-feeling existing between masters and men, such as does exist round here, and until the men, instead of trying to shuffle over their work, are taught to see that at farming, as well as at all other industries, there must be a profit on their labour or they cannot be employed. Association farming, to my mind, *is most likely to prosper.*"

One of the ablest land agents in England, who knows this district well, and has a wide experience in all parts of the country, says, "My hope is that the co-operative, or association farming, may be found practicable. The best position I can look forward to for the agricultural labourer, and which I should rejoice to see realized, would be for him to have a good cottage and garden of, say, half an acre of ground adjoining, which he might hope to purchase through the instrumentality of a co-operative store and building company, and for his living and ordinary occupation become a member of a co-operative farming association."

These opinions are worth far more than any I could give.

But it may be well to add a few details about the two farms of which I have spoken. The men receive fifteen shillings a week ordinary wages, with extra at harvest-time and the like. They have ten shillings a week in sickness, and milk, not unfrequently, for nothing. At one of the farms a sheep is killed nearly every week for the labourers at their express wish, and sold to them at prices varying from fivepence to sevenpence-halfpenny a pound. Part of the profits are to go to a reserve fund, and part to be divided among the labourers in proportion to their wages. It is often remarked about such schemes that the labourers in these cases share the profits but not the losses. It should, however, be observed that all such schemes

are based upon the idea that an additional amount of profit will be made by the extra diligence of the men, which would not otherwise be created at all.* It must be noted that the working-men of the Harbury Society have invested £400 of their savings in one of the farms, and thus show their confidence in the scheme.

However, the question which I want here to raise is not to be decided by the success or failure of these particular farms. There are many working-men's societies like the Harbury Society who have not only £400 to put into the land, but many thousands, if they could see their way to do it with security. The working-men's co-operative societies in the towns have huge sums of surplus capital, and are looking more and more, as I have said, to the land as a method of investment. If the money is to be used in farming they will insist that the labourer should be well treated, and, if possible, have a share in the profits. Is there any way in which these large sums of working-men's savings can be successfully employed on the land?

And, again, we find on these association farms, a tone of hopefulness and hearty interest in their work, the development and increase of which would go far to improve the happiness of many of the labourers. As partner in a well-managed and successful association farm, a labourer need not be afraid of the future if he does his work well, and he can be as self-reliant and independent as he likes. Whatever may be the development of small holdings in this country, there will be many large farms also, perhaps even large farming companies, and some men will always prefer working for these to trying to make a living out of the land as individuals. "I had rather see my husband a member of an association farm, with a half-acre allotment, than slaving on a bit of land of his own," said a labourer's wife in this district to me the other day.

There is plenty of working-men's money available. There is plenty of land to be had. The question of management is the pivot of the whole difficulty, and upon the ultimate solution of this depends the success or failure of that to which, as Mr. Burt says, the most intelligent of the workmen are looking as one of the methods of reconciling the interests of labour and capital. It is perfectly certain that if agriculture is to flourish in certain districts in the Midlands and the South, there must arise a better feeling between the farmers and the men. As long as farmers feel, as some have said, that "labour is so red-fire hot that they prefer to handle it as little as possible," there can be little progress in districts where labour is an important item in the cost of production.

* The two Association farms have very wisely just set up two shops in Birmingham, where they supply a 4-lb. brown loaf at 3d., new milk at 2d. a quart, and butter, eggs, poultry, and meat at low rates. They thus benefit themselves and the townspeople as well.

It is certain that farming will have more chance when most farmers see, what many no doubt see now, that efficiency on the part of the labourer is of the utmost importance, and that whatever develops the labourer's intelligence and self-reliance ought to increase this efficiency in the country as it has in the towns. If this be the case, everything which keeps the good labourer down, prevents his having anything to hope for, and disinclines him to stick to his village, is against the interest of good farming. On the other hand, anything that gives him a direct interest in his work, and a definite aim to work for in the future, will tend to make him care more about the land, and will improve the prospects of the future of agriculture.

Before leaving these two subjects of saving by labourers, and the promotion of a better feeling between farmers and men, it may be worth while to add that it would certainly appear that the system of hiring labourers for six months, or twelve months, which prevails so largely in the north, though there are no doubt considerable drawbacks, has certain distinct advantages. Men save much more easily out of a lump sum than out of weekly wages, and when engaged for a definite length of time, feel less restless and more interested in their work than when they are liable to be dismissed at a week's notice.

On this matter, Mr. Thomas Bell, of Hedley Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne, in an excellent article in the *Live Stock Journal* for 1886 wisely says:—"In many of the southern counties the wages are not only smaller than in the north but they are uncertain as well, and out of them rent has to be paid to the farmer, who probably can turn away an independent man at a fortnight's notice. The strain between the farm labourers and their employers is undoubtedly much greater in the south than in the north."

Other causes also assisting harmony could no doubt be mentioned, as in many country districts of North Wales, where nine-tenths of the people belong to the same Nonconformist denomination. Here labourers and farmers are so much united in their religious interests and work that an antagonism of feeling is little likely to arise.

III. In the third place an increase of knowledge, as to how to do best for the land, and how to get the most out of it is very much needed, both for many farmers and for many labourers. No one will deny the skill, the pains and the energy with which many farmers have set to work to find out, and to put into practice, the very best that can be known on agricultural matters. But these men are in a minority after all. One farmer in this district writes: "We perish for lack of knowledge, but as a class we do not see it. We are even afraid, sadly afraid, that the poor are being taught too much." Another writes: "The benefits that science has conferred upon agriculture are unknown to the generality of farmers. Special

agricultural papers and journals are unheeded, and unsupported; and our national and agricultural experiments are unheard of. So far many tenants have entirely neglected an important means towards their salvation." It need hardly be said that the organization of secondary and technical education, which the nation still disgracefully neglects, is of the utmost importance for the rising generation of farmers. But besides this, it is not only in the interest of the farmer, but in the interest of the labourer, especially where there are many allotments, that simple agricultural information of a practical kind should be given. A little has been done under the Science and Art Department, but far more needs to be done. A wide distribution from village to village of very simple leaflets drawn up by first-rate men would do much good. If a body of really practical peripatetic lecturers could be formed for work in the winter throughout our country districts, useful discussions would be raised and valuable information given. The further development of evening classes for young people, which Dr. Paton and others are doing so much to promote in the towns, will have to spread to the country villages also.*

It is a question whether some of the local charities, which as many men among the working-class, from intimate knowledge of the circumstances, will often say, do unfortunately more harm than good, could not be partly used for this purpose.

In conclusion I would urge that the great disadvantage of the agricultural labourer at the present time is ignorance. He is ignorant of how to make savings, and how to make the best of them when he has got them—ignorant of what his fellow working-men are doing in this way which he might also do—ignorant in many places of how to make the best of the land in the produce of which he has so great an interest. There cannot be any doubt that there are many men with means who are sincerely anxious to help the agricultural labourers to a better state of things at the present time. The labourers have been aroused by the late political campaign. They are reading the newspapers and thinking for themselves as they never read and thought before. They are anxiously hoping to learn how to get nearer the condition of the best men in the towns with whom they now share the franchise. They do not need now so much to have things done for them, as to be shown how they can do things for themselves. The information would come far better from working-men of practical experience than from any

* It is interesting to find in one of the Welsh villages mentioned above that an agricultural association is being formed by the joint action of farmers and labourers with no external assistance. I observe from the rules, which have been translated for me, that the annual fee for farmers is a shilling, for labourers and women, 6d.; and the objects are to diffuse information about all matters relating to farming and gardening, and to encourage those who cultivate the ground to obtain the best possible result.

one else, and there are sensible working-men to be found who would go out, either walking or on tricycles, and pass from village to village staying a day or two in each, talking to the leading labourers and leaving clear and simple leaflets behind, which would provide information on some of the subjects to which I have alluded. They could talk to them about their Friendly Societies and give their own experience, could show how men like the labourers at Harbury can save many hundreds a year, can build cottages for their members, and invest money in farming; could discuss the question of allotments with them, and ought to be able to put them in the way of getting agricultural information which would be most valuable to them. Some people would perhaps call such missionaries agitators, but if wisely looked at they should be considered in exactly the opposite light. On a small scale work of this kind has already been done with the best results; but it ought to be done on a much larger scale by the assistance of men of means and wealth who are really in earnest in their desire to do good. To remove ignorance is what is wanted, and this is not pauperizing. It would remain for the labourers themselves to take advantage or not of the information brought before them.

Those who look back with a sigh to the more feudal and less democratic days of the past, may think that the self-reliance and independence of which I have spoken are to be regretted and not viewed with hopefulness. But many of those who see most of the poorer classes now are learning more and more to understand how essential the encouragement of a spirit of self-reliance is to the attainment of the best results. Those, too, who are most in earnest in political reform are well aware that there is much else to be done besides what politics can do. A thorough reform of the land laws and of local government are undoubtedly of the greatest importance. But, while the labourers are waiting for these reforms, there is a great deal of practical and valuable information which can be given to thousands of agricultural labourers on matters which are as a sealed book to them now, and it seems hard that such information should be denied to them.

ARTHUR H. D. ACLAND.

TRANSATLANTIC LESSONS ON HOME RULE.

THERE is no Liberal, or indeed no Englishman, who does not feel sympathy for Home Rule in one sense—namely, that in which the phrase signifies freedom for local government within limits favourable to Imperial power. The three kingdoms form one united nation, and any infringement of their united power for the promotion of sectional ambition is likely to receive a just condemnation. Sympathy with the Irish, both Catholic and Protestant, demands that they shall have more Home Rule than is now exercised in Ireland, and it is no proof of want of fellow-feeling with the Catholics that men ask to be allowed to inquire and examine how far certain claims made by the Parnellite party infringe the unity of the three realms. So much has been yielded by the Government that we may hope that the subordination of Ulster to a Dublin Parliament will not be insisted on. May we not also require that our kinsfolk's experience of the necessity of limiting certain delegated powers may be used as an example for the preservation of the supremacy of Imperial Parliament, and that that supremacy be still further assured by the abandonment of the project of the eviction of Irish members from Westminster?

It has been assumed that because we give self-government to the colonies we should give it in the same form to Ireland. But a fallacy here is obvious. We do not give full powers to any colony until it is strong enough to have it. When we do give full autonomy, we surrender the right to govern. No sane statesman dreams of legislating for Canada or Australia. Both are practically independent. We can impose no tax on them, nor can we exact any material support from them in money or in men. The supremacy of the Imperial Parliament over them is a constitutional fiction. Our

sympathy for Ireland can best be shown to her by persuading her that it is not for her good that she should have such independent power. She is not strong enough to live alone ; and were she to gain such power, her credit, based on the fact that she is a part of our United Kingdom, would be lost.

Scotland has as great a vanity in national feeling as has any portion of Ireland, but her pride in the United Kingdom makes her nationality part of the Imperial glory.

When party leaders in Ireland urge their separate rationality for larger powers than those of local self-government, we must ask, "To what end?" It will be found that if such powers go beyond the needs of local government they are bad for Irishmen as well as for their partners in the other kingdoms.

Their country is poor, and absolutely dependent for successful finance on the constant aid and support of the richer treasury of Britain. She requires the purses of individual British capitalists desirous to invest their money on good security. It is quite worth the while for Irishmen to abate a portion of their desire for the outward symbols of nationality, if freedom from want and misery can be obtained by gaining the confidence of investors. No real patriot can disregard the ominous fall in all Irish stock lately visible on the mere rumour that an uncontrolled local government was to be established over all Ireland. London banking firms have declared they could not lend money to a separatist government in Ireland. It becomes, therefore, a cardinal point for Irishmen to prove by the moderation of their demands that no "breaking of last links" with Britain is intended by their request for autonomy.

Frequent reference has been made of late by Mr. Gladstone and others to the Constitution of Canada as illustrative of Home Rule. Analogies are generally misleading, and a great deal may be said against the delegation of power by a Central Government, or much may be said for it, according as Canadian or United States experience commends itself to local interests. The broad fact is patent to all that over such enormous areas as those of Republican America and British America various interests have to be provided for by varieties of local government. If this had not been the result of original variety inherent in the existence of separate colonies, it would have grown from mere geographical distance. Independent colonies, each having the record of separate foundation and existence, could never in the nature of things be tied together by any other than a loose federal bond. It is to be observed that in the history of the United States this bond has been gradually strengthened, so that an ever-increasing power has been confided to the Central Government. A written Constitution was the first great step to this end ; and a written Constitution became possible only because the

troops of the separate colonies had been welded into one army by the contest with Great Britain. This cement of blood was near being the creating force of a military monarchy. Washington prevented this. The first imperfect Constitution was strengthened after a dozen years by another stronger agreement. A century's history has shown the tendency to division in spite of these Constitutions, and a great Civil War was necessary to drive the nails into the coffin of the absolute sovereignty of the various States. A machinery of Supreme Courts of Judicature has been founded on the Declaration of Right, and provision against the violation of contracts, which the Fathers of the Union were careful to insert in the Constitution. These fundamental axioms have widened the ground on which the opponents of unlimited local power may take their stand. The common sense of the people has empowered the Supreme Court to declare unconstitutional local attacks on property, and has secured the freedom of individuals from arbitrary and unequal taxation. But so inherent is still the original idea of State sovereignty that the harmful idea that every man has the right to bear arms enables each State to keep an army of its own. Were Ireland at the present moment to declare, through the mouth of the "Nationalist" party, that it is an injustice that she should not be permitted to have a separate army, "justice to Ireland" would in this respect be demanded by all meetings in the United States convened by Irish Americans.

In the Canadian Constitution, framed by Ministers who could observe from an independent point of view the working of the United States Government, this fault in the American Constitution was not repeated. On the contrary, the right to bear arms in military organizations was held to be derivative from the Central Government alone. The Federal Power is the only power in Canada which can legally enrol and equip troops. The Reform Party under Mr. Blake, himself of Irish descent, and a warm supporter of limited Irish Home Rule, but lately succeeded in passing a Federal Law which was directed against the possession of fire-arms by individuals. "Justice to Ireland" might therefore mean with some Americans the right of all individuals in Ireland to bear arms, and the Canadian law and the "Disarming Acts" of the Imperial Parliament might both be protested against as sinning against "Irish rights."

It is obvious that "justice" must in such cases be judged on the merits of each case. A supreme Government must be the judge as to how far its supremacy may be endangered by what some may call justice, and others may designate as license dangerous to the common weal.

The power to take property comes second in point of importance to the power of taking away sovereignty from the Central Government

and here again the example of the States shows that restrictions have been found to be necessary. No "double dose of original sin" in Irishmen is required to prove that local governments are more liable to passion and injustice than is a Central Government, in which the impartiality of the whole commonwealth is represented. Being untouched by local passion, such Central Governments are more just. Cooley's "Constitutional Limitations" should be studied on this point. He says that the clauses inserted into the original instrument of federation "for the protection of person and property, had reference mainly to the action of the State Governments, and were made limitations on their power. The exceptions embraced a few cases only, in respect to which the experience of both English and American history had forcibly demonstrated the tendency of power to abuse, not when wielded by a prince only, but also when administered by the agency of the people themselves." "That Government," says Judge Story, "can scarcely be deemed to be free where the rights of property are left solely dependent on the will of a legislative body, without any restraint. The fundamental maxims of a free Government seem to require that the rights of personal liberty and private property should be held sacred. At least, no Court of Justice in this country would be warranted in assuming that the power to violate and disregard them—a power so repugnant to the common principles of justice and civil liberty—lurked under any general grant of legislative authority, or ought to be implied from any general expressions of the will of the people. The people ought not to be presumed to part with rights so vital to their security and well-being without very strong and direct expressions of such an intention. We know of no case in which a legislative Act to transfer the property of A to B without his consent has ever been held a constitutional exercise of legislative power in any State in the Union. On the contrary, it has been constantly resisted, as inconsistent with first principles, by every judicial tribunal in which it has been attempted to be enforced." The absence of any Declaration against violation of contracts in the new Irish Constitution is most notable and discouraging. Corporation properties are guarded, but there is no declaration such as that in the United States' Constitution, in which the Courts of that great self-governed country have constructed a series of decisions which bar local tyranny, and render impotent the desires of feud and faction; keeping the supreme majesty of justice undefamed by the prostitution of its name for the purposes of secession and of theft. A great opportunity will be missed if in any new Irish Constitution a Declaration of Rights do not accompany the grant of any delegated power.

To quote again the American authority: "The Constitution of the United States forbids the States passing any law impairing the obligation

of contracts. It is remarkable that this very important clause was passed over without comment during the discussions preceding the adoption of that instrument, though since its adoption no clause in the Constitution has been more prolific of litigation." The obligation of contracts in Ireland would clearly protect all made under the authority of the united Parliament.

The effect of the experience of the States is that their irreproachable Supreme Court has become the "final arbiter of cases" appealed to it from the States Courts, so that there is a body able to prevent the violation of contracts. This power could well be exercised by the judicial part of the Privy Council here, but there is not the basis provided in the Government Bills on which they can found their decisions. There is nothing to prevent the responsibility of an Irish Executive from being the supreme arbiter. No enumeration of rights, no principle against the violation of contracts, is formulated in this instrument of ours for the better government of that unhappy country.

Important as is the lesson to be derived from the elevation of the Supreme Court of the United States into the supreme arbiter of rights inherent in the Constitution, and guarding life and property and freedom, a lesson as important may be derived from the Canadian record of belief in the efficacy of Government as shown in their provisions for the maintenance of the judicature.

The Canadian judges are all nominated by the representative Government of the whole commonwealth. There is therefore a great safeguard against undue local influence. Even the County Court judges throughout every province, as well as all superior judges, are Federal judges paid by the Federal Treasury. If the casting out of the Irish representatives from the Imperial Parliament be a bad thing, a provision even worse than that in its ultimate effect on the credit, financial and moral, of Ireland would be the election by local caucuses of men to fill positions as judges of the land.

The delegation of power by separate colonies to their newly formed Central Government was a necessity when Canada and the States desired to form national Governments. Here we have had a national Government, and the process should surely be reversed. We should delegate to any Provincial and Irish Parliament those powers which it may specially be within their power to exercise compatibly with preserving the financial credit of their country and the connection with England and Scotland, which must be the breath of their nostrils if they would not be under the necessity of borrowing money at 50 per cent. And here again it is to be noted that when a new province is formed in Canada the Federal Government, aware of the temptations to which local parties are apt to yield,

does not give away all rights over the land. Much as Manitoba has lately protested against this exercise of Federal supremacy, the Dominion Government has kept the land in its own hands, to be devolved on the Provincial Government when certain conditions shall make it wise to do so.

Powers of division have also been executed in America, as when Western Virginia was made into a separate State. Virginia had since her foundation claimed to be a sovereign State, able to secede when she chose. After she had carried those ideas into practice she was divided, and that portion which had held with the Government at Washington was endowed with a separate Government.

These are all instances suggestive enough. They are of general application should like circumstances arise. There are other considerations which may occur to those who are familiar with Transatlantic thought and feeling and experience. The area of country inhabited by our cousins is so wide that there is room for all, and many questions which arise in a crowded country cannot arise there. But new as their life is, it has surmounted difficulties and solved questions with which we have still to grapple. Their history is older than is ours in the solution of some of these. The checks on mere impulse and on passionate legislation have been found with them to be necessary, and we have none of them which are of real avail. The slow devolution of limited powers is the first lesson to be learned from them. The danger of an unlimited sectional power is another. No State or Federal Government would willingly constitute an *imperium in imperio* formed of one race unit.

On the contrary, the Americans solve all foreign elements into an English-speaking amalgam. The Canadians leave to their French fellow-countrymen the laws, language, and institutions which treaty rights and their gallantry in battle preserved for them. The province of Quebec was sundered from Ontario, and the legislative union dissolved, just as Ulster might now be sundered from other Irish provinces; and it is observable that the French Canadians are becoming more and more the lords of the soil of the lower province, and that the English settlers are gradually leaving for the West. Around Montreal and within the city the Saxon influence is still great, but the Catholic Irish and the Catholic French Canadians are yearly becoming proportionately more numerous. They are as "loyal" to the empire, in the sense of being satisfied with their present nominal dependence on it and with their real independence of it, as are Canadians of other races. The empire is popular because it gives protection to the Dominion Government, in which their province has so much influence that it is called the "Pivot Province" in more senses than one. Their "Downing Street" rule comes from Ottawa, and is too much their own to be disliked. The old "Downing

Street rule," of which their grandfathers alone knew the meaning, is an influence much further removed from them now than is the influence of the moon. Full and permanent representation in the United Parliament, and full representation in the Imperial Cabinet, is the Irish lesson to be learned in respect of the contentment of the "Province Quebec."

It is notable that provincial strength often becomes in Canada the vantage-ground for demanding "better terms"—that is, a bigger subsidy for local purposes—from the Federal Treasury. If Quebec demands this, it is difficult to resist. If Nova Scotia declares in a fit of temper that she must secede from the Federal pact, she demands "better terms"—that is, a larger share of the advantages of the United Provinces' treasure-chest. This must be yielded to counter-balance geographical distance. Our English politicians sometimes despise geography as well as political economy, but this class of facts will not be killed by hard names.

Increased local power means increased power of getting cheques honoured by the Imperial Treasury. This within limits is good, for the general Government must give its aid to the weakest parts, helping them to help themselves. This help can, however, only be given if each section forms part of the Imperial whole. Separation, or any claim to it, means the abandonment of help-giving, and consequent wretchedness. Ireland is too much a part of ourselves to allow us to leave her to her poverty. She has too large a place in our heart as well as in our political comity. Her misery would be our loss. The increase in her poor would increase the poverty among the British poor, for her people would come to Britain and would materially lower the wage fund. It is vital for her to work for herself with Britain, and that her laws and institutions should preserve her credit for the advantage of her interests as part and parcel of the commonwealth.

In the policy of the encouragement of self-helpfulness the question of the fostering of local industries should be considered. Many of the most ardent among the free traders confess that where it is necessary to start manufactures, protection may be of service. Should such experiments be desired in Ireland, there would be no more difficulty in constituting an imperially governed customs service for a part of the three kingdoms, than there is for the defence of the wider circuit where we maintain a revenue cordon at present. It is very improbable that the Irish interests would demand any tariff for local industries which would hamper those of the larger island. The country is too small to be "self-contained" in respect to more than the commonest class of manufactures. But for those of common use and of easy production there is no reason why on Irish soil such industries should not be fostered by some limited protection.

I have seen ploughs made in Ontario and soap made in British Columbia by the help of a protective duty. These articles were manufactured for the same price as that formerly given for them to the American producer. The quality was as good, and a short interval only was needed to build up the factories. Should such an experiment be asked for, it might be tried at first for a term of years. Canadian and American experience proves that industries may be started where none have existed, by fiscal encouragement; but in adopting any interior customs lines we should be giving more than is given by the Federal Governments among our cousins. The experiment would be justified only if the demand should come from a large population asking for it, for the reason that local industries have not been possible of establishment on any other system.

Special favours to special religious denominations have accentuated Irish troubles. The Canadians do not concern themselves to interfere in regard to the endowment of religious institutions, and the property of the Catholic Church as well as the property of other churches is exempted from taxation. The endowments are often large, and it is difficult to see why we should grudge to any Irish governing bodies the power to make arrangements as they may deem best in respect to church and educational endowments. The rights and status of the minority would be guaranteed by a proviso against unjust taxation or confiscatory enactments.

In land legislation the only Canadian exemplar is the case of the purchase by the Parliament of the united provinces of the seignorial rights in Lower Canada. In this case the Treasury paid compensation for the abolition of limited feudal rights. In Ireland the prevention of harsh evictions among the poorer tenantry could be effected by the expenditure of a sum small in comparison with that proposed to be spent under the Government Bills. Were harsh evictions rendered impossible among the Irish poor by the installation of the poorer tenants as owners, the bottom would be knocked out of much of the trouble with which Ireland has been cursed. The investment, in a provincial or other authority, of the management of lands so redeemed, would prevent the evils of subdivision; if such local authority were made responsible for expenses which might be incurred by a laxity of supervision in such matters.

Whether American precedent should be followed in the separation of legislative from executive functions is another matter of great importance requiring ample consideration.

The conclusions to which the examination of Transatlantic experience leads us are—

That a Federal Central Power is a weak power.

That it is important to proceed gradually in the delegation of power to local bodies.

That the judicature must be kept impartial by nomination and payment by the Supreme Government.

That a Supreme Government must have the presence in its Legislature of representatives of the whole people over whom it is to exercise control.

That justice is best secured by a Supreme Government.

That the falsehood of extremes has been notably exemplified by too great local license and by over-centralization; and experience proves that limited and delegated powers to areas which cannot become powerful enough to resist the central Government, is the best solution of the most difficult question of our day.

LORNE.

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS.

I.—APOLOGETIC THEOLOGY.

NOWHERE is the distinction between the minds that see likenesses and those that see differences more apparent than in the region of Religious Apology. There always have been, and there always will be, apologists who concentrate their attention upon the opinions that are most alien and hostile to their creed, and are content to spend their labour in strengthening ramparts and deepening ditches, like the defenders of a camp; and for certain minds in every age such work needs doing. But there is a higher view of Christianity, which regards it as an organism, whose vital energy must needs assimilate whatever is lovely and of good report in the thoughts and systems and culture of each succeeding age. Such a view naturally issues in constructive rather than defensive apology; in the exhibition, that is, of the latent capacities, the unsuspected affinities, the prophetic provisions, the versatile adaptability, the comprehensiveness, the sympathy, the adequacy of Christian truth. And it is needless to add that this latter mode of teaching, even apart from its greater reasonableness, is far more congenial to a generation like our own, which owes so much to the persistent use of the comparative method, as well as to the appreciative temper which that method has induced. It is a welcome fact, therefore, to find this constructive tendency on the increase among our modern apologists. There is a ring in it of the buoyant hopefulness of earlier ages, and of the confidence that the future is on their side. Professor Allen's "*Continuity of Christian Thought*"* is a good introduction to such ways of thinking. It is a study of the successive modes in which the central doctrines of Christianity have been presented by the Greek Fathers, the Latin Fathers, the Schoolmen, the Mystics, the Reformers, and the various schools of the present day; written clearly and forcibly, and with a wealth of illustration from the collateral movements of secular thought and art, which often recalls the charm of F. D. Maurice's "*Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy*." The fundamental thought of the book is the antithesis between the Alexandrian and Augustinian tendencies in theology, and the superior applicability of the former to the needs of our own day. Students of theology will always differ as to the extent of this antithesis, and some may think that in the present volume it is pressed too far; but it must be borne in mind that the general readers of current controversy and criticism are hardly, if at all, aware of its existence; and the importance therefore of its revival can scarcely be over-estimated. Nor does our author's enthusiasm for its wider recognition prevent his

* "*The Continuity of Christian Thought : a Study of Modern Theology in the Light of its History.*" By Alexander V. G. Allen. London and New York : Ward, Lock & Co.

seeing in Latin theology "a providential adaptation of Christianity to a lower environment," and in the Papacy "a dispensation divinely appointed for the races of Europe; a schoolmaster, like the Jewish theocracy, which it so closely resembled, to bring them to Christ."

"The resemblance between our own age and the early Church is a striking one. Once more in history we are confronted by the same problem with which the Greek fathers were occupied, and in substantially the same form. Like the Greek philosophers of the Neo-Platonic school, they aimed to reconcile the idea of the divine immanence, which had been the groundwork of all their culture, with the idea which was then invading the sphere of thought as well as of religion, that God was outside of the world, existing in solitude, and passively apart from the creation. The process of reconciliation between these two conceptions of Deity, neither of which would give way to the other, was begun by Origen, and completed by Athanasius in the doctrine of the Trinity, according to which transcendent Deity, as the eternal Father, the mysterious background or abyss of all existence, is united by a holy and infinite spirit with immanent Deity—the eternal Son, by whom and for whom all things were made, and in whom all things consist; who in the fulness of time became flesh, and dwelt amongst us, the glory of the invisible Father, full of grace and truth. The problem is the same for us, but we approach it in history in our own way. Then the idea of immanent Deity was already beginning to fade out of the consciousness; now it is slowly returning after centuries of abeyance. We bring with us a conviction of the Divine transcendence, which has been the basis of thought and experience through so many generations, both in Latin and Protestant Christendom, that to escape from it is impossible, and we seek to reconcile with it the conviction of the immanence of God, which is enforced upon us by the deeper utterances of the consciousness, by all that is highest in the researches of modern life, whether in history, in science, in art, in philosophy, or in religion."

"*Mechanics and Faith; a Study of Spiritual Truths in Nature*,"* travels by a different road to remarkably similar conclusions. It is an ingenious and powerful presentation of the analogies between mechanical and spiritual knowledge, or, in the author's words, of the "essential unity of these varied modes of expression of universal truth," the peculiar character of mechanical science being that it "brings us into immediate contact with the omnipresent reality of force," and so "operates to familiarize the mind with the reality and controlling nature of unseen things;" whereas "in the other physical sciences, in which observation terminates on material forms, it is possible for the thought of spiritual realities to be avoided."

"The recognition of force, as a spiritual reality, manifested through the medium of physical forms, which is the characteristic of mechanics, required a certain degree of spiritual insight, and constituted the first advance made by men from that primitive perceptive condition in which thought is limited to the material forms themselves, as these are disclosed to us through our organs of sense. Thus the recognition of force was the first step toward the scientific recognition of all spiritual realities, which are manifested to us through the same physical medium, and of the Infinite Being in whom all these consist. . . . Thus by mechanical science a wide door has been opened into the realm of the unseen. . . . At present scientific thinkers generally

* "*Mechanics and Faith; a Study of Spiritual Truths in Nature*." By C. T. Porter. New York and London: Putman & Sons.

are accustomed to stop with the contemplation of force. In point of fact, as will be shown, force is not to be generically distinguished from the other spiritual realities of truth, beauty, and love, which are equally manifested to us through the same universal medium of the physical creation, and of whose existence we are made aware through a similar mode of revelation."

Force, it is argued, is only recognized by us from the consciousness of our own ability to employ it, and such ability rests ultimately, not in the will, which is only a secondary agent, but in the central seat of our personality, the Ego. Hence we are compelled to regard its manifestations in the outer world as due to the will of a Being whose will, like ours, is determined by His character, and whose character, in its ultimate relation to us, is Love. "But our only possible revelation of God that is true, in the degree that we are able to form it, is the apprehension which is formed by the recognition of love alone." It is only therefore when God's character as Love has been recognized by the appropriately trained faculty—viz., the disciplined and loving heart—that the probability to which the lower analogies have pointed becomes a certainty, "and the thought can no longer stop nor be arrested until it has penetrated into the universal presence of God, and contemplates in all things the working of His infinite love." Even for minds to which this mystic certitude is as yet impossible, the book cannot fail to be fruitful in suggestion; the more so for the remarkable counteraction which, with equal scientific reason, it presents to a work which it must frequently recall to the reader's mind—"Natural Law in the Spiritual World."

"Scientific Theism,"* by F. E. Abbot, is an essay in the theological application of the modern scientific realism. In an introduction which briefly summarizes the history of Nominalism and Realism, the Kantian philosophy, and with it all forms of subjective idealism, are shown to be descendants of the former, whose temporary triumph was due to the inadequate form in which realism had long been presented; and we are recalled to the "theory of knowledge, which underlies the practical procedure of modern science"—i.e., scientific realism, or Relationism (by which is meant the belief in the objectivity of relations), and which it is hoped "will bring about the greatly needed identification of science and philosophy." The various forms in which the Kantian separation of phenomena and noumena has tended to the confusion of thought are then criticized, and the fundamental identity of the two, in the light of science, exhibited. The progress of knowledge shows the universe to be infinitely intelligible, and *therefore* likewise infinitely intelligent, since "the infinitely intelligible universe is the self-existent totality of all Being. . . . But that which is self-existent *must* be self-determined in all its attributes; and it could not possibly determine itself to be intelligible, unless it were likewise intelligent; . . . or that which intelligibly exists *through* itself must be intelligible *to* itself, and therefore intelligible *in* itself." Hence, Scientific Theism rejects "the Dualism which posits spirit and matter as two incomprehensibly related substances, eternally alien to each other and mutually hostile in their essential nature," and issues in a Monism, which, however, "if Pantheism is the denial of all real personality, whether finite or infinite, . . . most emphatically is *not* Pantheism, but its diametrical opposite," and

* "Scientific Theism." By Francis Ellingwood Abbot, Ph.D. London: Macmillan & Co.

"includes only so much of Pantheism as is really true and has appeared in every deeply religious philosophy since the very birth of human thought."

"For every deeply religious philosophy must hold fast, at the same time, the two great principles of the Transcendence and the Immanence of God; and that of his Immanence, thought down to its foundation, is Monism. If God is not conceived as transcendent, he is confounded with matter, as in Materialism. . . . But if he is not conceived as immanent, he is banished from his own universe as a Creator *ex nihilo*, and mere Infinite Mechanic. Scientific Theism conceives him as immanent in the universe so far as it is known, and transcendent in the universe so far as it remains unknown—immanent, that is, in the world of human experience, and transcendent in the world which lies beyond human experience. This is the only legitimate or philosophical meaning of the word transcendent; for God is still conceived as immanent alone, and in no sense transcendent, in the infinite universe *per se*. Hence the merely subjective distinction of the Transcendence and Immanence of God perfectly corresponds with that of the 'Known' and the 'Unknown,' as absolutely one in Real Being; God is 'Known' as the Immanent, and 'Unknown' as the Transcendent; but he is absolutely knowable as both the Immanent and the Transcendent.

It is of course impossible to do justice to a piece of consecutive reasoning by extracts. Suffice it to say that Dr. Abbot's book is certainly a valuable and suggestive contribution to the literature of its subject, and should be carefully read. The style is somewhat over-technical, though perhaps this can hardly be avoided in criticising Kant. Still, we cannot help feeling that much of the popularity of the so-called English school is due to the luminous language in which their thought has been clothed, from Hobbes downwards; and that the higher philosophy will never win wide acceptance till it has grappled more successfully with the difficulty of style.

"The Mystery of God,"* a series of lectures originally delivered to young men, is a thoroughly good specimen of defensive apology. The writer "does not imagine that the most pertinent hindrances to faith are intellectual, or that in any individual they are such exclusively," but still feels that "multitudes have been deeply affected by the arguments, and especially by the tone, of much contemporary literature, in which it is directly asserted or tacitly implied that the foundations of the Christian faith have been removed by modern advances in wisdom and knowledge." There is no attempt to flinch from or minimize difficulties. The ablest exponents of adverse theories are quoted in their own words, and the tone and temper in which they are met is thoroughly serious and free from irritation. The book first deals with Materialism, Pantheism, Deism, and then with the objections which proceed from Theists who are "almost Christians." Of course the scope of such a book hardly admits of originality, except in illustration; but its various arguments are clearly and forcibly presented, and in an excellent literary style. But there is that touch of inadequacy in places which is inseparable from a purely defensive method. Materialism and Pantheism, for example, are examined and refuted in their strictest and most unqualified form. But it is very doubtful whether

* "The Mystery of God: a Consideration of some Intellectual Hindrances to Faith." By T. Vincent Tymms. London: Elliot Stock. 1885.

in these forms they have either of them many adherents. As tendencies in modern thought they are, beyond question, widely popular; but tendencies are not eradicated by the refutation of the systems to which in logical consistency it is supposed they ought to lead. Any tendency of thought which is strong enough to become prominent is sure to contain within it an element of some newly discovered or long ago forgotten truth; and the recognition of this element is the most important work of the apologist. Now, the fresh light thrown by the Incarnation both upon the significance of the material world, and upon the doctrine of the Divine Immanence, upon which the three above-quoted authors have all, from different points of view, laid stress, should naturally lead us into far closer sympathy both with the materialistic and pantheistic tendencies of the age. And we shall best prevent such tendencies from crystallizing into systems, by eliminating the permanent element of truth which they contain. The same defect is somewhat felt in our author's treatment of the question of Design in Nature, which is too mechanical, and fails to bring out the harmonious affinity between the Christian view of the Divine Immanence and the organic teleology of modern science. But these are, after all, only omissions, and in no way detract from the value of the positive teaching of the book, which in its later chapters, on Revelation, the Oracles of God, the Person of Christ, the Resurrection, and the Life of Faith, leaves little to be desired.

"Nature, Man, and God,"* is a book of somewhat similar intention, but of wholly different calibre; and in no way justifies its second title of "A Contribution to the Scientific Teaching of To-day." Mr. Wilson appears to be well read in the literature of current controversy, and there are many pieces of sensible criticism and sound argument scattered through his volume. But his method is self-condemned from the outset. "We need not," he says, "single out individual writers, to criticise or combat them . . . nor should we accomplish much by examining even two or three of the most prominent . . . we therefore will not go into controversy with individual writers; will not use the hard Greek terms which some of them have invented to denote their new theories; will not select for criticism the precise expressions, or the special arguments used by any of them; will merely aim to conduct such an examination as shall expose their views in the gross." This might be all very well in a book devoted to the philosophical discussion of general principles; but in one whose whole object is criticism, and very often minute criticism, its absurdity is obvious. The treatment, for instance, of the geological evidence for the antiquity of man, which examines "eighteen facts" in detail, is hopelessly vitiated by the omission throughout of authority or reference of any kind. And apart from this fundamental flaw there is a tone of impatience and irritability about the writing which can hardly fail to prejudice even sympathetic readers against the book.

"The Influence of Science on Theology,"† the Hulsean Lectures for 1884, make a good popular pamphlet on the independent and yet parallel

* "Nature, Man, and God." By the Rev. John M. Wilson. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1885.

† "The Influence of Science on Theology: the Hulsean Lectures for 1884." By T. G. Bonney, D.Sc. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell & Co. 1885.

and complementary character of Christianity and physical science. By disclaiming at the outset "any detailed knowledge of or sympathy with metaphysics, which appear to be little better than intellectual gymnastics," Dr. Bonney enables himself at once to treat religion and science as independent; and from this starting-point reviews their analogies, both of teaching and of difficulty, very suggestively. But the omission of metaphysic necessarily precludes the deeper treatment of the issues involved.

"Professor Drummond and Miracles,"* and "The Laws of Nature,"† are two criticisms, on very similar lines, of some of the fallacies in "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." Instead of the Professor's phrase, "Naturalness of the Supernatural," "A Layman" suggests that "Supernaturalness of the Natural" would be a truer description of the facts. And that is really as compendious a criticism of the book as could be framed; for it is in the attempt to deduce the larger from the lesser, the whole character of the divine will from one small sphere of its action, that its fundamental fallacy consists. And so little is this conclusion involved in the scientific analogies adduced in its favour that we hardly think Dr. Cockburn too severe in saying: "I cannot look upon Drummond's book as in any sense an attempt to discover the fixed laws of Nature, and to trace these into the spiritual sphere . . . but rather as a natural effort to support and perpetuate certain aspects of a sectarian theology on the ground that he could prove that theology to be in perfect accord with modern science and philosophy." Both essays are thoroughly appreciative of the many attractions of the book, and their criticisms are free from captiousness, sensible, and sound.

Mark Pattison's "Sermons"‡ will suffer by being published after his Memoirs, for they will be read by many for their biographical interest rather than their intrinsic worth; and the biography is a sad one. But the university sermons published in this volume deserve an independent study. Calm, clear, dispassionate, judicial, they belong rather to the lecture-room than the pulpit, even of a university; and contain much that is of permanent value on the relations of science, philosophy, and faith. There are passages where, more especially to readers of the Memoirs, the idiosyncrasies of the writer may appear to warp his judgment; but they hardly amount to more than an undue emphasis on what he felt to be the unpopular or neglected aspect of a truth. His general view of the question dealt with will be best given by quotation.

"We find that there was one moment [he is speaking of the second century] in the history of Christianity when the highest reason, as independently exercised by the wise of the world, was entirely coincident with the highest reason as inspiring the Church. There was discovered to be, not two philosophies, but one true philosophy, common to them both. Whatever may be the merits of the explanation propounded by St. Clement, whatever may be the true explanation of the fact, we learn from the fact itself that the supposed necessity of a collision between the intellect of man and the intelligence of the

* "Professor Drummond and Miracles." By a Layman. London: Alexander Gardner. 1885.

† "The Laws of Nature and the Laws of God, a Reply to Professor Drummond." By Samuel Cockburn, M.D. Swan Sonnenschein. 1886.

‡ Sermons by Mark Pattison. London: Macmillan. 1885.

Church is imaginary. If the Church and reason have at later times been in conflict, it must be either that reason, being a fallible power of induction, has adopted for a time an erroneous conclusion, or that some Christian teachers have occasionally undertaken the defence of unreasonable matters. Such incompatibility can only really exist between particular and temporal conclusions. Between reason as such, and Christianity as such, in their broad principles as applied to life and conduct, history seems to show us in a remarkable instance that no inconsistency exists."

"Philistinism"* is a volume of apologetic sermons preached in New York, in answer to the more popular forms of anti-Christian opinions, which may roughly be called Philistine. The author's method is to distinguish between the real doctrines of the Christian Church, and the accretions of "unofficial theology," largely Calvinistic in origin, which have grown up round them, and are the plausible objects of popular attack. When this severance has been once effected, the central faiths reappear, in far closer harmony than men suppose, with the verified results of modern thought. "The Trinity," "Matter," "Design," "Pain," "Immortality," "the Resurrection," are among the subjects dealt with, and the treatment throughout is forcible, suggestive, independent, vivid. A quotation from the sermon on "Immortality in the Light of Physical Science" will illustrate the general manner of the thought:

"The vision of Nature's order which evolution gives us does, undoubtedly, at first sight, make it seem only an expression of man's egotism when he rises upon his little earth and affirms, 'I believe in the life everlasting.' It has, however, been suspected that this impression is simply due to the weakness of our human minds, as we have felt ourselves very naturally overpowered by the immensity of the revelation which science has given us. Now that we have had time to face this new vision calmly, and to think twice concerning it, we see nothing which need trouble the ancient faith. Evolution itself is now seen to replace man in his old position as the end and aim of Nature. He is not only the latest term of Nature's processes—he is the last term in those processes. There is a line above him which separates him from all that went before him. He is not a new unit in the sum—he is the sum of the units which preceded him. He is a microcosm—a little world. The materials and forces of the life below him re-appear in him. He is the flower of Nature's life. His mind is the interpreter of the order out of which he rises. Nature has apparently existed to develop him. In reaching him she rounds her cycle of development. With him she opens the last chapter in her story of earth. Every line of Nature's progress converges toward man. Beyond him, we can discern no higher form of life, save that which may issue from his own unfolding of the ideal man which he carries within him."

"The Contemporary Evolution of Religious Thought in England, America, and India,"† by Count d'Alviella, is an exhaustive statistical account of the various religious parties and sects in England and America, and of the different ramifications of Brahmoism in India; "written," says the author, "in no sectarian spirit . . . but to furnish some few materials for the history of Rationalism in the second half of the nineteenth century." This claim to impartiality is maintained

* "Philistinism: Plain Words concerning certain Forms of Modern Scepticism." By R. Heber Newton. London: James Clarke & Co.

† "The Contemporary Evolution of Religious Thought in England, America and India." By Count Göllet d'Alviella. Translated by J. Moden. Williams & Norgate. 1885.

throughout to a degree that would perhaps only be possible in a foreigner. And the book is a really valuable mine of facts upon the subject, and, with the help of a good index, convenient for reference. At the same time, the short summary, in which the author still rather reviews his collected facts than obtrudes his own opinions, cannot fail to be read with interest:

"If there is any conclusion to be drawn from the present work, it is that religion is neither dead nor dying in the Anglo-Saxon race; but that, on the contrary, it has never been more tenacious of life nor more fruitful, and perhaps never nearer an entire renovation."

It is of good omen that a distant ear should be able to detect, among our discords, the purposed harmony of which we players, each intent on his own instrument, are perchance too unaware.

J. R. ILLINGWORTH.

II.—ORIENTAL HISTORY.

AGAIN the most important work that has been accomplished during the past six months in Oriental archaeology has been done in Egypt. Mr. Flinders Petrie, after having discovered the long-lost site of Naukratis, seems now to have discovered the site of that older settlement of the Greeks on the Pelusiæ arm of the Nile, from whence (according to Herodotos) they were transferred by Amasis to Naukratis. The site in question is known by the name of Tel-Defenneh, a name in which we may trace the Daphnæ of Greek geography. It stands on the southern shore of the desolate marshes of Lake Menzaleh, about twelve miles to the west of Kantâra, a place well known to travellers through the Suez Canal. On three sides it is surrounded by barren desert; only on the north-east its mounds are washed by the stagnant waters of the lake and a canal which represents the ancient Pelusiæ arm and separates a portion of the site from the principal mounds on the south. Excavations are rendered particularly difficult by the uninhabited character of the surrounding country, the impossibility of providing proper shelter for the workmen, and, above all, the brackish nature of the only water there is to drink. Mr. Petrie nevertheless has been making this spot the principal scene of his labours this year, and the results have fully rewarded his patience and enterprise. In the centre of the mounds, which cover a large area of ground, rises a lofty *tel*, which upon being explored turned out to be the ruins of a royal palace. The remains found within it show that it was erected by Psammetikhos I., and must have been suddenly destroyed by a foreign invader before the close of the Saitic dynasty. This foreign invader could have been only Nebuchadnezzar. Now some three or four years ago the Bulak Museum acquired three clay cylinders, covered with cuneiform writing, which were said to come from the neighbourhood of the Suez Canal. On copying the inscriptions I found that they all belonged to Nebuchadnezzar, and must have been buried in token of conquest below three of the four angles of the royal pavilion or throne set up in some conquered town. A fragment of Nebuchad-

nezzar's annals expressly tells us that he made an expedition into Egypt, thus confirming the prophecy of Jeremiah which foretold the invasion of that country by the Chaldean monarch. The prophecy was delivered in Tahpanhes (Jer. xliii.), to which the Jews had fled after the murder of Gedaliah, and here we are told that Jeremiah hid "great stones" under the brick pavement of the court—mistranslated "brick-kiln" in the authorized version—"which is at the entry of Pharaoh's house in Tahpanhes." Tahpanhes is the Hebrew form of the name represented by the Greek Daphnæ, and since Mr. Petrie has actually discovered a court with a brick pavement at the entrance to the palace of Tel-Defenneh, it would seem that he has lighted on the very spot where Jeremiah concealed the stones, and where the throne of Nebuchadnezzar was afterwards placed.

Southward and westward of these interesting ruins the ground is full of the pottery which marks a Greek settlement. The pottery, however, is all ancient, some of it more archaic than any found at Naukratis, and none of it later than the most archaic specimens found there. It is therefore reasonable to suppose that here we have the camp of the Greek mercenaries who assisted Psammetikhos in his successful revolt from Assyria, which was only left by them when they migrated to Naukratis. Herodotus states it was on the Pelusiac arm of the Nile below Bubastis, and we further learn from him that a garrison was stationed by Psammetikhos at Daphnæ. Here it would seem he saw the deserted docks of the Greek ships.

While Mr. Petrie has thus been tracking the Greeks in Egypt back to their first settlements, Mr. E. Gardner has been completing the exploration of Naukratis, and determining the sites of the different temples which once adorned it. The archaic pottery and inscriptions disinterred on the spot have at last introduced a fixed chronology into the study of early Greek ware, and have thrown an abundant and unexpected light on the history of early Greek epigraphy. The Egypt Exploration Fund may well be congratulated on the results it has achieved in so comparatively short a space of time. Three such discoveries as those of Pithom, Naukratis, and Tahpanhes are more than the most sanguine archæologist could have hoped for.

In the extreme south of Egypt General Grenfell has been employing the Egyptian soldiers in something more useful than raids upon the Soudanese. In the western cliff nearly opposite to Assuan he has opened a number of extremely interesting tombs, which have been covered by sand for centuries past. They are all cut in a stratum of rock, about three hundred feet above the level of the river and a little to the north of the island of Elephantine. One of them is a double tomb belonging to the time of the Old Empire (or first six dynasties). It consists of avenues of columns cut out of the rock, and is approached by a long incline with steps on either side, also cut out of the rock, which leads up the steep face of the cliff from the level of the high Nile. Within the tomb is a stone altar, on which were laid the offerings to the deceased, whose body rested behind a stone screen, on the outer side of which the altar stands. Small tablets containing coloured bas-reliefs, but of a very rude and primitive description, ornament some of the columns and walls. The tomb was used as a common cemetery in the Roman period, and about sixty stelæ, besides numerous broken mummy-cases of that

age, have been taken from it. A little to the north of it is a small tomb of the twelfth dynasty, which is curious on account of its having been constructed for a Nubian who held office at the Court of the Pharaoh. Contrary to the usual rule, therefore, the master is represented as black in the paintings that adorn the tomb, while the servants are all red-skinned Egyptians. The most interesting of the tombs, however, is one that has no equal for beauty elsewhere in Egypt. Like most of the rest, it belongs to the time of the twelfth dynasty, and consists of three apartments. The first is a large hall, flanked by aisles which are separated from it by square columns. This leads by a flight of low steps into a vaulted corridor. Niches are cut at intervals on either side of the corridor, and in each niche is a human figure, upright and more than life-size, in the clothing of a mummy, and brilliantly painted. It is difficult not to believe that the faces are intended to be portraits. The corridor leads into a second hall, at the extreme end of which is a recess, once containing the now shattered marble statue of the deceased, and lined with slabs of stone. These are brilliantly painted with figures and hieroglyphs, the colours here as elsewhere in the tomb looking as fresh as when they were first laid on.

Egyptian discoveries naturally lead us to the new edition of the well-known *Oriental History** of Prof. Maspero, whose recent resignation of his post as Director of Egyptian Antiquities is a deplorable loss to science. In this edition the book has been brought up to the most recent level of knowledge, the Hittites for example being assigned the important position we now know them to have occupied in the ancient history of the East. The references of the author to his authorities show a most astounding acquaintance with modern Oriental literature; it is difficult to find even an article in an obscure foreign periodical bearing on the subject which has been overlooked.

Almost simultaneously with this new edition of Prof. Maspero's *Oriental History*, there has appeared in Germany another work on the same subject,† by Prof. Justi. While Prof. Maspero is primarily an Egyptologist, Prof. Justi is primarily an Iranist, and it is therefore interesting to find how generally they coincide in their views upon the value of recent monumental research in other fields than their own, as well as in the conclusions to be drawn from it. Prof. Justi's book is a magnificent volume, richly illustrated, and in this respect having a value and place by itself. Those who are curious to know the grounds on which a particular style of ancient art has been classed as Hittite will find in it a series of illustrations which can hardly fail to satisfy them.

For students of Babylonian art and antiquities an important work is appearing under the title of a *Catalogue of the Seals and Cylinders* in the superb collection of M. de Clercq.‡ Three parts of the work have already been published; the text is in each case followed by plates in which every cylinder is carefully reproduced. M. de Clercq has been assisted in the task of explaining the subjects represented on the cylinders and the inscriptions they frequently bear by M. Ménant, who has specially devoted himself to this branch of Assyriology. M. Ménant

* *"Histoire ancienne des Peuples de l'Orient."* Second edition. Paris: Hachette.

† *"Geschichte der orientalischen Völker im Alterthum."* By Dr. Ferdinand Justi. Berlin: Grote. The volume forms part of a "Universal History of the World."

‡ *"Catalogue méthodique et raisonné."* Paris: Leroux.

himself has just brought out the second volume of his "Recherches sur la Glyptique orientale" (Paris: Maisonneuve), which deals with the cylinder-seals of Assyria and the neighbouring countries. Among them are a number of cylinders which he considers to be of Hittite origin. The work is admirably illustrated, and will throw a good deal of light not only on the art, but also on the religious conceptions, of Western Asia in the Assyrian period.

I must not conclude this record without noticing the third part of "The Corpus of Semitic Inscriptions," which has also made its appearance during the last few months. It is a work that does honour both to French scholarship and above all to the French Government, without whose help a work of the kind would have been impossible. The newly issued volume contains the inscriptions of Carthage. When shall we find our own Government encouraging Oriental learning in a like munificent way?

A. H. SAYCE.

III.—BIOLOGY.

THE philosophical interpretation of modern biological knowledge, which originated in Darwin, and has been universally received by trained and competent students, stands so securely that there is little need of additional facts to make it, so far as it is intended to reach, an immutable element, in all future time, in the interpretation of vital phenomena. Much may be added, but the philosophy of "The Origin of Species" must remain. It is, however, a matter of the deepest interest, and of much moment, that the active investigations carried on by biologists all over the globe, not only give an unbroken stream of evidence coincident with the great law of variation and the survival of the fittest, but that ever and again facts of the largest import present themselves that pour a flood of light, as unexpected as it is confirmatory, on this great biological law. It was a discovery of much philosophical value, and biological interest, that the Duckbill and the Echidna were oviparous, though mammals; this was a final confirmation of what was before partially learned, from their osteology, and the little that was known of their embryological features—viz., that there must have been a root-stock out of which, in an unmeasured past, arose both the reptilia and the earliest mammals. But a new fact of even larger interest, and carrying us inconceivably farther back, taking us indeed with something like clear light to the origin of the vertebrates themselves, is presented to us by Mr. W. Baldwin Spencer, of the University Museum, Oxford. Mr. Spencer only presents the facts, but their bearing on the philosophy of evolution is apparently inevitable; and certainly they are inexplicable save by this hypothesis.

There is a group of Lacertiform or lizard-like reptiles known to naturalists as *Rhynchocephalia*, of which only one genus is extant, known as *Hatteria*: it is represented in the Upper Cretaceous, the Lower Eocene, the Trias, and the Permian epochs of geology. But the extant genus *Hatteria* is so aberrant in its characters, as by some to be regarded as a sub-order of *Lacertilia* or lizards. The one species of the genus known is *Hatteria punctata*, an inhabitant of New

Zealand. Mr. Spencer was engaged in the anatomy and histology of this form some time since, and found a curious sense-organ buried in the substance occupying the parietal foramen. It was seated on what is known as the *pineal body*, connected with the membranous roof of the third ventricle of the brain. It is a small rounded mass in the middle line of its dorsal surface at the junction of the cerebral hemispheres and optic lobes. Its function has been hitherto unknown. This part had been specially examined by Von Henri W. de Graaf, but with results by no means so interesting as those presented by a similar examination of *Hatteria* in the hands of Mr. Spencer.

This pineal body arises as a hollow outgrowth from the roof of the third ventricle, and in both *Amphibia* and *Reptilia* becomes divided into two parts; one retaining connection with the brain, and the other, a bladder-shaped structure, which in most cases is completely separated from the former. In *Anguis fragilis* (the common blind worm) this bladder-shaped structure resembles a highly organized invertebrate eye, but without any nerve. In *Hatteria* this portion also becomes an eye, but an eye provided with a well-marked nerve. This eye is single, lying exactly in the middle line, under indeed the parietal foramen, an aperture at the anterior end of the median suture of the parietal bones. A depression of the skin of the head occurs immediately over this parietal foramen, but does not lead down into this, which is filled up with a plug of connective tissue, which is specially dense round the capsule that envelops the eye. The capsule is also filled up behind with connective tissue, in which a blood-vessel, entering with the nerve, divides and ramifies. The nerve is single, and leads downwards and backwards in the middle line, being enveloped in the tissue passing from the parietal foramen to the roof of the third ventricle of the brain.

It becomes extremely difficult to conjecture what can be the use of so curiously placed, and at the same time so highly complex, an organ. An eye so buried in its capsule and surrounding tissue, and covered with the skin of the head as to make it almost inconceivable that it can be affected by even the most intense light—an eye placed, moreover, in a position that suggests no advantage to the present organism, and if susceptible to the light, would apparently involve evils. It is again placed in the head of animals well endowed with the normal pair of vertebrate eyes; and on examining it in different lizards it is found in different stages of uselessness, in some being quite isolated from the brain, as in *Anguis*, and in others—as *Hatteria*, and, as we learn later, *Iguana*, *Chameleo vulgaris* and *Lacerta ocellata*—a distinct nerve connection is traced into the hinder part of the pineal body. The inference, therefore, appears inevitable that it is an atrophied organ; an organ which the evolutionary modifications of the original animal possessing this single eye have rendered in the course of ages devoid of function and needless; but at the same time, and by this very means, it is indicative of the ancestry of the organism in which it lingers. The structure of this eye, which is denominated from its position a parietal eye, Mr. Spencer had made fairly out in his report in *Nature*; and promises fuller details. But it is palpably a well constructed invertebrate eye—the eye of an invertebrate animal buried in the skull of a vertebrate animal! As it lies in its capsule, looking upwards, the lens is first seen; it forms the front boundary of a vesicle, the walls of which,

starting from within outwards, are made up of a layer of *rods*, embedded in dark brown pigment, which is specially developed in front, and a double or triple row of nuclei, succeeded by a clear layer, and followed by an outer layer of nuclei composed of two or three rows.

These are practically the elements of the invertebrate eye, and in their normal order. The relation of these parts in the eye of the vertebrate animal is the exact opposite of this. Instead of the rods and cones being the nearest the light, as they are in the crayfish or the molluscs, these rods and cones, which are the sensory organs of vision, lie farthest from the cornea and the light. This is wholly explicable by their different mode of origin embryologically; but it establishes a complete difference between them. In this Lizard, then, we have at the crown of the pineal body, sunk in a capsule of connective tissue, under the parietal foramen, a distinct mollusoid or invertebrate organ of vision. How is this connection between the molluscs and archaic vertebrate forms to be accounted for! It is well known that the Ascidian larva presents features characteristic of early vertebrate forms. The caudal appendage of the larva presents a cylindrical rod-like body which is fairly parallel with the *chorda dorsalis*—a cellular rod agreeing with the notochord of vertebrates. It by no means follows that the vertebrate arose in, or was derived from, tunicates; but it does suggest that both tunicate and vertebrate arose in a common stock. The discovery of a molluscan eye, perched on the crown of the pineal body of an archaic lizard, is a most suggestive factor pointing to the confirmation of this. The Ascidian larva has an unpaired, *i.e.*, a single eye. In later development it degenerates, but in *Pyrosoma*, it is retained in the adult condition. The central apparatus of the nervous system of the larval ascidian occupies a dorsal position. In the development of the larva the outer layer sinks in and forms a tube that remains open for a time, and then becomes separated from the surface layer, extending itself through the length of the larval tail, being perforated by a central canal, which can be traced into a larger trilobed anterior mass. The single larval eye is seated upon the hinder part of the dorsal wall of the foremost of these lobes. It consists of a refractive portion, and a retinal portion forming part of the brain. The hinder part of the lens is embedded in pigment, and the retina is formed of columnar cells embedded in the pigment which encloses the hinder part of the lens.

Now, remembering the fact that from the general structure of the Duckbill and Echidna, their reptilian characteristics, and the fact that they hatch their young from eggs outside the body, we were driven to consider that both the mammal and the reptile arose in some common archaic stock; so here it becomes a suggestion that in the present state of our knowledge we can hardly resist that the tunicates and the vertebrates arose in one stock of enormous antiquity. It is an additional aid to this view that the Rhynchocephalia, the order to which *Hatteria* belongs, all possessed the parietal foramen, the aperture in the bony structure of the skull through which such an eye in the earlier epochs of its employment might reach the light. By what means paired eyes arose, causing the atrophy of the parietal eye, analogy may help us to infer, but there are no facts to form distinct data. We may, however, if this inference be correct, confidently hope for their discovery in due time.

Is there, then, more than poetic basis for the famous poetic utterance of Shakespeare :

"Sweet are the uses of adversity ;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

As You Like It, act ii. sc. 1.

W. H. DALLINGER.

IV.—GENERAL LITERATURE.

TRAVEL.—In "*The Cruise of the Bacchante*,"* the two sons of the Prince of Wales have published probably the biggest book that has ever been written by young men of their age. It has been revised by Canon Dalton, who was governor of the authors during their three years' voyage, and who has inserted occasionally additional matter of his own in square brackets. But the bulk of it is drawn from the diaries kept by the princes themselves, in which they faithfully noted down the impressions made on them by what they saw, and the information they gathered from their reading, or from the specialist guides whom they were naturally able to secure at every different place. The book will naturally be widely read, and this hardworking nation will like to know that her princes have not been eating the bread of idleness, but found time in the intervals of their relief from watch duty (for they had to do their midshipman duties in all weathers, like their gun-room messmates) to produce such a piece of honest and serious labour as this. But apart from all interest in the authors, the book itself is one of much value; for they had special opportunities of acquiring the best information regarding the places they visited, and the book contains much that cannot be got elsewhere.—M. de Laveleye's works of travel are of that very instructive sort of which Arthur Young's *Tours in France* are the most celebrated specimen; he is as acute an observer as Young, he is better up in economic knowledge, and better acquainted with other countries, that can furnish instructive analogies, and he is a much more charming and cultivated writer. His present work on the Balkan Peninsula,† although merely a record of a passing visit, gives us really the most instructive and interesting account of the various nationalities and the whole contemporary politics of the Balkans that we know of, and no one can read it without understanding more clearly the situation as it is in Bosnia, in Servia, in Roumania, and in Bulgaria. He enters at considerable length into the circumstances of Bulgaria, and expresses a decided opinion in favour of its extension to the San Stephano limits. He met most of the eminent persons of the several countries he visited, and his descriptions of such men as Bishop Strossmayer, Professor Noiré, and Count Taaffe, are among the most interesting parts of his book.—Mr. Edwin Arnold reprints, with additions and pictorial illustrations, under the title "*India Revisited*,"‡ the interesting letters which he wrote to the *Daily Telegraph* newspaper during his recent visit to

* "*The Cruise of H.M.S. Bacchante, 1879—1882.*" Compiled from the private Note-books of Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales, with additions by John M. Dalton. In 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

† "*La Péninsule du Balkans.*" Brussels: C. Muquardt. ‡ London: Trübner & Co.

India. Many changes—generally, and especially in important matters, for the better—struck him after his twenty years' absence, and he describes what he saw with a singularly graphic pen. The book is both readable and well worth reading.—“England as Seen by an American Banker” * will be found to be very pleasant reading. The American banker is at once a shrewd and a sympathetic observer, and is naturally from his professional leanings led to examine the business side of our life and to make interesting comparative remarks upon it, as upon other things. We feel that we have been with a man who judges us fairly and kindly, and gives us occasionally something to think upon.

MISCELLANEOUS.—To those who wish to be thoroughly acquainted with what has been going on in the dramatic world during the last four years, Mr. Archer's “About the Theatre” † will be a great aid. He is of the realist school, and has good words to say even of melodrama. His mind is not quite made up as to Shakespeare being the fittest dramatic food for these Darwinian days. There is the caution of a practised dramatic critic as to committing himself, but there can be no doubt of his sympathy with the school of playwrights who are not afraid to put on the stage “a real pump such as you can see every day in your own back yard.” His meaning is that it is good to represent the form and pressure of the time, and that enough of ideality will always attach to the work of genius in this as in every other direction. His discussion of the past star, and the present company period, is full of interest, the theatrical unity of all English-speaking countries being now the hopeful problem for the acting community. An analysis of Hugo and Wagner's efforts upon the drama is vigorous, and the findings are original, Hugo being considerably discredited as a dramatist. Theatrical subjects, from the censorship of the stage to the most recent phenomena of first nights, have thoroughly able and informed discussion in Mr. Archer's handsome book.—“Baldwin” ‡ is not unknown to our readers. Some of the dialogues in which Vernon Lee makes him the leading interlocutor, first appeared in these pages, and they are now republished along with others under the title of “Baldwin.” They deal with moral and religious subjects mainly, such as the responsibilities of unbelief, the consolations of belief, the value of the ideal, doubts and pessimism, and in all the author shows herself a most vigorous dialectician, working from an unusually wide range of reading, and of eager intellectual interest, and stimulating us constantly with thoughtful remarks and happy illustrations.—“Man and his Handiwork” § is a very interesting and well-arranged account of the tools, weapons and ornaments of primitive tribes, by the Rev. J. G. Wood. Mr. Wood has command of extensive knowledge in this field, and has the pen of a practised and skilful writer.—Mr. Charles Roberts has struck upon a useful and novel idea in his “Naturalist's Diary.” || It is a record based on twenty years' observations for every day of the year, of the average temperature, rainfall, and appearances of animals and plants upon that day, and half

* Boston: Lothrop & Son.

† “About the Theatre: Essays and Studies.” By William Archer, Author of “English Dramatists of To-day,” &c. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

‡ “Baldwin: being Dialogues on Views and Aspirations.” By Vernon Lee. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

§ By the Rev. J. G. Wood. London: Religious Tract Society.

|| The Naturalist's Diary: a Day-Book of Meteorology, Phenology, and Rural Biology.” By Charles Roberts, F.R.C.S.

of each page has been left for the reader to enter his own observations for the current year. It is proposed, moreover, to issue the Diary annually, and to incorporate the fruits of this systematic collective investigation in future issues.—The list by Sir John Lubbock, of one hundred books to read, seems to have suggested the writing of "How to Form a Library;"* and as the author is an expert in bibliography, indexing, and antiquarianism, his book carries an ample burden of useful and curious information. Absence of method, ignoring of chronological guidance, and indifference to literary form, are noticeable in this first volume of the book-lover's library; but Mr. Wheatley's knowledge is so wide and accurate that he cannot fail to gain the attention and sympathy of those who wish to know what is best in and for libraries. Titles of reference works, general and special bibliographies, as well as lists of the favourite books of great writers, make the handbook valuable for students. The chapter on publishing societies is particularly readable, because the subject is fresh and the author has been personally conversant with their mode of creating a special class of books.—Mr. David MacRitchie's "Accounts of the Gypsies of India"† contains a translation of a paper read in 1875 before a Dutch learned society by Professor Du Goeje, with many critical and supplementary notes by Mr. MacRitchie himself, and one or two other papers on subjects connected with the gypsies. Some of his conclusions rest, as will readily be believed, on very conjectural evidence, but the discussion is attractive and informing.—"Hazell's Annual Cyclopædia," edited by E. D. Price, F.G.S.‡ is a new dictionary of current topics, "a companion to the newspaper," as the editor describes it, in which you are asked to inquire for any information it may occur to you to want regarding anybody or anything that comes up or is likely to come up in the newspapers. To do this task exhaustively in a small octavo volume is of course impossible, and the sins of omission are naturally very numerous in the book, but what is less pardonable is that the sins of commission are also numerous. We have discovered a good many inaccuracies in looking over its pages, and more than one bit of exposition, that is far from justifying the motto chosen by the editor, "Avaunt, perplexity." Still it undoubtedly contains a great deal of most miscellaneous contemporary information, and the errors may with care be expunged from next year's issue.—In "A Seapainter's Log,"§ Mr. R. C. Leslie gives us some fresh and delightful sketches of sea-life in the English Channel, which he contributed at intervals to the *St. James's Gazette*, and now republishes with excellent illustrations from his own pencil.—We are glad to welcome a new edition of the late Professor Taswell-Langmead's useful handbook on English Constitutional History,|| which has been revised and supplemented with many excellent and judicious notes and appendices, including a valuable bibliography, by Mr. C. H. E. Carmichael. With these additions and improvements, the work will continue to hold the field as the best class-book on the subject.

* "How to Form a Library." By H. B. Wheatley, F.S.A. London: Elliot Stock.

† London: Kegan Paul, Treuch & Co. ‡ London: Hazell, Watson & Viney.

§ London: Chapman & Hall.

|| "English Constitutional History from the Teutonic Conquest to the Present Time." By Thomas Pitt Taswell-Langmead, B.C.L. Third edition. Revised throughout, with Notes and Appendices. By C. H. E. Carmichael, M.A. London: Stevens & Haynes.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

LET us admit that we have had an unequivocal answer from the polling-booths in both islands. The constituencies of England declare, with a plainness not to be misunderstood, that for their part they will not concede Home Rule to Ireland, neither by the Bill of last session, nor, 'presumably, by any Bill whatever. They were summoned by a voice which to wondering nations sounded like the exhortations of a prophet, and to remote posterity, when time has crowned and glorified the statesman's work, will sound like the trump of an archangel, to break with the cruel past, and do an injured people that justice which heals and rejuvenates, which blesses the giver and the receiver; and they have answered, No, we will not do justice. They were invited to choose between stripes and manumission for their captive, and a decisive majority have chosen as the Jews of old who clamoured for Barabbas. This is the verdict of England, and we are quite at one with our triumphant adversaries in recognising it.

On these premisses we are exhorted to prepare for immediate surrender. Home Rule is dead. The final Court of Appeal has spoken, and what remains is to submit to its judgment, decorously. Only fools refuse to accept the inevitable, or strive for what manifestly cannot be attained. Party prophets begin to calculate in how many months, or years, the turbulent stream of Irish nationality, which was a trouble to discreet statesmen for a time, will run itself out and be forgotten. The stream of Irish nationality will run itself out when Niagara runs dry, and not a day earlier. The judgment of the final Court of Appeal will be received with humble submission by Irishmen (as it needs must, indeed) when it has spoken; but it has not yet spoken, for the final Court of Appeal is

God's justice and the Divine government of the universe. We have suffered a reverse—or rather we have lost a skirmish—in the great battle of centuries for the right to possess our own country ; and the duty which that accident imposes is to be better prepared for the next encounter. Had submission to injustice, because it was strong and resolute, been the rule of struggling nations, what gaps there would be in the roll of free States. Italy, Greece, Hungary, Belgium, Bulgaria, and all the Turkish provinces which broke their chains, would still be whipped slaves. How many noble enterprises since the dawn of history would have to be blotted out. England would not have escaped from the scourge of Pagan Rome, or Rome herself have risen against the ravisher ; even the Apostles must have hidden their heads in the hills of Galilee, to escape the wrath of the master of the world. We are reminded with cynical frankness, as a motive for submission, that our population has diminished far below its natural standard. It is quite true ; but it is still large enough for prosperity and liberty. It is larger than it was when Grattan won parliamentary independence, larger than Portugal's was when she ruled the seas, or Venice's when she held the "gorgeous East in fee," or Prussia's when Frederick faced half Europe in arms, or than that of Switzerland or Belgium to-day. And large or small, we have as clear a right as Englishmen, Frenchmen, or any other branch of the human family, to possess and enjoy our native country ; and we mean to do so.

For my part I do not see any serious ground for dismay in the result of the elections. Is this temporary repulse not in fact exactly what many of us believed in our secret souls was sure to happen, as strictly conformable to experience in similar cases ? The English nation has many great qualities, else it would not have won and maintained its position in the world ; but has it ever once in its whole history surrendered a prejudice or an interest at the first summons ? When Chatham warned his countrymen that their fellow-subjects in the American plantations were striving for rights which it would be base to relinquish, and which it was base to withhold, how was his counsel received by Parliament and the nation ? When Wilberforce rebuked the British *bourgeoisie* for fattening upon the blood and sweat of their slaves in the tropical islands, and besought them in the name of human and divine justice to relinquish this abominable commerce, did they hearken to his appeal ? When the young O'Connell stood up against the cohorts of Protestant ascendancy alone, like the shepherd-boy before the army of Saul, and demanded that an ancient, brave, God-fearing people might be restored to the common rights of humanity, denied them for generations, how long did he appeal in vain ? When Cobden asked that the English artizan might have the price of his scanty bread relieved

of a tax levied for the profit of nobles and squires, was there a prompt surrender of the monopoly? That demand was met exactly as this one is, by shrieks of horror and predictions of ruin. Run through the whole catalogue of concessions slowly wrung from power, and it is the same story. The right never succeeded easily, never succeeded without suffering reverses; but it always succeeded in the end. Confidence in God's justice, a fixed reliance that a true cause, however baffled and impeded, flows on to success as surely as a river to the sea, enabled men to strive and wait, and in good time they had their reward. And so shall we.

Mr. Gladstone has suffered a repulse, but he has advanced the Irish cause so decisively that if he had foreseen everything which has happened down to this hour, he would probably have proceeded as he has done. He has struck a stroke which will echo through the ages. He has uttered words which, once heard, are never forgotten—words which will as surely ripen into the result he desires, as healthy seed flung into prepared soil expands into a harvest or a forest.

If we take stock of the Irish cause like men of sense and experience, we will find, not that it is about to be "stamped out," as the leader of the Opposition in the late House of Commons predicts, but that it has made a prodigious advance. It has commonly needed half a century to right a serious wrong under the above process of parliamentary action in England, and as the end of our half-century approaches, the goal becomes visible. Fifty years ago, when O'Connell brought the claim of Ireland to self-government before the House of Commons, and asked for a committee of inquiry, only one Englishman supported that modest demand. Four hundred and eighty-five members pronounced the claim inadmissible. Forty years ago he arrayed the people of Ireland in monster meetings to renew the demand. Assembled in their chief cities and on sites memorable in their history, with all the ceremonial and solemnity they could command, they declared their adhesion to his proposal. Whatever others may have desired, it is certain that O'Connell only sought what Mr. Gladstone proffers to-day; and for the offence of making that claim he and half-a-dozen of his adherents (of whom I was one) were convicted by a packed jury of "conspiring to overawe Parliament," and sent to Richmond Bridewell to reform our lives. Twenty years ago Mr. Butt renewed the claim in a modified form, and with infinite deference to the House of Commons, and only two Englishmen supported him. Mr. Parnell never was strong enough before the last Reform Bill to risk a specific motion; but there were known to be three or four Englishmen favourable to the principle of Home Rule, and two of the four have since disappeared from Parliament. This was the condition of the cause in

the House of Commons in July, 1885; in July, 1886, the greatest Minister England has reared for a century acknowledges the justice of our claim, embraces it *toto corde*, and lifts it to the sky as the flag of his party. More than two hundred and seventy members of Parliament, including a dozen statesmen of Cabinet rank, two of whom are the assured leaders of the future, stake their political fortune on the success of that cause.

Nearly half of the voters who polled in the three kingdoms—more than a million and a quarter in all—have declared for effectual Home Rule, and there is an undoubted majority in the new House for some form of local self-government in Ireland. If England has spoken, Ireland also has spoken. The sweeping majority of 1885 is maintained without the diminution of a man. A seat lost in Tyrone is more than compensated by a seat won in the capital of Ulster; and in the second capital, the Maiden City, a majority for the Unionists of only three votes out of 3559 polled is an omen not to be misinterpreted. Against hostile majorities in London, and in many boroughs and rural districts, Mr. Gladstone can count, in his own language, on the support of “Scotland, Wales, Ireland, and Yorkshire,” and the sympathy of the civilized world. This is not defeat, but progress such as has rarely befallen a public cause. This is not ground for dismay, but a sure guarantee of success. The principle has made the sudden and tremendous bound which Parliamentary Reform made in 1830. Yesterday it was conspiring in stables and cellars with Thistlewood, or bellowing on barrel-tops with Orator Hunt; to-day it had become the programme of a popular Government. The greatest soldier of the age, occupying the highest office in the State, forbade it to advance a foot; his peers and the bulk of the rank and property of England applauded him as they applaud the obstructionists to-day. But the people and their leaders heeded him no more than the waves heeded the courtiers of Canute. The cause was obstructed, but it could not be defeated.

I have said that I do not wonder at the majority against us in English constituencies; I will say, moreover, that I scarcely blame the English people for the result: they have been drugged with falsehoods. They are as ignorant of the condition of Ireland at this moment as of the condition of Burmah or Abyssinia. They have never heard the fundamental facts of the case, or at any rate they never listened to them till Mr. Gladstone spoke, and any telling truth he uttered was immediately met by a deluge of contradictions. The Opposition, it must be admitted, has been conducted with astonishing vigour and assiduity, but scarcely on the rules of legitimate warfare. Some of their spokesmen seem to have been animated by the vindictive passion of the North American Indian torturing his prisoner, or the savage hatred which in partizan war

poisoned the public wells. And the section who were best informed were not always the most scrupulous. No stone was left unturned by the seceders to secure a majority against Mr. Gladstone. It would be an interesting experiment to collect the perversions and exaggerations of this controversy, and bottle them for the instruction of the curious, like dead vipers in a museum. This is a task not to be attempted in a paper written *currente calamo* in an Alpine village, where a file of English newspapers would be sought for as vainly as the philosopher's stone. But there are two or three plausible fallacies, which were heard from every Opposition platform, on which I would like to say a few words in passing.

I. "The violence and crime of the Irish mark them as an exceptional people, not fit to be entrusted with liberty."

Distress and criminal violence are common just now, unfortunately, among the industrial classes throughout the world; in France, Germany, Spain, Belgium, and the United States, equally as in Ireland. But in our case the crimes are treated as if they stood alone in the universe. Wherever they exhibit themselves it may be safely assumed that there has been misgovernment or gross social oppression, and the assumption is nowhere safer than in Ireland. There are savage crimes there because the people have been savagely ill-used; and let it never be forgotten that in this social war the landlords began. Within my own memory two millions of the people—one man in four of the entire nation—have been killed or banished to keep up high rents for the benefit of a few hundred proprietors. Who sins most deeply against society—those who perpetrate or those who provoke these outrages? The entire proprietary of Ireland might be assembled in the four courts of Dublin. Twice as many as the whole muster have been exterminated in a single poor-law union. More than three times as many have fled from any one of the provinces—from Munster, Leinster, Connaught, or even from prosperous Ulster—to avoid death by starvation among the fields which their industry had crowned with plenty. Four or five thousand persons are said to have been guillotined in the Reign of Terror in Paris; more than twenty for one have fallen within the same space of time before the Robespierres and Marats of Clare and Mayo. Why should the working bees of a nation be destroyed for the benefit of the drones? In the language of Richard Shiel, "poverty has its rights as well as property," and it is better that it should assert its rights by all methods short of the foul crime of murder or the base mutilation of dumb animals, than lie down to die, as it did forty years ago. The wonder of humane and considerate men is, that Ireland has borne so much and so long. If the Duke of Bedford or the Duke of Westminster presumed to do in London what Lord Clanricarde, Lord Lucan, and their class have habitually done in Ireland, he would not long wear a coronet, or a head to put it upon.

scheme will infallibly mean a renewed struggle to obtain our full rights. There is in Ireland, as in every country, a body of fair and reasonable men, who have no more intention of doing or suffering injustice than Lord Selborne or Lord Spencer has. They have had struggles enough, and more than enough, and they yearn for peace; the spade and the hoe, the manual of education and the text-book of economic science, are the weapons they long to wield in the service of their country, to build up her prosperity anew. Instead of aiming to cut down the concession till it is useless, let statesmen labour to frame a Legislature to which full powers may be safely entrusted. It may be easily done. If I understand my countrymen, they will make any sacrifice to content the minority and secure peace and goodwill at home, but no sacrifice of the powers and functions which properly belong to a Parliament. The original Bill is gone, and I will say frankly I am not sorry that it is gone. It will be a compensation for delay that it can be taken up anew, and carefully scrutinized from all sides. The four general conditions insisted upon by Mr. Gladstone for such a measure were just and reasonable, and must form the basis of any settlement; but while it was strong in leading principles, it was weak in legislative machinery: the securities for the minority were ill-contrived, and the financial burthen was beyond our strength. The constitutions of free States have been framed after careful consideration and close debate. So it was in England under William and Mary, in the United States, in Belgium, in Switzerland, in Austro-Hungary, and in all the colonies. But when Mr. Gladstone proposed the delay of a single fortnight for further consideration, he was met by a dishonest clamour to produce his plan forthwith. Considering its genesis, it was a marvel of ingenuity and promptitude. But he was not legislating, like Jeremy Bentham, for communities newly born into civilization, and fluent enough to run into any mould; but for an ancient imaginative people, fettered by the traditions and customs of a thousand years, divided like Switzerland into jealous cantons, and like Belgium into distinct and conflicting interests. If I might presume to suggest the safest method of taking up the question anew in the new Parliament, it would be by a Select Committee, with Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Morley in the chair, before which those Irishmen who object to any Parliament should be heard, and have their objections fairly considered; and those other Irishmen who think a just, safe, and satisfactory scheme, under which no class would suffer wrong, can be framed, should also have a full hearing. The inquiry, reported from day to day, would help effectually the necessary task of educating opinion in England, and would end, I make no doubt, in eliciting a comprehensive and satisfactory scheme.

The delay will give us another advantage. The thought indicated

at Midlothian might be made familiar to Englishmen, that Home Rule is the first step towards the essential work of federating the empire. Grant Ireland no more and no less than will be granted to England, Scotland, and the Colonies, when the Imperial Parliament is devoted exclusively to imperial affairs, and ceases to be in any sense a local Legislature. Next to the supreme task of pacifying Ireland is the grave enterprise of federating the outlying possessions of the empire; and happily the two results can be attained by identical means. Begin with Ireland, where the need is most urgent; but let the Irish measure be part of a scheme designed in the end to embrace every land which acknowledges the authority of the Crown, and to treat them all exactly on the same footing. How many honest prejudices will disappear before the method? The cardinal fact of the situation is not, after all, that there is a majority against the Bill of 1886, but that there is a majority in favour of establishing some sort of domestic legislature in Ireland. It is a question of degree, and such a question is constantly changing its boundaries; the least advanced of the Liberal seceders would probably go farther to-day than some of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues would have gone a year ago, and next year the main body may occupy ground where an advanced guard are picketed at present. It is among these men that Mr. Gladstone's recruits will probably be found; if not among the commissioned officers, then among the non-commissioned. It would be a point of prudence, I think, not to increase the animosity which the late contest naturally left behind; not to turn lukewarm friends into active and bitter enemies. All offences which have not become crimes by the violation of public principle or private honour have to be forgiven in politics, and the man who cannot forgive them is unfit for public life. The leaders of the resistance to Mr. Gladstone, for example, suggest widely different reflections as we estimate their individual motives, and it is likely enough that Irish Nationalists and English Home Rulers do not regard always the evidence on this criterion from the same point of view.

Lord Hartington, it must be confessed, conducted the controversy like a dignified and courteous gentleman; and when Mr. Gladstone recognizes in him an opponent moved only by conviction and duty, we all approve and applaud their mutual chivalry. But the noble Marquis is seen from a different angle of vision by Irish Nationalists. He is by birth and rank the natural spokesman of the absentees, in whose interest Ireland has been misgoverned for uncounted generations. Three hundred nobles and gentlemen, mostly of this class, own a full third of our island, held in great estates like principalities, and yielding a rental of three millions a-year. These estates were obtained, for the most part, as the reward of some successful stroke of tyranny, or by base compliance with the greed or

lust of a king or a favourite. The policy of England towards Ireland since the fall of Limerick might be resolved into the single maxim to keep safe this plunder. There was no right denied, no wrong inflicted during the century now coming to an end, of which the absentees were not the open or secret promoters. They were often wire-pullers, as selfish and unscrupulous as the same class in Washington, only here they were called by august titles, and on great occasions wore coronets and mantles lined with miniver. The veto which the Sovereign has abandoned for six reigns has been invariably exercised on Irish questions by absentees. No reform which touched their interests, directly or remotely, had any chance of being accomplished, unless some stronger English party confronted them. They got these great territories upon condition of certain public services to be rendered to the Crown and the country, and these conditions have notoriously never been fulfilled. This is their record; but the past is past, and the generous Irish people answer the summons of Mr. Gladstone by a perfectly genuine willingness to let bygones be bygones, if we are permitted even now to take our own business in hand and manage our own affairs. Lord Hartington more than any one can hasten this result; and more than any one, I humbly submit, he is bound to do so, as the leader of the class who have profited and still profit by our ruin. If *noblesse oblige*, is it not a compulsion to do right, to be generous and magnanimous, not only in language but in action? The Irish people are separated from the absentees by the same barriers which separated the *tiers etat* from the *noblesse* in Paris a hundred years ago. Mr. Gladstone has won a wreath that will never fade, but there is open to the leader of the absentee aristocracy the next place in the world's memory by a generous settlement of the quarrel of ages. Lord Hartington is an upright and honourable gentleman. I make no doubt but he is no more an unprejudiced witness on the Irish question than a pluralist enjoying the revenue of a bunch of benefices which he never visited was an unprejudiced witness on the policy of disestablishing the Irish Church. Eyes have not seen anything lovelier than the valley of the Blackwater between Lismore and Cappoquin. It would shock ears polite to tell how it was "rent by the Saxon from the Gael;" but Lord Hartington will inherit that earthly paradise. Such an exceptional inheritance involves duties which it would be ignominious to evade. A great noble ought to be greatly noble; how else can he justify his position? It is a marvel how any man can face God's justice, or the judgment of his fellow-creatures, if he uses immense possessions, derived from a poor and oppressed people, only to perpetuate their poverty and ruin. The Normans who got confiscated estates in England were compelled by law, more than six centuries ago, to choose

between their possessions in the island and on the Continent, lest they should have incompatible duties ; but Normans, Saxons, and Dutch are still permitted to draw incomes from Ireland, and to neglect and scorn the duties appertaining to them. Sometimes, with a wise selfishness, they were considerate landlords ; but for twenty generations it has been their fixed policy to keep the country too poor and feeble for effectual resistance to their will. We do not covet their possessions ; but it is time that their hereditary policy should come to an end, and it would well become the foremost man of the class to declare that it shall and must.

Mr. Chamberlain's case is different. He has been ungracious and disrespectful to Mr. Gladstone, and I would have travelled a hundred miles to vote against him for that offence. But at bottom he is far more in accord with the mass of English Home Rulers than Lord Hartington. His vigorous defence of the Highland crofters, his labours to save the sailors of the mercantile marine from inhuman wrong, and his early sympathy with Irish nationality, won my respect, and I witness his defection with more regret than that of any man, from the great noble who stood by his order down to "the trembling coward who forsook his master" because his seat was in danger or his patron was imperative. I wish it were possible to hope for a reconciliation between him and the magnanimous friend whom he has offended. An observer like myself, looking at the events from afar, cannot but suspect that the faults were not all on one side, that his *amour propre* was wounded by a want of confidence at an early stage, and a want of consideration at a later. If he had temper and elevation of character to overlook personal considerations, it would be better for himself, and his party, and his country. But even as it is, it would be a stroke of luck for the Irish cause if the recent past could be obliterated, and for himself most of all ; for he has committed the fatal error of reversing the popular impression of his character and position. When Gracchus confederates and conspires with the patricians he is no longer Gracchus. I do not think that his tender and touching sympathy with the wrongs endured by Irish Orangemen quite accounts for his conduct of late ; and still less can I accept the theory that it is ambition to play the first part, for it is difficult to believe that a man of capacity did not foresee that he was rendering that result impossible except on condition of returning to his allegiance. If he does not do so, at a day unhappily too near, when Gladstone, like Somers, Fox, or Pitt, will only be a great memory of the past, when Rip Van Winkle has become Duke of Sleepy Hollow, the Nemesis will inevitably arrive. The otherwise open path will be blocked by obstructions. Those who venerate the illustrious dead will be slow to forgive his enemy. I served in Parliament with a distinguished man who for

twenty years paid daily the penalty of rendering bitter the last days of Sir Robert Peel. Not only would the Peelites not sit in the same Cabinet with him; they would not sit at the same dinner tables, and their contempt poisoned the confidence of the allies whom he had found. Will Mr. Gladstone's friends be less faithful or less resentful? And the Irish members are benevolent beyond the ordinary race of men if they forget the share the member for Birmingham had in refusing their country the rights which he had admitted to be her due. But it is the common interest of all the severed sections to reconsider their position and be mutually charitable. The strongest reason for doing so is, that it is precisely what their enemies desire they should not do. The gracious Marquis of Salisbury counts confidently, it is said, on the Hottentots following their passions rather than their judgment or interest, and on the Radicals following their vanity. The *Times* and the *Quarterly Review* have discovered of late that Mr. Chamberlain is a promising statesman after all; but less cautious Tories chuckle over the fact that the dangerous demagogue is breaking his teeth and blunting his claws. Lord Salisbury's respect for the eminent Liberals "who show themselves magnificently superior to party ties" is very touching; but did he give his own party the benefit of this noble sentiment? There are confessedly—or, whether it be confessed or not, there are certainly—a number of Tory members, more or less, who would welcome a scheme of Home Rule from their chief: was one of them permitted to open his lips at the hustings? One indeed, one alone—the son and namesake of the greatest Conservative Minister of modern times—assumed the liberty of declaring himself magnificently superior to party ties, and the devotees of political independence have turned him out of Parliament. Independence is beautiful and laudable when it disturbs "the stream of party discipline" on the Liberal side, but the stream of party discipline among Tories is regulated by dams and locks, and knows eccentric rushes or spontaneous bubblings no more than the Paddington canal. If the divided sections still study revenge, and plot how to thwart and embarrass each other, the Tory leader will reign securely and serenely for many a day. He has shown statesmanship—on its lower level, indeed—in disrupting a party which he could not defeat; but is it statesmanship on any level to be the puppets and dupes of this strategy? No one knows all the facts, open and occult, as Mr. Gladstone does; no one has held himself so proudly aloof from recrimination, or fixed his eyes so steadily on the great end in view; if he will take measures, when he sits on the left hand of the chair, to reunite all Liberals who acknowledge the justice of conceding self-government to Ireland, it will be an achievement worthy of him. Without his initiative, nothing is permissible or possible.

It has been noted that Mr. Gladstone, in turning his broad shield promptly to receive every blow aimed at the cause, and answering with a weapon of the temper of Excalibur, overlooked one assailant. He made no replication to Mr. Goschen. I thank him for that, for Mr. Goschen's speeches for the most part were not arguments but insults, fit only to be repulsed with silent scorn. He treated Irish gentlemen throughout as banditti certain to abuse functions and powers which Irish gentlemen have exercised honourably in Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia. Like his new patron, he assumed that the race were consequently unfit to govern their native country, who, in his own day, have given rulers to France, Spain, Austria, and the United States. He complained, with simulated fear, that the Bill conferred undue powers, though the powers are precisely those universal in Constitutions, and belonging to them of right; and that it did not contain limitations and restrictions which are unprecedented and unknown. The Irish Parliament, he suggested, were not forbidden to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act in Ulster, abolish the penalty of death, reduce by one-half the interest on mortgages, recast the Civil Service to its injury and degradation, and set malignants and moonlighters in places of authority. If two honourable men were making a contract for letting a dwelling-house with the ordinary conditions against waste, subletting, and so forth, fancy some malignant Thersites interposing with the suggestions—"There is no provision against introducing burglars into the garret; you have not forbidden the lessee to import vermin and lodge it in the cellar; he may accumulate petroleum in the drawing-room; he has a cousin in a foreign country of bad repute, and there is no prohibition in your contract against domiciling him on the premises, though he is quite likely to set the house on fire, or make his way to the nursery and strangle the babies." An honourable man might say, "Don't let your house;" but such a one, I think, would not assail you for not imposing insulting and impossible conditions. One of the first of the numerous and splendid testimonies of sympathy which distant countries sent to Mr. Gladstone was a resolution of the Parliament of Lower Canada. "Pooh," cries Mr. Goschen, "they are merely Frenchmen." I may note that the Dominion Parliament followed the local one, and thanked and applauded him on behalf of the whole Canadian people; but admire the imperial statesmanship which disparages British subjects in America because their ancestors more than a hundred years ago were of French birth or descent. Boers and Hindoos, Teutons and Greeks, Chinese, Singalese, Cypriotes, and all the miscellaneous population of British colonies and possessions, have notice on what terms they are admitted to allegiance by an eminent Unionist who has charged himself with the interests of an indivisible empire. In two wars between England and

America the Canadians adhered to the British flag, fought and died under it, when men of British blood were in arms against their mother country; but they are still only Frenchmen. If a century is not sufficient to nationalize them, what period is sufficient? Are the Normans who came in with the first William, or the Dutchmen who came in with the third, or the Germans who followed the House of Hanover to more succulent pasturage, still foreigners; and if not, why not, under this new rule? Perhaps Mr. Goschen will be good enough to clear up another difficulty. Since the great-great-grandsons of the original inhabitants of the province of Quebec are still foreigners, by what incomprehensible process is the son of a German money-changer transformed in a single generation into a great British statesman.

Irishmen feel no surprise and no anger at the illustrious[†] dukes and noble earls and learned lords who have pronounced against them. It was no more than might have been confidently expected. Lord Selborne, for example, would not relieve Ireland from the burden of the most profusely endowed Church in Europe; the Duke of Argyll refused to amend a land code more oppressive than any other known to human laws; Lord Derby long ago admitted that the Irish people passionately desired self-government, but though he has been an administrator under a Constitution which recognizes the consent of the people as the essential basis of legislation, he insisted that it ought to be for ever denied. How could those who refused the smaller rights be expected to grant the greater? If it were necessary to extend the inquiry, there is no lack of kindred cases.

We are reminded, with scornful emphasis, that we have genius against us in this contest as well as rank and official experience. Unhappily, the gift of poetry or philosophy is no security against hallucinations in the practical business of life. Walter Scott was the bitter opponent of Catholic Emancipation and Parliamentary Reform. Thomas Carlyle was the contemptuous enemy of Free Trade and of the franchise for artizans and peasants. If Lord Tennyson is against the liberation of Ireland, it is a consolation to remember that his master was of a different opinion. Shelley visited Ireland more than seventy years ago, to exhort the Irish people to get rid of the Union while the wrong was still recent. It is half a century since Byron lamented, as Browning might do to-day, that

“The Castle still stands, though the Senate’s no more.”

And even Southey grew nobly wrathful over the martyrs for Irish liberty. If Mr. Swinburne denounces our cause in sonorous rhyme, as arch-chorist of the noble army of Satyrs and Bacchantes whom he has introduced into English literature, and Mr. Huxley, on the part of modern philosophy, delivers a new commandment to Englishmen,

"Do as you would *not* be done by," we console ourselves, as our forefathers did, that God is with us. And against the Englishmen of to-day we can set the illustrious Englishmen who a century and two centuries ago delivered judgment in this case.

"So far was he from thinking [this was the language of Charles James Fox in 1782] that Great Britain had a right to govern Ireland if she did not choose to be governed by us, that he maintained that no country that ever had existed or did exist had a right to hold the sovereignty of another against the will and consent of that other."

And a still greater Englishman, a century earlier, laid down an identical principle, applicable to all times and all nations. "They who seek nothing but their own just liberty," says John Milton, "have always a right to win it, and to keep it whenever they have the power; be the voices never so numerous that oppose them."

C. GAYAN DUFFY.

San Martin Lantosque,
Alpes Maritimes.

THE FRAY—AND AFTERWARDS.

IT is consolatary, in presence of the grave disaster which has overtaken the Liberal party, to remember that former defeats, even more serious and crushing, have speedily been followed by a distinct advance of Liberal principles. The Tory victory in 1841 was far more complete, and at the head of the triumphant party (counting, as the event proved, a majority of 91) was the most popular and experienced statesman of the age. *If any man could have maintained Tory supremacy in the country it was Sir Robert Peel. The crucial question of the times was a fiscal one, and he was by far the ablest financier of his time, his skill being made all the more conspicuous by the notorious defects of his Whig rivals. Around him were able lieutenants who ultimately became one of the most effective as well as most brilliant staffs which a Prime Minister has ever had at his disposal. Behind him was an irresistible parliamentary majority, sustained by an equally commanding force of public opinion outside. Mr. Gladstone has never at any time enjoyed the power wielded by Sir Robert Peel in 1841, for he has always been checked by the House of Lords, where, at that time, the Tory leader had absolute control. But this signal triumph of the party ended in the overthrow of Toryism and the victory of Free Trade.

The most recent success of Mr. Disraeli in 1874 was followed by a still more decided reverse in 1880. There was, however, this difference between the two occasions. In the first, the Tory chief and his most intelligent followers were converted; in the latter, there was a more striking conversion of the nation. Five years' experience of Toryism was sufficient to disgust the vast majority of the people, and the elections of 1880 recorded the verdict which had been slowly and quietly, but very decidedly, formed. The present

crisis has more resemblance to that of 1841 than that of 1874. When Mr. Disraeli found himself unexpectedly placed in power, he had no burning question to face. He owed his success almost entirely to distrust of the Liberal Government, which was the result largely of the *insouciance* of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues, some of whom had shown an almost incredible capacity for alienating the truest friends of the Government; and he had only to act on the maxim, "*Non quicquam movere*," to secure his party a certain lease of office. That is not possible for any Tory Minister now. Home Rule has the same position to-day as Free Trade had in 1841, with this difference, that the Anti-Corn Law League had no force as compact, as resolute, and as determined to compel a settlement as the Irish Nationalists, and, what is still more important, had no sympathy from the Liberal chief and his followers. The Irish question must be dealt with, and when that task is seriously undertaken, the difficulties of the "Unionists" will begin. Hitherto they have, for the most part, been critics, and, if they have ever attempted the work of construction, their weakness has immediately become apparent. There is no occasion for any undue elation on the one side or depression on the other. The country has pronounced against Home Rule on the lives laid down in the Bill which was rejected on June 7, and has, if possible, even more strongly emphasized its determination not to listen to such a scheme as that set forth in the Land Purchase Bill. Possibly it has also meant to show its reluctance to entertain any proposals for Home Rule whatever. But that does not end the controversy. It does not answer the demands urged by three-fourths of the Irish members, nor show how these representatives of a nation are to be dealt with when they insist that their claim shall be met before any other legislation is attempted. Upon the manner in which this problem is approached, and the kind of solution proposed, will depend the future of the Government, of the Parliament, and, it may be, of the Liberal party. There is no need for serious anxiety. The Tories have gained a large number of seats, but the figures show few, if any, signs of Tory reaction. Of Liberal divisions the evidences are only too abundant; but these may yet be healed by the exercise of wisdom and moderation. If a few men on both sides who have committed themselves to very decided views be left out of the question, the differences in the Liberal party are far less serious than might appear. Mr. John Morley seems determined on forcing the particular solution proposed in the late Bill, and by his pertinacity on this point has contributed largely to the recent defeat. But Mr. Gladstone has shown no such obstinacy. He insists that there shall be a "Statutory Parliament," and he certainly will never consent to degrade it to the condition of a glorified vestry, but he has no intention of sacrificing the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. The real question at issue is how these two objects are to be secured

—that is, how Ireland is to have the largest measure of autonomy consistent with the maintenance of the unity of the Empire and the sovereignty of the Imperial Parliament. Sir George Trevelyan clearly sees this, and believes that the united Liberal party is competent to give a satisfactory answer. If his counsels are to prevail, reconciliation may be nearer than at present seems possible.

There is one satisfactory feature even in the recent defeats. They have effectually given the lie to the calumny, so persistently reiterated, that the Liberal party had no independence. Had it been true, Mr. Gladstone would have returned with a large majority. There can be no doubt that the Irish party gave the Tories a considerable number of seats in November last, and the calculation seemed a reasonable one, that, by the transfer of their votes, they could secure these seats for Mr. Gladstone in July. But there was a factor which had been left out of the reckoning, and it has vitiated the entire conclusion. The Tories were not shocked by their alliance with Mr. Parnell and his friends. Lord Salisbury hailed the manifesto of the League as an omen of certain victory, and his followers obeyed the word of command. A large section of the Liberals have refused to follow their example. To any one who could read their true meaning into the figures, the returns of the first day's polling were conclusive as to the result of the entire election. After running through them, I observed to a friend, "We are beaten, and badly beaten." My reason for a forecast which seemed rather pessimist was, that these early elections proved that the Nationalists could not fulfil their promises. The solid Irish vote was given for the Liberals, but it was more than balanced by the neutrality or the positive hostility of a number of earnest Liberals everywhere.

How far the feeling which influenced these seceders was wise or honourable is open to question; but at all events it proved that there is in the Liberal party an independence which is not to be found in their opponents. The difference between the conduct of the two leaders in relation to the Irish party is that the action of Mr. Gladstone has at least been open and avowed, whereas that of Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill has been a piece of tortuous and unworthy intrigue. The abandonment of the policy of coercion, which (be it remembered) Lord Randolph Churchill has told us was determined upon by the Tory leaders before their accession to office, might have been expected to shock a large section of the party, and even if they tolerated that, the treatment of Lord Spencer ought to have forced them into revolt. But this extraordinary change of attitude on the part of their leaders, produced no impression on their followers. The country might be great, but their party was greater still, and thus it happened that the Tories were able to accept the help of the National League without alienating any of their own supporters. Had they been converted to the prin-

ciples of the League, this might have furnished occasion for surprise, but none for complaint. It now appears that they were not converted, though they may have allowed Mr. Parnell to suppose that they were. Their position is not an enviable one, and it is satisfactory to feel that there are Liberals who have refused to follow the Tory example and have even voted against their great leader, because, in this matter they believed him to be wrong.

It may be hoped, too, that this independence has freed the party from a bogey by which it has long been haunted. The Irish vote has been the terror of politicians whose one thought is how to work the machine. They will do well not to concern themselves about it any more. If the late election has made one point clearer than another, it is that the Liberal party must act in absolute independence of the Irish vote—if for no other reason, because any unworthy concessions made to obtain it will alienate more than they conciliate. It is a vital principle of Liberal policy that full justice shall be done to Ireland as well as to any other part of the empire; but to go beyond that, and shape a programme with a view of attracting Irish support, is only to prepare disaster. It is not suggested that any such view shaped Mr. Gladstone's policy. He had reached the conclusion that true patriotism demanded an effort to settle this question in a particular way, and, as his desire was to satisfy the legitimate aspirations of the Irish people, he had a right to look for their support. His line of action was perfectly legitimate, but it has proved a failure, partly, it is to be feared, because of the rooted prejudice of the English people against their Irish neighbours. Such a state of feeling is to be deplored, but it is some compensation to find that we are not under the control of an Irish colony in our large towns. Perhaps Mr. T. P. O'Connor has been too fond of vaunting his power, and there is no question that multitudes of Liberal artisans have resented his pretensions. No one would desire to rob the Irish voters of their legitimate influence, but assuredly that does not include a right to dictate the policy of the Liberal party or to govern the nation.

But, whatever gain there be in the emancipation from a fear which should never have been suffered to intrude into our party counsels, it is but poor compensation for the shattering of the Liberal majority. "Varus, where are my legions?" is the question which Liberalism may not unreasonably, and even with some indignation, address to the chief in whom such unlimited confidence was reposed, but quite as much to each of the lieutenants whose desertion led to the defeat in Parliament, followed by the still worse disaster at the polls. It will long be a point of controversy whether or not the dissolution was inevitable. That the late Parliament was foredoomed to early dissolution will hardly be denied by any one who understands the "true inwardness," as our American friends would say, of political

parties and their relations to each other. Whether it might have been possible to secure a brief interval for practical legislation before entering on the thorny problems of Home Rule is a question which can never be settled, and need not be discussed. But, at the utmost, the delay would only have been brief, and on that score, therefore, there need not be any very serious regret. It is a very different matter whether another mode of handling the question when it was touched might not have saved us a dissolution so premature, or, at all events, a defeat so crushing as that which it has entailed.

"*Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.*" The story has been often repeated, but it may be doubted whether ever in a more striking and conspicuous form. The chiefs must bear the entire responsibility for the trouble which has come upon the host. It is not easy to acquit any of them of serious blame. Mr. Bright's action has probably caused the deepest feeling both of surprise and regret. He may properly be regarded as the Nestor of the party. To him all are prepared to accord something even beyond respect. He would have to commit many a blunder before he could blot out the memory of his earlier and nobler days. In dark and troublous times, when the battle of the people had to be fought against tremendous odds, John Bright was their dauntless champion, and those who can remember the incidents of that period, now passing into history, and of all history that which is most forgotten, may well hesitate to say a disparaging word of the great tribune of the people. It has not been given to him to associate his name with any great piece of legislation, but he has done the far more difficult work of the pioneer in relation to most of our reforms. In the historic struggles for religious liberty, for Free Trade, for the extension of political power to the people, for the promotion of peace, he has always been a conspicuous figure, and at every point he has been opposed, and opposed with bitterest malignity, by the party which is now cheering him to the echo. Even though he should cut himself loose from all the noblest work of his life, it would be impossible for us to forget what we owe to John Bright, or to meet his every attack with retorted scorn and denunciation.

It is nevertheless a cruel fate for those who find themselves, in their struggle against Toryism, confronted with the eloquent criticisms of Mr. Bright upon the very principles which they have learned from him. It is not only in the application of great political maxims to a special case that Mr. Bright has been untrue to his former self, but in relation even to the particular case of Ireland his late speech and action are in direct variance with his former teaching. The wrongs of Ireland have not often been set forth with more eloquence than by him in speeches which are not more remarkable for their political sagacity and their exquisite force of language, than for that lofty moral tone which has given his oratory a character which is almost

unique. The case for Home Rule might be argued with convincing power from Mr. Bright's speeches made before the violence of the Nationalist leaders had affected all his views of Irish questions. Here is what he said of the Union and its results in 1866, on a motion for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act :—

"An hon. member from Ireland a few nights ago referred to the character of the Irish people. He said, and I believe it is true, that there is no Christian nation with which we are acquainted amongst the people of which crime of the ordinary character, as we reckon it in this country, is so rare as it is amongst his countrymen. He might have said, also, that there is no people—whatever they may be at home—more industrious than his countrymen in every country but their own. He might have said more: that they are a people of a cheerful and joyous temperament. He might have said more than this, that they are singularly grateful for kindnesses shown to them; and that, of all the people of our race, they are filled with the strongest sentiment of veneration. And yet, with such materials and with such a people, after centuries of government—after sixty-five years of government by this House—you have them embittered against your rule, and anxious only to throw off the authority of the Crown and Queen of this realm. Now, this is not a single occasion we are discussing. This is merely an access of the complaint Ireland has been suffering under during the lifetime of the oldest man in this House—that of chronic insurrection." ("Bright's Speeches," vol. i. p. 351.)

No man (says Mr. Bright) can deny this, and certainly as little is it possible to deny that this chronic disease has continued ever since, with occasional outbursts of a more acute form, that its symptoms have been aggravated rather than diminished, and that there never was more urgent necessity for dealing with it than at present. What remedy Mr. Bright would have proposed at that time does not appear, but the whole tenor of the speech sufficiently indicates the "*fons et origo mali*." "Sixty-five years ago this country and the Parliament undertook to govern Ireland. I will say nothing of the manner in which that duty was brought upon us except this, that it was by proceedings disgraceful and corrupt in the last degree. I will say nothing of the pretences under which it was brought about but this, that the English Parliament and people, and the Irish people, too, were told that if they once got rid of the Irish Parliament they would dethrone for ever Irish factions, and that with a united Parliament we should become a united and stronger and happier people." The remainder of the speech is a terrible indictment of English government during the period. Here are some of the items—"Measures of repression, measures for the suspension of the civil rights of the Irish people, brought into Parliament and passed with extreme and unusual rapidity." "Coercion Bills in abundance, Arms Bills session after session, lamentations like that of the right hon. gentleman the member for Buckinghamshire, that the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act was not made perpetual by a clause which he laments was repealed." What a record! And on the other side how little of useful legislation to be placed—

"only three considerable measures passed in the interests of Ireland:" Catholic emancipation, "only passed under the menace of, and because of the danger of, a civil war," and the two others "under the emergency of a famine more severe than any that has desolated any Christian country of the world within the last four hundred years." Mr. Bright crowns the whole by an emphatic statement in regard to all the Prime Ministers under whom he had sat as a member of Parliament—Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Derby, and Lord Palmerston: "there has not been any approach to statesmanship on the part of the English Government towards Ireland." For the last twenty years we have pursued a nobler policy, and yet we have failed, and failed because we were determined to manage Ireland, instead of allowing her to govern herself.

What a contrast between these forcible representations and the speech made at Birmingham on the eve of the elections. If in this unhappy warfare Lord Hartington has slain his tens and Mr. Chamberlain his hundreds, Mr. Bright has slain his thousands of earnest and thorough Liberals. The secession of Whigs and moderate Liberals might have been accepted as a painful necessity, and its effects overcome. The detachment of a section of Radicals was a much more serious matter; but when the strength of this body was indefinitely increased by the strongly pronounced sympathy of John Bright—of all Liberals the most honoured and trusted—the mischief was irreparable. If we are to have a Tory *régime*; if Lord Salisbury is to be allowed to enter upon his twenty years of firm and resolute government for Ireland; if Lord Randolph Churchill is to try his "prentice hand" in ruling our great dependency, itself one of the most powerful empires in the world; if, too, trade is to be hampered by some miserable but costly experiments in the direction of protective legislation; if the magisterial bench is to be crowded with bigoted squires and fiery Tory partisans, and even the promotion to higher offices discredited by such jobbery as marked the late brief Administration; there is no man who will be more responsible for all this hindrance to progress, and, in truth, this positive reaction, than John Bright.

Mr. Bright's speech has been the favourite electioneering instrument of the Tory party, and the evidence as to its results is continually accumulating. It is not that a "standard-bearer has fallen"—that loss would have been grievous; but the standard-bearer has carried the flag, which multitudes have been accustomed to follow, into the enemy's camp. Liberals have been fighting against Tories carrying the flag of John Bright. In addition to every other objection, they have this special ground of complaint, that this intense opposition was sprung on them as a surprise at the last moment. Grant the force of all Mr. Bright's

reasoning, and it only makes his long silence more unintelligible. He tells Mr. Gladstone that he owed it to his constituents to make them acquainted with his opinions. True, but he owed them a previous duty, which had been neglected to the serious injury of his party and the Liberal cause. It is hardly too much to say that, had Mr. Bright avowed the same uncompromising opposition on the first reading of the Home Rule Bill, the schism in the Liberal party might have been averted. Such a protest from such a man would at all events have shown the folly of attempting to force the measure upon a reluctant and divided party until fuller opportunity had been given for discussion.

There was all the more reason why he should thus have interposed in the early stage of the controversy, because the startling novelty of the proposals rendered it essential that time should be given for their consideration. Even Mr. Bright might not have succeeded in turning Mr. Gladstone from his purpose, but he might at least have convinced him of the necessity of educating the people before he ventured on an appeal to them. The eagerness with which the measure has been pressed has told most disastrously upon its fortunes, and the impolicy of this haste is so manifest that it can only have been due to the difficulties of the situation. These difficulties were certainly sufficient to justify Mr. Gladstone's action. Mr. Bright reproaches him, as many others have done beside, with the inconsistency between his appeal to the country for a large majority to secure him a free hand in dealing with Mr. Parnell and his subsequent action. But the inconsistency is only apparent. The failure of the appeal transformed the situation, and the Premier had to adapt his policy to the changed circumstances. It may be that he too readily assumed that Mr. Parnell was master of the situation, and that he offered concessions which were in excess of the actual requirements. But it cannot fairly be left out of account that Mr. Parnell commanded a force which could raise the 'Tory minority to one half of the House, and that the leaders of the party had not shown any scruple as to securing the aid of these Irish votes. The underlying principle in Mr. Gladstone's appeal was, that the one chance of meeting the Irish demands in a spirit of fairness was the return of a Liberal majority strong enough to be independent of Irish support, and it was a corollary from that principle that, if there was no such majority, the only possible policy was to make secure the best terms attainable.

This is an elementary fact, and yet it is constantly left out of the discussion. It is assumed that Mr. Gladstone acted entirely on some unreasoning impulse, the promptings of a restless ambition, or some other equally irrational motive. It is forgotten that some action was imperative, and, further, that it must be in the direction of conciliation. Parliament was paralyzed by the presence of an Irish

contingent which held in its hands the balance of power, and which, with a singleness of eye that added enormously to its strength, was determined to use all its force to obtain justice for Ireland. Whether it might have been possible to persuade Mr. Parnell to be content with a resolution in favour of Home Rule, and to wait till another session for the redemption of the pledge thus given, there are no available data to determine. At all events, Mr. Gladstone resolved on immediate action, and that resolve has for the present been fatal to his plans. There is nothing surprising in this, still less any legitimate cause for discouragement. Mr. Gladstone trusted too confidently to the righteousness of his cause; his friends relied too much on the glamour of his name and the magic of his eloquence. Both left out of account the difficulty which they had to meet in the deep-rooted prejudice and the widespread ignorance which would so powerfully reinforce the opposition of a more intelligent and conservative patriotism.

It would be worse than folly to treat all the resistance which has been encountered as though it were due to unsoundness in Liberal principles. Very much of it is the result of ignorance as to the facts of Irish history—an ignorance which is to be found even among many who are regarded as cultured people. There has been indeed a singular mixture of good and evil in the hostile sentiment which has spread over the country and has met Mr. Gladstone's appeal with such an emphatic "No." Religious bigotry has contributed much to it; but it is a bigotry which managed to persuade itself that it was jealous only for liberty. National pride has been a potent factor in creating it; but it has disguised itself in the garb of patriotism, and has professed as much anxiety for the good of Ireland as for the prosperity of Great Britain. But it may be doubted whether any force has told more injuriously against the Government than ignorance. The question continually raised, as to why Ireland should receive a consideration not shown to England or Scotland, is very specious, but the history of our past dealings with Ireland supplies an easy and a complete answer. Our conduct, not in the distant past, but even up to our own times, has demonstrated our incapacity to rule Ireland. This is written large over the history of centuries. But this is what the people do not know. They are ignorant of the extent to which the Irish people have, until the passing of the last Reform Bill, been deprived of rights freely conceded to their brethren in England and Scotland. They have forgotten, if they ever knew, that at the time of the great reform in our own municipal government, which has done so much for this country, the Irish people were denied corresponding privileges; that Sir Robert Peel advocated the suppression of their corporations altogether; and that Lord Lyndhurst justified his persistent endeavours to rob them of the liberty granted to their fellow-subjects by telling them

that they were "alien in race, language, and religion." They do not understand what is meant by "Dublin Castle," and the system of administration of which it is the centre. "I do not believe," said Mr. Chamberlain so recently as June 17 of last year, "that the great majority of Englishmen have the slightest conception of the system under which this free nation attempts to rule the sister country. It is a system which is founded on the bayonets of 30,000 soldiers encamped permanently in a hostile country. It is a system as completely centralized and bureaucratic as that with which Russia governs Poland, or as that which prevailed in Venice under the Austrian rule." There is not a word of exaggeration here, and it furnishes a sufficient justification for those who have been forced to the conviction that the only hope of redressing these evils and of establishing true unity between the two countries is to abandon the attempt to manage Irish affairs, in which we have so conspicuously failed, and leave the nation to conduct its own local business. Unfortunately, as Mr. Chamberlain says, the great majority of English people do not understand the subject. They have not read the history; they are not well informed even as to the state of affairs to-day; they have not had the whole case of the Irish people before them.

The subject was one on which there was special need for preparation. It needed time even to smooth the asperities produced by recent conflicts, and especially by the elections of last November. Statesmen, journalists, party managers, sitting in their own studies and contemplating the struggle from afar, can but imperfectly realize, if, indeed, they are able to realize at all, the intense feelings awakened and the bitter resentments left by the sudden turning of the Irish vote at the last election. The intolerance shown to those who were not able at once to accept the new position which Mr. Gladstone had taken up is altogether without justification. It was worse than absurd to contend that every man who did not immediately and unreservedly commit himself to a measure which a few months before would have been rejected by the great majority of the Liberal party was lacking in sound Liberalism. Hesitation on the part of some, decided resistance on the part of others, was certain. And if this was the case in the House of Commons, among those who had special facilities for studying the subject and special reasons for giving their attention to it, it was sure to be so in a far larger degree in the constituencies. It would have been little short of a miracle had they at once responded to an appeal whose force could only be appreciated by those who were familiar with the facts. In truth, this is the first great reform the proposal of which has originated with the Minister. In all other cases parliamentary and ministerial action has waited on popular demand. Here the process has been reversed, and the result has not been fortunate.

The conclusion from all this would seem to be that the dissentient Liberals were justified in their strenuous resistance to the measure. If their action had been confined to a resolute opposition either to the Bill itself or to such provisions in it as appeared to them dangerous and objectionable, there would have been no room for censure or complaint. "We," said Lord Hartington at Derby, "have already secured this—that the question shall not be decided without the country and the constituencies passing their judgment upon it and making themselves responsible for it." This was not only a perfectly legitimate demand, but one with which the Government were, on every ground, bound to comply. But was it necessary, in order to enforce it, to resort to the extreme course which has been adopted? There surely was no lack of parliamentary methods by which this delay might have been secured without having recourse to an alliance with Tories, and involving a disruption of the Liberal party, the ultimate consequences of which it is not easy to forecast. A combination of all the Liberal members who, whether opposed to Home Rule in any shape or not, were desirous that more time should be given for the discussion of the Bill, both in the House and the country, would have been irresistible, because there would have been no answer to their arguments. If Mr. Parnell had all the wisdom with which he is credited, even he would have urged the adoption of such a course, for nothing is more certain than that a measure of so vital a character can never be rushed through a Parliament taken by surprise and overborne by a clever piece of political strategy.

Unhappily, from the very beginning there was on both sides an exhibition of strong feeling which boded ill for a peaceable and satisfactory settlement. Even Lord Hartington seriously compromised his own position—which at first was absolutely unique, and might have given him almost absolute command of the situation—by taking his place at the side of Lord Salisbury in the Opera House. It was a declaration of war to the knife, without any attempt to effect an arrangement. If we are to judge from his recent speeches, his lordship has advanced considerably since that day. He is no longer prepared to meet the Irish demand with an absolute "non possumus," and it may be hoped that even in this hour of apparent success he regrets that he did not more earnestly seek to avoid the conflict, which has not settled the Home Rule question, but which has inflicted a damage on the Liberal cause, to which he has been so loyal, that will not easily be repaired. Clearly, he is not deceived by the apparent collapse of the Ministerial party, for the large abstentions on the Liberal side show that there is a strong force of opinion waiting to be more fully instructed and guided. Nor can he close his eyes to the fact that any other scheme may, in its turn, be defeated by a similar combination of parties, while still this Irish problem remains with its inexorable demands. Had all this been present to his view when he took his first step,

he might have felt that the course of wisdom would have been to try what his influence could accomplish by friendly action within his own circle before uniting with a party to whom he has been in lifelong opposition, and with whom he has no real sympathy, in an uncompromising resistance which he has already been constrained seriously to modify.

But regret for the unfortunate incidents of the past is as unavailing as an endeavour to determine on whom the blame for the present schism in the Liberal ranks should be laid would be satisfactory. Probably there has been an impracticable firmness, not to say obstinacy, on both sides. Up to a certain point, indeed, Mr. Gladstone seemed ready to make such concessions as ought to have satisfied all who would accept the principle of a Statutory Parliament in Ireland, and throughout the elections he has insisted that that was the only question submitted to the electors. But he was not the only exponent of the Ministerial policy, and each successive declaration seemed to be followed by another from Mr. John Morley which indicated a fixed resolve to press the original scheme in its integrity. These statements have been eagerly seized upon by the opponents of Mr. Gladstone, who have not failed to insist that a vote for one of his followers meant the acceptance of his entire policy, including the buying out of the Irish landlords. Had this view prevailed universally, the condemnation of the Government would have been more pronounced and emphatic than it is. With, I believe, few exceptions, the Ministerial candidates distinctly repudiated the Land Purchase Bill and pledged themselves to insist on the maintenance of the integrity of the Imperial Parliament. Even these pledges, however, have not availed to stem the fierce current of angry and passionate feeling which has wrought such terrible disaster to Liberalism.

To Liberals who have not breathed the heated atmosphere of the lobbies and the clubs, the passion which has been evoked by this question is absolutely unintelligible. Lord Hartington certainly is not a man of excitable temperament, yet even he condescends to language which can only be described as "buncombe," but "buncombe" into which is infused considerable bitterness. "This is a question," he says, "which so infinitely transcends all the differences—all the party differences—which ordinarily divide us, that party distinctions ought to be effaced, and to a very great extent I am thankful they have been." "It would, in my opinion, be as criminal for us to haggle and argue about our party differences when the enemy is at our gates, as to be engaged in such an occupation when an invasion of our country is imminent." Solidity and common-sense are generally supposed to be the distinctive features of his lordship's oratory. It is a pity he should venture into a region with which he is unfamiliar, and for which he is manifestly unfitted. This is not only "high falutin," but it is very poor

of its kind. What, after all, is this terrible question for the sake of which all-party distinctions are to be effaced and every lifelong political friendship to be forgotten? For the sake of it, Lord Hartington has not only deserted his old chief, but has been stumping the country in order to drive out of Parliament every Liberal who does not agree with him. Even an old political ally of his family, who has fought many a gallant battle on behalf of the flag to which in common they profess attachment, was not spared. Sir Matthew Wilson's defeat at the hands of his old friends is one of the most discreditable incidents of the contest. His eighty years and faithful service might surely have saved him from attack. But he had committed the unpardonable sin of differing from the Devonshire family on this question of Home Rule, and the pound of flesh must be exacted. His lordship may be assured that this is one of those tyrannous abuses of power the memory of which does not soon pass away. Taken in connection with the conduct of the Duke of Westminster and the Duke of Bedford, it produces the impression that aristocracy cannot tolerate independence. These Liberal houses were the salt of the House of Lords, and if that salt have lost its savour, alas for that which it has hitherto helped to conserve! It must indeed be a very grave matter which could induce Lord Hartington to pursue a line of action so unlike himself and so inconsistent with all the traditions of his family.

The difficulty is to understand how his lordship has wrought himself up into the belief either that the enemy is thundering at our gates or that the Tory party have agreed to efface all party distinctions in order that this terrible foe may meet the resistance of the united nation. In relation to this latter point, it would be interesting to learn when this self-effacement took place and how long it is to continue. It certainly had not occurred last June, when these Tory patriots took sweet counsel together with the enemy and joined him in attacking the guardians of the citadel; nor even in last November, when they combined their forces against his lordship and his then friends. On the other hand, there are already indications that this unwonted self-abnegation is coming to an end, and that these pure patriots are about to assert themselves again, and to claim the spoils which credulous Liberals have helped them to secure. It is abundantly evident that they have a very different idea of the "enemy" from that which possesses Lord Hartington and seems for a time to have clouded his clear brain; and the probable result of his lordship's magnanimous determination to sacrifice his old allies in order that he may ward off this danger to the State, which seems to him so portentous, will be that Lord Salisbury or Lord Randolph Churchill will concede even more than Mr. Gladstone has ever contemplated. The question returns, What is this dreaded evil which fills Lord Hartington with such apprehension? Not an Irish Parliament, for he is content to

accept that on certain conditions. Everything turns on the conditions. His lordship named four, and Mr. Gladstone repudiated some of them with perhaps needless emphasis. But even here was the opening at all events for negotiation. If Lord Hartington is so bent on effacing differences, would it not have been more consistent with his own position to try first what could be done towards reconciliation with his old leader? If the danger was really so imminent, are the statesmen who deserted Lord Spencer last summer those in whom he can put implicit trust?

It must be said, however, that it is easier to understand the action of the Whigs than that of the Radical section of the Liberal dissentients. Mr. Chamberlain's objections to the measure as originally introduced are not only perfectly intelligible, but it is certain that they must be fairly dealt with before any final solution can be reached. The sooner it is recognized that the integrity of the Imperial Parliament must be preserved, and its supremacy be maintained, the better. On these points there is an approach to absolute unanimity in the constituencies, and the conviction has an intensity with which it would not be safe to trifle. How this end is to be secured, and the legitimate aspirations of the Irish people satisfied, is a crux for our statesmanship. The solution of the problem is not easy, but it will have to be found, and in the meantime it is more than a pity that those who are agreed on the general principle of a settlement should postpone all chance of its adoption by their fierce antagonism as to the methods by which it can best be carried out.

The question, however, between the two bodies of Liberals cannot be fairly or even intelligently discussed unless it be frankly recognized that, though the difference seems to be one solely of detail, the detail affects interests so vital that it may easily come to be a matter of principle. Mr. Bright's course is perfectly clear. He is opposed to the principle of a Statutory Irish Parliament, whatever the manner of its constitution and the regulations by which it is governed. His is the extreme Tory position, and he is really more in agreement with the view of the Ulster Irreconcilables than with any phase of English Liberal opinion. He has at least the merit of logical consistency, for the weight of argument against Mr. Gladstone's proposals, and especially that which rests on the dissent of the Ulster minority, is distinctly against change of any kind. Lord Hartington's exact attitude it would be more difficult to describe, inasmuch as it changes as he is able more fully to realize the conditions of the problem and prepares to accept the inevitable. Mr. Chamberlain has held the same ground throughout. The reproach so often made against him, that he has been continually producing new plans, is inspired by exaggerated party feeling, and is, in fact, no reproach at all. One of the worst faults, in such a controversy as this, would be a bigoted

adherence to a particular method in order to get credit for what is called consistency. Amid all these changes of method, Mr. Chamberlain has throughout been insisting on the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, and his one contention has been that anything which threatens that cannot be regarded as a detail, but must be of the essence of the Bill.

Mr. Gladstone's mode of reducing the question to a simple issue, "Shall there be a Statutory Irish Parliament?" is naturally objected to by these Radical dissentients as incomplete and therefore misleading. Their answer would be: "Before we vote 'Yes' or 'No,' we must have a full definition of what this Parliament is to be? Is it to be co-ordinate with, or subordinate to, the Imperial Legislature? If the Irish members are to have no place in the latter, then, in the very nature of things, the Irish Parliament must sooner or later, and probably sooner rather than later, become independent. For by their exclusion the Imperial has been changed into a British Parliament, and it is not to be expected that the Irish Parliament will quietly accept a subordinate position." There may possibly be a complete and satisfactory answer to this argument; but certainly it has not yet been given. In consequence, Mr. Chamberlain has drifted farther from his old friends, and has not hesitated to say that all other political differences should be placed in abeyance, and Radicals vote for Tories in order to defeat the Ministerial policy.

Mr. Chamberlain has been singled out from the other dissentients, and made the object of attacks marked by a special bitterness. Why this should have been so has never been apparent to those who have endeavoured to look at the question in a judicial spirit. At the beginning of the discussion he certainly seemed more open to reconciliation than any of the other leaders, and it was the height of impolicy to force him into a more determined resistance. Unfortunately it was assumed that Mr. Gladstone was infallible, and dissent from his proposal, especially in the case of one so much younger, was held to be an act of disloyalty which must be crushed out, at whatever cost. Mr. Chamberlain's endeavour to explain his own position was resented as an impertinence, and the technical breach of Cabinet etiquette, which the Prime Minister denounced with unnecessary heat, treated as an unpardonable political sin. Then followed the unfortunate meeting of the National Liberal Federation, when Mr. Ellis, hitherto an unknown politician, leaped into fame as the leader of a revolt against Birmingham and Mr. Chamberlain. There was not a sincere Liberal present on that occasion in whom the incidents of that afternoon did not awaken a feeling of dismay. Certain journalists have done their utmost to widen the breach. Practically, Mr. Chamberlain has been dared to do his worst, and it has been suggested that that worst is of very

trifling significance. He has taken up the challenge, but the result has not been so harmless as was supposed by those who drove him to these extremities.

He would have acted more wisely, not only for his own permanent reputation, but even for his immediate object, had he risen superior to these provocations, and, even while opposing a measure of which he disapproved, kept himself free from all Tory alliance. From the moment when he resolved to sacrifice his old associations for the sake of defeating the Irish policy of the Government, and publicly, almost ostentatiously, gave his support to Tory candidates, he lost the sympathy of numbers who, while they honoured him, cared more for the Liberal cause. At the same time, it is unfair to judge him without taking into account the unhappy incidents which have brought about the present strange complications. He is not a faultless leader, and, in truth, we do gross injury to our chiefs themselves when we fail to recognize their fallibility, and in our treatment of them alternate between foolish adulation and extravagant censure. In politics, as in war, the best general is he who makes the fewest mistakes. Mr. Chamberlain, like all other leaders, has committed errors, but he has also done great service to the party, the recollection of which can be effaced only by himself. Any judgment of him at present would be pretty sure to be coloured by passion, but the plaudits of wild Orangemen who write in the *Times*, and the keen criticisms of Liberals burning with indignation at the thought of the injury he has done their cause, are the indirect tributes to his power. He is not a man from whom we should part on any light ground.

What his future is to be, it would indeed be rash to predict, for while much will depend on his own action, that, in its turn, will be largely affected by events. The *Quarterly Review*, in lavishing unwonted praises on him, adds: "We have often differed with him in opinion, and often shall again, for he ever will remain a Radical. It is childish to think of his acting with the Conservatives, or the Conservatives with him, except upon the issue of Union or Separation. But this we must say, that he has afforded evidence throughout the struggle of much higher aims, of a loftier sense of duty, of greater power of facing difficulties, to say nothing of greater eloquence and argumentative powers, than ever before we gave him credit for."* It is curious to read this last sentence, but it shows that the Tory party feel how much they owe to Mr. Chamberlain, while the previous one indicates that there is a clear understanding as to the limits within which their co-operation must be restricted. If Mr. Chamberlain remains true to that conception,—and there is no reason for even the shadow of a suspicion to the contrary—then his

* *Quarterly Review*, July, p. 287.

return to the Liberal ranks can only be a question of time. There has been a ring in some of his speeches which has not been pleasant to Radical ears, but I should be very slow to believe that he will be unfaithful to that Radical creed of which he has been so powerful an exponent, and it certainly would be bad policy for us to drive him into permanent alienation. We, of all parties, should respect independent honesty. There is hardly one of our great leaders who has not, at one time or other, been in a similar position. Mr. Bright has more than once been isolated and ostracized. The men who calumniate Mr. Gladstone as a mere self-seeker, and with mendacious glibness assert that every change in his opinions has been made with a view to his own advancement, conveniently forget that he, too, has on more than one occasion sacrificed place to principle, and exposed himself to those taunts and jeers which are always the portion of a statesman who crosses the path of the party. "For a Minister to go into retirement rather than sacrifice his convictions, and then be a mark for all the missiles which jealousy and malice can forge against him, and for the endless calumny and detraction which his own familiar friends can secretly whisper for his disparagement—all this is hard to bear, even though a man carries about with him nerves of steel and a will of iron." So writes the *Quarterly* of Mr. Chamberlain. The same might have been said in other days of Mr. Gladstone. The resurrection of the reputation and influence of the one may yet be as remarkable as that of the other, and will be so if he remain faithful to his Radical convictions.

For the present, however, the feeling aroused by the association of Radicals with Tories is very keen. Men who have been looked up to as Radical leaders have lent themselves to the undoing of the work of their lives, and the mischief thus done cannot be speedily repaired. The circumstances of the time have greatly intensified the evil. The newly enfranchised peasantry stand in special need of political education, which can only come by experience. Each election ought to be a new teacher, and everything which serves to confuse their minds only retards a process of enlightenment on which the future of the country largely depends. It is to such men, who are only beginning to realize their political position, that Mr. Jesse Collings has seen fit to address his extraordinary appeals. He is about the last man who could plead ignorance of the true significance and far-reaching effect of a Liberal defeat under such conditions. It is to his honour that he has identified himself with the cause of the English peasantry. He knows, as few politicians do know, what they have to suffer at the hands of the landlords, and sometimes even of parsons. He understands at what a cost they asserted their independence at the election of 1885, and how they prized the victory they

had so hardly won. Yet he does not hesitate to set himself to bring them under the yoke they had found it so difficult to break. A Tory triumph in any one of these counties means the setting up of the domination which Mr. Jesse Collings himself inspired and helped them to overthrow. The next assault upon it will be made under more adverse conditions, and success will be more difficult. But all this has to be faced because the wrath of Mr. Jesse Collings has been kindled against Mr. Gladstone. It is not necessary to the present purpose to inquire whether that wrath was just. It is, at all events, hard that its effects should come upon the innocent—not only upon candidates who have fought by the side of Mr. Collings, and whose only fault is that they do not fully share his views about Mr. Gladstone and his Bill, but upon the very people who have so long been the objects of Mr. Collings' sympathy, but who must be left to the mercies of a Tory *régime* until the anger of their old friend is appeased.

The indignation which has been awakened in the minds of men who have a supreme contempt for the personal jealousies and petty intrigues of political life, and who interest themselves in politics only as the means for promoting great principles, is much stronger than can be appreciated by those who have been carried away by the excitement of the contest.

The feeling is perfectly natural, but it must be held in check. It is neither politic nor right that passion should be allowed to dominate the action of a great party. "Do we not well to be angry?" is the cry which meets us on every side from men whose moral sense has been shocked by an alliance which, in their view, is an outrage upon every sound political principle. It is not easy to answer, especially as I share their indignation. But in calmer moments one is compelled to confess that the circumstances were so exceptional as to explain what must be regarded as a fatal error. The precedent, indeed, is one of evil omen, for were it to be followed it would render the existence of a Liberal Party impossible. Tories always have a bond of union, but the party of progress will be an evil case indeed if at every step they take they are liable to be forsaken by some of their leaders, and to find them their most strenuous opponents. But it is useless to dwell upon the mischief that has been wrought; the question rather is, how it can be most speedily repaired. Time will be the great healer, not merely by the natural process which consigns the incidents of the hour to oblivion, but still more by the new situation which it is sure to create. A Tory Ministry will be untrue, to all the traditions of the party if it does not help to heal Liberal dissensions. In the meantime, those who seek to exacerbate the hostility on either side are the worst enemies of Liberalism. Union is to found, not in the triumph of either section over the other, but in

the endeavour to find a common basis of righteous legislation for Ireland on which all may agree. The immediate future of the party depends on the extent to which the rival leaders can sink the partisan in the statesman, and subordinate personal feeling to enlightened patriotism. It is clear that the Irish problem must be solved, if only for the sake of English legislation, and the future is with those who are prepared to treat in a generous and yet sagacious spirit.

One conspicuous feature of the conflict remains to be noticed. It has been fought on the question of Home Rule, but it has had at least as much relation to the personal ascendancy of Mr. Gladstone. It is an open secret that in the ranks of the Liberal party there have for a long time past been a number of men who have chafed against the supremacy, and quietly sought to undermine the influence, of the Prime Minister. They were not found in the front rank of the party, but among its subordinate members who had not found that appreciation of their eminent abilities to which they considered themselves entitled. The *Times* says of its Conservative friends, that their "front bench is notoriously weak in debate," and that there is a "singular lack of personal weight among its leaders." The Liberals, on the other hand, have suffered from a plethora of talent. Seriously, it would not be difficult to form two Ministries out of the Liberal party, both of which would be superior in ability, so far as the House of Commons is concerned, to any possible Tory Government. This is a strength, but it also becomes a difficulty. Every man's legitimate ambition to serve his country cannot be gratified, and those who have to remain in obscurity are apt all unconsciously to become severe critics of those in office, and especially of the Prime Minister. It may be confessed, too, without any disparagement to him, that Mr. Gladstone is not master of the small arts by which men of a certain type are managed. There is an extremely suggestive paper in the *Fortnightly Review* for July which clearly points to this defect as a main cause of the present dissensions. "Mr. Gladstone," says the anonymous writer, "has no sympathy whatever, not a particle, not a jot of sympathy, with the men around or beneath him whose labours have built up his empire. Never does an exclamation of gratitude, a word of thanks, escape him for the self-sacrifice, for the devotion that surround him. Has an adherent lost his seat? Mr. Gladstone regards him much as an ambitious general might regard the loss of a camp follower. . . . Through all these debates Mr. Gladstone has never shown that he had any conception of the demands he has made upon the loyalty of his party. They are units, items, food for power, of value for strategical purposes, weapons in the hands of a Minister." This testimony is not true. It looks very much as if it were given by some one who had lost his seat, and whose view had been coloured by the misfortune which had overtaken him. But it is an

index to the feelings of a certain section of the party, and it doubtless points to a certain lack in Mr. Gladstone's character. Probably he has not made sufficient allowance for the weaknesses of men, and certainly his cause has not been helped by some of those around him who have been all too anxious to enforce absolute submission to his will.

After all that can be urged by his enemies, however, Mr. Gladstone, in this hour of defeat, though not of humiliation, occupies a prouder position than any of his rivals is ever likely to attain. It is true that in the contemplation of great aims he may sometimes have been too oblivious of small men. If it be so, it is a grievous fault, and grievously hath he answered it. Surely never was such a combination arrayed against a solitary statesman, and for no offence, even on the showing of his worst foes, except that he has taken a mistaken view of his duty to his country. But the fury of the assailants has been equal to their number, and even now the insults which they heap upon the veteran chief show that they are still conscious of his power. Even as I write, there is before me the morning's *Times*, with a leader in which it surpasses even its previous anathemas in venomous spite, and it is supplemented by a letter from Mr. Goldwin Smith, who is spending his holiday in endeavouring to arrest the work of progress in the country he has abandoned, and who forgets his position as a scholar and a gentleman in the insults which he heaps upon a statesman whose greatness he seems unable to comprehend. Can any reasonable man believe that England will long indorse such a verdict as those who hate Mr. Gladstone for the service he has rendered to the people pronounce? Mr. Chamberlain, in pleading the cause of Lord Hartington before the electors of Rossendale, eloquently appealed to the services of years as a reason why his old friends should not desert him because of a difference on one point of policy. How easily could the argument have been turned. The brilliant services of half a century plead for Mr. Gladstone, and will not plead in vain. They plead, not for sympathy, but for justice, and I, for one, have faith that the time is not distant when that justice will be done. The issue presented to the people has been complicated in various ways by appeals to their selfishness to guard against imaginary dangers, to their love of religious liberty, to their hatred of Romanism. For the moment, the result is disastrous. But the English are, at heart, a just people, and, as these misleading representations are cleared away and they come to a better understanding of the facts, they will form a truer estimate of the noble statesman who has risked his own power and reputation that he might induce his fellow-countrymen to do a great act of national righteousness.

J. GUINNESS ROGERS.

A VENETIAN DYNASTY.

THE names of the doges of Venice, though so important in the old chronicles of the Republic, which are in many cases little more than a succession of *Vitæ Ducum*, possess individually few associations and little significance to the minds of the strangers who gaze upon the long line of portraits under the cornice of the Hall of the Great Council, without pausing with special interest on any of them, save perhaps on that corner where, conspicuous by its absence, the head of Marino Faliero ought to be. The easy adoption of one figure, by no means particularly striking or characteristic, but which served the occasion of the poet without giving him too much trouble, has helped to throw the genuine historical importance of a very remarkable succession of rulers into obscurity. But this long line of Sovereigns, sometimes the guides, often the victims, of the popular will, stretching back, with a clearer title and more comprehensible history than that of most dynasties, into the vague distances of old time, is full of interest, and contains many a tragic episode as striking and more significant than that of the aged prince whose picturesque story is the one most generally known. There are, indeed, few among them who have been publicly branded with the name of traitor; but, at least in the earlier chapters of the great civic history, there are as many examples of a popular struggle and a violent death as there are of the quiet ending and serene magnificence which seem fitted to the age and services of most of those who have risen to that dignity. They have been in many cases old men, already worn in the service of their country, most of them tried by land and sea—mariners, generals, legislators—fully equipped for all the various needs of a sovereignty whose dominion was the sea, yet which was at the same time weighted with

all the vexations and dangers of a continental rule. Their elevation was, in later times, a crowning honour, a sort of dignified retirement from the ruder labours of civic use; but in the earlier ages of the Republic this was not so, and at all times it was a most dangerous post, and one whose occupant was most likely to pay for popular disappointments, to run the risk of all the conspiracies, and to be hampered and hindered by jealous counsellors, and the continual inspection of suspicious spectators. To change the doge was always an expedient by which Venice could propitiate fate and turn the course of fortune; and the greatest misfortunes recorded in her chronicles are those of her princes, whose names were to-day acclaimed to all the echoes, their paths strewn with flowers and carpeted with cloth of gold, but to-morrow insulted and reviled, and themselves exiled or murdered, all services to the State notwithstanding. Sometimes, no doubt, the overthrow was well deserved; but in other instances it can be set down to nothing but popular caprice. To the latter category belongs the story of the family of the Orscoli, which, at the very outset of authentic history, sets before us at a touch the early economy of Venice, the relations of the princes and the people, the enthusiasms, the tumults, the gusts of popular caprice, as well as the already evident predominance of a vigorous aristocracy, natural leaders of the people. The history of this noble family has the advantage of being set before us by the first distinct contemporary narrative, that of Giovanni Sagornino—John the Deacon, John of Venice, as he is fondly termed by a recent historian. The incidents of their period of power, or at least of that of the two first princes of the name, incidents full of importance in the history of the rising Republic, are the first that stand forth, out of the mist of nameless chronicles, as facts which were seen and recorded by a trustworthy witness.

The first Orscolo came into power after a popular tumult of the most violent description, which took the throne and his life from the previous doge, Pietro Candiano. This event occurred in the year 976, when such scenes were not unusual even in regions less excitable. Candiano was the fourth doge of his name, and had been in his youth associated with his father in the supreme authority, but in consequence of his rebellion and evil behaviour had been displaced and exiled, his life saved only at the prayer of the old doge. On the death of his father, however, the young prodigal, presumably a favourite with the lower classes, had been acclaimed doge by the rabble. In this capacity he had done much to disgust and alarm the sensitive and proud Republic. Chief among his offences was the fact that he had acquired, through his wife, Continental domains which required to be kept in subjection by means of a body of armed retainers, dangerous for Venice; and

he had been noted as of a proud and haughty disposition from his youth up, and had given frequent offence by his arrogance and exactions. Upon what occasion it was that the popular patience failed at last we are not told, but only that a sudden tumult arose against him, a rush of general fury. When the enraged mob hurried to the ducal palace, they found that the doge had fortified himself there; upon which they adopted the primitive method of setting fire to the surrounding buildings. Tradition asserts that it was from the house of Pietro Orseolo that the fire was kindled, and some say by his suggestion. It would seem that the crowd intended only to burn some of the surrounding houses to frighten or smoke out the doge: but the wind was high, and the ducal palace, with the greater part of San Marco, which was then merely the ducal chapel, was consumed, along with all the houses stretching upward along the course of the Grand Canal as far as Santa Maria Zobenigo. This sudden conflagration lights up, in the darkness of that distant age, a savage scene. The doge seized in his arms his young child, whether with the hope of saving it or saving himself by means of that shield of innocence, and made his way out of his burning house, through the church, which was also burning, though better able, probably, to resist the flames. But when he emerged from the secret passages of San Marco he found that the crowd had anticipated him, and that his way was barred on every side by armed men. The desperate fugitive confronted the multitude, and resorted to that method so often and sometimes so unexpectedly successful with the masses. In the midst of the fire and smoke, surrounded by those threatening, fierce countenances, with red reflections glittering in every sword and lance-point, reflected over again in the sullen water, he made a last appeal. They had banished him in his youth, yet had relented, and recalled him and made him doge. Would they burn him now, drive him into a corner, kill him like a wild beast? And supposing even that he was worthy of death, what had the child done, an infant who had never sinned against them? This scene, so full of fierce and terrible elements, the angry roar of the multitude, the blazing of the fire behind that circle of tumult and agitation, the wild glare in the sky, and, amid all, the one soft infantine figure held up in the father's despairing arms, might afford a subject for a powerful picture in the long succession of Venetian records made by art.

When this tragedy had ended by the murder of both father and child, the choice of the city fell upon Pietro Orseolo as the new doge. An ecclesiastical historian of the time speaks of his ~~marked~~ "ambition" as instrumental in the downfall of his predecessor, and of his future works of charity as dictated by remorse; but we are disposed to hope that this is merely said, as is not uncommon in

religious story, to enhance the merits of his conversion. The secular chroniclers are unanimous in respect to his excellence. He was a man in everything the contrary of the late doge—a man approved of all men—and of whom nothing but good was known. Perhaps if he had any share in the tumult which ended in the murder of Candiano, his conscience may have made a crime of it when the hour of conversion came; but certainly in Venice there would seem to have been no accuser to say a word against him. In the confusion of the great fire and the disorganization of the city, “contaminated” by the murder of the prince, and all the disorders involved, Orscolo was forced into the uneasy seat whose occupant was sure to be the first victim if the affairs of Venice went wrong; and so complete had been the destruction of the doge’s palace that he had at once to remove the insignia of office to his own house, which was situated upon the Riva beyond and adjacent to the home of the doges. It is difficult to form to ourselves an idea of the aspect of the city at this early period. Venice, though already great, was in comparison with its after-appearance a mere village, or rather a cluster of villages, straggling along the sides of each muddy, marshy island, keeping the line of the broad and navigable water-way, in dots of building and groups of houses and churches, from the olive-covered isle where San Pietro, the first great church of the city, shone white among its trees, along the curve of the Canaluccio to the Rialto—Rive-Alto, what Mr. Ruskin calls the deep stream, where the church of St. Giacomo, another central spot, stood, with its group of dwellings round—no bridge then dreamed of, but a ferry connecting the two sides of the Grand Canal. Already the stir of commerce was in the air, and the big sea-going galleys, with their high bulwarks, lay at the rude wharfs, to take in outward-bound cargoes of salt, salt-fish, wooden furniture, bowls and boxes of home manufacture, as well as the goods of Northern nations, of which they were the carriers, and come back laden with the riches of the East—with wonderful tissues and carpets, and marbles and relics of the saints. The palace and its chapel, the shrine of San Marco, stood where they still stand, but there were no columns on the Piazzetta, and the great Piazza was a piece of waste land belonging to the nuns at San Zaccaria, which was, one might say, the parish church. Most probably this vacant space in the days of the first Orscolo was little more than a waste of salt-water grasses, and sharp and acrid plants like those that now flourish in such rough luxuriance on the Lido, with perhaps a tree or two here and there, a patch of cultivated ground. Such was the scene—very different from the Venice of the earliest pictures, still more different from that we know. But already the lagoon was full of boats, and the streets of commotion, and Venice grew like a young plant, like the quick-spreading vegetation of her own warm, wet marshes, day by day.

The new doge proceeded at once to rebuild both the palace and the shrine. The energy and vigour of the man who, with that desolate and smoking mass of ruin around him—three hundred houses burned to the ground, and all their forlorn inhabitants to house and care for—could yet address himself without a pause to the reconstruction on the noblest scale of the great twin edifices, the glorious dwelling of the saint, the scarcely less cared for palace of the governor, the representative of law and order in Venice, has something wonderful in it. He was not rich, and neither was the city, which had in the midst of this disaster to pay the dower of the Princess Valdrada, the widow of Candiano, whose claims were backed by the Emperor Otto, and would, if refused, have brought upon the Republic all the horrors of war. Orseolo gave up a great part of his own patrimony, however, to the rebuilding of the church and palace; eight thousand ducats a year for eighty years (the time which elapsed before its completion), say the old records, he devoted to this noble and pious purpose, and sought far and near for the best workmen, some of whom came as far as from Constantinople, the metropolis of all the arts. How far the walls had risen in his day, or how much he saw accomplished or heard of before the end of his life, it is impossible to tell. But one may fancy how, amid all the toils of the troubled State, while he laboured and pondered how to get that money together for Valdrada, and pacify the Emperor and her other powerful friends, and how to reconcile all factions, and heal all wounds, and house more humbly his poor burned-out citizens—the sight from his windows of those fair solid walls, rising out of the ruins, must have comforted his soul. Let us hope he saw the round of some lower arch, the rearing of some pillar, a pearly marble slab laid on, or at least the carved work on the basement of a column, before he went away.

The historian tells us that it was Orseolo also who ordered from Constantinople the famous *Pala d'oro*, the wonderful gold and silver work which still on high days and festas is disclosed to the eyes of the faithful on the great altar, one of the most magnificent ornaments of San Marco. It is a pity that inquisitive artists and antiquaries with their investigations have determined this work to be at least two centuries later in date; but Sagornino, who was the doge's contemporary, could not have foreseen the work of a later age, so that he must certainly refer to some former *tabulam miro opere ex argento et auro* which Orseolo in his magnificence added to his other gifts. Nor did the doge confine his bounty to these great and beautiful works. If the beauty of Venice was dear to him, divine charity was still more dear. Opposite the rising palace, where now stands the Libreria Vecchia, taking advantage of a site cleared by the fire, he built a hospital, still standing in the time of Sabellico, who speaks of it as

the "hospital in the Piazza opposite the palace;" and here, according to the tale, the doge constantly visited and cared for the sick poor. .

It must have been while still in the beginning of all these great works, but already full of many cares, the Candiano faction working against him, and perhaps but little response coming from the people to whom he was sacrificing his comfort and his life, that Orseolo received a visit which changed the course of his existence. Among the pilgrims who came from all quarters to the shrine of the evangelist, a certain French abbot, Carinus or Guarino, of the monastery of St. Michel de Cusano, in Aquitaine, arrived in Venice. It was Orseolo's custom to have all such pious visitors brought to his house and entertained there during their stay, and he found in Abbot Guarino a congenial soul. They talked together of all things in heaven and earth; of this wonderful new Venice rising from the sea, with all her half-built churches and palaces; and of the holy relics brought from every coast for her enrichment and sanctification, the bodies of the saints which made almost every church a sacred shrine. And no doubt the cares of the doge's troubled life, the burdens laid on him daily, the threats of murder and assassination, with which, instead of gratitude, his self-devotion was received, were poured into the sympathetic ear of the priest, who on his side drew such pictures of the holy peace of monastic life, the tranquillity and blessed privations of the cloister, as made the heart of the doge to burn within him. "If thou wouldst be perfect"—said the abbot, as on another occasion a greater voice had said. "Oh, benefactor of my soul!" cried the doge, beholding a vista of new hope opening before him, a halcyon world of quiet, a life of sacrifice and prayer. He had already for years lived like a monk, putting all the indulgences of wealth and even affection aside. For the moment, however, he had too many occupations on his hands to make retirement possible. He asked for a year in which to arrange his affairs; to put order in the Republic and liberate himself. With this agreement the abbot left him, but true to his engagement, when the heats of September were once more blazing on the lagoon, came back to his penitent. The doge in the meantime had made all his arrangements. No doubt it was in this solemn year, which no one knew was to be the end of his life in the world, that he set aside so large a part of his possessions for the prosecution of the buildings which now he could no longer hope to see completed. When all these preliminaries were settled, and everything done, Orseolo, with a chosen friend or two, one of them his son-in-law, the sharer of his thoughts and his prayers, took boat silently one night across the still lagoon to Fusina, where horses awaited them, and so, flying in the darkness over the mainland, abandoned the cares of the principedom and the world.

Of the chaos that was left behind, the consternation of the family,

the confusion of the State, the record says nothing. This was not a view of the matter which occurred to the primitive mind. We are apt to think with reprobation, perhaps too strongly expressed, of the cowardice of duties abandoned and the cruelty of ties broken. But in the early ages no one seems to have taken this view. The sacrifice made by a prince, who gave up power and freedom, and all the advantages of an exalted position, in order to accept privation and poverty for the love of God, was more perceptible then to the general intelligence than the higher self-denial of supporting, for the love of God, the labours and miseries of his exalted but dangerous office. The tumult and commotion which followed the flight of Orseolo were not mingled with blame or reproach. The doge, in the eyes of his generation, chose the better part, and offered a sacrifice with which God Himself could not but be well pleased.

He was but fifty when he left Venice, having reigned a little over two years. Guarino placed his friend under the spiritual rule of a certain stern and holy man, the saintly Romoaldo, in whose life and legend we find the only record of Pietro Orseolo's latter days. St. Romoaldo was the founder of the order of the Camaldolites, practising in his own person the greatest austerity of life, and imposing it upon his monks, to whom he refused even the usual relaxation of better fare on Sunday, which had been their privilege. The noble Venetians, taken from the midst of their liberal and splendid life, were set to work at the humble labours of husbandmen upon this impoverished diet. He who had been the Doge Pietro presently found that he was incapable of supporting so austere a rule. "Wherefore he humbly laid himself at the feet of the blessed Romoaldo and, being bidden to rise, with shame confessed his weakness. 'Father,' he said, 'as I have a great body, I cannot for my sins sustain my strength with this morsel of hard bread.' Romoaldo, having compassion on the frailty of his body, added another portion of biscuit to the usual measure, and thus held out the hand of pity to the sinking brother." The comic pathos of the complaint of the big Venetian, bred amid the freedom of the seas, and expected to live and work upon half a biscuit, is beyond comment.

He lived many years in the humility of conventual subjection, and died, apparently without any advancement in religious life, in the far distance of France, never seeing his Venice again. In after-years, his son, who was only fifteen at the period of the doge's flight, and who was destined in his turn to do so much for Venice, visited his father in his obscure retirement. The meeting between the almost too generous father, who had given so much to Venice, and had completed the offering by giving up himself to the hard labours and humility of monastic life, and the ambitious youth full of the highest projects of patriotism and courage, must have been a remarkable

scene. The elder Pietro in his cloister had no doubt pondered much on Venice and on the career of the boy whom he had left behind him there, and whose character and qualities must have already shown themselves; and much was said between them on this engrossing subject. Orseolo, "whether by the spirit of prophecy or by special revelation, predicted to him all that was to happen. 'I know,' he said, 'my son, that they will make you doge, and that you will prosper. Take care to preserve the rights of the Church, and those of your subjects. Be not drawn aside from doing justice, either by love or by hate.'" Better counsel could no fallen monarch give—and Orseolo was happier than many fathers in a son worthy of him.

The city deprived of such a prince was very sad, but still more full of longing: "*Molto trista ma piu desiderosa*," says Sabellico; and his family remained dear to Venice—for as long as popular favour usually lasts. Pietro died nineteen years after in the odour of sanctity, and was canonized to the glory of his city. His *breve*, the inscription under his portrait in the great hall, attributes to him the building of San Marco, as well as many miracles and wonderful works. The miracles, however, were performed far from Venice, and have no place in her records, except those deeds of charity and tenderness which he accomplished among his people before he left them. These the existing corporation of Venice, never unwilling to chronicle either a new or antique glory, have lately celebrated by an inscription, which the traveller will see from the little bay in which the canal terminates, just behind the upper end of the Piazza. This little triangular opening among the tall houses is called the Bacino Orseolo, and bears a marble tablet to the honour of the first Pietro of this name, "*il santo*," high up upon the wall.

In the agitation and trouble caused by Orseolo's unexpected disappearance, a period of discord and disaster began. A member of the Candiano party was placed in the doge's seat for a short and agitated reign, and he was succeeded by a rich but feeble prince, in whose time occurred almost the worst disorders that had ever been known in Venice—a bloody struggle between two families, one of which had the unexampled baseness to seek the aid against his native city of foreign arms. The only incident which we need mention of this disturbed period is, that the Doge Memmo bestowed upon Giovanni Morosini, Orseolo's companion and son-in-law, who had returned a monk to his native city—perhaps called back by the misfortunes of his family—a certain "beautiful little island, covered with olives and cypresses," which lay opposite the doge's palace, and is now known to every visitor of Venice as San Giorgio Maggiore. There was already a chapel dedicated to St. George among the trees.

Better things, however, were now in store for the Republic. After the incapable Memmo, young Pietro was called, according to his

father's prophecy, to the ducal throne. "When the future historian of Venice comes to the deeds of this great doge he will feel his soul enlarged," says Sagredo, the author of a valuable study of Italian law and economics; "it is no more a new-born people of whom he will have to speak, but an adult nation, rich, conquering, full of traffic and wealth." The new prince had all the qualities which were wanted for the consolidation and development of the Republic. He had known something of that bitter but effectual training of necessity which works so nobly in generous natures. His father's brief career in Venice, and his counsels from his cell, were before him, both as example and encouragement. He had been in France; he had seen the world. He had an eye to mark that the moment had come for larger action and bolder self-assertion, and he had strength of mind to carry his conceptions out. And he had that touching advantage, the stepping-stone of a previous life sacrificed and unfulfilled, upon which to raise the completeness of his own. In short, he was the man of the time, prepared to carry out the wishes and realize the hopes of his age; and when he became at the age of thirty, in the fulness of youthful strength, the first magistrate of Venice, a new chapter of her history began.

It was in the year 991, on the eve of a new century, sixteen years after his father's abdication, that the second Pietro Orseolo began to reign. The brawls of civil contention disappeared on his accession, and the presence of a prince who was at the same time a strong man, and fully determined to defend and extend his dominion, became instantly apparent to the world. His first efforts were directed to secure the privileges of Venice by treaty with the emperors of the East and West, establishing her position by written charter under the golden seal of Constantinople, and with not less efficacy from the imperial chancellorship of the German Otto. On both sides an extension of privilege and the remission of certain tributes were secured. Having settled this, Pietro turned his attention to the great necessity of the moment, upon which the very existence of the Republic depended. Up to this time Venice, to free herself from the necessity of "holding the rudder in one hand and the sword in the other," had paid a certain blackmail—such as was exacted till recent times by the corsairs of Africa—to the pirate tribes who were the scourge of the seas, sometimes called *Narentani*, sometimes *Schiavoni* and *Croats* by the chroniclers, allied bands of sea-robbers who infested the Adriatic. The time had come, however, when it was no longer seemly that the proud city, growing daily in power and wealth, should stoop to secure her safety by such means. The payment was accordingly stopped, and an encounter followed, in which the pirates were defeated. Enraged, but impotent, not daring to attack Venice, or risk their galleys in the intricate channels of the lagoons, they set upon the unoffending

towns of Dalmatia, and made a raid along the coast, robbing and ravaging. The result was that from all the neighbouring seaboard ambassadors arrived in haste, asking the help of the Venetians. The cruelties of the corsairs had already, more than once, reduced the sea-ports and prosperous cities of this coast to the point of desperation, and they caught at the only practicable help with the precipitancy of suffering. The doge thus found the opportunity he sought, and took advantage of it without a moment's delay. At once the arsenal was set to work, and a great expedition decided upon. The appeal thus made by the old to the new, the ancient cities, which had been in existence while she was but a collection of swamp and salt-water marshes, seeking deliverance from the new-born miraculous city of the sea, is the most striking testimony to the growing importance of Venice. It was at the same time her opportunity and the beginning of her conquests and victories.

When the great expedition was ready to set out, the doge went in solemn state to the cathedral church of San Pietro in Castello, and received from the hands of the bishop the standard of San Marco, with which he went on board. It was spring when the galleys sailed, and Dandolo tells us that they were blown by contrary winds to Grado, where Vitale Candiano was now peacefully occupying his See as patriarch. Perhaps something of the old feud still subsisting made Orseolo unwilling to enter the port in which the son of the murdered doge, whom his own father had succeeded, was supreme. But if this had been the case, his doubts must have soon been set at rest by the patriarch's address. He came out to meet the storm-driven fleet with his clergy and his people, and added to the armament, not only his blessing, but the standard of Santa Hermagora to bring them victory. Thus endowed, with the two blessed banners blowing over them, the expedition set sail once more. The account of the voyage that follows is for some time that of a kind of royal progress by sea, the galleys passing in triumph from one port to another, anticipated by processions coming out to meet them, bishops with their clergy streaming forth, and all the citizens, private and public, hurrying to offer their allegiance to their defenders. Wherever holy relics were enshrined, the doge landed to visit them and pay his devotions; and everywhere he was met by ambassadors tendering the submission of another and another town or village, declaring themselves "willingly" subjects of the Republic, and enrolling their young men among its soldiers. That this submission was not so real as it appeared is proved by the subsequent course of events, and the perpetual rebellions of those very cities; but in their moment of need nothing but enthusiasm and delight were apparent to the deliverers. At Trau, a brother of the Sclayonian king fell into the hands of the doge and sought his protection, giving up

his son Stefano as a hostage into the hands of the conquering prince.

At last, having cleared the seas, the expedition came to the nest of robbers itself, the impregnable city of Lagosta. "It is said," Sabellico reports with a certain awe, "that its position was pointed out by the precipices on each side rising up in the midst of the sea. The Narentani trusted in its strength, and here all the corsairs took refuge, when need was, as in a secure fortress." The doge summoned the city to surrender, which they would gladly have done, the same historian informs us, had they not feared the destruction of their city; but on that account, "for love of their country, than which there is nothing more dear to men," they made a stubborn defence. Dandolo adds that the doge required the destruction of the place as a condition of peace. After a desperate struggle the fortress was taken, notwithstanding the natural strength of the rocky heights, and of the *Rocca*, or great tower, that crowned the whole. The object of the expedition was fully accomplished when the pirates' nest and stronghold was destroyed. "For nearly a hundred and sixty years the possession of the sea had been contested with varying fortune;" now once for all the matter was settled. "The army returned victorious to the ships. The prince had purged the sea of robbers, and all the maritime parts of Istria, of Liburnia, and of Dalmatia were brought under the power of Venice." With what swelling sails, *con vento prospero*, the fleet must have swept back to the anxious city which, with no post nor dispatch boat to carry her tidings, gazed silent, waiting in that inconceivable patience of old times, with anxious eyes watching the horizon. How the crowds must have gathered on the old primitive quays when the first faint rumour flew from Malamocco and the other sentinel isles, of sails at hand! How many boats must have darted forth, their rowers half distracted with haste and suspense, to meet the returning Armada and know the worst! Who can doubt that then, as always, there were some to whom the good news brought anguish and sorrow; but of that the chroniclers tell us nothing. And among all our supposed quickening of life in modern times, can we imagine a moment of living more intense, or sensations more acute, than those with which the whole city must have watched, one by one, the galleys bearing along with all their tokens of victory, threading their way, slow even with the most prosperous wind, through the windings of the narrow channels, until the first man could leap on shore and the wonderful news be told?

"There was then no custom of triumphs," says the record, "~~but the doge~~ entered the city triumphant, surrounded by the grateful people, and there made public declaration of all the things he had done—how all Istria and

the sea coast to the furthest confines of Dalmatia with all the neighbouring islands, by the clemency of God and the success of the expedition, were made subject to the Venetian dominion. With magnificent words he was applauded by the Great Council, which ordained that not only of Venice but of Dalmatia he and his successors should be proclaimed doge."

Thus the first great conquest of the Venetians was accomplished, and the infant city made mistress of the seas.

It was on the return of Pietro Orseolo from this triumphant expedition, and in celebration of his conquests, that the great national festivity, called in after days the Espousal of the Sea, the Feast of La Salsa, Ascension Day, was first instituted. The original ceremony was simpler but little less imposing than its later development. The clergy in a barge covered with cloth of gold, and in all possible glory of vestments and sacred ornaments, set out from among the olive woods of San Pietro in Castello, and met the doge in his still more splendid barge at the Lido; where, after litanies and psalms, the bishop rose and prayed aloud in the hearing of all the people, gathered in boat and barge and every skiff that would hold water, in a far-extending crowd along the sandy line of the flat shore. "Grant, O Lord, that this sea may be to us and to all who sail upon it, tranquil and quiet. To this end we pray. Hear us, good Lord." Then the boat of the ecclesiastics approached closely the boat of the doge, and while the singers intoned "*Aspergi me, O Signor,*" the bishop sprinkled the doge and his court with holy water, pouring what remained into the sea. A very touching ceremonial, more primitive and simple, perhaps more real and likely to go to the hearts of the seafaring population all gathered round, than the more elaborate and triumphant histrionic spectacle of the Spozalizio. It had been on Ascension Day that Orseolo's expedition had set forth, and no day could be more suitable that this victorious day of early summer, when Nature is at her sweetest, for the great festival of the lagoons.

These victories and successes must have spread the name of the Venetians and their doge far and wide; and it is evident that they had moved the imagination of the young Emperor Otto II., between whom and Orseolo a link of union had already been formed through the doge's third son, who had been sent to the court at Verona to receive there the *sacramento della chrisma*, the right of confirmation, under the auspices of the emperor, who changed the boy's name from Pietro to Otto, in sign of high favour and affection. When the news of the conquest of Dalmatia, the extinction of the pirates, and all the doge's great achievements reached the emperor's ears, his desire to know so remarkable a man grew so strong that an anonymous visit was planned between them. Under the pretext of taking sea-baths at an obscure island, Otto made a sudden and secret dash

across the sea and reached the convent of San Servolo on the island which still bears that name, and which is now one of the two melancholy asylums for the insane which stand on either side of the waterway opposite Venice. The doge hurried across the water, as soon as night had come, to see his imperial visitor, and brought him back to pay his devotions, "according to Otto's habit," at the shrine of San Marco. Let us hope the moon was resplendent, as she knows how to be over these waters, when the doge brought the emperor across the shining lagoon in what primitive form of gondola was then in fashion, with the dark forms of the rowers standing out against the silvery background of sea and sky, and the little waves in a thousand ripples of light reflecting the glory of the heavens. One can imagine the nocturnal visit, the hasty preparations, and the great darkness of San Marco, half built, with all its scaffoldings ghostly in the silence of the night, and one bright illuminated spot, the hasty blaze of the candles flaring about the shrine. When the emperor had said his prayers before the sacred spot which contained the body of the evangelist, the patron of Venice, he was taken into the palace, which filled him with wonder and admiration, so beautiful was the house which, out of the burning and ruins of twenty years before, had now apparently been completed. It is said by Sagornino (the best authority) that Otto was secretly lodged in the eastern tower, and from thence made private expeditions into the city, and saw everything; but later chroniclers, probably deriving these details from traditional sources, increase the romance of the visit by describing him as recrossing to San Servolo, whither the doge would steal off privately every night to sup *domesticamente* with his guest. In one of the night visits to San Marco the doge's little daughter, newly born, was christened, the emperor himself holding her at the font. Perhaps this little domestic circumstance, which disabled her serenity the dogressa, had something to do with the secrecy of the visit, which does not seem sufficiently accounted for, unless, as some opine, the emperor wanted secretly to consult Orseolo on great plans which he did not live to carry out. Three days after Otto's departure the doge called the people together, and informed them of the visit he had received, and further concessions and privileges which he had secured for Venice. "Which things," says the record, "were pleasant to them, and they applauded the industry of Orseolo in concealing the presence of so great a lord." Here it is a little difficult to follow the narrator. It would be more natural to suppose that the Venetians, always fond of a show, might have shown a little disappointment at being deprived of the sight of such a fine visitor. It is said by some, however, that to celebrate the great event, and perhaps make up to the people for not having seen the emperor, a tournament of several days' duration was held by Orseolo in the

waste ground which is now the Piazza. At all events the incident only increased his popularity.

Nor was this the only honour which came to his house. Some time after, the city of Bari was saved by Orseolo's arms and valour from an invasion of the Saracens; and the grateful emperors of the East, Basilio and Constantine, by way of testifying their thanks, invited the doge's eldest son Giovanni to Constantinople, where he had a princely welcome, and shortly after was married to a princess of the Imperial house. When the young couple returned to Venice they were received with extraordinary honours, festivities, and delight, the doge going to meet them with a splendid train of vessels, and such rejoicing as had never before been beheld in Venice. And permission was given to Orseolo to associate his son with him in his authority—a favour only granted to those whom Venice most delighted to honour, and which was the highest expression of popular confidence and trust.

"But since there is no human felicity which is not disturbed by some adversity," says the sympathetic chronicle, trouble and sorrow now burst upon this happy and prosperous reign. First came a great pestilence, by which the young Giovanni, the hope of the house, the newly appointed coadjutor, was carried off, along with his wife and infant child, and which carried dismay and loss throughout the city. Famine followed naturally upon the epidemic and the accompanying panic, which paralyzed all exertion: and mourning and misery prevailed. His domestic grief and the public misfortune would seem to have broken the heart of the great doge. After Giovanni's death he was permitted to take his younger son Otto as his coadjutor; but even this did not avail to comfort him. He made a remarkable will, dividing his goods into two parts, one for his children, another for the poor, "for the use and solace of all in our Republic"—a curious phrase, by some supposed to mean entertainments and public pleasures, by others relief from taxes and public burdens. When he died his body was carried to San Zaccaria, "through the sad and weeping city," with all kinds of magnificence and honour. And Otto his son reigned in his stead.

Otto, it is evident, must have appeared up to this time the favourite of fortune, the flower of the Orseoli. He had been half adopted by the emperor; he had made a magnificent marriage with a princess of Hungary; he had been sent on embassies and foreign missions; and finally, when his elder brother died, he had been associated with his father as his coadjutor and successor. He was still young when Pietro's death gave him the full authority (though his age can scarcely have been, as Sabellico says, nineteen). His character is said to have been as perfect as his position. "He was Catholic in faith, calm in virtue, strong in justice, eminent in reli-

gion, decorous in his way of living, great in riches, and so full of all kinds of goodness, that by his merits he was judged of all to be the most fit successor of his excellent father and blessed grandfather," says Doge Dandolo. But perhaps these abstract virtues were not of the kind to fit a man for the difficult position of doge, in the midst of a jealous multitude of his equals, all as eligible for that throne as he, and keenly on the watch to stop any succession which looked like the beginning of a dynasty. Otto had been much about courts; he had learned how emperors were served; and his habits, perhaps, had been formed at that ductile time of life when he was caressed as the godson of the Imperial Otto, and as a near connection of the still more splendid emperors of the East. And it was not only he, whose preferment was a direct proof of national gratitude to his noble father, against whom a jealous rival, a (perhaps) anxious nationalist, had to guard. His brother Orso, who during his father's lifetime had been made Bishop of Torcello, was elevated to the higher office of patriarch some years after his brother's accession, so that the highest power and place, both secular and sacred, were in the hands of one family—a fact which would give occasion for many an insinuation, and leaven the popular mind with suspicion and alarm.

It was through the priestly brother Orso that the first attack upon the family of the Orscoli came. Otto had reigned for some fifteen or sixteen years with advantage and honour to the Republic, showing himself a worthy son of his father, and keeping the authority of Venice paramount along the unruly Dalmatian coast, where rebellions were things of yearly occurrence—when trouble first appeared. Of Orso, the patriarch, up to this time, little has been heard, save that it was he who rebuilt, or restored, out of the remains of the earlier church, the cathedral of Torcello, still the admiration of all beholders. His grandfather had begun, his father had carried on, the great buildings of Venice, the church and the palace, which the Emperor Otto had come secretly to see, and which he had found beautiful beyond all imagination. It would be difficult now to determine what corner of antique work may still remain in that glorious group which is theirs. But Orso's cathedral still stands distinct, lifting its lofty walls over the low edge of green, which is all that separates it from the sea. His foot has trod the broken mosaics of the floor; his voice has intoned canticle and litany under that lofty roof. The knowledge that framed the present edifice, the reverence which preserved for its decoration all those lovely relics of earlier times, the delicate Greek columns, the enrichments of Eastern art—were, if not his, fostered and protected by him. Behind the high altar, on the bishop's high cold marble throne overlooking the great temple, he must have sat among his presbyters, and controlled the counsels and led the decisions of a community then active and wealthy, which has

now disappeared as completely as the hierarchy of priests which once filled those rows of stony benches. The ruins of the old Torcello are now but mounds under the damp grass; but Bishop Orso's work stands fast, as his name, in faithful brotherly allegiance and magnanimous truth to his trust, ought to stand.

The attack came from a certain Poppo, Patriarch of Aquila, an ecclesiastic of the most warlike mediæval type, of German extraction or race, who, perhaps with the desire of reasserting the old supremacy of his Sec over that of Grado, perhaps stirred up by the factions in Venice, who were beginning to conspire against the Orseoli, began to threaten the scat of Bishop Orso. The records are very vague as to the means employed by this episcopal warrior. He accused Orso before the pope as an intruder not properly elected; but without waiting for any decision on that point, assailed him in his Sec. Possibly Poppo's attack on Grado coincided with tumults in the city—"great discord between the people of Venice and the doge"—so that both the brothers were threatened at once. However that may be, the next event in the history is the flight of both doge and patriarch to Istria—an extraordinary event of which no explanation is given by any of the authorities. They were both in the prime of life, and had still a great party in their favour, so that it seems impossible not to conjecture some weakness, most likely on the part of the Doge Otto, to account for this abandonment of the position to their enemies. That there was great anarchy and misery in Venice during the interval of the prince's absence is evident, but how long it lasted, or how it came about, we are not informed. All that the chroniclers say (for by this time the guidance of Sagornino has failed us, and there is no contemporary chronicle to refer to) concerns Grado, which, in the absence of its bishop, was taken by the lawless Poppo. He swore "by his eight oaths," says Sanudo, that he meant nothing but good to that hapless city; but as soon as he got within the gates gave it up to the horrors of a sack, outraging its population and removing the treasure from its churches. Venice, alarmed by this unmasking of the designs of the clerical invader, repented her own hasty folly, and recalled her doge, who recovered Grado for her with a promptitude and courage which makes his flight, without apparently striking a blow for himself, more remarkable still. But this renewed prosperity was of short duration. The factions that had risen against him were but temporarily quieted, and as soon as Grado and peace were restored, broke out again. The second time Otto would not seem to have had time to fly. He was seized by his enemies, his beard shaven off, whether as a sign of contempt, or by way of consigning him to the cloister—that asylum for dethroned princes—we are not told; and his reign thus ignominiously and suddenly brought to an end.

The last chapter in the history of the Orseoli is, however, the most touching of all. Whatever faults Otto may have had (and the chroniclers will allow none), he at least possessed the tender love of his family. The patriarch, Orso, once more followed him into exile; but coming back as soon as safety permitted, would seem to have addressed himself to the task of righting his brother. Venice had not thriven upon her ingratitude and disorder. A certain Domenico Centranico, the enemy of the Orseoli, had been hastily raised to the doge's seat, but could not restore harmony. Things went badly on all sides for the agitated and insubordinate city. The new emperor, Conrad, refused to ratify the usual grant of privileges, perhaps because he had no faith in the revolutionary government. Poppo renewed his attacks, the Dalmatian cities seized, as they invariably did, the occasion to rebel. And the new doge was evidently, like so many other revolutionists, stronger in rebellion than in defence of his country. What with these griefs and agitations, which contrasted strongly with the benefits of peace at home and an assured government, what with the pleadings of the patriarch, the Venetians once more recognized their mistake. The changing of the popular mind in those days always required a victim, and Doge Centranico was, in his turn, seized, shaven, and banished. The crisis recalls the earlier primitive chapters of Venetian history, when almost every reign ended in tumult and murder. But, Venice had learned the advantages of law and order, and the party of the Orseoli recovered power in the revulsion of popular feeling. The dishonoured but rightful doge was in Constantinople, hiding his misfortunes in some cloister or other resort of the exile. The provisional rulers of the Republic, whoever they might be—probably the chief supporters of the Orseoli—found nothing so advantageous to still the tempest as to implore the Patriarch Orso to fill his brother's place while they sent a commission to Constantinople to find Otto and bring him home. The faithful priest who had worked so loyally for the exile accepted the charge, and leaving his bishopric and its administration to his deputies, established himself in the palace where he had been born, and took the government of Venice into his hands. It was work to the routine of which he had been used all his life, and probably no man living was so well able to perform it; and it might be supposed that the natural ambition of a Venetian and a member of a family which had reigned over Venice for three generations would stir even in a churchman's veins, when he found the government of his native State in his hands; for the consecration of the priesthood, however it may extinguish all other passions, has never been known altogether to quench that last infirmity of noble minds. Peace and order, however, followed the advent of the bishop-prince to power.

Meanwhile the embassy set out, with a third brother, Vitale, the

Bishop of Torcello, at its head, to prove to the banished Otto that Venice meant well by him, and that the ambassadors intended no treachery. Whether they were detained by the hazards of the sea, or whether their time was employed in searching out the retirement where the deposed doge had withdrawn to die, the voyage of the embassy occupied more than a year, coming and going. During these long months, Orso reigned in peace. Though he was only vice-doge, says Sanudo, for the justice of his government he was placed by the Venetians in the catalogue of the doges. Not a word of censure is recorded of his peaceful sway. The storms seem changed to a calm under the rule of this faithful priest. In the splendour of those halls which his fathers had built he ruled over Venice on one hand, and on the other watched and waited for the ships sailing back across the lagoons, bringing the banished Otto home. How many a morning must he have looked out before he said his Mass, upon the rising dawn, and watched the blueness of the skies and seas grow clear in the east, where lay his bishopric, his flock, his cathedral, and all the duties that were his; and with anxious eyes swept the winding of the level waters, still and grey, the metallic glimmer of the *acqua morta*, the navigable channels that gleamed between. When a sail came in sight between those lines, stealing up from Malamocco, what expectations must have moved his heart! He was, it would appear, a little older than Otto, his next brother, perhaps his early childish caretaker before thrones episcopal or secular were dreamt of for the boys; and a priest, who has neither wife nor children of his own, has double room in his heart for the passion of fraternity. It would not seem that Orso took more power upon him than was needful for the interests of the people; there is no record of war in his brief reign. He struck a small coin, "a little silver piece of money," called *ursiolo* but did nothing else save keep peace, and preserve his brother's place for him. But when the ships came back, their drooping banners and mourning array must have told the news long before they cast anchor in the lagoon. Otto was dead in exile. There is nothing said to intimate that they had brought back even his body to lay it with his fathers in San Zaccaria. The banished prince had found an exile's grave.

After this sad end to his hopes the noble Orso showed how magnanimous and disinterested had been his inspiration. Not for himself, but for Otto, he had held that trust. He laid down at once those honours which were not his, and returned to his own charge and duties. His withdrawal closes the story of the family with a dignity and decorum worthy of a great race. His disappointment, the failure of all the hopes of the family, all the anticipations of brotherly affection, have no record; but who can doubt that they were bitter? Misfortune more undeserved never fell upon an

honourable house: and it is hard to tell which is most sad—the death of the deposed prince in the solitude of that eastern world where all was alien to him, or, after a brief resurrection of hope, the withdrawal of the faithful brother, his heart sick with all the wistful vicissitudes of a baffled expectation, to resume his bishopric and his life as best he could. It is a pathetic ending to a noble and glorious day.

Many years after this Orso still held his patriarchate in peace and honour, and the name of the younger brother Vitale, his successor at Torcello, appears as a member along with him of an ecclesiastical council for the reform of discipline and doctrine in the Church; while their sister Felicia is mentioned as abbess of one of the convents at Torcello. But the day of the Orseoli was over. A member of the family, Domenico, “a near relation,” made an audacious attempt, in the agitation that followed the withdrawal of Orso, to seize the supreme power, and was favoured by many, the chroniclers say. But his attempt was unsuccessful, and his usurpation lasted only a day. The leader of the opposing party, Flabenico, was elected doge in the reaction, which doubtless this foolish effort of ambition stimulated greatly. And perhaps it was this reason also which moved the people, startled into a new scare by their favourite bugbear of dynastic succession, to consent to the cruel and most ungrateful condemnation of the Orseoli family which followed, sentencing them to be denuded of all rights, and pronounced incapable henceforward of holding any office under the Republic. The prohibition would seem to have been of little practical importance, since of the children of Pietro Orseolo the Great there remained none except priests and nuns, whose indignation when the news reached them must have been as great as it was impotent. We may imagine with what swelling hearts they must have met, in the shadow of that great sanctuary which they had built, the two bishops, one of whom had been doge in Venice, and the abbess in her convent, with perhaps a humbler nun or two of the same blood behind, separated only by the still levels of the lagoon from where the towers and spires of Venice rose from the bosom of the waters—Venice, their birthplace, the home of their glory, from which their race was now shut out. If any curse of Rome trembled from their lips, if any appeal for anathema and excommunication, who could have wondered? But, like other wrongs, that great popular ingratitude faded away, and the burning of the hearts of the injured found no expression. The three consecrated members of the doomed family, perhaps sad enough once at the failure of the succession, must have found a certain bitter satisfaction then in the thought that their Otto, deposed and dead, had left no child behind him.

But the voice of history has taken up the cause of this ill-

rewarded race. The chroniclers with one voice proclaim the honour of the Orseoli, with a visionary partisanship in which even a writer of the present day may be allowed to share, though eight centuries have come and gone since Venice abjured the family which had served her so well. Sabellico tells with indignant satisfaction that he can find nothing to record, that is worthy the trouble, of Flabenico, their enemy, except that he grew old and died. *Non ragionam di lor*. The insignificant and envious rival, who brings ruin to the last survivors of a great race, is unworthy further comment.

Such proscriptions, however, are rarely so successful. The Orseoli disappear altogether from history, and their name during all the historic ages, though reappearing once or twice in obscure positions, was never heard again with power in Venice. Domenico, the audacious usurper of a day, died at Ravenna very shortly after. Even their great buildings, with the exception of Torcello, have disappeared under the splendour of later ornament, or more recent construction. Their story has the completeness of an epic—they lived, and ruled, and conquered, and made Venice great. Under their sway she became the mistress of the sea. And then it was evident that they had completed their mission, and the race came to an end, receiving its dismissal in the course of nature from those whom it had best served. Few families thus recognize the logic of circumstances; they linger out in paltry efforts—in attempts to reverse the sentence pronounced by the ingratitude of the fickle mob, or any other tyrant with whom they may have to do. But whether with their own will or against it, the Orseoli made no struggle. They allowed their story to be completed in one chapter, and to come to a picturesque and effective end.

It will be recognized, however, that Torcello is a powerful exception to the extinction of all relics of the race. The traveller as he stands with something of the sad respect of pity mingling in his admiration of that great and noble cathedral, built for the use of a populous and powerful community, but now left to a few rough fishermen and pallid women, amid the low and marshy fields, takes little thought of him who reared its lofty walls, and combined new and old together in so marvellous a conjunction. Even the greatest of all the modern adorers who have idealized old Venice, and sung litanies to some chosen figures among her sons, has not a word for Orso or his race. And no tradition remains to celebrate his name. But the story of this tender brother, the banished doge's defender, champion, substitute, and mourner—he who reigned for Otto, and for himself neither sought nor accepted anything—is worthy of the scene. Greatness has faded from the ancient commune as it faded from the family of their bishop, and Torcello, like the Orseoli, may seem to a fantastic eye to look, through all the round of endless days, wistfully yet with

no grudge, across the level waste of the salt sea water to that great line of Venice against the western sky which has carried her life away. The church, with its marbles and forgotten inscriptions, its mournful great Madonna holding out her arms to all her children, its profound loneliness and sentinelship through all the ages, acquires yet another not uncongenial association when we think of the noble and unfortunate race which here died out in the silence of the cloister, amid murmurs of solemn psalms and whispering amens from the winds and from the sea.

M. O. W. OLIPHANT.

ON THE STUDY OF SCIENCE.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED IN BIRMINGHAM ON THE UNVEILING OF
THE STATUE OF SIR JOSIAH MASON.

THE privilege of unveiling this statue, which you have conferred on me to-day, is one which I especially appreciate, as representing the University of London, with which I hope, as time rolls on, the College may be connected by closer and closer ties. Indeed, I am sure that, on behalf of the Chancellor and Senate, I may express to the Mason Science College our congratulations on the present, and most cordial good wishes for the future. It is only natural that we should do so, because, without making any invidious comparisons, it may fairly be said that the University of London has always taken a special interest in developing scientific education; and it gives no degree without insisting on a solid, though not of course extensive, knowledge of the foundations and methods of science. In the Deed of Foundation your founder wisely provided that the instruction here given should have special reference to the science degrees of our University. Since the Mason College was opened in 1880 there has been much on which all its well-wishers may congratulate themselves, but there have been two great losses—that of the generous and sagacious founder himself, and quite recently that of Dr. Heslop, to whose energy and devotion it owes so much. Mr. Johnson, in forwarding me your invitation, sent with it the Life of Sir Josiah Mason by Mr. Bunce, which, I need hardly say, I have read with very great interest. One thing which cannot but strike us in his life, and may encourage those to whom success comes late, is the very slow progress which he made for many years. Should any man feel discouraged if he does not make a good start—if at thirty he thinks his destiny is irrevocably settled, and that prosperity is denied him—let him take heart from the history of Sir Josiah Mason. . Mason, indeed, had no great reverses,

but he might well have been discouraged. After twenty-two years of incessant toil he had only been able to save £20. It was only when he was thirty that his turn came—not from any fortunate accident or lucky speculation, but as the well-earned reward of unremitting and well-directed labour. When we think of Sir Josiah's two splendid gifts—the Orphanage and the College—we must not measure them by the cost, great as it has been. He gave much more. His were not mere bequests of money which he could no longer enjoy; they were not gifts of superabundant wealth, which he found it impossible to spend. He devoted to these great objects years of labour and of thought. Sir Josiah once said of himself that he was “not a religious man.” He did not belong to any church, or, as he himself expressed it, “to any sect or party.” But he was an excellent representative of religion without dogma; a living illustration of the Persian proverb, that “he needs no other rosary whose thread of life is strung with the beads of love and thought.” His creed would appear to have been that of Spinoza, that “there is a Supreme Being who delights in justice and mercy, whom all who would be saved are bound to obey, and whose worship consists in the practice of justice and charity towards our neighbours.”

No less an authority than Aristotle has stated (almost as if it were a self-evident proposition) that commerce “is incompatible with that dignified life which it is our wish that our citizens should lead, and totally adverse to that generous elevation of mind with which it is our ambition to inspire them.” I know not how far that may really have been the spirit and tendency of commerce among the ancient Greeks; but if so, I do not wonder that it was not more successful.

But whether a life is noble or ignoble depends not on the calling which is adopted, but on the spirit in which it is followed. The humblest life may be noble, while that of the most powerful monarch or the greatest genius may be contemptible. What Mr. Ruskin says of art is to a great extent true of life generally. It does not, he teaches us, matter whether a man

“paint the petal of a rose or the charms of a precipice, so that love and admiration attend on him as he labours and wait for ever on his work. It does not matter whether he toil for months on a few inches of his canvas, or cover a palace front with colour in a day, so only that it be with a solemn purpose, that he have filled his heart with patience or urged his hand to haste.”

Sir Josiah Mason, like Gresham and Colston, Grote, Peabody, and many others, prove to us—and we owe him as much for this as for his magnificent benefactions—not only that commerce is compatible, but I would almost go further and say that it will be

most successful, if carried on in happy union, with noble aims and generous aspirations. Of the two noble "Mason's marks" which Josiah Mason has set upon Birmingham, the Orphanage and the Science College, we are here more immediately concerned with the College. You have indeed already in this city a most admirable and flourishing institution—I mean, of course, the Midland Institute,—which does much to promote scientific instruction; but though the objects are so far the same, still the scope and nature of the two institutions are so far dissimilar that, far from being in any sense rivals, each will, I believe, benefit and strengthen the other. Such an institution is all the more needed on account of the extraordinary manner in which science is habitually treated in our schools and colleges.

The Royal Commission appointed in 1861, on the motion of Mr. Grant Duff, to report on the condition and management of our great public schools, reported that in their judgment

"to clergymen and others who pass most of their lives in the country, or who, in country and town, are brought much in contact with the middle and lower classes, an elementary knowledge of the subject, early gained, has its particular uses; and we believe that its value as a means of opening the mind and disciplining the faculties, is recognized by all who have taken the trouble to acquire it, whether men of business or of leisure. It quickens and cultivates directly the faculty of observation, which in very many persons lies almost dormant through life, the power of accurate and rapid generalization, and the mental habit of method and arrangement; it accustoms young persons to trace the sequence of cause and effect; it familiarizes them with a kind of reasoning which interests them, and which they can promptly comprehend; and it is perhaps the best corrective for that indolence which is the vice of half-awakened minds, and which shrinks from any exertion that is not, like an effort of memory, merely mechanical."

The next Royal Commission—that of 1864, which comprised among its members Lord Taunton, Lord Derby, Lord Lyttelton, Sir Stafford Northcote (Lord Iddesleigh), Dr. Hock, the Bishop of Exeter, Sir Thomas Acland, Mr. Forster, Dr. Storrar, and others—expressed their opinion as follows:—

"We think it established that the study of natural science develops, better than any other studies, the observing faculties; disciplines the intellect by teaching induction as well as deduction; supplies a useful balance to the studies of language and mathematics, and provides much instruction of great value for the occupation of after-life.

"Nor would it be wise, in a country whose continued prosperity so greatly depends on its ability to maintain its pre-eminence in manufactures, to neglect the application of natural science to the industrial arts, or overlook the importance of promoting the study of it, even in a special way, among the artisans."

Lastly, the Duke of Devonshire's Commission, some years subsequent, stated that,

"though some progress has no doubt been achieved, and though there are some exceptional cases of great improvement, still no adequate effort has been made to supply the deficiency of scientific instruction pointed out by the Commissioners of 1861 and 1864. We are compelled, therefore, to record our opinion, that the present state of scientific instruction in our schools is extremely unsatisfactory.

"The omission from a liberal education of a great branch of intellectual culture is of itself a matter of serious regret; and considering the increasing importance of science to the national interests of the country, we cannot but regard its almost total exclusion from the training of the upper and middle classes as little less than a national misfortune."

Speaking two years ago at Bristol, I pointed out how much science is still neglected in our endowed schools. At the time this statement was much criticised. I was told I was speaking of a time many years back; that the course of instruction had been greatly improved; and some even went so far as to lament that classics were being neglected for science. Accordingly, I moved for a new return, which has been issued within the last few months, and shows, I regret to say, but little improvement. Two hundred and forty schools have sent returns, and it appears that in fifty-four of them, or over 20 per cent., no science whatever is taught; in fifty, one hour is devoted to it per week; in seventy-six, two hours or less than three; while out of the whole number, only six devoted to it as many as six hours in the week. It is clear, therefore, that in spite of all which has been said, very little progress has been made in this respect. Our schools are generally more industrious, but, remarkable as it may appear, Latin and Greek absorb more time than ever. In fact, in spite of all that has been said, our school system shows little improvement, and the distribution of hours is still that which has been condemned by a series of Royal Commissions, and which I believe hardly any one (not himself a classical master) could be found to approve. Commission after Commission—those of 1861, 1864, 1868, and 1873—have deplored the neglect of science and modern languages in our schools; and yet, as Sir Lyon Playfair truly observed at Aberdeen, so far as this is concerned little improvement has been effected, and "generally throughout the country teaching in science is a name rather than a reality." There were, indeed, according to the Technical Commission, last year only three schools in Great Britain in which science is fully and adequately taught.

For this unsatisfactory state of things the Oxford and Cambridge School Examination Board seem to be in some measure responsible. The Public School Commission provided in their regulations (which have the effect of an Act of Parliament) that in all school examinations the proportion of marks to be assigned to natural science should be not less than one-tenth. But the Oxford and Cambridge Board ignore this, contending that their examinations are not school

examinations ; and, as a matter of fact, out of the whole number of schools examined by them, less than 200 boys passed in any branch of science.

I presume that the Boards are advised that they are not subject to the rules laid down by the Public School Commissioners ; but it is evident that they are acting contrary to the spirit, if not to the letter, of the regulations.

It is greatly to be desired that Oxford and Cambridge would require a knowledge of the elements of science from every candidate for a degree. Till this is done I fear that science will always be neglected in our public schools.

Perhaps there is no one of our great public schools in which more has been done than at Eton. Yet Mr. Cornish, one of the ablest of the masters there, himself tells us that

“at present the amount of science taught at Eton is the legal minimum, not very generously interpreted. All boys go through some scientific training, but they begin late, and, if they like, leave off early. No instruction is given in natural history, electricity, optics, astronomy, mechanics, &c., except to a select few in the upper part of the school. The utmost that is exacted is two hours a week in school as a written exercise, and the marks given in trials are one-tenth of the whole. This is not as it should be, and the public will look for some improvement in this respect. It is true that the scientific teaching which is given at Eton is all that can be desired in quality, but there is not enough of it. Those boys who take up science as a special subject are well trained, as university results show. They are real students, and justice is done to them.

“But the authorities of the school are not fully alive to the value of science as part of the mental training of all boys. The hours given to it in the school curriculum are not sufficient, the subjects taught not numerous enough, and sufficient care is not taken to select early those boys who ought to make it their special study. It is still possible for a boy to pass through the school without any real scientific training, and to leave Eton without ever having heard of Darwin or Newton.” *

And we may add, what is still more extraordinary, to leave college after all without being able to speak either Greek or Latin.

Scientific men have no desire to exclude classics. Not only is there room for both, but it would be a mistake to exclude either. What they ask is, that out of forty hours, six should be devoted to science ; and allotting eighteen to modern languages, mathematics, and geography, that would still leave sixteen for Latin, Greek and ancient history. This is surely a moderate request. Moreover, it is not the view of scientific men alone. Mr. Matthew Arnold, for instance, says :

“The mother tongue, the elements of Latin and of the chief modern languages, the elements of history, of arithmetic and geometry, of geography, and of the knowledge of nature, should be the studies of the lower classes in all secondary schools, and should be the same for all boys at this stage.”

* “Eton Reform.” F. W. Cornish. *Nineteenth Century*, 1884, p. 587.

Mr. Grant-Duff has expressed the opinion* that a boy or girl of fourteen might reasonably be expected to

“read aloud clearly and agreeably, to write a large distinct round hand, and to know the ordinary rules of arithmetic, especially compound addition—a by no means universal accomplishment; to speak and write French with ease and correctness, and have some slight acquaintance with French literature; to translate *ad aperturam libri* from an ordinary French or German book; to have a thoroughly good elementary knowledge of geography, under which are comprehended some notions of astronomy—enough to excite his curiosity; a knowledge of the very broadest facts of geology and history—enough to make him understand, in a clear but perfectly general way, how the larger features of the world he lives in, physical and political, came to be like what they are; to have been trained from earliest infancy to use his powers of observation on plants, or animals, or rocks, or other natural objects; and to have gathered a general acquaintance with what is most supremely good in that portion of the more important English classics which is suitable to his time of life; to have some rudimentary acquaintance with drawing and music.”

However, I do not wish to-day to criticise other institutions, but rather, if you will permit me, to refer to the advantages which students will derive from being educated in a college where the ancient and modern languages, mathematics, and science all receive a fair share of attention. It is true that the Deed of Foundation expressly forbids “mere literary education and instruction”—not that these subjects should be themselves excluded, but that they should not exclude others quite as important.

In the first place, science adds immensely to the interest and happiness of life. It is altogether a mistake to regard science as dry or prosaic. The technical works, descriptions of species, &c., bear the same relations to science as dictionaries to literature. Mackay more justly exclaims :—

“Blessings on Science ! When the earth seemed old
When Faith grew doting, and our reason cold,
’Twas she discovered that the world was young,
And taught a language to its lisping tongue.”

Occasionally, indeed, it may destroy some poetical myth of antiquity, such as the ancient Hindoo explanation of rivers, that “Indra dug out their beds with his thunderbolts, and sent them forth by long continuous paths.” But the real causes of natural phenomena are far more striking, and contain more real poetry, than those which have occurred to the untrained imagination of mankind. Botany, for instance, is by many regarded as a dry science. Without it one might admire flowers and trees as one may admire a great man, or a beautiful woman whom one meets in a crowd; but it is as a stranger. The botanist, on the contrary—nay, I will not say the botanist, but one with even a slight knowledge of that delightful

* *Fortnightly Review*, 1877.

science—when he goes out into the woods (whether they present the delicate tracery of winter, the tender green of spring, the richness of summer, or the glory of autumn) or into any of those fairy-forests which we call fields, finds himself welcomed by a glad company of friends, every one with something interesting to tell. Dr. Johnson said that, in his opinion, when you had seen one green field you had seen them all; and even a greater than Johnson, Socrates, the very type of intellect without science, said he was always anxious to learn, and from fields and trees he could learn nothing. It has, I know, been said that botanists

“ Love not the flower they pluck and know it not,
And all their botany is but Latin names.”

Contrast this, however, with the language of one who would hardly claim to be a master in botany, though he is certainly a loving student.

“ Consider,” says Ruskin, “ what we owe to the meadow grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft, countless, and peaceful spears of the field! Follow but for a little time the thought of all that we ought to recognize in those words. All spring and summer is in them—the walks by silent scented paths, the rest in noon-day heat, the joy of the herds and flocks, the power of all shepherd life and meditation; the life of the sunlight upon the world, falling in emerald streaks and soft blue shadows, when else it would have struck on the dark mould or scorching dust; pastures beside the pacing brooks, soft banks and knolls of lowly hills, thymy slopes of down overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea; crisp lawns all dim with early dew, or smooth in evening warmth of barred sunshine, dinted by happy feet, softening in their fall the sound of loving voices.”

Even if it be true that science was dry when it was buried in huge folios, that is certainly no longer the case now; and Lord Chesterfield’s wise wish, that Minerva might have three graces as well as Venus, has been amply fulfilled.

The study of natural history indeed seems destined to replace the loss of what is *par excellence* termed “ sport,” engraven in us as it is by the operation of thousands of years, during which man lived greatly on the produce of the chase. Game is gradually becoming “ small by degrees and beautifully less.” Our prehistoric ancestors hunted the mammoth, the woolly-haired rhinoceros, and the Irish elk; the ancient Britons had the wild ox, the deer, and the wolf. Still we have the hare, the partridge, and the fox; but even these are becoming scarcer, and must be preserved first, in order that they may be killed afterwards. Some of us even now—and more, no doubt, will hereafter—satisfy instincts, essentially of the same origin, by the study of birds, or insects, or even infusoria,—of creatures which more than make up by their variety what they want in size.

It is really astonishing how little we know of the beautiful world in which we live. Mr. Norman Lockyer tells us that while travelling on a scientific mission in the Rocky Mountains, he was astonished to meet a very aged French Abbé, and could not help showing his surprise. The Abbé observed this, and in the course of conversation explained his presence in that distant region.

"You were," he said, "I easily saw, surprised to find me here. The fact is, that some months ago I was very ill. My physicians gave me up, and in fact one morning I thought myself that I was already in the arms of the *Bon Dieu*, and I fancied the angels came and asked me, 'Well, M. l'Abbé, and how did you like the beautiful world you have just left?' And then it occurred to me that I who had been all my life preaching about heaven, had seen almost nothing of the world in which I was living. I determined, therefore, if it pleased Providence to spare me, to see something of this world; and so here I am."

Few of us are free, however much we might wish it, to follow the example of the worthy Abbé. But although it may not be possible for us to visit the Rocky Mountains, and though I do not by any means say that descriptions of voyages and travels are equal to the voyages and travels themselves, they are the next best; nay, though it may seem paradoxical, that there are some cases in which I am not sure they are not better. It is no doubt a great privilege to visit Canada, or to travel say in Mexico or Peru, or to cruise among the Pacific Islands; but in some respects the narratives of early travellers, the histories of Prescott or the voyages of Captain Cook, are even more interesting; describing to us, as they do, a state of society which was then so unlike ours, but which now has been much changed and Europeanized.

Thus we may make our daily travels interesting, even though, like the Vicar of Wakefield's family, all our adventures are by our own fireside, and all our migrations from one room to another.

Few of us can be said to have learnt at all—none perhaps thoroughly—to enjoy the gift of life and the beautiful world we live in; to appreciate the sacred trusts of health, strength, and time. We can indeed all say with Sir Henry Taylor, that the retrospect of life swarms with lost opportunities. Yet surely it is our duty to be as happy as we can. Dante long ago pointed to the neglect of these opportunities as a serious fault:

"Man can do violence
To himself and his own blessings, and for this
He, in the second round, must aye deplore,
With unavailing penitence, his crime.
Who'er deprives himself of life and light
In reckless lavishment his talent wastes,
And sorrows then when he should dwell in joy."

For to be happy oneself is one step towards making others happy also; and, to quote Ruskin, "each of us, as we travel the way of life, has the choice, according to our working, of turning all the

voices of Nature into one song of rejoicing ; or of withering and quenching her sympathy into a fearful withdrawn silence of condemnation, or into a crying out of her stones and a shaking of her dust against us."

Too many, however, still feel only in Nature that which we share "with the weed and the worm ;" they love birds as boys do—that is, they love throwing stones at them ; or wonder if they are good to eat, as the Esquimaux asked of the watch ; or treat them as certain devout Afreedec villagers are said to have treated a descendant of the Prophet—killed him and worshipped at his tomb ; but gradually we may hope that the love of Nature will become to more and more, as already it is to many, a "faithful and sacred element of human feeling."

Where the untrained eye will see nothing but mire and dirt, science will often reveal exquisite possibilities. The mud we tread under our feet in the street is a grimy mixture of clay and sand, soot and water. Separate the sand, however—let the atoms arrange themselves in peace according to their nature—and you have the opal. Separate the clay, and it becomes a white earth, fit for the finest porcelain ; or if it still further purifies itself, you have a sapphire. Take the soot, and if properly treated it will give you a diamond. While, lastly, the water, purified and distilled, will become a dew-drop or crystallize into a lovely star.

Or, to quote another beautiful illustration from Ruskin, speaking of a gutter in a street, he well observes, that "at your own will you may see in it either the refuse of the street, or the image of the sky."

Nay, even if we may imagine beauties and charms which do not really exist ; still if we err at all, it is better to do so on the side of charity ; like Nasmyth, who tells us in his delightful autobiography that he used to think one of his friends had a charming and kindly twinkle, till one day he discovered that he had a glass eye.

But I should err indeed were I to dwell exclusively on the importance of science as lending interest and charm to our leisure hours. Far from this, it would be impossible to overrate the importance of scientific training on the wise conduct of life. There is a passage in an address given many years ago by Professor Huxley to the South London Working Men's College which struck me very much at the time, and which puts this in language more forcible than any which I could use.

"Suppose," he said, "it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon his winning or losing a game of chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces ? Do you not think that we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon

the father who allowed his son or the State which allowed its members to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight? Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and more or less of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chessboard is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of Nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know to our cost that he never overlooks a mistake or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity which with the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse."

I have elsewhere endeavoured to show the purifying and ennobling influence of science upon religion; how it has assisted, if indeed it may not claim the main share, in sweeping away the dark superstitions, the degrading belief in sorcery and witchcraft, and the cruel, however well-intentioned, intolerance which embittered the Christian world almost from the very days of the Apostles themselves. In this she has surely performed no mean service to religion itself. As Canon Fremantle has well and justly said, men of science, and not the clergy only, are ministers of religion. Again, the national necessity for scientific education is imperative. We are apt to forget how much we owe to science, because so many of its wonderful gifts have become familiar parts of our everyday life, that their very value makes us forget their origin. At the recent celebration of the sixcentenary of Peterhouse College, near the close of a long dinner, Sir Frederick Bramwell was called on, some time after midnight, to return thanks for applied science. He excused himself from making a long speech on the ground that, though the subject was almost inexhaustible, the only illustration which struck him as appropriate under the circumstances was the application of the domestic lucifer to the bedroom candle. Sir Josiah's life is itself a remarkable illustration of this, and one cannot but feel how unfortunate was the saying of the poet that

"The light-outspeeding telegraph
Bears nothing on its beam."

The report of the Royal Commission on Technical Instruction, which has recently been issued, teems with illustrations of the advantages afforded by technical instruction. At the same time, technical training ought not to begin too soon, for, as Bain truly observes, "in a right view of scientific education the first principles and leading examples, with select details, of all the great sciences, are the proper basis of the complete and exhaustive study of any single science." Indeed, in the words of Sir John Herschel, "it can hardly be pressed

forcibly enough on the attention of the student of Nature, that there is scarcely any natural phenomenon which can be fully and completely explained in all its circumstances, without a union of several, perhaps of all, the sciences." The most important secrets of Nature are often hidden away in most unexpected places. Many valuable substances have been discovered in the refuse of manufactories: it was a happy thought of Glauber to examine what everybody else threw away. There is perhaps no nation the future happiness and prosperity of which depend more on science than our own. Our population is over 35,000,000, and is rapidly increasing. Even at present it is far larger than our acreage can support. Few people whose business does not lie in the study of statistics realize that we have to pay foreign countries no less than £140,000,000 a year for food. This, of course, we purchase mainly by manufactured articles. We hear now a great deal about depression of trade, and foreign, especially American, competition, which, let me observe, will be much keener a few years hence, when she has paid off her debt, and consequently has reduced her taxation. But let us look forward one hundred years—no long time in the history of a nation. Our coal supplies will then be nearly exhausted. The population of Great Britain doubles at the present rate of increase in about fifty years, so that we should then, if the present rate continues, require to import over £400,000,000 a year in food. How, then, is this to be paid for? We have before us, as usual, three courses. The natural rate of increase may be stopped, which means suffering and outrage; or the population may increase, only to vegetate in misery and destitution; or lastly, by the development of scientific training and appliances, they may probably be maintained in happiness and comfort. We have in fact to make our choice between science and suffering. Mr. Hutton, president of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, recently called attention to this. Our sons, he said, "should be fitted more by education for commercial life, and less for the amusements and luxuries so much in fashion." I need the less, however, enlarge upon this important subject, because it formed the main argument of Sir Lyon Playfair's valuable address to the British Association at Aberdeen. In fact, it is only by wisely utilizing the gifts of science that we have any hope of maintaining our population in plenty and comfort. Science, however, will do this for us if we will only let her. That discoveries, innumerable, marvellous, and fruitful, await the successful explorers of Nature no one can doubt. What would one not give for a science primer of the next century? for, to paraphrase a well-known saying, even the boy at the plough may then know more of science than the wisest of our philosophers do now. Boyle entitled one of his essays "Of Man's great Ignorance of the Uses of Natural Things; or that there is no one thing in Nature

whereof the uses to human life are yet thoroughly understood"—a saying which is still as true now as when it was written. And, lest I should be supposed to be taking too sanguine a view, let me give the authority of Sir John Herschel, who says :

" Since it cannot but be that innumerable and most important uses remain to be discovered among the materials and objects already known to us, as well as among those which the progress of science must hereafter disclose, we may hence conceive a well-grounded expectation, not only of constant increase in the physical resources of mankind, and the consequent improvement of their condition, but of continual accession to our power of penetrating into the arcana of Nature and becoming acquainted with her highest laws."

Nor is it merely in a material point of view that science would thus benefit the nation. She will raise and strengthen the national, as surely as the individual, character. In the words of Epictetus, you "will confer the greatest boon on your city, not by raising the roofs, but by exalting the souls of your fellow-citizens; for it is better that great souls should live in small habitations, than that abject slaves should burrow in great houses." Let me congratulate you that the great gift which Minerva offered to Paris is now here freely tendered to all, for we may apply to the nation, as well as to the individual, Tennyson's noble lines :—

" Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control :
These three alone lend life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power (power of herself
Would come uncalled for), but to live by law ;
Acting the law we live by without fear."

JOHN LUBBOCK.

THE PRESENT STATE OF RESEARCH IN EARLY CHURCH HISTORY:

IF the present position of inquiry in the field of early Church History is to be understood, we must start with the science as it was thirty years ago. The Tübingen school, led by a great master, had examined with rare industry the Christian literature of the first two centuries, and believed that it had found a key which unlocked every problem. "Jewish Christianity," "Gentile Christianity"—these were the magic words which sufficed to explain the development of the Church up to the time of Irenæus. It was an immanent process, which, beginning with the appearance and preaching of Jesus Christ, branched into two opposite tendencies, the Petrine and the Pauline, and advanced through a cycle of antitheses and syntheses till it culminated in the Catholic Church. An echo of the assured conviction, that all problems are now solved, may be heard in the words uttered eleven years ago by a famous critic, that theology could now describe the rise of the ancient Catholic Church as clearly or distinctly as the growth of a plant. He who did not believe in the picture as Baur had painted it was almost sure to be written down as an "apologist," a man who attempted to hinder the progress of science. Many may still retain a lively recollection of those days, when in historical theology the words "Jewish Christianity," "Gentile Christianity," buzzed for ever about our ears, and beside them the philosophical notions of "Consciousness," "Image," "Idea," and "Reality." "It is the fate of the Idea in positing itself to posit itself in an infinitely manifold way"—so Schelling and Hegel had said, and so the ideas "posited themselves" in primitive Christianity, though in a manner less manifold than monotonous, till they posited themselves to rest in Catholicism.

I am far from disparaging the historical importance which belongs to the Tübingen school. Everything has been said which need be said, and the highest praise has been accorded when, we confess that the main problem, the rise of Catholicism, was first rightly defined by this school as a problem, that it was the first to attempt to draw with frank openness and tenacious energy a picture, which was *possible*, of the period in question, and that, following the only true method, it discovered as at once the clearest and the surest point with which all inquiry must begin—Paul and Paulinism. But the *possible* picture which it sketched was not the *real*, and the key with which it attempted to solve *all* problems did not suffice even for the most simple. It is not my purpose to show how far the views of the Tübingen school with respect to the Apostolic age were just, and how far they are still valid. They have indeed been compelled to undergo very large modifications. But as regards the development of the Church in the second century, it may safely be said that the hypotheses of the Tübingen school have proved themselves everywhere inadequate, nay erroneous, and are to-day held only by a very few scholars. Indeed, the critic who eleven years ago used the simile of the plant, confesses to-day that “science grows daily more chary of assertions touching early Christianity, and grows more so in the very proportion that she becomes richer in historical points of view.”

“Richer in historical points of view”—in this gain, above all, is the advance beyond the Tübingen school founded. This will at once appear if we simply indicate the chief matters through knowledge of which this advance has been made.

I. The Tübingen school saw in Judaism, so far as it had significance for the earliest history of Christianity, but few differences of shade; they fondly emphasized its rigid monotheism and strict legalism, attending, in addition, only to the philosophical Judaism of Philo. But now we know that Judaism in the age of Christ and his Apostles was a richly-composed and multiform picture; that it had many and very varied differences in its shades, which have become highly important for the history of the development of primitive Christianity. The Judaism of the dispersion, in distinction from the Palestinian, claims to-day our particular attention, and we know that it was in many ways both the prelude to Christianity and the bridge leading over to it.

II. The Tübingen school identified the standpoint of the original Apostles with that of the rigidly legal and exclusive Jewish Christians. But now the great majority of critics are agreed on this point: to distinguish beside the Pauline two other standpoints—the Pharisaic Judæo-Christian, which was the more exclusive, and that of the “Pillar-Apostles,” which was freer, and conceded in principle the gospel of Paul.

III. The Tübingen school identified Paulinism with Gentile Christianity. Now, however, we know—and this knowledge is of the highest importance—that Paulinism was a Judæo-Christian doctrine, really intelligible only to Jewish Christians, while the Gentile Christianity of the first and second centuries was an altogether original and independent view of the Gospel, which agreed with the Pauline theology only in holding to the universalism of the salvation brought by Christ.

IV. The Tübingen school resolved all the antagonisms which are found in the Church of the second century back into the one great antithesis between Jewish and Gentile Christianity. But to-day it is recognized that Jewish Christianity was in the second century no more a factor in the development of the Church; that rather on the soil of Gentile Christianity quite new antitheses took form, and new questions, which had absolutely nothing to do with the problems at issue between Paul and the exclusive Jewish Christians, came to be discussed. The Tübingen school, in fact, did not acknowledge that a new element streamed into the Church after the controversies between Paul and the Judaizers; it meant from these controversies rather to explain all that followed. To-day, on the contrary, we have come to see that even in the first century there streamed in a potent new element, the Greek spirit, the spirit of the ancient world.

V. The Tübingen school had, properly speaking, an eye for the history of the development of the Church so far as it was registered in images, conceptions, and dogmatic statements. Everything led finally to these, even the forms of worship and of polity. But to-day we have more truly learned that the Christian religion was, above everything, a new life and a new form of human society. New life creates new opinions; not only do new opinions create new life. Much more attention is therefore now directed to the social life, the public worship, the morality and the discipline of the early Christians, than was ever the case with the Tübingen school.

VI. The first question of the Tübingen school, in criticizing the writings of the New Testament, was always "genuine or counterfeit?" The first question which we now put is, whether these canonical books have been transmitted to us pure and without additions?—*i.e.*, whether they have not received, perhaps on their canonization, those superscriptions, author's name, &c., which we now read there? We know that the canonization of books, in and for itself, obscures their origin and true meaning; and we must therefore always ask, whether the obscuration has not been helped by outer causes. Only after this question is answered may we propose the other, "Genuine or counterfeit?" Many books which critics used to regard as forgeries, are no forgeries, but are only documents which have come to us falsely labelled.

If these points of difference be considered, it will be found that they all result from the fact that we are "richer in historical points of view." But to grow richer is to grow more cautious. So long as only a simple and meagre theory was employed, it was deemed permissible to cut out and ascribe to a later period all that could not be comprehended under the theory. But to have perceived the vast variety of the contemporaneous phenomena, is to have been taught caution. The immediate result of this was to restore with tolerable unanimity to the first century a series of writings for which before no place could be found there. Thus most critics now regard as genuine the Epistle to the Philippians and the two Epistles to the Thessalonians.

But why have we become so much "richer in historical points of view?" Three main causes may be specified. First, the emancipation of the science of history from the thralldom of the philosophical systems. After the complete dearth of ideas which characterized Rationalism, the age of Romanticism and Philosophy was indeed a wholesome reaction; but it was still only a reaction, and as such it brought with it new limitations, which have been gradually overcome. We have become more realistic, and a historical temper has been formed. We have become more elastic, and have acquired the power to transplant ourselves into other times. Great historians—men like Ranke—have taught us this. The second cause has been the union of ecclesiastical history with general history, the recognition that only by accurate knowledge of the soil on which the Church has grown can this growth be rightly understood. Every period and every people has only one history: the history of religion and of the Church is only a section of this one history, and only from the standpoint of the whole can the section be understood. Here let me mention a Church historian whose very great merits have not yet been sufficiently recognized—I mean Richard Rothe. It was Rothe, who in his lectures on Church History, showed that the rise and development of the ancient Catholic Church remains unintelligible unless studied throughout in relation to the ancient world; for he says: "The ancient world built up the Catholic Church on the foundation of the Gospel, but in doing so it built itself bankrupt." What a store of historical knowledge is packed into that sentence! Only if it be carefully applied in all the branches of early Church history, will this history be really understood. Along with Rothe let me mention another great scholar, whose "*Vie de Jésus*" has made his name no sweet sound—Renan. But let us not judge the six later volumes of his "*Histoire des Origines du Christianisme*" by his "*Vie de Jésus*." They contain quite as much solid research as broad and comprehensive views of history. When we compare this work with Baur's "*Church History of the First Three Centuries*," or with the first volume of Neander's "*Church History*," we are astonished at the

progress which history has made by taking the living as alive, and by studying the soil upon which the tree of the Catholic Church grew. Beside Rothe and Renan stands a band of scholars who have, by bringing their chosen questions in ancient ecclesiastical into connection with universal history, promoted in a remarkable way special branches of inquiry. I may name Von Engelhardt, Hatch, Heirici, Overbeck, and De Rossi.

The third cause is the new discoveries which have enriched historical knowledge. We can say with gladness: in the region of ancient Church history we live once more in an age of discovery. That these discoveries have come to us more by accident than by well-directed search, awakens the hope that systematic research may have still happier results. When it has been possible to discover, only a few years ago, not perchance in Turkey or Africa, but in Italy, a hitherto unknown beautiful codex of the Gospels, the *Purpureus*, dating from the sixth century; when Dr. von Gebhardt alone has within three years been able to find in Germany, France, and Italy, more than a dozen manuscripts, previously unknown, of *Hermas*, we may surely expect to be enriched by still undreamed-of treasures. The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few. Alas! it were not hard to reckon the number of theologians able to seek after literary treasures, and appraise treasures already discovered. Here is a splendid opening for service!

The discoveries made in recent years in the field of Early Church History may be divided into four groups.

I. First, in the case of several very important works, which have hitherto reached us in partly corrupt and partly defective forms, we have obtained new and better manuscripts. This applies not only to the New Testament, and there notably to the discovery of the Sinaitic MS., but also to patristic literature. We read to-day the Epistle of Barnabas, the Pastor of *Hermas*, and other important documents, in far better manuscripts than existed thirty years ago. Our knowledge has thus become more certain, and often the new manuscripts have solved hard problems which owed their very existence to the old defective texts. Only the other day news came of a remarkable discovery—the fragment of a Gospel written on a piece of papyrus not larger than the half of an ordinary visiting card. It was found in a bundle of more than a thousand very old papyri, brought from the Fayoum in Egypt, and now at Vienna. I cannot but agree with the editor, the Catholic scholar, Dr. Bickell, that in all probability we have here the fragment of a Gospel which has contained a more original text than even our Matthew and Mark.

* II. Secondly, from critical examination of their sources, original works, which had been lost, have been recovered from the books into which they had been elaborated. These are real discoveries. Thus

from the many late works against Gnosticism, the older and more important, which had perished, have with no little certainty been approximately restored. Thus Krawutzky, some years before the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles" had been discovered, reconstructed the first half of it from the seventh book of the Apostolic Constitutions, the so-called Apostolic Church Order, and the conclusion of the Epistle of Barnabas. Again, from a work belonging to the fifth century, hitherto judged insignificant, and accordingly overlooked, there has been recovered a fragment of the time of Hadrian—a dialogue between a Jew and a Christian.

III. The third group of discoveries is described by the inscriptions found in the catacombs at Rome. Thanks to the untiring labour and genius of De Rossi, new Christian inscriptions are ever coming to light from the débris of ancient Rome; hitherto unknown catacombs are being discovered, and the already known are being more thoroughly explored. What these discoveries teach is certainly nothing (in the strict sense of the word) new, while accurate dating is almost impossible. But as the relics of departed friends are more dear to us than any mere notice of them, and as from the lines of the original manuscript the spirit of the writer rises more distinctly before us than from the varied figures of the printed copy, so these old stones, inscriptions, and paintings have for us a quite unique worth. While, for example, we may know well enough that to the ancient Christian the sure hope of resurrection was the most treasured good, yet this knowledge grows strangely vivid when we enter those subterranean cemeteries of the ancient saints, and with our own eyes see how here everything breathes peace and joy, and how the certain hope of a glorious awakening rules over all. And, besides, many a detail emerges which enriches or confirms our historical knowledge; thus the uncovering of the vault of the old Roman bishops has proved highly important, and the discovery of the catacomb of Domitilla has shown that at the end of the first century there were not only Christians among the servants of the Emperor in the Palatine Palace—of such Paul had already spoken—but that Christianity had actually penetrated into the imperial family of the Flavii.

IV. But even the third group of discoveries is thrown into the background by the fourth and last group which I have to mention—viz., the discovery of entirely new, hitherto unknown, primitive Christian writings. Leaving on one side the less important of these, like the new Acts of the Martyrs of the second century—which, however, are not to be despised—I would specify four great discoveries of recent years:—1. The complete Epistles of Clement; 2. A large fragment of the lost "Apology" of Aristides; 3. The Diatesaron of Tatian; 4. "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles."

1. The first and fourth of these have been discovered at Constantinople by the learned Metropolitan, Bryennios, in a manuscript of the year 1056. He published the Epistles of Clement in 1875 and the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles" eight years later. Both discoveries were of the highest importance. The Epistles of Clement we had possessed only in a mutilated form: the first wanted the conclusion, and the second—which, moreover (as we now see), is no epistle, but a sermon—had only the earlier half. The first Epistle of Clement is a unique monument. It is a comprehensive official letter of the year 96 from the Roman to the Corinthian Church, and is therefore older than the Gospel of John. It has ever been justly valued as the most important document of the sub-Apostolic period. No one had dared to hope that we should some day yet obtain a complete copy. The conclusion now given to us has made important additions to our knowledge. I will mention only two. The Epistle concludes with a long and beautiful prayer, which, were I to insert it, would in some parts appear to many as an old acquaintance. It is the prayer of the Roman Church freely handled: the prayer which is re-echoed, though naturally much changed, in the prayer of the Church of the fourth and of the fourteenth century—nay, even in our Protestant Church prayers of to-day. This observation confirms in a striking way a conjecture, which we could hold before only with some uncertainty, that a portion of the prayers which we find in the liturgies of the Catholic Church of the third and fourth centuries, is very old, and that in general the groundwork of the Catholic liturgy must have arisen in very early times. But now as to the other point where this new discovery affords fresh insight. The Roman Church speaks at the conclusion of this Epistle in a language which shows that she had consciously recognized the law and government of God, and that she had also perceived the peculiar and responsible vocation given to her by her position in the world's metropolis. She speaks in this Epistle to the Corinthian Church as a thoughtful, faithful mother to a thoughtless daughter, who has erred: "joy and rejoicing will be put in our hearts if ye will hearken to what we have written through the Holy Ghost;" "we have sent men who will be witnesses betwixt you and us;" "our whole care both was and is that ye should right soon have peace again." Thus did the Roman Church speak already in the year 96 A.D.: *not* (be it noted) the Roman bishop, but the Roman Church. Of a bishop there is no mention, nor of any external legal right to use such language. Rather the right, so to speak, lay entirely in the Roman Church being at the time stable, while the Corinthian Church, by the disorder which reigned in its midst, showed itself wanting in stability. What a glance then does this Epistle afford into the first foundations, on which the later claims of the Roman

bishop was to be built! Neither Peter nor Peter's successors are here named, nor any person or office. That this Church was the Church of the world's metropolis, that she naturally held in her hand the threads of ecclesiastical interchange and intercourse, that she exercised her vocation with scrupulous fidelity—in these things her historical greatness lies founded. She was, under such conditions, by the very nature of the case, *prima inter pares* in Christendom long before any monarchical episcopate existed in the Church, and long before any one called Peter the first bishop of Rome. The Roman bishop but inherited the universal office which the Roman Church had much earlier possessed—possessed in consequence of her situation and the rigorous conscience with which she discerned the duties it implied. The knowledge, which indeed might have previously been attained, has now been confirmed by this new discovery. At the basis of the pretensions of the Pope of Rome lie not only historical fictions, frauds, and usurpations, but, underneath all, the strength and energy with which the old Roman Church—that Church of which even Paul could boast that her faith was spoken of in all the world—laboured for the whole of Christendom. But such a service confers no jurisdiction and no sovereignty, least of all upon a single individual.

Hardly less important is the so-called Second Epistle of Clement, of the probable date 140 A.D., the earliest Christian sermon which we possess complete. Indeed, the clear knowledge which we here obtain that even then sermons were read, I will not particularly emphasize,—for the preacher frequently so expresses himself as to let us see that he really *read* his sermon; but here is the important point: we see from this sermon how quickly the profound thoughts of Paul had become unintelligible and forgotten. This preacher is a moralist, whose system is the perfect fulfilling of the commands of God and of the eternal Son, whom we ought to hold as God. Christianity appears more as law and less as gift; it is legislation rather than grace. He who has received the seal of baptism has no more forgiveness of his sin to expect. He must of his own strength fulfil the commands of God, or he loses his salvation. What a gulf between the New Testament and this sermon! By “the commands of God,” the law of Moses is not to be understood—were it so, we should hold the writer to have been a Jewish Christian; but rather what we to-day name pure morality. Christianity appears, according to this preacher, as the rational worship of God and as the highest morality; Jesus Christ as the divine teacher who has brought the absolutely true knowledge, taught pure conduct and obedience, and revealed eternal life. Because he has done this, and will come again as Judge, men are bound to think of Him as they think of God.

2. Still more distinctly does this transformation of the Gospel into a monotheistic moral system appear in the newly-discovered fragment

of the "Apology" of Aristides. Eusebius relates how, even before Justin Martyr, two Christians wearing the philosopher's cloak had come forward as apologists and had presented to the Emperor Hadrian, while he was at Athens in the year 124 A.D., their written defences of Christianity. Until lately these works were held as lost; but now a large fragment of the "Apology" of Aristides has been discovered. In it Christianity is exhibited as the sublimest and the most absolutely certain philosophy: what the apologist explains as Christianity differs, as regards its material principle, in no way essentially from the idealist philosophy of the later Platonists and Stoics, but it differs very essentially as regards its formal principle; for the apologist deduces the whole system he propounds, not from human phantasy, but from the rational contemplation of the universe and of man, and to this contemplation the incarnate Son of God, the only Teacher, alone leads. The chief points in the history of Jesus, as they are arranged in the Creed, have by the apologist already been enumerated—the miraculous birth, the death of the cross, the resurrection, and the ascension; to which are added the election and mission of the twelve Apostles.

3. This brings us to the Gospels. Here the discovery of the Diatessaron of Tatian has furnished new material. We know from Eusebius and other ancient writers that a scholar of Justin Martyr, the apologist and sectary Tatian, had composed, soon after the middle of the second century, a harmony of the Gospels; but as we no longer possessed this work, we could not definitely determine what Gospels Tatian had harmonized. That there must have been four Gospels was certain, for the title distinctly said, τὸ εὐαγγέλιον διὰ τεσσάρων. But beyond this we had to betake ourselves to conjecture. The majority of critics declared it to be entirely improbable that the four Gospels were those which the apologist had harmonized; especially did they refuse to allow that the Gospel of John had been among the number. But some years ago Mössinger published his very accurate Latin translation from the Armenian of a commentary on the Gospel, written in the fourth century by Ephraim. The text which had here been used by Ephraim disclosed at the first glance the features of a Gospel harmony, the designed co-ordination of no other than our four canonical Gospels, inclusive of the Johannine. Fuller investigation showed that the editor, Mössinger, was perfectly right in identifying this harmony of the Gospels with the lost Diatessaron of Tatian. No one to-day, so far as my knowledge extends, doubts the correctness of this conclusion. The evidence is therefore now in court, that in the age and church of Tatian the Gospel of John held a position of entire equality with the three other Gospels. It is the oldest witness which we possess for the public use by the Church of the fourth Gospel. But it is not only in this that the high value of

the discovery consists ; it is also of even greater importance for the history of the Canon and the text. It is of course manifest that Tatian allowed our four Gospels—and only these—to be authentic ; but he has dealt with the texts still very freely and independently. He has omitted some portions, has abridged or slightly elaborated others. Such a treatment were inconceivable had he and the church of his day already known any dogma of the verbal inspiration of the text. We learn from his work, which he had intended for use in public worship, and which indeed remained in use in some of the churches of Syria beyond the end of the fourth century, that the four Gospels were then read in public worship, but that they were not yet held to be sacred Scriptures in the same sense as the Old Testament or the apocalyptic books. But we learn still more. We see very clearly from the Diatessaron not only that Tatian allowed himself to make alterations in the text of our canonical Gospels, but also that the text of the same suffered after the middle of the second century some slight elaborations. This of course has been contested by some scholars, but to others it appears justly to be evident. The most important example is the following. In that celebrated text (Matt. xvi. 18) to which the Church of Rome so loves to appeal, the Diatessaron of Tatian says nothing about the Church which is built upon Peter ; rather it simply says, “Thou art Peter, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against thee”—*i.e.*, “thou wilt not for ever fall before temptation.” Now, there is no reason to be found why, if this passage had come to Tatian in the form in which we have it, he should have altered it. On the other hand, everything favours the supposition that the designation of Peter as the Rock of the Church belongs to a later edition of Matthew’s Gospel. Nor need this in any way surprise us, for it is indeed quite evident that in our canonical Gospels, as we read them to-day, not a few of the sayings of our Lord have been preserved for us in varied forms in older and more recent recensions.

4. I come now to the last and perhaps the most important discovery of recent years—the tractate known as the “Teaching of the Twelve Apostles.” Well might its discovery excite a deep interest through all the churches of Christendom. Already in connection with it more than a hundred books and treatises have appeared in all the languages of the civilized world, and the flood still rises. It has already become quite a monument of exegetical and historical subtlety, and the more the unskilled have engaged in criticism of it, the wider have the differences grown. There are, in sooth, even some scholars who have taken up the pen with the intent to prove that the work is older than the oldest Pauline epistles, while others place it at the end of the second century ; nay, a Scotch scholar has maintained that it belongs to the

Byzantine period! Some hold it to be Judæo-Christian, others Montanist; others again regard it as altogether heretical. But as regards these main questions there is happily no need to say, "Adhuc sub judice lis est," but we may appeal "a doctore male informato ad doctorem melius informandum." We may hold as critically valid the following:—In the Church of Alexandria, from the close of the second century, there stood, as we know from Clemens Alexandrinus, Eusebius, and Athanasius, at the end of the New Testament, a booklet entitled "Teaching of the Apostles." This booklet, of a size equal to the Epistle to the Galatians, has lately been discovered by Bryennios. It belongs to the first half of the second century, and was intended by its author to be a brief compendium of the Christian religion. He called it "Teaching of the Lord delivered by the Twelve Apostles," because he was convinced (and we may say sincerely) that he wrote down only such things as really comprised the essence of Christianity touching doctrine, worship, and church order. The work being so designed, is remarkably instructive. Belief and life appear in this book, not as divorced, but in closest and most perfect union—nay, dogma has in this "Doctrine" no department specifically its own, but finds its place in prayers. Christianity is to the author a holy rule of life, which Christians as a constituted society follow, and which is based upon the belief in God and Christ. The author begins with the moral law; in his further exposition, under the figures of the Way of Life and the Way of Death, he expounds the Christian system of ethics, following both the sayings of our Lord and the teaching of the Old Testament. When he has concluded his exposition, he says these doctrines ought to be enjoined on every candidate for baptism, but he does not speak of any formulated confession of faith or any similar thing. He next proceeds to deal with the ordinances and acts of the Church—viz., Baptism, Fasts, Prayer, and the Lord's Supper. In speaking of baptism he gives the baptismal formula in the words of Matthew, laying apparently upon it the chief stress; and then he goes on to declare that we ought to baptize in running water, but he adds expressly that if enough water be not at hand, sprinkling in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost is sufficient. We have here for the first time obtained evidence that even the earliest Christians had, under certain conditions, recourse to baptisms by sprinkling—a very important point, since it shows that the scruples about baptisms in this manner were only of late origin in the Catholic Church. In speaking of fasting the author names Wednesdays and Fridays as special days for its observance, and he gives further the definite rule, that the Lord's Prayer is to be repeated three times daily. He gives the Lord's Prayer *in extenso*, and adds the Doxology. This is the oldest witness for the Doxology

which we possess. We learn now for the first time that it was the custom of the Christians in the second century to repeat thrice a day the Lord's Prayer. The writer next passes to the Lord's Supper; he has not given any rules concerning the ritual, but rather has simply transcribed the prayers which the churches were wont to use at its celebration; it is to him an actual meal, for he says, "After ye have taken your fill, then give thanks;" and then follows a thanksgiving for the holy meal that has been enjoyed. It is as follows:—

"We thank Thee, Heavenly Father, for Thy holy name, in that Thou hast made Thy abode in our hearts, and for the knowledge, the faith, and the immortality which Thou hast made known to us through Thy servant Jesus. Thine be the honour for ever and ever! O Almighty Ruler! Thou hast made all things for Thy name's sake: food and drink hast Thou given unto men for their enjoyment, that they may give Thee thanks; but to us Thou hast graciously dispensed spiritual food and drink and eternal life through Thy servant. Above all, we thank Thee, for that Thou art mighty. Thine be the honour for ever and ever! Remember, Lord, Thy Church, to deliver her from all evil, and to perfect her in Thy love; gather her together from the four winds; lead Thy holy one into Thy kingdom, which Thou hast prepared for her: for Thine is the power and the honour for ever and ever! May thy grace come, and may this world pass away. Hosanna to the God of David! Whosoever is holy, let him come hither; whosoever is unholy, let him repent. Maranatha! Amen."

How rich, how strong is this prayer of these early Christians! If this discovery had given us only this and the prayers in chapter ix., we could not but have been most thankful; for, among other things, these prayers show us that the earliest Christians had even in the Lord's Supper given expression to their longing for the second coming of the Lord. But our new discovery has brought us still more: the second half of the work (chaps. xi.-xv.) forms a source of knowledge for Church history of the highest value. It contains regulations concerning the organization of the churches, the intercourse between the different churches and the life in the churches: and these regulations are partly quite new to us, and partly supplementary of older accounts, which we had hitherto failed properly to appreciate, placing them now before us in an unexpected light. In particular, what the "Teaching of the Apostles" tells us, on the one hand, about apostles, prophets, and teachers, and on the other about bishops and deacons, is of the highest importance, and has now first placed us in a position to understand certain fragmentary hints in Paul and the Apostolic Fathers. The origin of the episcopate has been made clearer by it, and the hypothesis, which indeed was long ago refuted, that the Apostles had ordained a bishop for every church as their successor, has now become quite impossible. Into these important questions I cannot here further enter; but in conclusion one point more may be vindicated—viz., that this "Teaching of the

Apostles " touched upon what we call the " labour question." How prudent is the judgment which it deduces from the standpoint of the Gospel! There is nothing here of the visionary's horror of labour and impracticable enthusiasm. The duties of brotherly love and hospitality are enforced, but they are also conditioned with sure tact. In chapter xii. we read as follows:—

" Let every one who cometh be received in the name of the Lord : but then ye shall prove him, and distinguish the true from the false : for ye must have prudence. If he who cometh be a wanderer, ye shall help him to the best of your power : but he shall not abide with you longer than two or three days, and that only if it be needful. But if he be willing to remain among you, inasmuch as he is a handicraftsman, then he shall labour and eat. But if he understandeth no handicraft, then take ye care, according to your discernment, that no Christian live among you as an idler. But if he willeth not so to order his life, then is he one who speculates with Christ for gain : keep yourselves far from such."

If the Church had carried these golden words in her heart, it would never have come to pass that beggars should be held a privileged class, as so soon happened in the Catholic Church. The " Teaching of the Apostles " breathes throughout brotherly love, order, firmest trust in God, and holy living. We may count up how often its author has used the name of Jesus, but we shall not find that a church which lives according to the principles of his doctrine, is unworthy of the name of Christ.

After this survey of the discoveries of the last few years let us return to the point from which we started. I quoted above a sentence of Rothe, to which we may again refer : " The ancient world built up the Catholic Church on the foundation of the Gospel, but in doing so it built itself bankrupt." This sentence, whose bearings Rothe himself had not fully perceived, is in fact the egg of Columbus. For long had it been customary to remark upon the great distance which divided the Apostolic literature from Jewish Christianity on the one hand, and on the other from post-Apostolic writings, no matter how different these were in relation to each other. Heinrich Thiersch has consequently supposed that at the end of the first century the Church, after a sort, fell, like our first parents. The Tübingen school sought so to explain the difference between the Apostolic and post-Apostolic literatures as to see in the latter the product of a compromise. It spoke of a modified Jewish Christianity and of a modified Paulinism ; from these modifications, and from the consequent softening of the sharpness of the early antitheses, it believed that it was able to explain the varied riches of the later formations, as concerned not only doctrine, but also the constitution, discipline, and cultus of the Church. Where, for example, it found in the Apostolic Fathers and apologists an ethical mode of thought—Christianity conceived as the new law—it assumed the working of

Jewish Christianity, which had given up merely circumcision and the ceremonial law; where it detected the formation of a fixed order of worship—elders, priests, and so forth—there it thought could not but be seen the continued influence of the synagogue shaping the growth of the early Catholic Church; conversely, where it found the universalism of the Gospel impressed on these Fathers, but without the Pauline basis of justification by grace only, there it believed that a modified, and as it were bisected Paulinism, must be recognized. Nay, more, in movements as late as the Montanistic it tried to see the operation of Jewish Christianity, and, conversely, in Gnosticism, a perverted form of Paulinism. But this conception could be upheld only by doing violence to the facts, and reading into them a foreign meaning. About thirty years ago a reaction set in, led by the work of Albrecht Ritschl, “*Die Entstehung der alt-katholischen Kirche*.” In this work there are four determinative principles, which have since been clearly formulated, and have found acceptance, if not with all, yet with the majority of independent critics. These principles are as follows:—

1. The divergence of the Christianity of the sub-Apostolic from the Christianity of the Apostolic age, is to be explained by the fact that the Gentile Christians either did not know or did not understand the Old Testament principles which the Jewish Christians possessed.

2. The Gentile Christians brought into Christianity the religious interests, hopes, and aspirations, which animated them, and could accept at first only some of the fundamental ideas of that Gospel which rested on the Old Testament—those, viz., which they had to receive necessarily before all others—the belief in one God, the duty of holy living, the redemption from death through Jesus Christ the Son of God, the Judgment, and the Resurrection.

3. Where, then, we find among the Gentile Christians any peculiarities in doctrine, cultus, constitution, &c.—and such peculiarities occur from the very first—we must not, in order to their explanation, there draw in the Pauline theology, still less that of the strict Jewish Christianity, but are to consider as factors—(a) certain fundamental thoughts in the Gospel, (b) the letter of the certainly not understood Old Testament, which the Gentile Christians treasured as a collection of divine oracles, and (c) the state and constitution of the Græco-Roman world at the time of the first preaching of the Gospel.

4. The resultant, the Catholicism which has in the third century become fully formed, is therefore not to be understood either through Paulinism or through Jewish Christianity, or apprehended as a compromise between the two; but *the Catholic Church is rather that form of Christianity in which every element of the ancient world has*

been successively assimilated, which Christianity could in any way take up into itself without utterly losing itself in the world.

If these principles are accepted, it follows that the problems which Church history proposes for inquiry are changed at one stroke; for it now becomes no longer possible, in the manner of the old historical schools, to limit ourselves to the written sources of the Christian religion. The historian must rather make his horizon wider, and get a view of the general history of the civilization, morals, and political organization of his period. He must study the earliest sub-Apostolic writings with a view to seeing whether already, in their deviations from the oldest Palestinian tradition of the Gospels, traces of that spirit of the ancient world, which we call Catholicism, are not to be found. It is remarkable that the earliest Protestant Church historians, Flacius and Gottfried Arnold, had a forecast of how the question really stood: they both, for example, called attention to the fact that the peculiar Christianity of Justin Martyr, in his deviation from Paul and Judæo-Christianity, is to be understood from his heathen antecedents; and both saw in the constitution which the Catholic Church elaborated for herself the effective action of the constitution of the Roman State; yet their conclusions on those two points, because still unverified, remained without any effect. The task set in this field for our modern historical science is to apply these principles to the four great problems of pre-Nicene Church history—that is, to the problems which relate to its literature, cultus, constitution, and doctrine. *As concerns all these problems, it may be shown that the Catholic process of formation was nothing else than a building up of the ancient world on the ground of the Gospel, and that in the heathen world old forms and thoughts died, just as they had been assimilated by Christianity.*

It is of course impossible in the space of an article to bring forward all the evidences in proof of this position; inquiry on this method has only just begun, yet good work has already been accomplished—as regards the history of the literature, by Overbeck; of the cultus, by Rothe and Theodore Harnack; of the constitution of the Church, by Rothe, Renan, and Hatch; of its doctrine, by M. von Engelhardt. But with reference to one problem, the history of the literature, a few remarks may be allowed. The history of Christian literature has been hitherto very unfruitfully treated, because it has been handled generally from the entirely inadequate point of view of the history of doctrine. There is perhaps no literature in the world which is still so little scientifically investigated as the patristic; and yet what high significance it has! It became, when it stepped into the place of the ancient heathen literature, like the maternal bosom for all the literatures of the Latin and Germanic peoples. But into the place of the ancient heathen literature it stepped only after it had appro-

priated all its forms and a portion of its spirit. Christian literature begins in the first century with quite peculiar forms, alien alike to the Greek and Roman; in particular it begins with the forms of the Apocalypse and the Gospel. But as early as the fourth century it has made use of all the literary forms known to the ancient world—the scientific treatise, the dialogue, the commentary, the philosophical system, the elegant oration, the panegyric, the historical essay, the chronicle, the romance, the novel, the hymn, the ode, the didactic poem, &c. &c. Here, then, is the great question for the history of early Christian literature, *How, in what order, and under what conditions did Christianity make itself the master of the old classical literary forms?* In answering this question historical science has to show that Christianity at first stood in a relation of very deep distrust to these forms, that the so-called Gnosticism did indeed in the conflict for the Gospel lay hold upon them, but that the Church still declined this prize. There is further to be shown how the Church, gradually indeed and cautiously, turned to the literature which was alien to her, and passed from her own earliest forms (the Gospel, Apocalypse, the prophetic oracle) to the forms of profane literature. The most important precaution taken by the Church was the formation of the Canon of the New Testament, which places before us a selection of the primitive Christian literature. After the Canon had been formed, and raised as a sacred collection above all other writings, the Church could well concede entrance to the profane literature, so far as it did not contradict the Canon. The profane or classical Church style began with the Apologies; to them succeeded one style after another; and finally in the catechetical school of Alexandria almost all the forms of ancient literature were cultivated. The patristic literature is nothing else than the continuation of the ancient classical literature, but under the control of the two Testaments. The ancient heathen literature died out in the fourth and fifth centuries, so that at length nothing remained but the Catholic. But this, which had taken into itself every element in the ancient still retaining any vitality, had now fused into innermost union within itself the Gospel and the spirit of Greek and Roman antiquity. Whatever the German people has received of spiritual good, the inheritance of antiquity and the inheritance of Christianity, they have received through the patristic literature. It appears at the first glance barren and without spirit; but when we think that it possessed spirit enough to found the mediæval literatures of all European peoples, we shall see that it must be due to our defective study and understanding if we find no spirit in it. Can there be a more important or interesting historical undertaking than to describe the development of Catholic literature, and to show how it gradually made all the forms of classical literature its own

how it thereby became rich and attractive, and how it has, like some creeping plant, so exhausted the heathen literature that the mighty tree it fed on could only die.

Precisely the same holds good of the cultus, the doctrine, and the organization of the Christian Church. Christianity has throughout sucked the marrow of the ancient world, and assimilated it; even dogma is nothing but the Christian faith nourished on ancient philosophy, and the whole of Catholicism is nothing else than the Christianity which has devoured the possessions of the Græco-Roman world. What an insight do we thus get into Catholicism! Whatever in the old world was still capable of life, noble and good, Christianity appropriated—of course with much that was bad and untrue—and placed all under the protection of the Gospel. Out of this material she created for herself a body: thus did she preserve and save for the future whatever was worth saving from the culture and the ideas of the old world. To the young German peoples the Church came not only as the Society of the Preacher of Galilee, but also as the great impressive secular power which alone held sway over all the forces of civilization, literature, and law. It is indeed nothing else than the universal Roman Empire itself, but in the most wonderful and beneficent metamorphosis, built upon the Gospel as a kingdom of Jesus Christ: *Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus triumphat*. The fittest and most suggestive criticism we can to-day pass on Catholicism is to conceive it as Christianity in the garb of the ancient world, covered with a mediæval overcoat: the Pope is the Roman Emperor, the archbishops and bishops are the old pro-consuls, the monks and priests are the Roman soldiery, the Mass is the old Græco-Roman mystery cultus, the system of doctrine is the Greek philosophy; and so on. The strength and greatness of the Gospel has consisted in this, that it could ever attract to itself and preserve everything worthy of life which the ages possessed. Just through this power of assimilation and expansion the Gospel has established its right to be the universal religion, and has proved itself the most conservative of forces upon the face of the earth, because securing endurance to everything worthy to endure.

But surely this great enrichment could not take place without the more definite ideas in the Gospel becoming diminished and changed. A pure embodiment of the Gospel was, under such conditions, not possible. What is the Reformation but the work of God which was to set the Church free again from that bondage which had bound it to the ancient world 1400 years? When Luther did away with the Mass, and restored the service of God in spirit and in truth; when he overthrew the whole Roman building of the system of the Church; when he wished, in opposition to the scholastic theology, to establish the Christian society again on the pure word of God—all may be

expressed in the single formula, *the Reformation is the return to the pure Gospel*. Only what is sacred shall be held sacred : the traditions of men, though they be most fair and most worthy, must be taken for what they are—viz., the ordinances of man.

But in recognizing all this let us not, as many polemical Protestants have done, condemn the old Catholicism and the whole development of the Church up to the Reformation. Everything has its time, and every step in the history of the Church was needed. If it was possible in Christ's own sense to follow Him within the pale of Judaism and its law, without anything being annulled, it was quite as certainly possible in this sense to live according to the Gospel within that ancient Catholic Church. It was God's providence that so guided the development of the Roman Empire that it resulted in that wonderful covenant between Christianity and the ancient world which endured nearly 1500 years. When it had done its work, when the time was accomplished, the covenant was dissolved, and it could be dissolved because the Church in her New Testament possessed Scriptures which have nothing to do with that covenant, because they are older than it. There lies the abiding value of the New Testament.

I have attempted to show the various points of view from which, in the field of early Church history, work may now be done. We now know what we want and what we ought to do. But I am far from thinking that we have accomplished much. No one can feel more than myself how much we still need to do—that we stand only at the beginning of the day, and labourers are few. But the greater the part the Church takes in the work, the more rapidly will it advance. Borne up and supported by the living interest of the brethren, protected and preserved from the mistrust and malevolence that walketh in darkness, our wings shall wax strong for flight.

ADOLF HARNACK.

PERIGOT.

RANDOM NOTES ON THE DRAMATIC AND UNDRAMATIC

IN a recent article on Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess," we were told by a lady well versed in pastoral literature, and, moreover, connected in a very close and singular way with the pastoral world, that the shepherd Perigot was certainly a small peasant proprietor. While gratefully acknowledging, as a disciple of the late Stuart Mill, the importance of this testimony in favour of small farming, and while bowing before Lady Archibald Campbell's theoretical studies and personal experience in such matters, I feel bound to state that I disagree entirely with her view. And I can explain the divergence in our opinions upon this subject only by the fact that the lady in question could not have had, for obvious reasons, the very great advantage, upon which I rest my claims to a theory, of being among the audience at the performance of Fletcher's pastoral comedy last summer in Coombe Park.

I deny, therefore, utterly and categorically, that the shepherd Perigot is, or ever has been, a small peasant proprietor; indeed, I resent that supposition as an offence of *lèse*—it is rather difficult to find the word—well, of *lèse-Perigot*, which is the same as saying an offence of *lèse-fancy*. For Perigot, I repeat, never has been a small peasant proprietor. Allow me to tell you something about him. Perigot is a prince, a prince of royal lineage more ancient than any other (of the dim ancestry of Khan Kubla, perhaps), sprung in directest line from some Greek god showering and shimmering down in a golden fountain, or sailing majestic with shining white wings and snake-like erect head among the reeds and water-lilies. Perigot is a prince who, owing to some frightening dream or some lowly love affair, or perhaps merely because the thyme and marigolds of the hill-side, the shadow of the plane trees by the river, are

pleasanter than the pillared palace chambers, possesses a flock which browse all day while he makes songs, as the Tuscan shepherds do even nowadays, with the names of flowers and herbs and the name of his swcethcart. Perigot is a prince; he has golden fringes to his green tunic, and a silver fillet round his blond hair; he may, at any moment, lay aside the fleece he wears on his shoulders, the shepherd's staff and pipe, in order to leap, with silver greaves and high-crested helmet, into his chariot with the golden spokes; or to mount upon his horse with the ivory saddle and the long cloth of gold cover, a tame lynx in leash and a falcon on his wrist. For there is this of strangeness in Perigot, that, being so very, very young, he is also so very, very old. Paris of Troy was his elder brother; and his younger brother is the dear little king from the East, fair and smooth, with the long narrow eyes and long narrow smile, whose pomegranate embroidered mantle was unbuckled from his shoulders, and his golden spurs unstrapped, and his big sword held by a negro page, that he might kneel and proffer the incense and myrrh without frightening the little child in the stable at Bethlehem. Perigot is still without even the first faint callowness of lip or chin; yet he is older by far than the oldest greybeard. He has flown with the winged sandals of Perseus over the blue seas and white cities of Greece; he has ridden with Oberon's horn by his side through the mysterious pine-woods, along the strangely winding rivers of the kingdom of the Grail King; he disappeared out of antiquity as the boy Hylas whom the green-haired nymphs dragged beneath the river bed; and he reappeared in the Middle Ages as the Provençal knight Aucassin, "Aucassin li Biax, li Blons, li Gentil, li Amoureux." He had appeared again in later times, a boy or a girl? A girl disguised as a boy, or a boy disguised as a girl? As Richardet in the clothes of his sister Bradamante, as Viola in the dress of her brother Sebastian; showing himself, all the while, to country folk, old women and children, as the third son who cut off the Ogre's head, who kissed the dreadful Snake-lady, who broke off the bough of apples that sang, and filled his flask with the water that danced. And once more—the last time, alas! we may fear—he has shown himself in our own days, on the stage of turf and cut grass, between the side scenes of rustling eims, of the pastoral theatre at Coombe.

He, undoubtedly he, among the crowd of graceful little masquerade figures, girls and youths copied from Alma Tadema or Albert Moore, hurrying with a sort of childish charm through Fletcher's big-mouthed verses; running in and out of the bushes like children playing at hide-and-seek, mottling the green distances of the forest glades with bright spots of yellow and lilac and blue garments, like a glorified school treat, and joining hands and dancing round the shrine of Pan, like the dear little people in Kate Greenaway's

toy-books. Among this delightful, very visibly got up, very visibly modern troop of shepherds and shepherdesses, which crowded beneath the elms at Coombe, Perigot appeared, wholly different from all the rest, a reality in his thorough unrealness, no part of the masquerade. Unmistakable from the moment that he descended from his bullock wain (by-the-way the bullocks wore pony harnesses, probably unknown in Arcadia), among the acclamations of the pastoral folk, to the moment when the curtain closed upon him standing by his shepherdess; unmistakable every time that he came forward, like a Botticelli allegoric youth, with vague wide-opened eyes and vague distant smile; every time that he walked slowly away, tall, slender, with the charming line of slightly bowed head and shoulders; unmistakable by virtue of that strange, half feminine, half boyish charm, that far-fetched, exotic, almost artificial grace which belongs to all creatures who have come out of Antiquity and lived through the Middle Ages, that strange and subtle quality of being an unreality and an enigma. Perigot himself, undoubtedly, come back to the world, re-embodied to play his own part among a troop of amateur shepherds and shepherdesses, as Wilhelm Meister half imagined that the real ghost of King Hamlet might come back to play his part by the side of Aurelia and Serlo and Philina. Was it wise? Was it judicious of this Prince of Fairy-land and Shepherddom, this brother of Paris and of the King from the East, this creature who had been Hylas and Aucassin, this boy thousands of years old, to give way to the temptation of re-incarnating once more? I fear not; I fear very much that it was foolish: for has not a lady very learned in pastoral lore, and who, of all people, might most have suspected this curious avatar mystery that was going on, declared, in print, that Perigot was a small peasant proprietor? After that, let the gods never re-incarnate again, nor the fairy princes.

II.

The incarnation of the unreal is not for our age of realism; of realism to a far greater extent even than we are generally apt to think. For realism has been steadily growing for the last two hundred years. The last two hundred? The last three or four—nay, perhaps the last four thousand years. I take the word realism in the sense neither of Ruskin nor of Zola, as connected neither with humble love of Nature nor with a hankering after filthy things. By realism I mean simply the observation of things as they are, the familiarity with their aspect, physical and intellectual, and the consequent faculty of reproducing them with approximate fidelity. And when I say that realism has been growing in the last two, three, four hundred, or four thousand years, I simply mean that the

longer mankind has been in the world, the better acquainted does mankind become with the world's contents; passing, in its various stages of familiarity, from the observation of such details as it knows to the observation of such further details as it does not know. For just as children learn but gradually to group their sensations, to recognize combinations of such sensations and to perceive form, distance, position, and cause and effect, so mankind also learns but slowly the aspect of outer things, the nature of inner ones, the possibilities and impossibilities of the universe. And this is a process which, with the partial interruption due to loss of time and accumulated material in what we call the Middle Ages, has been steadily going on. We must not be misled by the fact that this realistic tendency, this gradual familiarity with things, has frequently shifted its ground. The Greeks of the days of Phidias indubitably possessed a familiarity with the line and boss of the human figure, a degree of realization in such matters which was not increased but rather diminished in after times; but the Greeks were unfamiliar with the medium, all that falls under the head of colour, light, and perspective, in which this human figure exists. They saw Nature, as distinguished from man, very vaguely and superficially, as we see a country in which we find ourselves for the first time, lacking interest in it and unable to reproduce any very clear notion thereof. ~~Thus,~~ in the matter of background, colour, light and shade, atmosphere and perspective, in what constitutes the peculiar field of the painter as distinguished from the sculptor, an enormous realistic movement took place throughout the Middle Ages, vague and idealistic as we are apt to conceive them. Similarly, we think of the century and a half that lies between Milton and Cowper as a century of unfamiliarity with Nature, of what, in our aversion, for the stereotyped phrases about "nodding groves," "hoary mountains," and similar Grub Street descriptions of scenery, we call conventionalism. Yet during that century and a half a vast progress was achieved in the direction of realization of the inner life of men and women—nay, in some measure, even of their outer life; Defoe, Addison, Richardson, Fielding, Madame de Lafayette, and the Abbé Prévost are the contemporaries of Dryden, Pope, Thomson, and those various French rhymsters who sang of "*des ris et des jeux foldtres, des appas et des graces*," but could not tell a beech from a chestnut. Thus, I maintain, there has constantly been, and there inevitably could only be, an increase of familiarity—that is to say, of the desire and power of realizing the existing—in some portion of man's relations with himself or with external things.

To return to my simile of the child, all the literature of past ages gives us, in some extraordinary blindness of the humanly possible, in some astonishing change of character or inconceivable obtuse-

ness, the equivalent of that want of perception of what is and what is not, which makes the child try to sweep the moon out of the sky with a broom. Thus Oliver, in "As you Like It," could not have suddenly turned from an utter scoundrel into a fit husband for Celia; nor could Olivia, in "Twelfth Night," have instantly married off an unknown brother of the person she was in love with, on discovering that person to be a woman. Such things are impossible, due to absolute carelessness, want of habit of realizing situations; they are as utterly silly and childish as to stick three rosebuds and a box sprig into the ground and call the arrangement a garden. But I shall have to speak again, a little later, of similar peculiarities of the Shakspearian stage.

Be this as it may, we who are the latest comers have inherited all these various powers of seeing things as they are, and reproducing them faithfully; and to this inheritance of manifold realisms we people of the nineteenth century have added all the more liberally, because we have had to spontaneously begin realizing in no one single category of literature or art. Hence we have surrounded ourselves with what has never existed before—a complete circle of realism: in painting, in whatever there still is of vital belonging to sculpture, even in poetry; above all, in that wisest of our own special form of art, the novel. And thus our stage, also, has become absolutely realistic.

I am not speaking merely of the extraordinary fidelity to reality in dress and scenery, which would have amazed our grandfathers, to whom it seemed quite proper that conspiracies should be discussed in the tyrant's ante-chamber, and that Greeks and Romans, Crusaders and Turks, should all appear with the same curly wigs, knee-breeches, corsets, and lappets. The whole spirit of the drama has become realistic. The play in verse has been completely defeated by the play in prose; the play dealing with former times has cleared off before the play dealing with our own days; and, on the rare occasion when the past is put upon the stage, no effort is spared to realize it in every detail—to turn it in a fashion into the present. Above all, the art of acting has become merely the art of reproducing reality. In the account left to us of actors and actresses of former days, from Betterton to Talma, what strikes us, and what evidently struck contemporary audiences, was the pathos and passion with which certain capital passages were delivered. The excellence of the actor depended upon his power of exciting the audience at a given moment; the stories of Lekain and Adrienne Lecouvreur, even of the actors mentioned in Lessing's "Dramaturgie," clearly show this to have been the case; even if the structure of the plays elaborately worked up to certain dramatic points, and all the rest of the business left rather vague and conventional, did not

force upon us the conclusion that complete realization of a situation, a scene or a person, absolute and uniform life-likeness, is a very modern conception indeed. In the middle of the last century, Lessing, the most realistic playwright and dramatic critic of his day, commended the actor who performed his Odoardo Gallotti for picking nervously at the feathers in his hat while listening to the recital of Emilia's shame. Nowadays there is not a third-rate provincial actor, nay, scarcely an amateur, who would not have recourse to devices like this one, which a hundred years ago seemed little less than a stroke of genius. Even upon the opera stage it has become unusual for one performer to look on quietly without any sign of interest, while another is detailing his feelings in an air; and even in an Italian serious opera—that is to say, in the most idiotically undramatic drama of our time—one can notice gestures, that, for instance, of seizing hold of a woman's two hands, and then hurling her aside, which would probably have created a tremendous sensation if risked by Talma. The text is studied—even the most florid passages like Queen Mab and some of Hamlet's speeches—so as to extract from every word whatever indication of gesture or intonation it might possibly contain, whatever dramatic essence the author failed to put in, and the critics insist upon putting in for him. Everything has to be made real, and hence the difficulty which a large amount of Shakspeare evidently presents to men like Salvini or Irving; they insist upon clearing up points which Shakspeare was evidently satisfied with overlooking; upon rendering life-like what the great poet had grandly left lifeless. Realization, that is the aim and end of our drama; and it has certainly been attained in the most marvellous manner.

I would have you try and recall, as vividly as you may, certain scenes of Sarah Bernhardt's, in order to appreciate what the art of realization has risen—or, may I say, has sunk to? Take for instance, "Féodora." Féodora is not merely a passionate, vindictive, tender, childlike, capricious, scatterbrained, and terrible woman—an extraordinary mixture of heterogeneous and conflicting qualities; but, she is a woman with a definite nationality, a definite temperament, a definite bodily and mental constitution, a Russian and a nervous subject, fit to be studied equally by the moralist, the ethnographer, and the physiologist; and she is not merely the typical Russian and the typical nervous subject, but an individual impossible to mistake or to forget. Try and grasp her as a whole; and then try and call up in your mind any one of her scenes, any one moment of her action or speech—the love-scene, in which she detains the man she has betrayed, the scene in which she implores the forgiveness of the man she has dishonoured. See, in your imagination, her silhouette as she clings to her lover's knees, as she drags him.

through the door, the mere outline of her face, her hands, at a given moment; or hear with your fancy one sentence in the low, hot, rapid voice, one cry, one sob. Revive the feelings which were yours in the presence of those real convulsions and gaspings of love and rage and grief; and you will recognize, if you be neither dull nor callous, that they are the feelings which would have arisen if this stage play had been a reality—feelings of half-sickened interest, of half-degraded sympathy. The falling of the curtain did, indeed, overwhelm all this in the manifold realities of your own life; did, indeed, divert you to other feelings. But as long as it lasted, this stage-play was a reality; and a reality also was the sense of debasing shame at having seen what our nature forbids us to look at: the utter nakedness and prostration of a human soul.

III.

It is horrible, such realism as this, and it is wrong. . . The instinct within us is perfectly correct, which makes us vaguely resent such things as an insult, almost an outrage, done to our whole better nature. Except where we can diminish its horror (and in this case our attention is concentrated not on the evil but on our efforts to master it), it is bad, it is degrading for us to see too deep into the spiritual miseries of others, as it is to see too close into their physical ones. Is it because we all of us have moments which had better not recur twice, and because the fact of such moments being witnessed by others connects them more closely with ourselves, makes them more difficult to emerge from, that we have an instinct of hiding from sight our violent and momentary feelings? Is it that each separate soul requires a degree of isolation—requires to be separated from others when it is entirely swallowed up in its own self? I cannot venture to decide; I can only point out the fact that such an instinct exists strongly in all civilized creatures; and that, as I have said, we feel abashed and outraged when we are forced to intrude upon the moral privacy of others, to witness what we would not wish to show, even as we feel abased and outraged when our own moral privacy is invaded. I think, on the whole, that this curious instinct may be partly explained by not two creatures being alike, and by the consequent fact that we are injured morally by having the strain of another's misery put upon us roughly, without reference to our different powers and methods of bearing such strains. We can be useful only so long as we are true to ourselves; we must pick up our burden, so much of it as we can bear, and carry it according to the strength and shape of our spiritual shoulders; it must not be rudely hurled at us like a load of stones discharged from a cart.

But how, then, of the novel; and why should that be legitimate in a printed book which is not to be legitimate in an acted play? For the novel is essentially that form of art which brings us in contact with other folks' innermost soul. The explanation, to my mind, lies exactly in the difference between the thing which is read and the thing which is actually witnessed. In the case of the play the actor does the realizing, and to his realizing we are forced to submit. In the novel this realization is left in great measure to ourselves. In reading a book we usually realize only so much as we can bear, each reader, in point of fact, selecting automatically that which shall most impress him; or rather, details gravitating to the mind, flying to it like needles to a magnet, according as there exists a natural affinity between them and it. In reading, therefore, it is rare that violence is done to our feelings, to our preference and powers of understanding and enduring what is shown. We respond to the author's suggestion, we do one-half of the work, and do it, inevitably, in the way least painful to ourselves. Moreover, in this intellectual representation, our mind is appealed to, not our nerves: and our mind grasps, welds into an harmonious whole, healthy and enduring, a whole state of feeling or a whole character, instead of having merely the outer expression thereof hurled violently at us. With this explanation is connected the fact that, in real life, we turn away with a feeling of decorum from the actual visible moment of agony, when that agony cannot be diminished by our aid, when it is a mere spectacle. The sobs and screams of even the holiest grief, sicken, unless we can abate them, even like physical loathsomeness: although we sympathize with the grief itself, and although we should, perhaps, admire and even feel grateful for witnessing it, if we saw it, as a mere feeling, making its way through self-command.

In the latter case we are in the presence of a human being, in the former in the presence of a mere animal. As long as what impresses us is the mere momentary physical expression, we cannot grasp the whole feeling and situation, we can neither understand nor sympathize. While reading "*Othello*" our powers of understanding and sympathizing are constantly being appealed to: we master the situation, the miserable meeting of this man and this woman, each noble, but each destined to be the other's victim; we see where the mischief lies, we feel where we could ourselves have helped. The mere catastrophe, the few minutes of Desdemona's murder, are the least thing; the tragedy has been in *Othello's* soul, and is virtually over by this time. It is different in Salvini's representation. Here the murder is the chief interest—all works up towards it. We go away morally bruised and sickened by this sight, indifferent to all else. Comprehension, sympathy, all are swept away by sheer horror. The spiritual physiognomy of the persons is crowded out of our mind by the mere

visible appearance of Othello, rushing and leaping, yelling that strange yell which is half bay, half sob, sobbing and panting, dragging away Desdemona by the arm and the hair, peering from out of the bed-curtains in the midst of his half-finished work. That face among the curtains of the bed; that long, oval Tartar face, smooth and shining, with only an ill-growth of black bristles, with its distended veins and fearful white rolling eyes, a blood-like reflection thrown up to it by the red night-dress, the red curtains—that face stains itself indelibly into our imagination, and all else of the play, all the rest of the action, all the poetry of Shakspeare, pales and vanishes by its side.

IV.

But Salvini is a great, a very great actor, one of the very greatest, in scenes like this one, that has ever lived. Undoubtedly. But are the plays of Shakspeare written for great actors? Is the highest expression of modern art fit to accompany the highest expression of an art which, after all, was the product of nearly three centuries ago? The question may be reduced into a nutshell by asking whether the art of Shakspeare is realistic in the same sense as is the art of Salvini?

And, in the first place, can we of the end of the nineteenth century fairly judge what Shakspeare's art really is? In order to do so we must, so far as we can, remove the network of thoughts and feeling with which each succeeding generation of critics, of actors, and of readers have overlaid the original work. I sometimes doubt whether, even after all our trouble, we could see the real Shakspeare, so utterly have we corrupted the text of what he represents to our soul. The many scholars and societies who labour to give us back the original word and meaning of what he wrote are, in reality, defeating their own object: every explanation is virtually an interpolation, an alteration; and Shakspeare's plays are by this time one mass of such interpolations and alterations. A book like that of Gervinus, for instance, is to my mind a perfect pest; and had Gervinus been a man of greater powers, it would have been a still greater one, if possible.

The besetting sin of all Shakspeare criticism, of all criticism, nay, of all intellectual manipulation whatsoever, is the mania for reducing a heterogeneous thing to a very simple formula. As our novelists seek to reduce the complexities of human character to one definable dominant character, so our critics seek to reduce the complexities of art to one very definable mission; whence arises that, as every definition means a number of omissions, as many definitions almost are possible as there are critics. The extraordinary insight into character which Shakspeare undoubtedly possessed, and his fondness

for generalizing on questions of feeling and conduct—peculiarities, by the way, which were shared by his great contemporaries, Webster and Ford and Beaumont and Fletcher, nay, even Marston and Heywood—these psychological elements in Shakspeare, which are the elements also most akin to our modern mind, have misled us into imagining that the art of Shakspeare is deliberately, consistently, nay, almost exclusively, psychological. As a matter of fact, I am inclined to think that psychology is not the main object of Shakspeare's art, but that, if that art may be said to have any main object, it is merely to please by many and various means, of which the study of character is only one. The Shakspearian drama may, I think, be defined (since we can never escape the demon of definition) as the rough union of various artistic elements agreeable to his contemporaries into a whole which should give them the greatest aggregate of artistic pleasure; the exposition of some interesting action, spiced and garnished with every sort of extraneous thing, with high lyricism, buffoonery, wit, poetic fancy, obscenity, philosophy, and fashionable euphuism. The action is neither all-engrossing nor absolutely realized. The spectators take a considerable pleasure in the murder of the King, or the trial of the Merchant; but they are so far from absorbed by this situation that they can attend to and delight in all manner of irrelevancies. The actors strut on the stage, painted up for the parts, and gesticulating with a kind of general fitness, every now and then rising for a moment to close life-likeness; for the rest, gorgeously or quaintly attired in metaphorical word-brocades, or in freaked fool's motley, turning somersaults like a clown, and singing roulades like a prima donna. It sometimes happens, and in Shakspeare's greatest plays it happens often, that these conventional splendidly trapped stage-mimes have a moment of intense intuition, that they feel and understand, that a wonderfully pathetic intonation, an amazingly characteristic gesture, suddenly interrupts the conventional strut and declamation—strut and declamation in no ridiculous or debasing sense of the words. They move, declaim, gesticulate, not with a view to realizing a situation, but with a view to pleasing the audience by a display of various splendid or comic elements. The action—except, perhaps, in "Othello," the play of Shakspeare's which is most modern, in the sense that Schiller is modern—is used mainly as a framework for this intellectual pageant, or opera in words. When it becomes interesting, riveting to the attention, this is usually an accidental result. The poet, for his part, is no more engrossed in the situation than is a composer in his libretto; he may recognize here and there a point suitable to some pathetic note, some terrible inflexion; but he goes on composing, here a buffo scene, here a bravura air, here again a piece of descriptive symphony, and so forth, without any of

that intense creative interest in characters and situations which we see in Schiller, or even, occasionally, in Racine—which we see in every trumpery modern novelist.

Shakspeare is not merely frequently indifferent to the possibility of a situation (as in the various sudden conversions of scoundrels, the cool interchanging of brides and bridegrooms, the cheerful acceptance of amazing discoveries), he is constantly violating all realism of detail. He constantly indulges in speeches which entirely disfigure a character and deaden a situation; he can no more resist a metaphorical or philosophical tirade in the midst of hurry and passion, than Rossini can resist a nice roulade in the midst of agony. There is in Shakspeare (if I may be permitted to continue my musical simile) much fine, free, natural recitative, with occasional intense poignancy of intonation; there is occasionally an instrumental bar or two of deeply imaginative suggestiveness, either serene or ill-omened, like Banquo and Duncan's little conversation about the martlets, and the old man's story of Duncan's horses after the murder; but there is also an infinite amount of pure undramatic art, singing and fiddling for singing and fiddling's own sake. Macbeth's speech to the murderers can be compared only with a most intricate fugue, and I know of no composer who would have put a fugue in such a scene; compare with this metaphysical disquisition the rapid action of a much more lyrical and metaphysical poet, of Shelley in the similar scene in the "Cenci." Hamlet's speeches to the ghost constitute a grand aria as florid as any in "Semiramide;" the beautiful scene beginning "In such a night as this," in "The Merchant of Venice," is a perfect Mozartian duet between Jessica and Lorenzo, warbling at each other like Tamino and Pamina.

I think, therefore, that Shakspeare's art, essentially pageant-like and decorative, and, if I may so, operatic, accepted situations and characters only in a general way. I doubt whether, with the single exception of "Othello," Shakspeare was either a skilful conductor of action, like Calderon or Racine, or (in comedy) Goldoni, or a deliberate psychologist or reconstructor of character, like Schiller in "Wallenstein," or Goethe in "Tasso." He frequently realized character and situation with amazing power (as, with a lesser genius, did Webster), and his conceptions were nearly always coherent, but he troubled himself little about developing. People have seen in his conceptions every manner of thing that could not be there. Macbeth, Claudius, and the usurper in the "Tempest," are the typical tyrant, mere Kings of Clubs, not very much more individual than those on the playing-cards; they have a robe, a crown and armour, they are wicked and godless, and a little remorseful or cowardly every now and then; they are very correctly

trapped out in the correct conventional trappings of tyrants and usurpers. But it is absurd, I think, to seek in Shakspeare for a Philip II., an Ottavio Piccolomini, a President (in "Cabal and Love") like Schiller's, or a Francesco Cenci like Shelley's, let alone a Guido Franceschini. The man who could create so incarnate, so living a figure as any of these, who could momentarily quiver with the life of his creation, could surely never have put into its mouth the magnificent tirades which Shakspeare gave his tyrants, making them talk in the midst of action as Shelley scarcely allows his Prometheus to talk, bound in a cloud of lyrical inaction. A man like Schiller, for instance, would not have permitted himself such gross violations of possibility; or, rather, he would have been too completely wrapped up in his character's feelings to conceive anything else. That part of "Faust" which is really a play is much more realistic than almost any play of Shakspeare's, although it has an intention far beyond any dramatic realism; Goethe never makes Faust, Gretchen, Valentine, Martha, or even Mephistopheles say things inconceivable in the given situation.

I do not believe that Hamlet, such as Shakspeare wrote him (as distinguished from Hamlet such as we read him) is as realistically conceived, as realistically carried out as Schiller's Don Carlos, much less as Goethe's Tasso; nor are Romeo and Juliet realized like Faust and Gretchen, Egmont and Clärchen, Max and Thekla. All that, I mean all that deliberate psychology, belonged to the period of literature for the closet; it could come only after Richardson and Rousseau; it required the sedentary, self-analyzing habits of novel-readers. The audience of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, who went to see murders and poisonings (we can judge of their requirements by the plays of Shakspeare's contemporaries as well as by his own), and to hear fine tirades and euphuisms, Baconian thoughts in Baconian language, Rabelaisian jests in Rabelaisian jargon, and poetry more exquisite than any of Spenser or Sidney—such an audience, I say, could no more have followed the minute character-painting for which we give Shakspeare credit than they could have followed "Clarissa Harlowe" or "Wilhelm Meister." Perception, in all things, is a matter of practice; and we have been trained for two centuries (and at what a rate!) to understand Stendhal, Balzac, Charlotte Brontë, and George Eliot. Give Shakspeare the "Wahlverwandschaften" to read, and see what he will make of it. Not very much more than Palestrina would make of one of Beethoven's symphonies.

Considering all this, I think that the spirit of modern Shakspearianism, among readers, critics and actors, is quite false to Shakspeare himself, because true to the traditions of our own times. We read the things which he never wrote; the things which

we have learned from Schiller and Goethe, nay, even from the whimpering, semi-serious playwrights of the eighteenth century, even from such creatures as Kotzebue; above all, what we have learned from the endless array of novelists and memoir-writers, countless as the army of Xerxes. We recognize occasional intuition of individual character, and we try to discover in Shakspeare a homogeneous development thereof, and, naturally, the less we see, the more persuaded we become of the wondrous occult existence.

Now, what the reader merely imagines in a play, the actor can actually give. The great actor is not merely a creator who can produce a character out of nothing, a mere word—"tyrant"—"jealousy"—"remorse"—representing to his special genius a whole complicated series of looks and intonations. The great actor is, even more than an artist, a reality, a human being, a certain arrangement of temperament and character; and, as such, his reality as a human being fills out even the most shapeless conventional stage-personage; moves within it, and gives it a definite and real individuality. In Othello there is Salvini; in Féodora there is Sarah Bernhardt; and if Othello and Féodora were both of them perfectly unreal, Salvini and Sarah Bernhardt would be none the less real for that. This modern type of great actor (born long after Shakspeare's day in the sedentary French drama of the seventeenth century, and developed under the pressure of metaphysicianists and novelists throughout the eighteenth century) can make out of Shakspeare's indications things far more complex and real than Shakspeare would ever have dreamed of. Why? Because he could make something complex and real without any such indications at all. Mrs. Siddons' Lady Macbeth (as noted down by George Bell during the representations) is her creation, not Shakspeare's. The text by no means implies all the subtle shades which she gives. Nay more, the text often flies in the face of her conception of any consistently realistic creation, in innumerable lyric passages. And the proof thereof is the difficulty felt by all great modern actors as to the mode of treating these merely decorative speeches; how give reality to that which is not intended to be real? As, in an opera, a clever singer may act very finely during certain dramatic airs and recitatives and concerted pieces, but has nothing for it but to stand more or less foolishly while performing florid passages; so also an actor, in Shakspeare's day, may have given great personal power say to Richard III.'s scene with Ann, may have acted at her with perfect realism, but must certainly have delivered Richard's soliloquy to the pit merely as what it is, a magnificent piece of rhetorical writing.

In short, I return to my original remark that Shakspeare was not our contemporary, nor even the contemporary of Schiller and Goethe; that his audience had not read the "*Comédie Humaine*,"

"*Madame Bovary*," and "*Middlemarch*;" that his actors were neither Salvini nor Irving nor Sarah Bernhardt; and that his art is not the pure psychological drama of our realistic days, but a splendid combination of dramatic, philosophic, descriptive, and lyric elements; a great and magnificent pageant of the intellect and faucy.

V.

A thing, therefore, no longer suited to our day? Not so. For with the daily increase of realism has gone the daily increase of the desire for the unreal. Familiarity with things as they are, which is realism, has provoked in us a passionate craving for things as they are not. We have learned to appreciate the imaginative as the dwellers in a huge city appreciate the country; as the sedentary man of business or scholar appreciates physical exercise; as we matter-of-fact people of a humdrum present appreciate the incoherence, the strangeness of the past. The whole great movement of pre-Raphaelitism is there to prove it; we want Burne-Jones because we have got Manet and Raffaelli; Morris and his earthly Paradise because we have got George Eliot and the whole turn-out of *Middlemarch*. And this is but right. The real would crush us if we could not take refuge in the regions where the real never enters: the recognition of the fatal necessity of so much that runs counter to our instincts and aspirations would make us utterly wretched if we could not, at pleasure, give ourselves in imagination all those things which are refused by reality. Hence it is, that of all people, we realists of the nineteenth century are, perhaps, the most in need of imaginative art, in want of the great pageant master, Shakspeare, not reduced to the proportions of a disciple of Sardou.

And hence it is that we require, as well as the dramatic, the undramatic; as well as the ugly, the beautiful; as well as what exists, that which has never existed. Hence it is (returning to the starting-point of my rambling discourse) that we absolutely require the return of the old gods to earth, or if not to earth, at least to our fancy. And it is for this reason, doubtless, that there has come in our day a re-incarnation of that mysterious youth, without the faintest first callowness of lip or cheek, yet older than the oldest grey-beard, that brother of Paris of Troy, and of the youngest of the three kings, who disappeared from Antiquity as Hylas and reappeared in the Middle Ages as the Bel Aucassin, and who has revisited the world and our imagination among the side-scenes of rustling elms of the pastoral stage at Coombe, exotic, enigmatic, exquisite, under the name of the Shepherd Perigot.

VERNON LEE.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CREDIT.

THE Government of the United States, instigated probably by the complaints that are sometimes made of the disadvantage under which American merchants stand in neutral markets, in consequence of the short credits they are accustomed to allow, has procured a very interesting series of reports from its consuls abroad on the credit and trade systems that prevail in the countries where they respectively reside. These reports, which come from all parts of the earth, will probably impress most people with a more distinct idea than they have hitherto entertained of the enormous extent to which the whole human race lives and works on credit. Not only is there no settled nation that does not make use of this convenient and fertile resource—itself, in fact, a first fruit of the settled condition—but there is none that does not make a much larger use of credit than of ready money in the transaction of its business, and what is even more curious at first sight, however widely nations differ from one another in the scale of social advancement, they all appear to use credit in very nearly the same measure relatively to the volume of their trade. The uniformity of this proportion, in which credit purchases stand to cash purchases all over the world, from St. Petersburg to Honolulu, though not absolute, is, nevertheless, very striking. What countries, for example, can be further apart from each other in their whole economic and social condition than Siam, Germany, and Canada? Yet, in all these countries alike, it is estimated that 90 per cent. of the business done is done on credit. Or take Belgium, a prosperous and progressive country; China prosperous, but stationary; and Asia Minor, poor and declining; the American consuls report of Belgium and China that 80 per cent. of all commercial transactions are credit transactions, and of Asia Minor that

75 per cent. of the wholesale transactions, and 80 per cent. of the retail are so. Or again, take Scotland, Brazil, Liberia, and the Friendly Islands; they are each represented as employing credit in 75 per cent. of their business. France and Italy are among the countries that use credit with most moderation—the one because the people are too cautious to take it, the other mainly because they are unable to get it—but even in France and Italy, if we reckon one province with another, two-thirds of the business transactions seem to be done on credit. And no lower proportion than this prevails anywhere, unless perchance in Holland, where the report of Consul Eckstein of Amsterdam would lead us to look for it. He offers, it is true, no precise estimate in figures, but from his account of the state of affairs we can gather that no country has adopted the cash system to a greater extent in the retail trade, or to nearly the same extent in the wholesale. “The wholesale trade of the country,” he states, “is carried on more upon cash terms than upon the credit system.” The reason of this significant fact, we shall come to by-and-by; but for our present purpose it is enough to point out that Holland is the only country in the world where that is the case, and that it is therefore by no means an unreasonable inference that Holland is the most cash-paying of all the nations, the only one, perhaps, that makes half its purchases with ready-money. On the other hand the most credit-ridden—or should it be, credit-riding—country on the face of the earth, would appear to be Yucatan, where cash payments are almost absolutely unknown, and the consul says that “practically 100 per cent.” of the trade is done on credit, and that “in all and every condition of life, in all and every business the credit system is rampant.” Yucatan, however, stands as far apart at this extreme as Holland does at the other, and the general body of the nations move well within these limits, and may be said to make use of credit to the extent of from 70 to 90 per cent. of their whole business.

But while this total is much the same in one country as in another, it is far from having in all the same meaning. Ninety per cent. of credit is one thing in a new colony like Victoria, and quite another in a languishing empire like Turkey. It is one thing under a system of short and fixed terms, and another under a system of long and indefinite ones. It is one thing in a country of usurers, and another in a country of bankers; it is one thing when employed to trade with, and the opposite when employed to live upon. Nations differ much in all these respects, and accordingly an amount of credit which is here a manifestation of poverty is there an instrument of progress. But the American consular reports enable us to compare country with country and to observe how credit undergoes a certain development, necessarily changing both its form and its range, as we pass from a poorer country to a richer, or from a

younger country to a more mature. It will not be uninteresting to trace some of the lines of this evolution of credit.

Some years ago an eminent German economist, the late Professor Bruno Hildebrand, laid down a law of three periods of economic growth which some have ventured to rank with the three periods of Comte. The first was the stage of barter, the system of the past; the next was the stage of money, the system of the present; the third was the stage of credit, the system of the future; and in Hildebrand's opinion credit was destined to supersede money as completely as money has superseded barter. Of course it was immediately objected to this generalization that credit can never suppress money in the way money suppressed barter, because credit does not really exclude money, but rests at bottom on a promise of money payment. At the same time, it was usually admitted that credit was certain to assume in the future greater and greater proportions, as compared with cash, in the settlement of affairs. Now, this admission is a complete mistake—though it has been made by men so distinguished as Roscher—and the American consular reports on the subject conclusively prove it to be so. No doubt progress in wealth is attended—is, in fact, largely produced—by a great development of credit and credit institutions; but it is also attended by a still greater development of the cash system. Credit is most universal in the poorer countries, and cash payments have all along been making successive invasions upon its territory. No remark is more common in these reports than that the individuals who deserve credit most seek it least; and the same thing is true of nations. The nations who have acquired the most extensive facilities for credit impose the severest limitations upon its employment. They have contracted its field, and shortened its terms. They have gradually driven it out of the payment of wages, out of the purchase of raw produce of all sorts, out of other branches of wholesale trade; they have curtailed it greatly in the retail trade; and will, it may be hoped, eventually suppress it altogether there. They are more and more replacing book credit by bills, long credit by short, mercantile credits by banking credits, and banking credits themselves they are making more widely effective and available by specializing the organization of financial institutions to particular branches of industry.

Credit in the wild state may be seen to advantage in Yucatan or Turkey. Both countries are very poor, and both practise the credit system without any manner of limitation. Nothing is paid for when it is purchased, not even farm produce. Every estate and every house is mortgaged at enormous interest, 10 to 18 per cent. in Yucatan, 12 to 18 in Turkey. Salaries and wages are never paid when due, and never paid in full at one time. In Yucatan, says the consul,

"officials"—and by officials he means not Government clerks only, but all kinds of clerks and salaried persons—"officials are usually months behindhand in receiving their salaries," and he complains that they are on that account first forced to take credit, and then tempted to take more than their means warrant. As for the other classes, "every labourer is in debt to his employer, and practically every employer is in debt to his servants. The servant or labourer applies to the employer in the first place for money, which is at once given him; he then works at a certain rate or salary, a percentage of which is deducted towards reducing the original advance. But soon a fresh amount is asked for and granted, or else the labourer would seek another employer, who would assume the original debt and make the desired advances. Thus the labourer is always in debt, and the employer is liable at any moment to be called on to make forced loans." The employer in turn gets advances both in money and goods from the merchants who buy his produce; and the merchants get long credit from the English and German houses, who in consequence of these long credits have driven American firms entirely out of the trade. The labourer is the debt-slave of the employer, the employer of the merchant, the merchant of the foreign exporter, whose capital sets the whole machine a-going. "In all and every condition of life, in all and every business, the credit system is rampant; it has always been so; it seems as though it always would be so."

Turkey exhibits the same condition of things with one small variation. Wages are not drawn in advance as they are in Yucatan, but, like salaries and all other payments, generally remain in arrear; but, that means merely a change of creditor, and if less credit is got in Turkey from the employer, more is got from the shopkeeper and the usurer. "The pay of officers in the army and navy," we are told, "is generally ten or twelve months in arrear, and that of soldiers and sailors remains sometimes unpaid for two or three years. The employees of other departments are scarcely better off. They occasionally receive, however, a pay-order which they may discount and which may be deposited for opening a credit." The result is what might be expected. "With scarcely an exception all purchases of groceries and the primary necessities of life are made on credit. The retail dealer, finding himself with large sums due to him but no ready cash, requires credit from the wholesale vendor, and consequently a network of credit is created." Farmers borrow regardlessly on their crops, and landlords on their land, and everybody grows naturally improvident where credit suffices for all things. Yet with all this universal resort to credit, there is scarce any organized institution of credit in the country except the Ottoman Bank; the whole land is delivered over to the money-lender, the devouring

"saraph." "The tillers of the soil, the breadwinners and wealth-producers of the country, are held fast in the clutches of usurers, who exact of them from 25 to 30 per cent. interest for the where-withal to cultivate their crops." Importers are compelled "to ask credit of foreign dealers, and manufacturers become obliged in turn to give credit to retail dealers, who in their turn must grant unrestricted credit to customers of little or no means," and who add 40 per cent. to the prices of their goods as a charge for this accommodation. This high charge is more for delay than for loss, for it appears that the average of loss incurred by creditors in the Ottoman empire (other than creditors of the Government) is really lower than it is in most countries; indeed, were it otherwise, so general a system of long and expensive credits could not possibly have endured. Law in Turkey is a very inefficient instrument for the recovery of debts, but as often happens where law is a broken reed, its place is filled, and filled better, by an exceptional severity of social and religious sanctions. The Turk is described as deeming it a sacred duty to pay his debts, and one can at any rate easily understand how in a country where credit is a necessity of life—since nothing is ever paid in ready money—the man who loses his credit through failing to pay his debts, incurs not merely embarrassment, but ruin. The Chinaman with his free use of credit is kept straight by knowing that he would "lose face," as he terms it—i.e., lose character—if he were to leave any debts unpaid on New Year's Day; and the Turk, who has no such wholesome custom of punctuality, still keeps his arrears from excess, because he feels if he lost credit he would lose everything. There may be shades of difference in the reasons, but Bagshot's remark is as true of Turkey as of other countries, that bad business is after all but an infinitesimal fraction of the business of the world, and the best proof of the statement is the universality and extent of the prevalence of credit.

If we now pass from poorer to richer nations, we shall find that credit no longer appears in the light of a necessity of life, but in the light of an instrument of increase. Its employment is less universal, but, if I may use the expression, much more intensive. Its sphere is contracted, though within that sphere its operations are multiplied. Cash payment comes into use, and credit is driven out of one field after another, concentrating its energies to the advantage of the fields that remain.

The first conquest of cash over credit is invariably in the sale of raw produce, and there are very few nations where the rule is not now long established to pay for such produce in cash or cheque on delivery. Even in Asia Minor native produce, though sold on credit, is allowed a very short credit, not extending to more than three weeks, a credit that is, which, if not tantamount to cash, is certainly next door to it.

All European countries make farm produce of any kind, cattle, grain, cheese, butter, when sold by the producer, a cash article. As to the practice in England, the consuls at Nottingham and Manchester say that raw produce of any kind is a cash article; the consul at Bradford says that "the principal articles which can command immediate cash returns are those of food and other necessities of life; the vast majority of other produce and manufactured articles not being of like necessity, rarely command cash at wholesale and not always at retail;" the consul at Leeds specifies "flour, bacon, cheese, and all provisions and groceries" as cash articles; whereas the consul at Newcastle mentions that although "groceries and provisions are *considered* as demanding ready money, in practice it is otherwise," and nothing is habitually sold for cash except coal for household consumption. In the Cork market, butter is generally bought from the producers by advances made to them by the broker, but the broker himself gets cash from the exporter on delivery, while the exporter sells at one or two months' credit to the English merchant. For other articles besides butter, the Cork farmer receives no advances but is paid on delivery. In Scotland, pig-iron is added to the number of cash articles. Canada as a new colony makes a general use of long credit, but has a large list of cash articles, including cattle, horses, sheep, grain, farm produce of other sorts, groceries, provisions, nails, iron, and coal. In Brazil, coffee, fresh fish, and fresh meat all command cash, and in Mexico, not only articles of home production but also articles of home manufacture do so. In Spain, young wine is purchased from the winepressers for cash, but seasoned and finished wines are always sold on credit, and in France, Holland, and Belgium, the rule is general to pay cash for produce and credit for manufactured goods. Spirits, though manufactured, are in most countries sold for cash, both wholesale and retail; even where, as in Spain, they are employed in production—viz., in fortifying wine—they are sold in two-thirds of the transactions for cash. At Venice and other parts of Italy, much of the trade is still done at the weekly markets in the towns and at the annual fairs, and the customary terms at these places are cash. Cork is a cash article in Spain, and so are staves even when imported from America. In China, tea, silk, and other kinds of produce are collected in small quantities from the cultivators in the interior by native brokers, who afterwards make up their purchases in lots or "chops," as they call them, and sell them again in the seaport towns to European or American merchants. These brokers always pay the cultivators in cash, but are themselves paid by the merchants by a bill on London, which they generally discount at one of the European bank agencies in China. In Austria, "meat, fish, wine, and in general all articles of food" are considered cash commodities, and manu-

factured articles are considered credit commodities; but as a matter of fact the former are often sold on credit in the large wholesale trade, and the latter are often sold for cash, for weekly cash payments, when the manufacturer is in a small way of business and requires the money to pay his workmen. In Australia, wool is sold for cash by the producer but on credit by the exporter.

Similar examples might be multiplied almost indefinitely, but enough have been mentioned to establish the existence of a tendency all over the world to sell raw produce for cash, but manufacture articles on credit. Of course exceptions are found here and there to this rule, even in well-developed commercial nations. Sometimes particular articles of manufacture may be found included in the cash list: corks are so in Spain; and at Rouen, tulle, though the other fabrics of the place command credit. But cases of that sort, arising no doubt from peculiarities in the article or the locality, are too rare to affect the usage of the world. New Zealand offers some curious eccentricities. In that energetic and most credit-thirsty colony, no article of raw produce whatever is sold for ready money, except kauri gum; and "articles of luxury," we are informed, "such as jewelry, &c., command cash returns more readily than the necessaries of life." We are left to guess at the reason of this perversion of the ordinary rule; possibly the line of credit is merely drawn at jewelry as an article considered to savour of personal extravagance amid the homely ways of a colony; but whatever be the reason of it, no practice of so new a colony can be taken as a safe guide to the normal tendencies of things. Much the most important and puzzling exception to the general usage of the world is to be found in Holland; it is important because Holland is one of the oldest and most advanced of modern commercial countries, and puzzling because the other tendencies of Holland have gone in an exactly contrary direction. As we have already seen, Holland has arrived at a position—hitherto unexampled—in which her wholesale trade is done more on a cash than on a credit basis; nevertheless, Holland is the only old country that shows any tendency to transfer any kind of raw produce from the cash list to the credit one. "In former days, as I am informed," says Consul Eckstein, of Amsterdam, "all breadstuffs generally commanded cash returns, but this has changed during recent years, and dealings therein now are usually on a credit of from two to three months." What has produced this change the writer does not say, but he gives us a sufficiently long list of articles which are still sold for cash, among others, "sugar, tea, coffee; tin and other metals; spices, madder, petroleum, linseed and rapeseed oil, fine seeds, rum, dextrine, anchovies, live stock and other farm products," and he adds that "no manufactured goods of any kind command absolutely cash returns or payment on delivery. The entire business done," he con-

tinues, "is done on a credit basis, time varying from thirty days to three and a half months as per agreement in each case." The usage of Holland in the case of breadstuffs is thus a departure from its own rule, as much as from the rule of the world generally. Whether it has any significance as an indication of tendency, cannot be pronounced till we know its origin; but in the meantime, standing as it does so entirely alone, it only makes the rule itself appear the more striking, and that rule may be summed up in a word, that growers' products are cash articles, and manufacturers' products credit ones.

Now what is the reason for this rule? Some of the consuls have puzzled themselves a good deal about it, and several ingenious explanations have been suggested.

A favourite explanation is that the goods which are paid for in cash are perishable, while those for which credit is given are durable. "In effect," says the consul at Sonneberg, in Thuringia, "I think that the preference is given to articles that are durable and of permanent value. The merchants seem less ready to grant credit on articles like food and clothing, and such as are for mere temporal use or gratification, than on their opposites. One pays less readily for food that he ate last week than for the brick of the house wherein he hopes to live for years." The consul at Rouen comes to the same conclusion: "All perishable or edible goods should be paid for in cash, and are generally so paid, as no lien exists for the security of the vendor." But this explanation does not meet the facts, for timber is not more perishable than the furniture it is made into, or raw hides than the boots that are cut from them, or wool than the coat into which it is woven; yet the world seems to decree that one must buy timber, hides, and wool with ready money, but may be allowed credit for furniture, and boots, and clothing. Then, milk may be perishable, but a milch cow is bought to keep, and might bear a lien for years; yet milk and cow alike are sold for cash. Another explanation is that food and such like commodities are articles of necessity, and that as people are much more likely to run into debts they cannot pay, for articles of necessity than for articles of luxury, it is only natural and right that they should get less credit for the former than for the latter. But then clothing is as necessary as food, and the clothing trade is as much a credit trade as the provision trade is a cash one. A third explanation, even more ingenious than the other two, is offered by Consul Shaw, of Manchester:

"The reason," says he, "is easily discovered. Raw produce may, as a rule, be sold at any moment, and the holder may at any time borrow money upon it, but the merchant who buys finished goods must await the demand for them. Raw produce, such for example as cotton, may be converted into goods in a thousand different ways, but when once it is made into, say, a bale of prints of definite texture, patterns, and colourings, the possible buyers of it are a

hundredfold fewer. It can only be disposed of in particular markets, to particular persons, and at particular seasons. Hence it is the practice to require increased credit in the purchase of commodities the nearer they approach to the condition of completed manufactures."

This explanation, however, is not more satisfactory than its predecessors; in fact, the conditions are the opposite of what is represented, for in the first place there are as many possible buyers for the manufactured article as for the raw materials; nay, there are more, for the raw materials are useful only to manufacturers, who are necessarily few, while the completed product is useful to merchants, tradesmen, and consumers in every part of the country; and in the next place, one can not only raise as much money on a stock of manufactured articles as on a stock of raw materials, but can generally raise more, inasmuch as the articles are more valuable.

The true reason must be sought for elsewhere; not in the circumstance that one kind of product is more necessary, or more perishable, or more varied in its possible applications, but rather in the circumstance that one is the product of a year, and the other, it may be, the product of a day. Growers are already many months out of their capital before they can put their produce into the market; they must buy the seed in spring, and gather the harvest in autumn; and they have only one seedtime and one harvest in the course of the year. But manufacturers are more advantageously situated; their mills may go one month as constantly as another, and they may buy their raw materials to-day and in many instances sell their finished product to-morrow. The process of growth occupies, as a rule, longer time than the process of manufacture; the grower lies longer out of his money than the manufacturer before the completion of his product for sale; and consequently he is less able to give his customers credit after its sale. That seems to be the whole mystery of the custom which has risen independently in so many different countries of selling growers' products for cash and manufacturers' products on credit; it comes merely from the greater pecuniary exigencies of the grower. And this conclusion is confirmed by the fact that in the poorest countries growers cannot even wait for their money till the delivery of their goods, but are paid long before;—hand by the advances which they receive from the broker or merchant they sell their goods to, and without which they could not carry on productive operations at all. In this case, however, the broker, unless he happens to be rich enough to be an exporter himself, generally sells the produce to an exporter for cash, because he must get his money now if he is to continue to make advances for next year. It is so, as we saw, in the Cork butter market: the broker there gives advances to the farmer, and takes cash himself from the merchant. And so, too, it is in the Argentine Republic; the merchant buys for

cash on delivery, or on the Saturday after, "but," it is added, "in many instances the persons from whom the merchants buy have to make advances to the growers." Sometimes, it is true, in countries where the manufacturers have little capital, manufactured goods are sold for cash. The native manufacturers of Mexico always receive cash for their goods, and we have seen that the Austrian manufacturers, being on a small scale, are in the habit of insisting on weekly settlements in order to obtain the means of paying their workmen. But exceptions of that character only prove the rule, for they manifestly arise from unusual need on the part of manufacturers, just as the system of brokers' advances arise from unusual need on the part of cultivators.

So far, then, of the origin of the very universal custom of cash payments for raw produce of all sorts—the first important restriction on the reign of credit. Other restrictions have followed, or are now following, of which the chief—and the only two I shall stop to notice here—are the gradual and growing shortening of credit in the case of manufactured goods, and the gradual and growing exclusion of it from the retail trade.

The length of credit given for manufactured goods depends on the time the goods usually take to go from the hands of the manufacturer into the hands of the consumer. Credits, for example, are shorter in the grocery than in the dry-goods trade, because a stock of groceries is much more rapidly bought up than a stock of dry goods. Now, the time occupied in passing from producer to consumer has in recent years been immensely shortened for almost all trades by the improvements made in all kinds of means of communication, and long credits have therefore become less necessary than they were; and in fact, even in wholesale trade, cash payments—an alternative, indeed, formerly open, but rarely adopted—have grown more and more common. Consul Shaw, of Manchester, says:

"Credit is much less extensively used both in wholesale and in retail transactions than it was ten or twelve years ago. In wholesale business open credits have been shortened, and prompt payments are much more frequent than they used to be. Then, again, the amount of bills of exchange drawn against produce or manufactures transferred to buyers, is much less than it was ten years ago. This fact is strikingly illustrated by the well-known scarcity of 'trade bills' in the London discount market during the past three or four years."

The only explanation Mr. Shaw offers of this tendency is a growing conviction on the part of merchants and manufacturers that modern trade is so subject to fluctuations that it is impossible to make safe business calculations under a system of long credit, and that permanent prosperity depends on the adoption of shorter terms or even of cash payments. But long credits have always been known to be dangerous, and the danger has never proved an effectual deterrent. Mr. Shaw's fellow-reporter, Mr. Edwin Guthrie, C.A.,

gives a better and more specific reason:—"Bills drawn on consignees," he says, "are generally of much shorter date than formerly, for the increase in the facilities of transit and communication enable the more rapid realization of goods in foreign markets. For example, bills on India, or drawn in India on London, which formerly were generally at ten months' sight, are now generally at six months." And since Mr. Guthrie wrote, attempts have been made to reduce even this six months' "usance," as being no longer necessary for genuine trade, now that the Suez Canal has superseded the Cape route and steamers have taken the place of sailing vessels. That the long-credit system rests on the difficulty of communication with markets is recognized by several of the authors of these consular reports. The consul at Rio, in mentioning that system as "a subject of frequent complaint in all business circulars," adds that it "has probably been caused in a large degree by the great extent of the country and the difficulties of communication." The consul at Monte Video uses like language of Uruguay. "The cause and origin of such long credit," says he, "may be explained by the long time required for the goods bought in this city to reach the centres of distribution in the camps or country towns, and the long time the country dealer has to wait ere he can dispose of them and obtain returns, and those returns by barter as frequently as by cash." When these intervals are shortened by improved communications, shorter credits naturally follow.

But the saving of time thus effected is even less important than the saving of middlemen. Mr. Goschen referred in a recent address at Manchester to the extraordinary extent to which this had taken place, as one of the causes of the prevailing low prices:—

"I think [he said] that this is the case in the Manchester trade as well as it is in other directions. I understand that formerly when a Manchester spinner wanted cotton, he went, generally speaking, to Liverpool; Liverpool went to New York; and New York went to New Orleans or Savannah; but now the spinner goes direct to the producer, and many intermediate profits and commissions are abolished. Again, when the spinner sells his goods I am told that there is a great diminution in the number of agencies employed, and that often business is conducted for a ten-pound note where formerly large commissions were paid to houses who were agents on a gigantic scale. You all know that between Manchester and India there has been an elimination of a great many middlemen. Now, as regards London, that is the case to a still more extraordinary extent. Let me tell you how the cotton trade, for instance, used to be conducted between new New Orleans and the interior of Germany. The New Orleans man consigned his cotton to New York or to a New York house, the New York house consigned it to Liverpool, Liverpool to London, London to Hamburg, and Hamburg to spinners in the interior of Germany. But now the German spinner goes direct to New Orleans, and the producer's agent visits him in his home, and a number of intermediate profits and commissions are swept away. England has lost a great portion, I will not only say of its transport trade, but of that immense

department of its business which consisted in mediating between different countries. This has had a considerable effect not only in cheapening produce, but also in affecting the tone and temper of trade, because the middlemen of London—and I expect it is the case here, from what I have heard—the middlemen and agents often contributed largely to the excitement of the market. In Mincing Lane, when cargoes of sugar were sold, one cargo would be sold four or five times over. Then the brokers would all be cheerful; they said, 'Here's a brisk business going on,' and it imparted a certain buoyancy to the market, and there appeared to be great vivacity in the trade. I hear that the same kind of thing went on in Manchester; that there were houses which gave a certain stimulus and impetus to trade at certain times by gigantic speculative operations."

He goes on to say that if business is quieter for want of these middlemen, it is much sounder, and that it is really better to have five years of low profits than four years of high profits and a crash in the fifth, although probably few business men would make this better choice.

Mr. Goschen, as his purpose required, looked at this immense economy in the number of middlemen mainly as an important influence in lowering prices; but it has also been an important influence in narrowing the sphere or extent of the credit system. For one thing, it has no doubt had much to do with the decline in the supply of "trade bills," remarked upon by Consul Shaw. Other causes have also contributed to that result, for it was pointed out years ago by Mr. Palgrave that the proportion of business done on bills had diminished very considerably since the first quarter of the century, and that the bill was being more and more replaced by the cheque; but it is obvious that if goods pass straight from the producer to the manufacturer, and straight from the manufacturer to the retailer, where they used to change hands three times in each journey, there will now be only one bill for every four there were before—if even so many, for the producer is generally paid cash. The effect which the abolition of middlemen has in this way exercised upon the credit system has been very marked in Holland, where it has been the main instrument in introducing the preponderance of cash over credit in the wholesale trade which I have already alluded to. Consul Eckstein writes:—

"Formerly there existed here a so-styled strong 'second hand' in business, engaged in buying from importers in large lots, and in re-selling in smaller quantities, &c. Then the credit sales exceeded the cash sales, but now and since retailers buy largely of the importers directly, cash payments have become, and are, nearly the rule. Importers of colonial products sell, almost invariably, only for cash."

The result has been most wholesome: "The great bulk of the import trade, particularly of colonial products, as well as most all other large transactions, being now carried on upon the principle of 'little credit on short time,' effectually prevents heavy losses being sustained

on account of misplaced confidence in dishonest buyers or unfortunate customers;" in short, as Mr. Goschen puts it, it has made business quiet but sound, through eliminating the speculative element of middlemen; a result still further supported in Holland by the Dutch practice of making all business on the Stock Exchange cash transactions, and refusing to admit the English and French custom of monthly settlements, at which only the balance of account changes hands.

These illustrations may serve to show that in advanced commercial countries the tendency of progress is to shorten the term and diminish the occasions of credit in wholesale trade, as a consequence of the incessant improvement of the means of communication and the suppression of intermediate agents. Goods come sooner to market, and long credits are less necessary. This tendency will be strongly reinforced when cash payment gets to be the rule, as it is rapidly doing, in retail transactions, for if the retailer is paid in ready money, he will be better able to dispense with credit for himself.

The growth of the cash system in retail trade is well known, and needs little illustration. It has been partly promoted by the abolition in most modern countries of personal imprisonment for debt and of arrestment of wages. These measures have naturally increased the shopkeeper's risk, and compelled him to exercise more caution in opening accounts with doubtful customers. But the main instruments of the change have been the spread of wealth among the general population and the progress of the co-operative and provident movement, which have led to the cash system being preferred by sound customers, especially among the classes who always suffer most from long shop credits, because their means are most limited—the salaried and wage-earning classes. These are now becoming the great lending classes of the more advanced countries, the depositors in savings and country banks, and with their growth in prosperity, they have made themselves the pioneers of the cash system in retail transactions. A curious proof of the close and sensitive connection between the credit system of a country and the pecuniary condition of its people is provided by the experience of Panama, where it appears cash payments become the rule in seasons of prosperity, but give place to credit again in times of dulness or trouble. Consul Adamson says:—

"During the time employed in making the Panama Railway, when large amounts were disbursed on account of construction of said road; during the war in the United States for the suppression of the great rebellion, when vessels of war frequently visited this port or that of Colon on the opposite side of the isthmus, and, by their expenditure, made money very plentiful; and now, on account of the enormous sums expended here by the Inter-oceanic Canal Company, by which labour, food products, rent, value of property, &c., are greatly enhanced in price, owing partly to excess of demand over supply, and partly to greater purchasing power of the people, who have their labour to

sell; during these exceptional periods of prosperity, cash payments have been larger, and the proportion of credit to volume of business is estimated at 66 per cent. In the intervening periods of dulness the proportion of credit has been about 80 per cent."

In Europe long credits linger most in Germany, one of its poorest countries, and the only one except Turkey where more credit is still given in retail business than in wholesale. But even in Germany the cash system has lately been making considerable way. One great obstacle to it there, as elsewhere, is the shopkeeper himself. He thinks the cash system lowering to the dignity of his establishment, or wanting in respect to his customers; he believes he has a better hold on the continuance of their custom and is able to sell more to them if they keep an account with him; and he knows he can charge them a better price by reason of the accommodation. It is usually supposed that the credit system is advantageous to the shopkeeper; this, however, may be doubted; but there can be no question that the abolition of the system of shop credits would be an unmixed benefit to mankind. Producers' credit may lead to occasional overtrading, but it is at least a means of immensely increasing production and wealth, through bringing capital—not into being, but what practically is as good—into use, and transferring it from hands that cannot handle it into hands that can. But consumers' credit carries no advantage whatever unless in individual cases of temporary embarrassment for which better provision might be made otherwise. Its general effect is to tempt the weaker sort of persons to live above their means, and make the rest of us pay the piper for them in the enhanced prices of all we buy. One marks without regret that the course of things seems to be making for its suppression, and this is not the least important of the various successive contractions that take place in the sphere of credit in the progress of economic development.

Contraction of the sphere is only one side, however, of the evolution of credit; there accompanies it an enormous growth of the facilities of credit within that sphere. Poor countries are overrun with credit, and stagnate under it; rich countries cut channels for it, and guide and confine it by severe restraints, till it flows bounteous and tractable, enriching and fertilizing everything. The evolution of banking and credit institutions, past and future, is, however, a subject that cannot be entered upon at the conclusion of a paper already long.

JOHN RAE.

BATOUM—AND AFTER.

THE chorus of condemnation raised in this country against Russia for repudiating the 59th clause of the Treaty of Berlin has owed its origin less to any actual injury done to its interests, than to an uneasy consciousness that a Power which has so flagrantly torn up a compact made with the whole of the leading States of Europe, is not likely to be very scrupulous about the observance of the recent Afghan Boundary Convention, concluded with England alone. The arbitrary suppression of the *porto franco* at Batoum is a disagreeable reminder that England must rely for the protection of her interests in Asia upon bayonets, not upon sealed contracts, however sacred the latter may appear in her own eyes. The suddenness and the successful character of the surprise are a fresh evidence, if any were needed after the unexpected swoops upon Merv and Penjdeh, that the policy of the present Emperor does not differ in essentials from the aggressive policy of Alexander II. On this point, so far as can be ascertained from the utterances of the Press, there is now practically very little difference of opinion in this country. The unanimity of the condemnation of Russia on the part of the representative organs of public opinion, indicates clearly enough that the union of Russophiles and Russophobes, consummated fifteen months ago, when Russia insulted Sir Peter Lumsden and drove the Afghans from Penjdeh, has not been disrupted by the wrangles at home in the interval, and sustains the conviction that for the future Russia, in making each fresh advance in Asia, will find herself face to face with united England whenever the interests of the Empire are at stake. To me, such a prospect is eminently satisfactory ; not because I desire to see the expansion of Russia ruthlessly stemmed at every point, or rejoice in the maintenance of a strong anti-Russian feeling.

but because I feel persuaded that the more the country is united on Asiatic policy, the firmer and more consistent will be the attitude of our statesmen, whether Liberal or Conservative, and the less luring, in consequence, will be the temptation on the part of Russia to embark on equivocal enterprises.

On this occasion, all true friends of Russia must regret that she should have put herself so unnecessarily in the wrong. She had a clear grievance, and had she appealed to Europe for redress I do not see how it could have been withheld from her. In her first announcement in the *Official Journal* she dwells exclusively on the commercial injury done her by the existence of the *porto franco*, while in her Note to the Porte she declares that, notwithstanding the abrogation of the 59th clause, "Batoum will remain essentially a commercial harbour, and will not become a place of arms." On her own showing, therefore, all she has done, and intends doing, is to revoke the *porto franco*. In the ampler second statement in the *Official Journal* she observes that Batoum was made a free port, because it was a landing-place for European goods bound for Persia, and, that this trade having ceased, there existed no longer any reason why Europe should desire it to be further maintained on a *porto-franco* footing. Let us agree to all this, and put in return the inquiry, why, if Russia had no ulterior naval designs, and merely desired to amend the commercial character of Batoum, which in its actual form no longer possessed any value for Europe, she did not demand the sanction of the signatory Powers to the alteration of the Treaty of Berlin? She has made a promise to the Porte not to render Batoum a place of arms—why could she not have made the same promise to Europe? Had she done so, is it conceivable that any English statesman, above all Mr. Gladstone, would have refused to redress Russia's commercial grievance? I do not think so; and, if England had objected, I do not believe the other Powers of Europe would have turned a deaf ear to Russia's substantial complaint. But admit the existence of European hostility, too powerful to be conquered, surely Russia would have come out of the business better if she had repudiated the 59th clause *after* making a straightforward appeal to Europe, instead of tearing it up in a sudden and treacherous manner.

I have said Russia had a case, which I consider would, if presented temperately, have satisfied the Powers of Europe that she had sufficient ground for demanding the abolition of the *porto franco*. When the Treaty of Berlin was framed, England carried on a considerable trade with Poti and Batoum in the landing of goods, which subsequently found their way across Transcaucasia to Persia and Central Asia, favoured by a free transit permitted by Russia. She, therefore, desired to protect her commercial interests in yielding Batoum to Russia, as well as to prevent Russia rendering the place a second Sevastopol,

and hence insisted on the establishment of the *porto franco*. After the war, most of the trade at Poti shifted to Batoum, and the construction of a branch line connecting the latter port with the Poti-Tiflis Railway led to the rapid expansion of the place. In 1883 Russia extended the Poti-Tiflis Railway to Baku, thereby establishing a complete railway service between Batoum on the Black Sea and the best Russian port on the Caspian, from which port there was a regular steam-boat service to the Persian coast. The question then arose: Should Russia handicap her own trade by permitting any longer the free transit of European goods across Transcaucasia to Persia? It was obvious that Russia, having spent £8,000,000 in establishing steam communication between Batoum and the Caspian provinces of Persia, had created for the foreigner an advantage against which Moscow and Tula could not possibly compete. Numerous deliberations took place, and a fierce controversy was maintained for several months, at the end of which the majority of the different sections of the Russian Government to which the problem had been entrusted for discussion reported against the abolition of the transit—not out of consideration for the foreigner, but because they thought the Transcaucasian Railway would be left without any traffic. This decision was vehemently opposed by Katkoff, the editor of the *Moscow Gazette*, who mercilessly criticized not only the Government, but the pro-transit portion of the Russian Press also. His influence prevailed. The day after the coronation, the Emperor gratified Moscow by abolishing the transit, and the *porto franco* at Batoum was thereby deprived of its *raison d'être*.

No fair-minded Englishman can deny that Russia acted quite within her rights when she abolished the free transit across Transcaucasia. By compelling English goods to take a longer and costlier caravan route from Trebizonde to Tabreez, she certainly dealt a decisive blow at our trade in Northern Persia and Central Asia; but, looking at the matter from a purely business point of view, she was surely not to be blamed for preferring the interests of Moscow and Tula to those of Manchester and Birmingham. The fear of the opponents of the measure in Russia, that the Transcaucasian Railway would be left without any traffic, proved illusory. Petroleum took the place of transit goods, and before long the line became so clogged with oil-trucks that the Government had to apply itself to the discussion of various schemes for running the fluid in a pipe 560 miles long from Baku to Batoum. Inside the limits of the *porto franco* it became impossible to purchase a bit of ground. Late arrivals had to establish their depôts outside, and this led to all manner of complications. In a very short time the *porto franco* became an intolerable nuisance. It was of no use to Europe (beyond ostensibly keeping Russia from fortifying the place), while

it was a serious impediment to the development of the Russian petroleum trade.

Apart from this, the *porto franco* was galling to the red-tape administration of Russia, because it favoured smuggling on a large scale. During the whole period of free transit in Transcaucasia, an extensive contraband trade had flourished, and this took root afresh and flourished amazingly when a free port was established at Batoum. When I visited the place in 1883, I saw every evidence of the existence of this trade, and personally experienced the vexatious inconveniences of the protective measures adopted to prevent foreign goods passing the cordon.* After my departure, the evil increased, until a railway official, whose wife had been refused permission to carry a few yards of calico out of the place, exposed the system, and the Russian Government dismissed the whole of the Customs' staff at Batoum at a stroke. The new functionaries appointed carried matters to the other extreme. They insulted Mussulman women by searching them, and some months ago the Russian Press demanded an inquiry into a very gross act of officialism. An Armenian lady having attempted, as the searchers thought, to leave Batoum by railway for Tiflis in a new dress, they removed it by force, and compelled her to return to an hotel through the streets in her petticoats. It is easy to say that Russia herself was to blame for this, by having a Protective tariff at all; but, before flinging such a stone, we should remember that the leading States of Europe, besides America and our colonies, disbelieve in our policy of Free Trade. We have, consequently, no right to condemn Russia for establishing a cordon round Batoum, and it ought not to be impossible for any impartial man to put himself in the position of the Protectionist Ministers of Russia, and realize their feelings of annoyance at the smuggling at Batoum, and the futility of the costly efforts to check it.

When the small, but excellent, harbour at Batoum became so crowded with petroleum shipping that the vessels could hardly move, the necessity for enlarging its area brought up afresh the *porto-franco* question. To construct circling moles, and an inside fringe of petroleum jetties, with a ramification of railways and pipe lines ashore, meant either the abolition of the fettering cordon, or else a commingling of the free port and the tariff-ruled area outside in a manner involving a hopeless maze of complications. Russia had to make her choice. Had she appealed to Europe, Austria and France, who import large quantities of Baku oil, would have probably consented to the suppression of the *porto franco*, particularly if

* A full account of the smuggling at Batoum will be found in the writer's "Region of the Eternal Fire," which further contains an account of the rise of the petroleum industry of Baku, to which reference has been made.

Russia had given the guarantee she has voluntarily handed to the Porte—not to make Batoum a place of arms; and as every other State hoping to share in the growing petroleum trade had nothing to lose commercially by the alteration, and everything to gain, a Conference would have doubtless amended the 59th clause in Russia's favour. Why, then, did Russia not adopt such an obviously safe and straightforward course? For a very simple reason. She could not face a Conference. Her conduct at Batoum would not bear a searching examination. To all intents and purposes, Batoum was a place of arms already!

When I was at Batoum in 1883, I found the Turkish defences in a state of good preservation; and although they were unarmed, they were joined by a line with an arsenal about ten minutes' railway ride from the landing-stage of the port. The garrison inside the limits of the free port was small; the garrison immediately outside was large enough for the requirements of a great naval station. Within a few hours of the arrival of a telegram, it was possible for the troops to have been in their proper position, many guns to have been mounted on the redoubts, and strings of torpedoes from the copious resources of the arsenal to have protected the port from the entrance of an enemy. Bearing in mind that great stone fortresses, taking years to construct, are no longer needed for the defence of a "place of arms," and that in the case of Batoum the configuration of the port rendered earth-works preferable, it was beyond dispute that Russia, while observing the letter of the treaty that Batoum should be a "free port, essentially commercial," had broken it in the spirit by amassing on the spot resources capable of rendering it in a few days that menace to Turkey which the Congress at Berlin had wished to guard against. Last year, according to the *Novoe Vremya*, a large number of 11-inch guns were sent to Batoum from Kertch, and I remember reading some months ago, in the semi-official *Kavkaz*, that his Excellency Prince Dondukoff Korsakoff had left Tiflis "to witness the gun practice at Batoum." After this, and the more open additions to the defences that have taken place since, could Russia have declared to a Conference of European statesmen what she has promised the Porte in her Note of July 10, that "Batoum will remain essentially commercial, and not become a place of arms"?

Still, I am of opinion that of the two evils it would have been better to have gone to a Conference, and admitted what had been done with the brutal frankness of a Bismarck, than to have torn up the treaty. I have said that I do not believe Europe would have insisted on the preservation of the *porto franco*, and I doubt whether any Power, except England, would have considered itself sufficiently interested to have refused Russia permission to make it a place of arms, more especially as it was practically such already. Europe

does not usually quarrel over *faits accomplis*. If, however, she had refused, Russia could have done openly and defiantly what she has done secretly, and her position would have been no worse than it is now, while she would not have revived her evil reputation as a sudden breaker of treaties. Looking at the whole matter dispassionately, so little genuine diplomacy has been displayed that I question whether the Russian Foreign Office is primarily responsible for the repudiation at all. I am inclined to regard it as an act of autocratic wilfulness, which the diplomatic servants of the Czar have had to represent to Europe in the best light they could.

In support of this opinion, I would cite afresh the abolition of the free transit across Transcaucasia, when the Czar, to please the merchants of Moscow, not only acted impulsively against the advice of the Grand Dukes, the principal counsellors of the day, and his Ministers, but also in defiance of what was represented to him, on statistical grounds, to be the true interest of Russia. Events have proved that his Majesty acted rightly on that occasion. More recently Russia has suffered severe diplomatic defeats in the Balkan peninsula, and the Czar, whose anti-German proclivities are well known, has been deeply incensed at the manner in which he has been flouted by the German prince ruling the people emancipated by the late Emperor. It is unnecessary to discuss whether the Czar merited this treatment or not. What I want the reader to realize is the excited condition of the Czar, and his annoyance at the sympathy and applause of Europe at every effort of Prince Alexander to twist and construe the Treaty of Berlin to the aggrandizement of Bulgaria, and then to imagine him turning from considerations of high policy to the routine reports of his Ministers of Finance and Crown Domains on the annoyances occasioned by the *porto franco* at Batoum. Surely no great stretch of fancy should be needed to enable any one to picture the Emperor petulantly tossing the reports on to the floor of the cabin of the yacht *Czarevna*, and settling all the bother about Batoum by abolishing the obnoxious *porto franco* with a stroke of the pen.

Whether, however, the repudiation of the Batoum compact originated in this impulsive manner, or was the outcome of solemn Ministerial deliberations, is a matter that will influence very slightly the verdict of Europe. For a long time to come the tattered 59th clause will be thrown into Russia's teeth, and her friends in this country will find it difficult to revive a feeling of trust in Russian diplomacy, or dissipate the general belief that the abolition of the *porto franco* was due to a planned and malevolent design. The pen-thrust through the Berlin Treaty, in the opinion of the public—and who shall say the public instinct is at fault?—re-opens the Armenian question, which has lain dormant for eight years, and the

gaze which has been directed in the interval towards Herat, Candahar, and Cabul is now being anxiously deflected upon Erzeroum, Trebizonde, and Van. Nor is it remarkable that this should be the case when, by one of those coincidences curiously common in Russian history, the *coup de théâtre* at Batoum has been accompanied by the despatch of two "scientific" expeditions to Asia Minor, of which one, commanded by Professor Elisaëff, is to explore the Euphrates Valley.

Commercially, the disappearance of the *porto franco* at Batoum is a gain for England. The fettering impediments to the rapid expansion of the petroleum trade having been removed, there will probably be, either at Batoum or Poti, some such marvellous growth of business as at Baku, where oil is so plentiful that a single well has gushed up in a day more oil than all the 25,000 wells of America put together. For years I have persistently advocated that the decadence of old branches of trade should be made up by the participation of England in the Caucasus petroleum industry. If the Swedes, first to the front, built in succession eighty tank steamers for the Caspian, thereby escaping the wave of depression in the shipbuilding trade which has so grievously affected England last year and the year before, why could not we take in hand the building of similar steamers for the Black Sea and Atlantic, where the adoption of the bulk system of transport will involve the construction of several hundred vessels? Rather tardily England has taken up this branch of business at last, and a dozen steamers are now being built in this country, while our manufacturers are becoming aware that the distribution of Baku petroleum all over Russia, and throughout the fuel-less regions of the Caucasus, Persia, and Central Asia creates a demand for pipes for pipe lines, pumps and pumping engines, tank cars for the railways, iron reservoirs, and lamps and stoves, which, if unfulfilled by England, will be met by the more enterprising Germans. If any one will take the trouble to note the wonders that can be achieved with a small quantity of oil by the various ingenious cooking and warming stoves invented by Mr. Rippingille, and then read a few books of travel describing the treeless region of the Caspian, where for centuries, as well as in parts of Persia, Afghanistan, and Central Asia, the people have experienced discomfort and misery owing to the absence of an abundant supply of fuel, he will appreciate how such appliances will be welcomed by thousands of people now that the development of the Baku petroleum fields has made refined oil cheaper throughout much of that region than in our own metropolis. What Birmingham has lost by the suppression of the *porto franco*, she can readily regain by supplying the East with articles called into requisition by the diffusion of petroleum, notwithstanding the severity of the Russian tariff.

There remains the political outlook. In spite of the assurance to the Sultan that Batoum is not to be made a place of arms, I must confess to a belief that at no distant date the trade of the port will be shifted to Poti, and Batoum retained for naval purposes alone. The water area of the harbour is limited, and cannot be indefinitely enlarged, while there is but a very small background to Batoum. At Poti, on the other hand, there is room for limitless expansion, the mouth of the River Rion and the shores of Lake Paleostrom, 2½ miles long, admitting of the construction of artificial accommodation for shipping capable of meeting any conceivable growth of the petroleum, manganese ore,* and maize and wine trade of the Caucasus. As soon as public feeling has subsided, the mask will, no doubt, be dropped at Batoum, and the universal wish of Russia will be accomplished by the conversion of the place into a second Sevastopol. At the same time, we may expect to see Russia, baffled in the Balkan peninsula, and unable to advance upon Constantinople in that direction—owing to the opposition of Austria and Germany, resuming a restless policy in Asia Minor. Unluckily, apart from the country contiguous to the Bosphorus, these two Powers are so little interested in the fate of that region that we cannot hope for the valuable, although unduly vaunted, alliance with Germany to stem the Russian advance upon Erzeroum and Diarbekr. On the contrary, the more the pressure of Russia is removed from the Baltic, Poland, and the Balkan peninsula, and dissipates itself in Asia, the better for the comfort and well-being of the Fatherland, whatever may be the result to England. We shall therefore, in all likelihood, have to look to ourselves to defend our protectorate over Asia Minor; and the completion of the Russian railway system to Merv should stimulate an inquiry, before it is too late, whether the timely construction of the Euphrates Valley Railway would not delay that decadence of Turkish rule so advantageous to Russia's designs. Thanks to the persevering patriotism of Sir William Andrew, the attention of England has been repeatedly invited to a project which has received the support of some of the most eminent men of the day. The next time the subject crops up, however, it will probably call for a final decision, for, unless the experience of Central Asia be at fault, Russian scientific missions are commonly the forerunners of military movements, and, if we do not adopt a more vigorous policy, the next

* The growth of the manganese ore trade at Poti is as remarkable in its way as the development of petroleum at Batoum. In 1879 the quantity exported was 900 tons; in 1880, over 4,000 tons; in 1882, 9,000 tons; in 1883, 15,000 tons; in 1884, 20,000 tons; in 1885, 50,000 tons; while the amount this year promises to exceed 100,000 tons. The Caucasus manganese ore mines afford the most copious and cheapest supply in the world, and considering that in this industry, as in that of petroleum, Free Trade has prevailed, and the Russian Government has done absolutely nothing to promote its progress, there would appear to be every justification for believing that a great future awaits the Caucasus, once its magnificent resources become known to Europe.

Russian advance may deprive this country for ever of the chance of having a railway of her own from the Mediterranean to India, as a counterpoise to the one Russia has completed to Merv, and which she hopes in a year or two to extend into Afghanistan as far as our Indian outposts.

It cannot be too clearly impressed upon the public that the condition of things in the Caucasus to-day bears no resemblance whatever to that prevailing on the eve of the last Turkish War. By the completion of the Baku-Batoum Railway, Russia is able to float her vast resources down the Volga to the Caspian, and concentrate them at Tiflis and Batoum, whence broad military roads run to Kars, which has been immensely improved by the expenditure of over a million sterling, and whence again good roads extend to the Turkish frontier. The construction of the Petrovsk-Novorossisk Railroad, already well on the way to completion, will give Russia a second railroad, joining the Caspian and Black Sea parallel with the Baku-Batoum line, and, being connected with the whole railway system, will enable her to not only duplicate the power of the latter line to transfer her resources from the Caspian to the Black Sea region, but also to concentrate at Novorossisk troops by railway from every part of Russia. In the meantime, Novorossisk—which, in spite of the popular error that Batoum is the only good port on the east coast of the Black Sea, is incomparably superior to Batoum, and could accommodate twenty times as much shipping—is being rendered a safe port by the expenditure of £380,000, while isolated Soukhum Kalé, the victim of two successful Turkish descents, is being connected with Ciscaucasia by a military road which will render impossible such operations in the future. Add to this the total pacification of the Caucasus, the inrush of tens of thousands of Russian colonists, and the thorough re-organization and enlargement of the Caucasus army, and it will be seen that Russia possesses in Transcaucasia the means to take full advantage of any fresh advance she may make into Turkish Armenia, and may in consequence be tempted to recover in Asia Minor the prestige she has lost in the Balkan peninsula through the irresistible power of the Austro-German alliance. Whether the next advance take place there, or on the Afghan frontier, will depend partly on the course of events, partly on the character of the policy adopted by England. The march of human progress we cannot control, but surely it should be possible for England to oppose a steadier front to Russia than she has done in the past. If our protectorate over Asia Minor is a sham, let us drop it. If, on the other hand, the interests of our Empire demand that Russia should be excluded from the Euphrates Valley and the shores of the Mediterranean, let us adopt a more consistent policy at Constantinople, and, imitating the German Government, aid the

efforts of every Englishman to increase our commercial and political influence in Asia Minor, and arrest Turkish decay. One thing let us never forget. Russia on the Persian Gulf means the splitting of Europe and Asia from top to bottom. Every land route between the East and the West will be under the control of the most Protectionist Power in the world. On behalf of British trade, therefore, and on behalf of the interests of India, I claim that our stake in Asia Minor is one transcending a hundred times the value of Constantinople alone ; and, on that account, urge earnestly that, while co-operating with Europe to keep Russia out of the Sultan's capital, we should never relax our individual efforts to exclude her from the Euphrates.

CHARLES MARVIN.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN GERMANY.

WHEN, writing early in the present year, I spoke of the financial embarrassments of the King of Bavaria, and said that it was difficult to guess how the matter would end if the king was not forced to abdicate (vol. xlix. p. 287), I certainly did not anticipate that abdication would be followed by suicide—the first, I believe, which has occurred of a European monarch during recent centuries. The revelations which followed the premature death of Louis II. have proved that not only was he for several years insane, but that during his whole reign he had filled himself with ideas of his royal position which, unrealizable in a constitutional monarchy, were destined to clash fatally with the sober reality of facts, and just for that reason worked themselves up till they took the character of a perfect mania about his own greatness. The final catastrophe was only the logical result of what had preceded, but what was known only to the few who had the melancholy privilege of observing the progress of this tragedy. The dreamy nature of the prince had from the first rebelled against the severe discipline to which he was subjected by his father, and when, a youth of eighteen, he prematurely ascended the throne, he gave free career to his romantic passions, totally neglecting the duties of his position. Whilst Bavaria was engaged in the great political conflict which led to the constitution of the German Empire, the king was absorbed in Wagner's operas and their representation on the Munich stage with a hitherto unknown splendour. The war of 1866 broke out, and after Sadowa the Bavarian premier, Baron v. d. Pfordten, had to go to Nikolsburg to ask for peace, but he was obliged to do so on his own responsibility, and to sign a bill of exchange for the war indemnity of thirty million thalers without full power from his sovereign, who had retired to a lonely island and strictly forbidden approach to it. It was with the greatest difficulty that Ministers at last forced their way against the injunction, and penetrated to the king in order to obtain his signature. It is true that in the great crisis of 1870 Louis II. at once sided with Prussia against France; but it is an exaggeration to ascribe to him the idea of resuscitating the empire. Unlike most German sovereigns, the king had not taken an

active part in the war, but had simply sent his Master of the Horse, Count Holnstein, to Versailles in order to compliment his victorious brother of Prussia. To this gentleman Count Bismarck explained the necessity of crowning the unity of Germany, established by treaties with the southern States, by conferring the imperial title on his master, an act which would most fitly proceed from the King of Bavaria as chief of the most important State; and he presented him with the draft of a letter to be addressed for that purpose to King William by King Louis, who followed the advice of the great German statesman, and faithfully copied the letter, at that time believed to proceed from his patriotic initiative. The reception of his victorious troops was the last public appearance of the king, who became every year more and more a hermit, living in mountain castles inaccessible to any one except personal favourites of the day, and was only on rare occasions seen by his faithful subjects. The sole attraction which Munich had for him was the theatre, the scenery of which was mounted with the greatest magnificence, in order to do full justice to Schiller's dramas and Wagner's operas; but the king did not like to be glared at by the public, and therefore invented those strange "separate representations" in which in a whole dark house he was the sole spectator, but which had the drawback of costing about £10,000 a year. His enthusiastic admiration for Wagner cooled somewhat down by the overbearing conduct of the master, although the royal purse remained at his disposal, and even in 1882, when Wagner went for some months to Palermo, he telegraphed to the King of Italy, asking him to have the great composer received as a prince of the blood. By-and-by the predilection of the king was drawn from the Romantic School to the age of Louis XIV. Hitherto the figures of German legends had peopled his castles, he himself appearing as Lohengrin, in gold armour, drawn by swans and lighted by coloured electric light; now the *roi soleil* became his grand ideal: portraits of the French King surrounded him; he built a state coach and a state sledge in the style of that epoch, of a gorgeousness unseen at any court, but which were simply for show; he went *incognito* to Versailles in order to study thoroughly its style; had those times represented dramatically on the stage; and at last resolved upon building a copy of the château on an island of the Chiemsee, but far outstripping the original in size as well as in gorgeous magnificence; the state bed cost £25,000, and the toilet was of massive gold with *lapis lazuli*; worst of all, he had copied the Versailles pictures representing the devastation of the Bavarian palatinate, which even then provoked the indignation of Europe. It was this enterprise which brought about the final crisis. Although a bachelor, and living with a small household, his civil list of £200,000 had not for years sufficed for his lavish expenditure; and a loan was contracted, under the guarantee of the agnates, to clear off the royal debts; but the king, much above that vulgar art of making both ends meet, forthwith launched into fresh extravagant expenditure, and within a year had amassed a new debt of £300,000. However, the sums required for the construction of Herrenchiemsee soon exceeded even royal powers of borrowing; contractors were not paid, and at last filed bills in court against the Civil List. For years the king had not seen his Ministers; all business had to be transacted by his cabinet secretary, and the papers requiring his signature remained for weeks on his desk; then

even the secretary was not admitted to the royal presence, and lackeys became the only medium of communication. Now, at last, in order to avoid the scandal of public suits against the Civil List, Ministers addressed a most urgent representation to the king, requesting that he should put a stop to his building; but Louis II. resented this as an attack on his royal dignity; absolutely refused to do so, as building was his only pleasure, and categorically asked that Ministers should furnish him with the necessary funds. Thus an appeal to the Chambers for a grant from the public exchequer, in order to provide for the payment of the most pressing debts, became hopeless, and as the king in the meantime had addressed himself to several rich princes for loans, and as conclusive proofs of his insanity were fast accumulating—(he, for instance, maltreated his servants, and signed death-warrants against Ministers and other persons)—the establishment of a regency became inevitable. Ministers have been reproached for not having taken the necessary steps for this purpose at an earlier period; but as the premier, Herr von Lutz, explained, it was difficult to prove that the king was really insane, for, as often happens with lunatics, he had lucid intervals, in which he could carry on rational and spirited conversation and correspondence. Besides, it is quite conceivable that Prince Luitpold, the king's uncle, who was to act as regent—the king's heir, his younger brother, being for years in a state of imbecility—was very loth to proceed against his royal nephew unless it became unavoidable. But now he was obliged to acknowledge that effective steps must be taken, and a commission was despatched with the awkward task of informing the king of the necessity of resigning. The king, highly incensed, had these gentlemen imprisoned in a room of his lonely mountain castle; but the next morning, when Professor von Gudden, a famous mad-doctor, waited upon him, he at once submitted, and was brought to Castle Berg, on the lake of Starnberg. There the royal tragedy came to an end. In the evening the king had taken a walk with the doctor, from which neither of them returned, and late in the night their bodies were found in the lake. It is supposed that the king resolved to commit suicide, and jumped into the water; that the unfortunate doctor, who had too much confided in the power of his personal direction, in vain tried to retain him, and was drowned by his master, gifted with herculean strength, who himself found the watery grave which he sought, unable to outlive his disgrace. Others think that the king intended to fly, drowned the doctor, who opposed that intention, and afterwards was unable to disentangle himself from the heavy clay ground of the shore. The true solution will probably never be known; it lies concealed under the green waves of the lake. Such was the end of the last representative of Romanticism on the throne. Tall, handsome, and, like Saul, richly gifted, he appeared to be called by Providence to his exalted position to become a blessing for his people; but not knowing how to bridle his passions by the sense of duty and responsibility, he quickly lost all moral equipoise, melancholy clouded his spirit with darkness, and when his extravagant ideas of his personal pre-eminence were shattered by the stubborn reality, he, like that first king of Israel, came to an untimely death by his own hand. The stately funeral, at which the Prince Imperial and a host of foreign princes were present, showed anew the monarchical feelings of the Bavarian people; and the Chambers passed the Regency Act unanimously. Fears that the regent, Prince Luitpold, a man of sixty-five, and of

simple, straightforward character, will prove less friendly to the empire, soon were shown to be unfounded.

The wanton breach of faith which Russia committed by cancelling one-sidedly Article 59 of the Treaty of Berlin, establishing Batoum as a free port, *essentiellement commercial*, under the pretext that this was a purely voluntary concession of the Czar, which he was at liberty to revoke at his pleasure, is universally condemned by public opinion in Germany, although it can astonish only those who do not know that Russia violates any international engagement if it suits her, and she believes that circumstances will allow her to do so without punishment. It is entirely unfounded that the German Government should have approved of this step; but of course it does not feel obliged to resent the proceeding by active interference as long as the two most interested Powers, Turkey and England, remain passive.

If, as is but natural, this event has engrossed public attention during the last few weeks, little is to be said on the foreign policy of the last six months. The leading feature of European politics remains—the aim of the Czar to overthrow the Prince of Bulgaria, and to reduce that country once more to a Russian satrapy. Obligated to reckon with this fact, the task of Germany and Austria could but be, as Count Andrassy once said, to act as two tame elephants, which had taken the wild one between themselves in order to prevent him doing mischief; that is to say, advise Prince Alexander and the Porte not to give a pretext to Russia for active interference by putting themselves in the wrong, and to leave the rest to the natural gravitation of further development. The sterling good sense of the Prince, supported by an overwhelming patriotic majority of his old and new subjects, has combined with the traditional *vis inertia* at Constantinople to realize this programme, and reduced the Russian wrath to seeking a vent in angry articles of the official press, speeches, and orders of the day. The Ministry having tendered their resignation, the Regent declining to accept it, answered that he fully appreciated their eminent services, and that they enjoyed his entire confidence. The Ministerial change in England did in no way affect the cordial relations with Germany, Lord Rosebery being on excellent terms with Prince Bismarck and Count Herbert, who, as I predicted, has been appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, thus filling at a comparatively young age the highest paid office in the imperial service next to his father. His predecessor, Count Hatzfeldt, has gone to the embassy of Carlton House, and promises to do well, although his want of knowledge of the English language may appear as a drawback. A literary convention passed between the two countries will tend to a better reciprocal protection of copyright. Good relations with England and Austria, and tolerable ones with Russia, are calculated to realize Prince Bismarck's policy of maintaining the peace of Europe, the more so as the folly of French Radicalism has succeeded in seriously offending the Emperor Alexander by pardoning the famous anarchist Prince Krapotkin, by recalling, notwithstanding his protests, the ambassador at St. Petersburg, General Appert, and by expelling the Orleans princes, now related to the imperial family. The French have thus only thrown new stones in the way of an alliance with Russia, which alone would enable them to undertake a war; and their reckless finance doing the rest, Germany can afford to look with

equanimity to the swaggering language of the Chauvinistic press and books such as "Avant la Bataille."

In ecclesiastical affairs, which cannot be said to belong to foreign politics, although the Chancellor chose to arrange them with the Pope, great activity has been shown during the first part of this year. The mediation of Leo XIII. in the question of the Carolines, and his letter to Prince Bismarck, accompanying the Order of Christ, has created a more genial temperature between the two parties. If the susceptibility of the Chancellor for the praise of nations and sovereigns were blunted, the way in which a Pope did homage to his statesmanlike qualities might exercise a peculiar charm. He indirectly sounded the Emperor whether a papal nuncio might not be admitted, but meeting as formerly with decisive resistance in that quarter, was satisfied to set up a *nuncio in partibus* by calling the Bishop of Fulda to the Upper Chamber. Negotiations began in February, and the Curia thought the moment had come to make the concession on which the Chancellor laid such decisive stress, of appointing a German Archbishop of Posen; the wily Roman prelates being sure to obtain ample compensation for their yielding on a personal question, which they were prepared to do long ago. The Poles had to submit, as obedient sons of the Church, and Cardinal Ledochowski might console himself with the reflection that he was not the first whom the Church has sacrificed to attain higher ends. In the middle of February an Ecclesiastical Bill was introduced in the Upper Chamber, which had not been previously communicated to the Vatican, but which now became the subject of active negotiations. Both parties were agreed on abstaining for the present from a general revision of the May laws, and on proceeding by separate measures in order to clear the soil of the rubbish of those laws, as the Chancellor said later on. For this purpose only the questions of the education and discipline of the clergy were discussed, whilst that of the obligation of submitting the names of the appointed priests to the government (*Anzeigepflicht*) was reserved for a future settlement. In a somewhat curious parallel with these negotiations proceeded the debates of the Committee of the Chamber on the above-mentioned Bill, evidently designed to prove to the Curia that certain limits of concession must not be transgressed. The Vatican was not satisfied with the Bill as it came from the Committee, and the amendments of the Bishop of Fulda seemed to have no chance. On March 19 the bishop was informed that the Bill in its present shape was deemed unacceptable by the Pope, but at the same time Cardinal Jacobini, in a conversation with M. de Schloezer, hinted that an understanding might be arrived at by comprising the question of the *Anzeigepflicht* in the negotiation. After a lively telegraphic exchange, the Curia declared, on March 25 or 26, that if certain points, which might be considered as an equivalent of a general revision of the May laws—namely, the amendments of Bishop Kopp—would be embodied in the bill, the Pope was ready to come to an agreement on the *Anzeigepflicht*. On March 27 M. de Schloezer informed the Secretary of State that Prince Bismarck acceded to this proposal, and on the same day the Chancellor, as member of the Upper Chamber, voted for recommending the bishop's amendments to the renewed consideration of the Committee. For settling the details M. de Schloezer

was called to Berlin, and after further telegraphic communication with Rome, the Minister of Public Worship declared in the Committee (April 4) that if the said amendments were carried, the Pope would be ready to give to the bishops the necessary instructions for intimating to the Government the names of the candidates for the present vacancies, and to extend this concession to future vacancies, if the religious peace should be re-established. The meaning of this was, that the Curia would for the present moment be satisfied with the promise of a future revision of the May laws, but conceded the *Anzeigesplicht* only for the actual vacancies, reserving the right of refusing it in the future, if that revision should appear insufficient. After an animated debate during two sittings, the amendments were carried in the House, Prince Bismarck voting for them, and of course this was decisive, although the Committee had found them unacceptable, and the House of Deputies simply acceded to this resolution. It must be borne in mind that this new law creates nothing ; it simply abolishes a series of clauses of the May laws, and therefore, is simply negative. The real establishment of a basis for the relations of Church and State remains a question of the future, and will in the first place depend upon the revision of the May laws promised to the Curia.

The debates were remarkable in many respects. The cause of the hierarchy was ably defended by Bishop Kopp. He waived the question by whose fault the conflict had arisen ; recognized thankfully that the Government had abandoned the pretension to settle ecclesiastical affairs unilaterally, and had endeavoured to come to an understanding with the Church, but thought that it was still the prey of unfounded fears, and that it was inaccurate to speak of concessions when the question was simply one of investing in the Church rights which had been wrested from her in mistaken zeal. On the other side, the National Liberals, formerly the militant force for the May laws, opposed the Bill because it gave up essential rights of the State, and offered no guarantee for a real religious peace. In an able speech Herr Miquel showed that Cardinal Jacobini's declaration did not grant the *Anzeigesplicht* for the future—that it was completely unknown what the Curia understood by the revision of the laws, how far the Government was disposed to meet its wishes, and when the revision should take place ; yet it was upon the solution of these questions that the religious peace depended. The State might certainly give up many clauses of the May laws, but that should be done by an organic law securing the essential rights of government. The Conservatives of course followed the lead of the Chancellor ; the Free Conservatives and Progressists were divided. The Centre party prudently did not take part in the debate, but simply voted for the Bill. Dr. Windthorst, its leader, was perfectly conscious that they were the real victors, but he abstained from saying so ; he simply said, "We take what we can get : without binding us to certain interpretations of the law, we accept it as it stands, and keep a free hand for the future."

But the principal interest, of course, centred in the speeches of the Chancellor. They were spirited, but as audacious in their assertions as threadbare in their argument. He began by assuring the House that his influence and power in political affairs was greatly over-rated. He had not been Premier at the beginning of the ecclesiastical legislation, and afterwards had been prevented by other pressing business from participating in foreign affairs. He, however, had never regarded the May laws as a standing constitutional

institution, but simply as regrettable though necessary laws of conflict. He had always waited for a peaceful Pope, to come to an understanding, and after the accession of Leo XIII. had forthwith entered into negotiations. It was only then that he had gone into the details of the May laws, and had found that in the heat of the struggle contested territory had been occupied which was worthless to the State—as, for instance, a great part of the provisions relating to the education and the appointment of the clergy. A priest was a subject of the Church, and it was hopeless to encourage his resistance to his superiors. Besides, any one who became a priest knew beforehand that he delivered himself up to the unconditional sway of that authority, the tendencies of which he was bound to know. The attempt of the State to exercise a small influence in these affairs by little means was the *proton pseudos* of the May laws. After having convinced himself that these laws were untenable, and fixed for himself the line up to which he believed the King of Prussia could spontaneously and gratuitously make concessions to his Catholic subjects without damaging his own authority and the rights of the State, he had asked himself which way the Government was to take to realize his intentions. He had preferred a previous negotiation with the Curia, because he had the impression that the Pope had more interest and disposition to strengthen the German Empire and the welfare of the Prussian State than could be found at present in the majority of the Reichstag. The Pope was a moderate and peaceful man. He was free, and alone represented the free Catholic Church, whilst the Centre party represented it in the service of parliamentary intrigues. As to the revision of the May laws, the Government was the more inclined to promise it, as they had always intended to come to such a revision; how far it would go would depend essentially upon the views of the people represented by the parliamentary majority.

The criticism passed on the May laws may be accepted as true; but as regards his personal position the Chancellor will scarcely succeed in changing the opinion of the world, and still less of the impartial judgment of history. The statement in which he tries to shove the responsibility for patent faults upon other shoulders after the experiment had not succeeded, is based on an unscrupulous perversion of facts. No one can deny that though General von Roon had for a few months been formally at the head of the Prussian Ministry, the whole ecclesiastical campaign was the work of the Chancellor, and that no Minister would have dared to embark on such legislation without his support. It was he who forced Dr. Falk upon the reluctant king, because he considered him a useful instrument, and the only point in which he is known to have dissented from the narrow jurist who had suddenly been made Minister of Public Worship was the introduction of civil marriage. Besides, even if the Prince had objected to certain details in these laws, those very provisions which he now condemns cannot be classed as details, but really form the essence of the measure, and it was simply the duty of the Chancellor to know them, and to weigh their bearing, before he countersigned the respective Acts. Besides, the May laws, when they were given, were not at all intended to be merely passing measures for a conflict, but to define for ever the *jus circa sacra*. They aimed at obtaining guarantees for the education of a national clergy, and at defending the right of the State in ecclesiastical affairs against the encroachments of the Hierarchy. As

late as 1881 the successor of Dr. Falk, the Conservative Minister, M. von Puttkammer, declared "that the principal outlines for regulating the debatable ground between Church and State were irrevocably fixed for Prussia by the legislation of 1873-75." The Catholics have unflinchingly resisted those provisions; independent politicians and jurists have declared from the beginning that those aims could not be realized by such means, but have been denounced for doing so as enemies of the empire by the Government press. The Government has persisted in its course for more than ten years, has deposed bishops, banished priests, suppressed the salaries of the whole clergy, because they would not promise to submit to any law imposed by the State. And only now the Chancellor declares that this whole struggle has been a mistake, and that those aims are not attainable. But if this is true, the question remains unsolved, Why the Government entered upon such a hopeless task?

It is further refuted by facts, that the Chancellor, after convincing himself that the May laws were impracticable, at once fixed the limits up to which he was disposed to yield, and made his concessions freely and gratuitously. He began, according to his principle "do ut des," or rather "da ut dem," by making some slight concessions in order to win the assistance of the Centre party for carrying the protectionist tariff of 1879, and at that time he stoutly maintained that he would never submit to the demands of Rome nor touch the essential parts of the May laws. In the letter addressed by the Crown Prince to Leo XIII., June 10, 1878, and countersigned by the Chancellor, it was said: "No Prussian monarch will be able to fulfil the demands expressed in your letter, to change the constitution and the laws of Prussia according to the prescriptions of the Roman Catholic Church, because the independence of the monarchy would be impaired if the free scope of its legislation were to be subordinated to a foreign power." But now, Prussian laws have been changed, conformably to the Roman demands, by the amendments of Bishop Kopp. In the despatch to Prince Reuss, of April 1879, he said: "If it has been believed that we are ready not only to disarm, but to annihilate our arms by way of legislation, we have been held capable of a great folly, which I have not sanctioned. By any of my utterances I have never said a syllable to Masella or Jacobini which might be interpreted in the sense that we would consent to a revision of the May laws according to clerical demands; a peaceful *praxis*, a tolerable *modus vivendi*, on the basis of reciprocal forbearance, was all that I ever believed to be attainable." But now, the revision is not only promised to the Pope, but declared to have been always intended by the Government, and the Chancellor says that he is going to clear off the rubbish of the May laws. Even in December 1884 he declared, when refusing the repeal of the laws of banishment: "We have not succeeded by making concessions. I have the impression that new concessions would spoil our position, and that we are in a situation to wait to see whether at last Rome will meet our wishes by the slightest disposition. Till new concessions are made to us we shall not yield a hair-breadth from our position." But now the Chancellor presents a Bill abrogating the most essential parts of the May laws without any concession being made by the Curia, except the nomination of a German to the See of Posen. Finally, if the Chancellor had already, in 1878, fixed the point up to which he would go in yielding, why did he not do so at once, but

instead mete out the concessions by drops?—a proceeding which led to a continual retreat. As to the difference between the warlike Pius IX. and the peaceful Leo XIII., it is simply one of temperament, and comes to this—that whilst the “winter of the former’s discontent” only moved the wanderer to draw his cloak higher, the “glorious summer” of the latter’s compliments has brought the wayfarer to drop it; and if the Chancellor hoped to discredit the Centre party at Rome, he might have been undeceived by the allocation of the Pope to the German pilgrims on April 21, when Leo XIII. said: “I rejoice at the good behaviour of German Catholics, who have found parliamentary representatives of the highest merit, and have, by perseverance of sacrifice, been largely instrumental in securing that greater liberty has been granted to the Church.” The Chancellor believed he could disable the Centre party by the Curia, and finally came himself between the millstones of his two antagonists. A retrospect of the *Culturkampf* goes far to prove that in the whole history of the conflicts between the State and the Roman Church there will scarcely be found a greater defeat of the former than that marked by the Chancellor’s speeches, and if his bold “*Si fecisti nega*” has not been vigorously contradicted in the parliamentary arena, it only shows that the memory of his hearers was either very short or very treacherous, or, what is most likely, very submissive.

The National Liberals, indeed, have remained faithful to their anti-Roman traditions, but they were allowed to do so without much shaking of their limbs; the Government press assuring them that they might vote according to their conviction without incurring the displeasure of the Chancellor. On the other hand, when Baron Hammerstein introduced the perfectly logical and rational resolution, that the Government should now give the same liberty to the Protestant Church which it granted to the Catholics, all the Liberals raised a great cry, and denounced this as a demand that the State should transfer its rights to a new orthodox hierarchy. The continental so-called Liberal Protestants know full well that their doctrines have no power of their own, and that they would be lost without the support of the State; they therefore prefer to have the Protestant Church in Prussia governed by a Minister of State and a Parliament of which more than two-thirds are either Catholic or indifferent.

The Government has not been more fortunate in its financial achievements. The project of the brandy monopoly proved an ignominious failure, three members only voting for it at the second reading in the Reichstag; and it was not more fortunate in presenting another and more rational Bill, combining the present taxation of spirits, according to the size and capacity of the distillery vessels, with a new excise. It was the Conservative, or rather the Agrarian, party which brought this Bill to ruin by presenting a counter-project, which proposed, instead of a State monopoly, a monopoly in the hands of the present spirit manufacturers. These were to form a vast association, and the Government was to forbid any new distilleries to be established, and to grant them a price of about 40 per cent. above the market price for their produce, to be collected, at the expense of the empire, in large tanks and magazines. From this price the now existing tax, less 10 per cent., would be deducted, and an excise duty of 80 pf. per litre would be levied from the brandy delivered for home consumption. I believe that scarcely ever has such a daring project

been brought forward for promoting the interests of a class of producers. They say, indeed, that their industry is in a state of great depression; but trade, shipping, and many industrial branches, are in the same condition, without receiving aid from the State; and, moreover, the depression of the spirit manufacture has been caused by its irrational over-production, which needs must lead to low prices. From this condition the State is to deliver the present producers at the expense of the tax-payers, and at the same time to make the over-production a lasting one by allowing each manufacturer to maintain his present production. How could the Government resist similar demands of other industries? The consequence would be not only to annihilate all free competition, but oblige the State to pay from the public revenue prices exceeding the market price to all producers, and to take upon its shoulders the risk of their industrial establishments. The result of such a policy is clearly shown in the present condition of the sugar tax: owing to the latest inventions, which allow 1 cwt. of raw sugar to be extracted from 9 cwts. of beetroot, instead of $11\frac{1}{2}$ as assumed by the law of 1868, the export bounty has resulted in an enormous premium to the producers; they have flooded the markets of Europe in a way which has provoked other States to raise their taxes on foreign sugar; but the imperial exchequer has paid these private gains by a loss of more than £1,000,000, in order that English consumers might have cheap sugar, and at the same time the large profits realized have led to an over-production which has ruined the industry. It is quite true that an increase of the imperial revenue is necessary; since 1878-79 the expense has risen by $167\frac{1}{2}$ million marks, but of these nearly 150 millions go into the exchequer of the single States, which, however, must make up the deficiency of the imperial income by special contributions, and it is doubtful whether the slightly increased duty on sugar will even yield the fourteen millions which the Government expects from it. In any case, this would be insufficient to meet the increased wants. The military expenses, which since 1878-79 have only risen by 24.3 mill.—i.e., 8.7 per cent.—whilst the general expense rose by 15 per cent., require an additional outlay, particularly for the ordnance, and the pay of the officers and civil service must be raised. But the Reichstag would be ready to provide for real wants, and if new taxes have not been voted, the fault lies in the fiscal policy of the Government, which allowed the produce of the sugar duty to dwindle by the export bounties, and which insists upon subsidizing the spirit manufacturers. How can it accuse the majority of the Reichstag of obstruction if it forces that assembly to waste its time with projects doomed beforehand to failure?

The landed proprietors are now clamouring for higher duties on corn: one of their representatives declared that they must have a price of twenty-two shillings for one hundred kilos. of wheat, and sixteen shillings for rye, besides a duty on wool, if they are to be able to go on. The reason is, that they bought their estates too dear, that they are heavily in debt and live too expensively; whilst the peasants, although suffering also from low prices, can still pay their way. The German law of real inheritance is in fact very irrational: unless modified by local custom, the eldest son gets the estate, but is obliged to mortgage it heavily in order to provide for

his younger brothers and sisters. This was possible only as long as the rent was constantly rising, but if now the proprietor of an estate worth, say, 200,000 marks, has to pay to his brothers 4 per cent. for a sum of 100,000 marks, while he is only making $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. by his agriculture, it is quite easy to see that he cannot prosper. Too many people in those ranks want to live upon the produce of the soil, and the want of ready capital hinders agricultural improvements. The law of inheritance must be changed in the sense that the younger sons must be satisfied with a pittance; but it would be folly to raise prices artificially by high duties, and thus to enhance the price of living for the working classes. If the Finance Minister, H. von Scholtz, has not been lucky in his projects of taxation, he has, on the other hand, done excellent service by several speeches resolutely opposing the bimetallistic agitation. Alluding to the demand for an international bimetallistic treaty, he said that he was unable to form an idea of what would be international bimetallism, which was spoken of as if it was a definite thing like universal military service; nor had he ever found that bimetallists had been able to frame a draft of such an international treaty, and he in fact believed it impossible that any one who was not prepared to betray his country could sign such a treaty. Monetary conventions in general were not like commercial or postal compacts, which, if they came to an end, left things as they stood formerly; but were agreements "to introduce into our economical body blood, which only under certain circumstances can act as such; agreements which, if torn asunder, left the infused blood in the body and prevented our economical prosperity." The Minister then showed that it was not the sale of the comparatively small amount of German silver which had occasioned the fall in the value of that metal, but the enormous production of the American and other mines, rising from an annual average of 886,115 kilos. in 1856-60 to 2,500,000, and coinciding with the stoppage of the minting of silver in the Latin Union. He refuted the fallacy that the fall of prices was caused by the demonetization of silver, for if that was the case, all prices ought to have fallen equally, whilst a series of articles, such as meat, butter, cheese, eggs, wine, and particularly wages, had maintained their former level, or had even risen in price. The fall in many articles, such as corn, iron, wool, cotton, oil, copper, coffee, and textiles, had simply been caused by an enormously increased production and cheaper transport, and it was entirely unfounded to ascribe it to monetary causes.

Other speakers showed how fortunate it was that Germany at the right time had adopted the gold standard, which was now the money of account in commerce at large, whilst the States of the Latin Union were labouring under the heavy disadvantage of an inflated silver currency; and that the experiment would be quite hopeless to raise the value of the depreciated silver by fixing arbitrarily its relations to gold in an international treaty. Certainly the fall of silver deeply affects many interests; the German possessors of Austrian and other bonds paying interest in silver lose as heavily as the Indian pensioners in England; but the acknowledgment of an evil is not tantamount to maintaining that the State must, or even can, find a remedy for it. On the other hand, the argument that the alleged scarcity of gold is a cause of the commercial depression of trade is purely fictitious. In

Germany at least the amount of the monetary circulation has risen from 57·77 marks per head in 1870 to 62·14 marks in 1880 ; and how is the pretended scarcity to be reconciled with the low rate of discount and interest which we have had since 1872 ? Has not Italy been able to re-establish her currency by withdrawing twenty-eight millions of gold from the general market without disturbing it ? Besides, the use of specie is in an increasing way superseded by book-transfer and clearing-houses. No country has a smaller metallic stock than England in comparison with its gigantic traffic, and it is just countries in a backward state which require much bullion, because they do only cash business, and hoard money, as Eastern nations do. Prices do not depend on the quantity of the circulating medium ; they have fallen in the silver countries as well as in England and Germany, and we have had high prices when we had a currency of only silver and paper. M. de Laveleye* insists upon the fact that an expansion of the metallic wealth gives a strong impulse to commerce and industry, but he seems to confound the interests of manufacturers and bankers with those of the community at large. Those people make large profits in such circumstances, but the real wealth of a country does not progress by leaps and bounds, which, on the contrary, are nearly always followed by a crisis if consumption cannot keep pace with production. Such impulses as those caused by the sudden influx of precious metals are sometimes unavoidable, but they are not a blessing. The discovery of the gold of California and Australia was followed by the crisis of 1857, and the millions of the French ransom have not benefited Germany's prosperity.

The Government proposes the foundation of a Transatlantic bank, destined to create banking establishments in foreign parts, and to deliver German commerce from recurring to the mediation of England, which hitherto has been the great banker of the world, and by her central bank, and a net of Transatlantic banks having their general treasurer in the Bank of England, possesses an organization covering the whole of the Transatlantic countries. Germany has now a gold currency, and can offer to international commerce the security of obtaining for its bills gold at Hamburg, Berlin, or Bremen. She must become independent of England by enabling her merchants in foreign parts to draw directly upon German banking places ; and this can only be done by creating a central establishment with branches in all foreign countries, similar to the French *Comptoir d'Escompte*. Such a bank, if properly organized, would have every chance of success, from the numerous German commercial firms all over the world. It must not be placed under a bureaucratic direction, as is the German *Reichsbank* ; its working would not depend upon simply examining the value of three good signatures on bills of exchange, but upon acting independently in complicated and ever-changing circumstances ; whilst it should on the other hand restrict its operations to commercial transactions, and should be forbidden to dabble in public funds. The direction of the bank should therefore be a commercial one, and its seat ought to be at Hamburg, the centre of German Transatlantic business, where alone the wants of commerce can be properly judged. On the fulfilment of these conditions, the success of the project, which is to be started with a

* *Bibliothèque Universelle et Revue Suisse*, March-April 1882.

capital of £3,000,000, to be raised eventually to £6,000,000 in shares of £500, will greatly depend.

A very important fact for German Transatlantic commerce was the opening of the two international lines of steamers to Eastern Asia and Australia, subsidized by the empire. On July 1 the first of these steamers, the *Oder*, left Bremerhaven, an event duly celebrated by the presence of many members of the Federal Council and representatives of the leading chambers of commerce. It was indeed somewhat strange that the subvention was not given to the existing Hamburg lines for Eastern Asia, but to the Bremen North German Lloyd, which hitherto had communication only with America, and it is believed that this was due to a private understanding of the Chancellor with the head of the Lloyd Company, who was at the same time an influential member of the Reichstag and wished to find employment for his numerous steamers. To the same reason it is ascribed that Antwerp, and not Rotterdam, has been chosen as an intermediate port, the Lloyd receiving a subvention from the Belgian Government. However that may be, and even leaving it an open question whether the enterprise will pay, the importance of the fact of these new lines remains. The steamers will leave Bremerhaven every second Wednesday, and will thus establish a fortnightly communication in the direction to Port Said, Suez, and Aden, common to both lines; in the same way, steamers of the branch lines from Trieste to Brindisi and Alexandria will leave regularly in order to bring passengers and mails from those parts to Suez, to be transhipped there on the principal lines for Eastern Asia and Australia. On this passage the German voyages will fall between those of the English Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company and the French Messageries Maritimes; so that the German steamers will leave Suez four days after the English and seven days before the French, but in consequence of their superior speed of 12 sea miles per hour, will arrive in Singapore only three days later than the English and in Hong Kong at the same time with them, thus effecting the passage in $24\frac{1}{2}$ days, whilst the English require $28\frac{1}{2}$ and the French 28 days. A second branch line going to Japan from Hong Kong, letters sent by the English mail to Hong Kong on July 3 will not arrive earlier at Hong Kong, Shanghai, and Yokohama than those posted on July 13 for transmission by the German mail. In the same way the steamers for Australia will leave Suez four days after those of the English lines of the P. and O. and the Orient and Pacific Steam Navigation Companies, and after a voyage of $30\frac{1}{2}$ days will arrive only one day later at Sydney; whilst the French steamers leaving Suez one day after the German will arrive in the Australian port five days later. From Sydney a steamer of the second branch line goes *via* Tonga to Apia, and returns to Sydney twenty-one days after. The return voyage of the German steamers, compared with those of other countries, is just as advantageous. The German ship leaves Hong Kong eight days after the English, and arrives at Singapore seven days, at Suez only three days later; the French leaves one day before the German, but arrives two days after it at Suez; and the German mail, being sent by rail to Alexandria, whilst the French keeps its mail on board, arrives five days earlier at Brindisi. In the same way the voyage from Australia back is performed with superior speed, the German steamers stopping only twenty-four hours at Melbourne, whilst the English remain four days there. It may

be therefore confidently expected that the new German lines will attract a fair part of the Eastern commerce.

Another very important feature in the domain of public roads for commerce is the establishment of three great canals, the first connecting the Baltic with the North Sea, the second the Spree with the Oder, and the third the Ems with the Rhine. The first, being principally military, as it allows our ironclads to cross directly from Kiel to the Atlantic, is undertaken by the empire, Prussia paying a special contribution of £2,500,000; the two others, which are to be supplemented by canals from the Rhine to the Elbe and from the Oder to the Silesian mountains, are principally important for bringing German coal to the northern seaports. The respective Bills were strongly opposed by the Agrarian interest, which feared from these canals an increased competition of foreign corn, but were carried by the resolute attitude taken by the Government.

In regard to other business, the only question which has been brought to a satisfactory settlement is the law regulating the pensions of the officers and the Civil Service, the Government having at last yielded to the request of the Reichstag, that the private fortunes of officers should be subjected to communal taxation. The discussions on Sunday's rest, on the factory work of women and children, on the increase of inspectors, and on industrial arbitration, led to no practical result. Nor can we ascribe much value to the project of a Customs union with Austria-Hungary; the mere difference between the German gold standard and the Austrian paper currency, together with the Austrian monopolies for tobacco and salt, would prove an insuperable difficulty, which would be still further increased by the fact that Hungary and Austria themselves are only united by a temporary Customs union, just now severely jeopardized by divergences of the two on the petroleum duty; and if a complete union cannot be effected, Germany as well as Austria would by several treaties be bound to accord to all most-favoured nations the concessions made to each other. Therefore, all we can hope for is, that if the present treaty of May 23, 1881, expires on Dec. 31, 1887, a more liberal one will replace it.

In the Prussian Diet the principal questions, besides the ecclesiastical law, were several Bills directed against the Poles of the eastern provinces. The Government complained that the German element in those parts was pressed back by the Polish, and therefore introduced several Bills, of which the principal authorized a loan of one hundred millions in order to buy up Polish estates, and to sell them in allotments to German settlers. This policy is not new; it was followed with success under Frederic William III., when, besides, large estates of the nobility had been forfeited by their participation in the insurrection of 1831; but Frederic William IV. was weak enough to give back those estates to their former proprietors in a condition much improved by the administration of the State. If the Government now complains of the expansion of the Poles, it has itself considerably contributed to this result. First, the *Culturkampf* forced the German Catholics in those provinces to coalesce with their Polish co-religionists in a defensive league, and the Poles being more numerous, their nationality became the dominating element. Secondly, the landed property in the east, being mostly entailed and belonging to the nobility, the German agricultural labourers, unable to become small proprietors, largely emigrated, and

the proprietors had to fetch hands from Russian Poland. This will go on as long as they have no other supply of labourers. Whether the Government succeeds in its plan—which is just the reverse of Mr. Gladstone's plan of buying out English proprietors in Ireland—will depend on its finding good German colonists.

In the obituary of the last six months stands foremost the name of Leopold von Ranke, who died on May 23, after having completed his ninetieth year on December 21, 1885. In him Germany has lost one of the most illustrious of that great group of students who have contributed as much as her generals and statesmen to raise her to her present eminence. This is true, although Ranke was never what is called a national writer in the same sense as Treitschke and his school may be called so, as turning everything *in majorem gloriam Germaniæ*. On the contrary, the serene impartiality with which he always treated his subjects was often pushed so far as to create a chilling impression. The foul deeds of a Cæsar Borgia, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the devastation of the Palatinate, were unable to rouse his indignation; he pre-eminently realized the truth of the old saying, that we are neither to weep nor to laugh at human things, but to try to understand them. His standard of judgment of historic personages was not *our* ideas on right and wrong, wisdom and folly, but the ideas of the times in which they lived and acted, and how their actions were reflected in the conscience of their contemporaries. Starting from this point of view, he, the Protestant, had no difficulty in understanding the motives of a Loyola, Sixtus V., Alba, or Wallenstein, and to render justice to men who strained every nerve to crush what was dearest to him. Following in the wake of Niebuhr, he was, together with that great man, the founder of the modern school of historiography. In opposition to the brilliant but superficial writers of the eighteenth century, such as Voltaire, who at best produced historical novels, these two men built up their works on unwearying historical investigation combined with acute criticism. Thus Niebuhr, by his criticism, destroyed the legend of the first centuries of Roman history, and founded the method which became the rule of modern historiography. Thus Ranke wrote the history of the Roman Popes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries from the despatches of the Venetian ambassadors.* All his works reposed on the most painstaking drudgery with which he ransacked all the documents of the period he studied; nothing was too small, nothing too insignificant, for being examined whether it could throw a new light on his subject. It was only when this sifting and collating process was exhausted that he formed his definite judgment and began to condense his materials into manageable form, to make plain the relations of all parts to each other, to show why events must have taken this or that turn, and to lay bare the connecting threads. This process went on when the work was already in the press; he once told me, laughing, that he was the

* In their reports to the Signoria, unveiling the secret springs of politics, and exercising "an anatomy of states and princes," he found an inexhaustible treasure of information for his studies. In the preface to this standard work, which at once raised him to eminence and earned Macaulay's highest praise, he says: "Some have attributed to history the task of judging the past and teaching contemporaries for the sake of future years: this essay will only state *how it really has been*." And to the proud simplicity of this most difficult programme he always remained faithful.

despair of his publishers and printers, treating the proof-sheets entirely as if they were manuscript, and constantly changing, constantly going on refining, till at last he felt sure that it would do. And then it would do; for rarely has a historian combined such width of learning with such a psychological gift of penetrating into the most secret motives of the acting personages, and with such capacity of giving artistical form to the results of his investigation. Conscious of these powers, he once, when I was walking with him in 1855 in the Champs-Élysées, observed with proud modesty, "Macaulay is now considered to be the most brilliant historical writer; perhaps posterity will acknowledge that, as historian, I have some merits." His penetration also enabled him to write on contemporaneous subjects as well as on the past; a specimen of that sort is "The Servian Revolution," which Niebuhr declared to be "the best book on a contemporaneous event which we have, of which Germany may be proud." He also entered the arena of politics. After the revolution of July, Berlin society was split into two camps—the Legitimists and the Constitutionalists. Ranke, not being able to side with either, founded the *Historical-Political Journal*, by which he tried to exercise a mediating influence, and particularly opposed Hegel's political doctrines, stating that for the philosopher's artificial commonwealth nothing less was wanted than artificial men. He also in conversation often made lucky hits: when Thiers, meeting him at Vienna after the fall of the Empire, in September 1870, asked him, "A qui donc faites-vous la guerre maintenant?" Ranke replied, "A Louis XIV."

That Ranke had his limits shall not be contested; he is pre-eminently a diplomatic historian; the times of the Renaissance, the political struggles of the sixteenth and the seventeenth centuries remain his favourite field; the elementary revolutions, religious as well as political, the parliamentary history, the philosophical development, are less in his line; his pictures of Luther, or, in his last work, of Mahomet, do not, as I think, unveil fully the sources of the sway which these men exercised; and I doubt whether Ranke could have written a history of the English Constitution or of the French Revolution of the same excellence as belongs to his other works. With all that, he remains the greatest historian of his time, and he not only wrote history, but taught how it ought to be written. In 1834 he founded the Historical Society, in which nearly all our modern historians of merit, such as Hatzusser, Waitz, Sybel, Giesebrecht, Schaefer, &c., have been formed. Gifted with extraordinary vitality, he has outlived not only his contemporaries, such as Schlosser, Dahlmann, Droysen, Gervinus, but also many of his pupils, and was able to commence in his eighty-fifth year a great work on universal history, of which a volume came out annually. The fifth volume was completed in December last, and he hoped to complete his task; he even spoke of writing a history of the nineteenth century, which, as he said, he had ready in his head. These hopes were not destined to be fulfilled. On his ninetieth birthday (December 21) he felt still perfectly fresh. A few months later "the fate of all human beings overtook him," as he has often said in his writings. On May 6 he was taken ill, and soon fell into a lethargy from which he was not to rise.

He had scarcely closed his eyes when one of his best pupils, Georg Waitz, followed him—a historian who had not the great grasp of his

master, nor enjoyed a similar fame, but continued worthily his traditions by thoroughly investigating every subject he treated and by teaching his pupils to do so. His lectures and the "historical exercises" which he presided over at Göttingen attracted an ever-growing number of students, many of whom, raising themselves to eminence, have always remained thankful for what they received from him. Waitz's standard work was his "German Constitutional History," which in eight volumes embraces the time from the beginning to the middle of the twelfth century; and after the death of Pertz he was selected for continuing the great collection of the "*Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*."

In the domain of lighter literature Germany has to mourn the death of Victor von Scheffel, the author of one of the few real historical novels in the best style of Walter Scott and Willibald Alexis. His "*Ekkehard*" is a picture from life of olden times, presenting a striking contrast with the sensational novels of Dahn and Ebers. They use history as a canvas for representing modern ideas and tendencies in the disguise of old Egyptians and Goths, whilst Scheffel's monks and princesses, shepherds and Huns, are real, living creatures of their time. "*Ekkehard*," as well as his charming song "*The Trumpeter of Saeckingen*," has gone through a hundred editions, and some of his lyrical poems, which show a rich vein of humour, are among the most popular in modern Germany.

In the fine arts we have to mention the jubilee international exhibition of pictures at Berlin, in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the first exhibition in 1786. According to all reports it is a great success; but I must reserve a fuller account of it for my next article.

H. GEFFCKEN.

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS.

I.—FICTION.

IF the moral colouring of fiction be a faithful reflection of that which pervades the life of its time, we should say that this must be overshadowed in our day by some influence that brings into sharp relief whatever is perplexing, disappointing, and bitter. Perhaps the fact that the novels before us present for the most part a dark view of life might to some minds suggest the opposite view: it is the young who love tragedy, it is those who know nothing of actual, who delight to dwell on the description of imaginary, woe. Still the tone of fiction does on the whole form an index to what we may call the *spirits*, as distinct from the *spirit*, of a particular time, and so far as it goes we must allow that it bears witness to some influence depressing to ours. It is the chill, and not only the storm of life which we feel here; love is disappointing, not only disappointed; life is difficult, arduous, sordid, full of anxiety; poverty is crushing, wealth is corrupting. And while the shadows of earth are more visible than they were, the light of heaven is less visible; this world, while it is more naked than it was, is not more beautiful, and the other world is faint and dim.

The three first novels on our list reflect the problems of the newspaper: and the most powerful of the three has had its popularity somewhat impaired, we fancy, by its painfulness. "*Hurriah*"* recalls, perhaps too much for the kind of enjoyment we crave in fiction, the perplexities that sadden the heart and the alternatives that strain friendship and bewilder judgment, in the political question of the day. It sets before us the bitter memories, the wild hopes, the partisan fever, the angry controversy, and profound disappointment that we gather up in the word Ireland. It has not all the relief an equally faithful picture might have. There is no happy love, no dare-devil Irish fun. It has humour, but it has no humorous side; the story moves steadily on towards its tragic conclusion, and though it has not a dull line, and no reader can lay it down unfinished, yet the impression it leaves on the mind is one of almost unrelieved gloom. And nevertheless something in it recalls two of the most cheerful writers that ever touched a pen; it has some resemblance (though it lacks their bright and varied surface) to those novels of Miss Edgeworth which Scott names as suggesting the first bent of his own genius; and sometimes it even recalls Scott himself in his pictures of peasant life and the breath of a fresh wild nature that seems to pervade it. In making the comparison we are vividly reminded of the influence of the change that has come over thought since the time of both the earlier writers. It has

* "*Hurriah. A Study.*" By the Hon. Emily Lawless. Edinburgh and London; Blackwood & Sons.

nothing of their cheerful external spirit, none of that leisure of moral attention given by a conventional standard and an accepted canon of duty ; it is full of the atmosphere of perplexity and of anxious care. If brightness is lacking, however, there is a certain compensatory power in the pervading sense of a keen, almost stern purity, which, in the moral as in the physical world, has some of the characteristics of brightness, and which comes to a focus in the few delicate touches which set before us the simple Irish girl, whom we can hardly speak of by the unsuitable term of heroine. The sketch, slight as it is, affects the mind as the sight of a woodland spring, and makes us realize that change of character by which absolute purity seems to pass over from the mere difference of degree to that of kind, ceasing to signify the absence of an evil, and expressing the presence of a power hostile to all things dark and foul. The story carries us far from the ordinary domain of the novel-reader ; we feel—although the narrative closely follows the interests of the very hour in which we write—that somehow or other it touches us now and then with the feelings of another age ; the facts are those of the newspaper, and so are the feelings to a great extent, but yet something has stolen in that takes us far away. The truth is, that a simpler is always to some extent an older world, the great interests of men are perennial, and therefore when they emerge alone they affect the mind as if they were antique. If our account of the book imply more admiration than general feeling seems to echo, the difference is, we are convinced, to be explained by the fact that the subject is not only tragic, but entangled with those thorny and perplexed questions by which men are not only oppressed, but of which at the present moment they are very weary.

"Demos"* is more ambitious, and more disappointing. It is less pathetic, though not wholly without pathos, and its characteristic is cleverness rather than power. Yet it has much of all that the ordinary novel-reader demands—plot, dialogue, and to a great extent character ; and the writer has one great artistic advantage for treating his subject—his sympathies and his opinions run in different channels. He knows and sympathizes with the working class, while his opinions, we should say, are Conservative. The artist should always have his sober sense on one side, and his feelings on the other—that combination of Jacobite sympathies and eighteenth-century opinion which gives Scott his steadiness of hand and firmness of touch, being the typical instance of their union. But the opinion and feeling are not blended here in the same catholic union ; the sympathy sometimes fails, the opinions are indistinct, and yet give too much colouring to parts of the story. Several of the subordinate figures are drawn vigorously ; the vulgar young Radical strikes us as clever, and the Socialist's mother and sister are distinct and lifelike. But power fails where it is most needed. The chivalric figure—it is thus that we presume the heir whose fortune is delayed by a lost will is intended to impress the reader—is a mere flat wash ; and the democrat, though more distinct, is fitfully drawn, and seems hardly the same at first and last. The most touching character is the sempstress, the first love of the Socialist hero, deserted on his accession to wealth, in whose room at last, when pursued by a howling mob, he seeks shelter and finds death ; and the impression she leaves

* "Demos. A Story of English Socialism." London : Smith, Elder & Co.

on the mind somewhat relieves the hard and dreary feeling with which one closes the book. Its lack is conviction. The plans of the Socialist are, we are made to feel, mere poisonous error; but his rival has no plans at all, and merely wishes to undo what he has done. If we are invited to contemplate a problem, we should feel there is a solution somewhere. Surely the moral of "Demos" does not need preaching. Are there not enough indolent and luxurious *nouveaux riches* who waste their money on no mistaken efforts to benefit their brethren?

The name of George Macdonald is a guarantee that whatever fault we have to find with a book it will not be lack of sympathy with noble aims. The reader must judge every story from its own point of view. If he thinks that fiction should never ally itself with an attempt to inculcate definite beliefs and exhort its readers to definite duties, he should not open "What's Mine's Mine."* But if, as we should imagine, no reader can close it without a quickened sympathy for the poor, and a deeper sense of that common ground which lies beyond all difference of poor and rich, Mr. Macdonald may smile at "the fine critic wielding his elegant pen," who objects that he has not given us a work of art pure and simple. Neither history nor exhortation conveys all that the moral teacher would set before his disciples as vividly as fiction does, and those readers who are not determined to quarrel with the fact of a sermon in a novel will find nothing in the quality of Mr. Macdonald's to offend them. Perhaps he will appear to spend a disproportionate amount of effort in protest against the errors of a dead orthodoxy. His theology seems to us stamped by the associations of a time, about thirty years ago, when many persons thought that what hindered the acceptance of Christianity was its entanglement with the dogmas of an elaborate traditional system which incorporated the inheritance of much that was worst in Heathenism. But as since that epoch what we may call nineteenth-century Christianity has been set forth in the lives and the teaching of many gifted men, of whom he himself is one, while there never was a time when so many of the leading minds of the day were alienated from Christianity, we can no longer suppose that what was needed to bring it home to the mind of our time was disentanglement either from the errors or from the superfluous speculations of the past. However, the reader will find in "What's Mine's Mine," not only a very noble sermon, but also an interesting picture of character, touched with a certain moral originality, and intertwined with the most important problems of the day. His creed that Divine love is at work on a field in which it is to be ultimately triumphant over every opponent, shows itself in an exhibition of the power of human love to redeem not only what is criminal, but what is vulgar—a triumph as much more strange to fiction as we rejoice to believe it less strange to fact—and he has painted it here with distinctness and with delicacy. Love, unrequited or mutual, burns away all that is low in the two heroines, and leaves pure gold where what it found was mainly dross. We regret that the two high-minded brothers who inspire this love belong to the well-born class and the two girls to the bourgeoisie. Mr. Macdonald is one who believes that gentlemen are to be found in every class, but it seems to us a pity to seem even to a superficial reader to fall into the old dichotomy of

* "What's Mine's Mine." George Macdonald. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

sympathies between the aristocracy and the poor (using the words, it is true, in a sense in which they overlap each other, for the Highland laird here is almost as poor as the crofters he saves from ruin). A reader must be very superficial who thinks this is Mr. Macdonald's feeling, but we should wish him not to be mistaken even by such a being, who is after all not seldom met with in the paths of fiction.

Mr. Oliphant's story is also, at least in name, a problem of the period. Perhaps that description will not strike the ordinary reader as a happy one; it is in parts too like a chapter out of the Arabian Nights to present to average inspection a specimen of life in the nineteenth century. The ordinary reader is here wrong; any one who seeks to make up his mind on the problems of our day must come to some conclusion as to the matters herein set forth. The phenomena of what is vaguely called Spiritualism (of which, however, none of the commoner forms are reproduced here) are by no means unworthy of attention, even to those who are ready to explain them as the contact of folly with fraud. If that be all, the development of both elements in our day must be worthy of note. And in one respect men of science, and those whom they most deride, may find common ground. Any phenomenon or narration implying a direct influence over the laws of Nature, in which the intermediate processes known to science were omitted, used to be explained, when it appeared on the soil of Palestine, by the theory of a Divine interference with Nature, and when it occurred elsewhere, by the fact that knaves tell lies and fools believe them. This convenient dichotomy is now obsolete. The scientific men of our day see that they are bound to explain the miracles of Christ on the last theory, while such thinkers as Mr. Oliphant, without adopting the first, would fully concede that no possible manifestation of miraculous power must be *assumed* to be untouched by it. Science, however reluctantly, has contributed to the spread of Spiritualism the great canon of evidence—that the investigator of Law knows nothing of the distinction between the trivial and the important. Mr. Oliphant is aware that powers which, in their more impressive manifestation we describe as miraculous, are no more secure against abuse than any other kind of power is, while this kind of capacity is much more likely to present the temptations of power in their vulgarest form, so that in all but its highest manifestations it is almost certain to be allied with imposture. After the sympathy with Mr. Oliphant's point of view which we have endeavoured to indicate, it is a disappointment to us to have to add that "Masollam" seems to us neither a vivid reproduction of the aspects of social life, nor a penetrating glance into its depths. However, it embodies much liveliness of narrative and knowledge of life, and the occasional lapses which break in on a high moral tone for the most part are much less than those which disfigured its predecessor. And while we are unable to transcribe any conviction presented to us by Mr. Oliphant which is at once definite and in any sense new, we yet discern so much trace of a high ideal carried into practice, of the old view of the claims of suffering and need transfigured by an honest endeavour to translate them into action, and by that suffusion of clear light which such an effort flings on the lofty peaks of human duty, that we shall be very glad if "Masollam" seems to most of its readers a more successful literary achievement than it does to us.

* "Masollam." By Lawrence Oliphant. W. Blackwood & Sons.

How gladly would we linger over an interesting romance, which almost recalls the great writer we are driven in these criticisms of fiction so constantly to mention. Our limits confine us to the remark that the last quarter of the nineteenth century lacks the favourable atmosphere for romance which was possessed by the first. The breath of perplexity ruffles the clear surface needed for reflection, and the picture is lost. "The Fall of Asgard,"* a tale which we are inclined to connect with the influence of the late John Richard Green, takes us to the coast of Norway and the tenth century of our era, and brings into the world of our jaded drawing-room fiction a series of bright strange images which the ruffling breeze of modern thought only troubles here and there. Yet it troubles them too much, and the story is too painful. A picture from a bygone age should, we think, be bright and somewhat superficial; unless it moves on the lines of a large and familiar tragic theme, we should rarely be brought into that close intimacy which the sympathy of a strong compassion creates, with the characters of another age. "The Fall of Asgard" is the fall of the Scandinavian worship under the attack of the new faith, and in its delineation of a pathetic clinging to a vanishing belief, a faithful loyalty to the gods of the past would appear to mirror the feelings of our own age in a medium of historic yet not altogether unsympathetic criticism. The story remains on the mind; its pathos, though painful, is pure and high.

The vanishing of everything that may be called orthodoxy from our horizon has an influence on art which is not obviously connected with its source. A great art has never implied an acceptance of the moral standard of its time; it has often gained much of its force from a protest against this standard. But if there is no such thing as a moral standard, Byron becomes as impossible as Cowper. One sometimes feels, in turning over a batch of novels of the day, as if that were the state we were coming to. Here, for instance, is a heroine who tries to kill her husband in order to marry her lover,† and inhabits a world, apparently, where the view taken of such an action is an open question. And here is another whose husband is prevented by her obliging care from setting her free by suicide,‡ as on hearing of her wishes he is quite prepared to do, but who is induced to yield her up by a divorce (which in Russia, where the scene is laid, is, it seems, possible to be obtained without guilt), and not only his facility, but her insistence, seems to be an object of the highest admiration. Lawless passion is a theme as old as the tale of Troy. But passion which has to settle whether it has any law to reckon with is something new. The artist who has painted its defiance to morality hitherto has dipped his brush in his deepest colouring; fierce temptation has thrown a shadow against which glowing emotions shone forth in their fiercest brilliancy. The shadow, according to these writers, is gone; there is no longer anything to resist. The moral law is an open question. Tragedy surely loses with it its best material. The shadows grow pale, and the colouring feeble. Mr. Hardy's sketch owes a certain amount of its indistinctness to this reason.§ It has been well described as a study

* "The Fall of Asgard." By Julian S. Corbetti. 2 vols. Macmillan & Co.

† "For Maimie's Sake." By Grant Allen. Chatto & Windus.

‡ "Cleopatra." By Henri Greville.

§ "The Wind of Destiny." By Arthur Sherborne Hardy. Macmillan & Co.

of the impressionist school, and we feel that impressions are its whole object. The husband does not in this case help his wife to a lover, as in the cases we have mentioned, but we feel that his whole attitude towards her love belongs to the new morality, and though her suicide rather suggests the old—it would have been more fitting, on the new view, that he should have taken himself out of the way—yet it is not really a tribute to violated duty so much as the utterance of that joy-loving weariness of struggle, and impatient flight towards the unknown, which characterizes a world where the old sanctions are abolished and feeling is measured by its intensity, not its direction. The title, though we should not call it a good description of the story, yet seems to us well to express the aspect of all life to this new spirit—a fitful yet irresistible impulse of which “thou canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth;” and the vague blots of colour and long sweeps of shadow form a suitable style for the expression of a moral scenery where the old landmarks are all obliterated, and none that are new are certified as enduring.

What a distance from such pictures as these to the clear, definite light and shade, the delicate outline, the pure colouring and careful detail of *Miss Yonge*.* We own ourselves quite unable to approach her work in a spirit of critical impartiality. One of her early readers, secure in the consciousness of widely spread sympathy, may be satisfied with welcoming a new production from her pen, and allowing the reminiscences of far away interest which it excites to steal into the attention of the present, without rigidly separating the pleasures of memory from those of critical appreciation. We may content ourselves, in introducing her last work, with saying that even its artistic flaw—so we must consider the choice of a different sex for the subject of her imaginary autobiography—has a certain attractiveness for readers who would so gladly know more of herself; but in choosing a period beyond her own scope she has, we imagine, purposely forbidden them to suppose that she is taking them into her confidence. There is something very appropriate to her literary position in this review of the changes of the last seventy years. Her stories embody the influence of a great man whose recollections must go back as far as those of her imaginary hero, and whose influence takes the mind much further. We should have wished indeed that her supernatural machinery had been associated with a more distant past; it does not strike us as quite in keeping with the aspect under which such phenomena have been regarded in our day.

Mrs. Oliphant continues her unbounded fertility, more in the interest of her readers' enjoyment than that of her own fame. The critic must regret her intemperate production, but a crowd of idlers accept it with gratitude, so that she pleases more than she offends even by her worst sin. A resemblance to Miss Austen, which always strikes us in her stories, comes out vividly in “*A Country Gentleman*,”† a story named on the principle of “*The Holy Roman Empire*.” The village where he lives is described with just the same kind of careful characteristic—not photographic—definiteness as that immortalized by the residence of Miss Bates; and the characters recall its inmates. The two writers

* “*The Old Chantry House*.” By Charlotte Yonge. Macmillan.

† “*A Country Gentleman and his Family*.” By Mrs. Oliphant. 3 vols. Macmillan & Co.

have much in common; both excel in the fine nuances of social distinction, and their character-painting has that proportion of sympathy and sarcasm which gives the representation its delicate sub-acid piquancy. But the resemblance, alas! preaches with a force dangerous to Mrs. Oliphant the advantages of literary temperance. Miss Austen never repeats herself. Not one portrait in her little gallery could be mistaken for another in the dimmest light. Mrs. Oliphant, on the other hand, hardly troubles herself to change the costume of her models; her portraits are almost all lifelike, but by this time almost every one is a repetition. In other ways the comparison suggests rather historic than individual considerations, and brings out the difference between an age of reticence, of reverent unquestioning orthodoxy, of a definite creed in the background, and all that touches on it left in shadow, and the life of our own time. One circumstance which brings out this difference forcibly is Mrs. Oliphant's interest in, and Miss Austen's consistent avoidance of, the thought of death. "The Country Gentleman" contains some passages we had marked for quotation, finely expressive of that new sense of mystery that has come upon the primal mystery, now that the beyond has grown more gentle and more dim. A less satisfactory point of contrast, to our mind, lies in the feelings of the two writers towards the opposite sex. While Miss Austen either gave us good and bad men and women impartially—or even, if anything, with a bias towards the opposite sex—Mrs. Oliphant's pictures of men almost always seem intended to bring out by contrast or otherwise the charms of her female creations. She has a right to create disagreeable men if she likes, but we must protest against allusions to vice in which she seems to us to have set herself to copy the tone of the vilest. The expression is not too harsh, surely, to be applied to a writer who represents an honourable man as bursting out laughing at hearing that the house where a wife who has left him for a series of successors turns out to be staying is one of ill fame. But this suggestion of unmentionable evil is possibly meant to be misleading, though we like it no better in that case.

We will resist all temptation to criticize Mr. James's* last novel from any other point of view than as the production of a clever and brilliant writer whose wit and shrewdness force us to listen with pleasure to an adulteration of familiar truth with vulgar prejudice and a narrative written on a plan that seems to us nothing less than execrable. He is such good company that we sit helpless while he insults our deepest convictions, and listen with irritation to what we would term, with a sense of inadequate virulence, the interruption of a perpetual *aside*. To be told not only what his *dramatis personæ* express but what they thought and kept to themselves, what they felt inclined to express and why they refrained—to be, in short, taken into their inmost confidence on every interview with them—seems to us a violation of every conceivable rule of literary good breeding, and affects us in fiction with not less sense of fatigue and unfitness than such an experience would in life. Intimacy of this close and absolute character should in both cases be an exceptional circumstance, a mark of special interest, not the inevitable result of an introduction. We do not say that it is never in place; there are crises in life when what men and women say or do cease to contain the true narrative of their lives; if you are to under-

* "The Bostonians." By Henry James. Macmillan & Co.

stand them you must know what they think and feel. But these crises are wholly exceptional, and to set the tone of a narrative to the key that they demand seems to us as great a mistake as for a sculptor to give all his work the anatomical indication that he needs to express the sudden strain of a Discobolus. The mistake is a result of that obsequious deference which Literature has in these days shown to triumphant Science; an instance of that obliteration of all reserve which the new lawgiver demands and she abhors. "By what he omits show me the master of style," is a maxim our popular writers have forgotten. It is curious that Mr. James should have fallen into this sin. The most earnest, and in spite of some odious associations we will add the most valuable, page in the "Bostonians," is devoted to a protest against what he calls "the damnable feminization of the age." How strikingly a latent touch of conscience accentuates protest! Mr. James is the greatest sinner in this "feminization" that fiction can produce. He gives us on this present canvas at the least three women to one man, and takes not half the trouble over the man that he spends on any of his women. As Mr. James conceives the interests of women, his tiny brush, his perpetual stippling, his touching and retouching every line, are appropriate media of representation, and he keeps to the region where this method is legitimate. The novel ends abruptly with the triumph of a man's will over a woman's sense of faithfulness to an engagement; and makes us feel vividly the weakness of woman and the momentum of man. But there is no sense of real strength anywhere.

To the reader who is in search of entertaining reading we would with confidence recommend the first volume of "The Crack of Doom,"* bargaining, however, that our recommendation shall be held to apply to the story only until it reaches the meeting of the British Association; after that date it is to be suddenly changed to a warning. The novel reminds us of a certain African flower which at its opening is a dazzling white, and which the first touch of fading changes to a deep black from which it takes its name of the ink plant. We take a virulent pleasure in observing the failure of any novels that come out in periodicals. The practice comes from Paris and has been sanctioned by Thackeray; it must have some occult justification, but to us it has always appeared an ingenious combination of all the conditions which can spoil a work of art. "The Crack of Doom" forms at any rate a neat illustration of this view, beginning as a racy, brilliant, amusing picture of society, ending as——; but we will not follow what might have been a worthy member of our circle to its last sad collapse. We could find it in our hearts to point the moral from "Court Royal,"† but will content ourselves with the remark that any novel by the author of "John Herring" must contain some brilliant pages.

"Two Pinches of Snuff"‡ has, besides its merit as a well-constructed story of the Wilkie Collins type, the further recommendation, becoming, we are glad to see, applicable to many more novels than it was, of introducing us to a sphere of work, and not confining its interest to love-making.

JULIA WEDGWOOD.

* "The Crack of Doom." By William Minto. Edinburgh & London: William Blackwood & Sons.

† "Court Royal." By the Author of "Mahalah." Smith, Elder & Co.

‡ "Two Pinches of Snuff." By Wm. Westall. Ward & Downey.

II.—GENERAL LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.—“The Life of Frederick Lucas, M.P.,” * is very late in coming, for Lucas has been dead—and, we may say, forgotten—for more than thirty years; but his memory is well worth reviving, and the present is a favourable moment for doing so. He was one of the leading Irish Parliamentary Nationalists of 1848, and much of the information his biography gives us about that struggle and its leaders, and their relations with the Vatican and the Bishops, is of considerable interest at the present time. But apart from this circumstance altogether, the man himself, in his personal character and career, is interesting. Brought up among the English Quakers, he became a convert to Catholicism in early life, apparently from sheer intellectual weariness of the quest for certainty. “Tired out,” as he says, “with profitless labour,” he lay down to sleep in the arms of ecclesiastical authority; and though a man of much independent and honest force in other spheres, is stated to have shown all through life unusual regard for ecclesiastical authority in the strictly religious province. His brother writes the Life in a plain and straightforward style, but he ought to have given us more details of its earlier years, and he might advantageously have compressed some of the account of the later ones.—“Henry Bazely, the Oxford Evangelist,” † also underwent a curious religious change—a less interesting one than Lucas’, but a much more uncommon. The son of a High Church rector at Poplar, he went over to the Scotch Presbyterian Church, and entered her ministry, because he became convinced of the divine obligation of the Presbyterian order of government and public worship. Though he left the English Church, however, he could not bring himself to leave England, and therefore built for himself, at his own expense, a church at Oxford, where he devoted himself mainly to general evangelistic labours. A man of individuality and rare devotion, of whom Mr. Hicks, an old university friend, writes a very interesting memoir.—Mr. William Raeburn Andrew, in his Life of his great-grandfather, Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A., ‡ has not been able to add much to our knowledge of the great portrait-painter, and has hardly drawn at all upon any private sources of information, if such still exist. But his book is the first separate Life of Raeburn, and besides being a good sketch of his career so far as it goes, contains a list of his works as exhibited in Edinburgh in 1876.—The “Autobiography of Lord Herbert of Cherbury” has been sixty years out of print, and is now much less read than it deserves. It throws light, as Mr. Lee, who now re-edits it, says, § on the social history of the time; but its great interest will always be the curious biographical study it offers of a philosopher

* By Edward Lucas. London: Burns & Oates.

† By the Rev. E. L. Hicks, M.A. London: Macmillan.

‡ London: W. K. Allen & Co.

§ “The Autobiography of Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury.” With Introduction, Notes, Appendices, and a Continuation of the Life by Sydney L. Lee, R.A. London: John C. Nimmo.

and politician, who had done serious and not unimportant work in both characters, wishing mainly to be remembered for having cut a figure in the frivolities of life. Mr. Lee in the present edition continues the *Life* down to its close, contributes a prefatory essay on the character and work of the man, and adds copious notes and appendices containing much appropriate information. The book is admirably printed on hand-made paper, and illustrated with four etched portraits.

TRAVELS.—Mr. Grattan Geary, editor of the *Bombay Gazette*, went up to Mandalay immediately after the overthrow of King Theebaw in December last, and gives us now the fruits of his visit in a little book, compact with information, called “Burma after the Conquest.”* Anybody who wants to know about the country, and the political situation there, will not be disappointed in consulting Mr. Geary’s book.—“Life and Society in Eastern Europe”† is a set of very lively and amusing sketches of the heterogeneous kinds of people and races met with in Transylvania. The author is a teacher of English—or perhaps only professes to be, for the sake of literary form—and takes us with him from place to place, and from customer to customer, in quest of employment. He brings us thus among all sorts and conditions of men, describes their surroundings and reports their conversations, and on the whole writes a very clever book of most varied interest.—Mr. Percy G. Ebbutt emigrated to Kansas fifteen years ago, a boy of ten, and now publishes an account of his experiences there under the title of “Emigrant Life in Kansas.”‡ He has no very breathless adventures to tell, but he gives very good—and what to intending emigrants will prove very useful—descriptions of his every-day existence in the West, of his work and his troubles, and his neighbours and his recreations.—“Ling-Nam” is the name of a well-written account of travels in the interior of China, by the Rev. B. C. Henry.§ He penetrated into some regions that are very little known, if known at all, to Europeans, and his accounts of the aborigines, the Les and other non-Chinese primitive tribes, are extremely interesting.—Professor Bendall’s “Journal of Literary and Archaeological Research in Nepal and Northern India,”|| will interest scholars chiefly. It is an account of a tour undertaken by him last year in search of Sanscrit and other native MSS. and inscriptions. In this search he was very successful; and after giving some notes of his travels, he gives a classified list of the MSS. he has acquired, and of others he saw without acquiring them, and also of the inscriptions he was able to discover. The book is illustrated with many photographs.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Sir Richard Temple calls his new book “Cosmopolitan Essays,”¶ because it treats of countries and problems in every continent of the world; but it deserves the name also for the broad and thoroughly unprejudiced spirit in which it is invariably written. His standpoint is always that of a thoughtful and statesman-like observer; and whether he is speaking of Palestine or of China, of Siam or the United States, his remarks are well worth reading, bearing the impress at once of careful study of the subject, and of large general

* London: Sampson Low & Co.

† By William James Tucker, an English Linguist. London: Sampson Low & Co.

‡ London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

|| Cambridge: University Press.

§ London: S. W. Partridge & Co.

¶ London: Chapman & Hall.

experience of affairs. In his chapter on "The Politics of Burmah" he vindicates the annexation of Ava; in a very judicial paper on "Imperial Federation" he comes to the conclusion that for the present a moral federation is the only thing practicable; and the articles on "Forestry for the British Dominions" and "The Chinese Population" contain much valuable information.—Mr. C. H. Herford, in his "Studies in the Literary Relations of England and Germany in the Sixteenth Century," * breaks comparatively new ground, and breaks it with a very thorough and exact research. In the sixteenth century Germany exerted a world-wide intellectual and theological influence through the Lutheran Reformation; but her chief—if not, as Mr. Herford contends, even her sole—literary influence was conveyed through that popular satirical literature to which the *Ship of Fools*, *Uhlenspiegel*, and *Grobianus* belong. The effect of this class of books on the English literature of the time is what Mr. Herford seeks to elucidate, and he certainly succeeds in throwing a great deal of light on the whole subject, and in giving as he goes much curious and well-sifted information of many sorts. The book, moreover, is admirably written.—It is wonderful and not altogether creditable how little we know about fish like salmon or herring, that are constantly under observation, and whose habits it would seem to be our business to know in a commercial interest. Mr. J. W. Willis-Bund's "Salmon Problems" † shows us what a number of apparently simple questions about that fish are still hopeless riddles, and makes out a strong case for more specially directed observation and experiment. The author, as chairman of the Severn Fishery Board, has given a great deal of attention to the subject, and writes with manifest knowledge and investigating faculty. His book will be found interesting as well as useful reading.—In "The Book of Duck Decoys" ‡ Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey gives us a very lucid, ample, and entertaining treatise on a sport once very common all over England, though now, from comparative scarcity of ducks, fallen into abeyance. This is the first book that has been written on the subject, and Sir Ralph has depended for his information on his own personal experience and the manifestly considerable private inquiries which he has instituted. It will surprise most people to know what a large number of duck decoys—most of them now unused, however—he has been able to obtain particulars about. The home counties seem to have had many, and even in the heart of London, Charles II. used to practise duck-decoying on the water of St. James's Park. It is curious that no trace can be discovered of a duck decoy having ever existed in Scotland, though ducks are even yet plentiful in some waters there. *

* Cambridge: University Press.

† London: Sampson Low & Co.

‡ London: John Van Voorst.

MR. W. E. FORSTER'S EARLY CAREER.

AN ECONOMIC RETROSPECT.

WHEN Homer described the swiftness of the ships of the Phæacians, he likened their passage from port to port to the flight of birds, or of *thought*.

What gave point to the likeness was, no doubt, the peculiar position of the cities of the Greeks on the shores of an archipelago of islands, which made every journey a voyage, and the recollection of it a swift transition from beginning to end, or from end to beginning, the blue sea and the toil in rowing dropping for the moment easily out of memory.

Whilst witnessing the solemn service in Westminster Abbey before the remains of Mr. Forster were taken to their last resting-place near his home in Yorkshire, something of the same sudden transition in thought suggested itself. The image of what he was in my boyhood came back so vividly that there seemed for the moment to have been hardly an interval between the beginning and the end of the statesman's life, full as it had been—between the impression made by the young politician, full of ardent and noble aspirations, and the solemn close of a long and honourable career. His life had been one of hard work for his country—for few men worked harder or more continuously than he did. It ended at a tragic moment of political crisis, in which every patriotic heart was strained by anxious doubt. The verdict upon his life, from friend and foe alike, was that of "well done" upon a faithful public servant. Every one felt that he had honestly served his country.

• But, as I have said, the funeral service in the Abbey at the close of his career, seemed to throw one back on the image of what he was at its beginning. I have no doubt it did so to others of his friends, and not to myself only. There must be many working

men of Bradford to whom his early political career was recalled by his death, and with it the recollection of the remarkable economic crisis, in the midst of which, and in close connection with which, Mr. Forster's personality first came before them, impressing them even then, years before it came to pass, with the conviction that in him they had found the right man to represent them in Parliament.

The crisis was in itself so remarkable, and Mr. Forster's early career was so intimately mixed up with it, that I trust I shall be pardoned if, connecting the two together, I endeavour to recall them with the view of comparing a statesman's early aspirations and economic theories in such a crisis—forty years ago—with the actual course of things during his political lifetime. I purposely kept these recollections and observations back till the excitement of the elections should be over, and the reader will find in them no allusion connecting them with any recent political controversy. It will be seen that I have quite another object.

My recollections of Mr. Forster's tall, long-boned figure go back to 1842, when he came to Bradford to commence business there. His tallness was more striking than in many men of six foot four. He used to tell a story of a Cornish old lady who, when told how tall he was, remarked that, "Providence might have spared him the odd inches." It was so. The few inches of extra height helped to give a sort of awkwardness to his manners which struck people; as though he did not know what to do with his limbs. The first impression I recall is that of a man eccentric and unusual, with a strong energetic character, restless alike in body and mind, making his own way on unbeaten paths, of whom people thought and talked with interest as a new comer, and even then as likely to make his mark in the world. I have noticed that mention has been made of his *roughness*, as though that were the chief first impression produced. I should say that the awkwardness of manner in the *Norfolk* man, which he retained through life, may have been mistaken by some, not Yorkshiremen themselves, for Yorkshire roughness. But my recollections—as a rough Yorkshire boy myself—recall rather traits of kindness and gentleness, all the more striking in a man of six foot four, full of restless energy like his. Activity of mind was at least as striking in him as his long stride and loose manner of gait.

He brought with him to Yorkshire, what in those days was no doubt looked upon by some of his friends as a daring and even dangerous width of thought-reading and acquaintance. On the shelves of the room, furnished for himself in an old Yorkshire "fold,"* a mile or two out of town, were to be seen the works of Mill, Comte and Carlyle. And it was soon known that Carlyle and John Sterling were among his personal friends.

* The enclosure of an old farm-house in Yorkshire called a "fold."

When the election came and he threw his energy into it, and one day headed a troop of rough Irishmen and Chartists in an expedition to release some Liberal voters locked up by the Tories in the upper room of a public-house to keep them from voting, no wonder if the new comer, stalking up the steep narrow street, his tall slim figure towering head and shoulders conspicuously above the rabble around him, came in for his share of remark, earning the passing nickname of "the Devil's ramrod" from the people, whilst his more old-fashioned and cautious friends shook their heads and doubted whether the young politician might not be too much of a Chartist for them, especially as it was reported that he had declared himself in favour of Universal Suffrage.

But the man who was known among other eccentric things to invite an infant school to tea in his "fold," hiring as many hurdy-gurdy men as he could lay his hands on to entertain the children, or who interested his friends by the evident sincerity of his anxiety to find out the kindest way of killing a favourite cat which was in misery (I believe one of his mother's favourites), insisting at last on shooting it himself—the only animal he ever shot in his life—and who accompanied his father in his expedition of mercy to Ireland during the famine, and was introduced as the nephew of Sir T. F. Buxton, was better known for higher qualities than his roughness. I remember him one day taking a young lady friend of his and ours with us boys to Van Amburg's wild beast show, and in fun squeezing us all through the turnstile as children at half-price, though she was about his own age. I met the lady in question since Mr. Forster's death, and she remarked to me that looking back to his first arrival in Yorkshire she thought too much had been made of his roughness and too little of his genial kindness and generous disposition.

But the *times* were rough enough in Yorkshire and Bradford when he made his first acquaintance with them. Mr. Forster's public life began in a period of commercial and political depression far deeper and more painful than that through which England has recently been passing. The crisis had lasted long and produced fresh problems of economic theories, and out of it had arisen new schools of political economy and new philosophies of social life associated with the names of Mill and Carlyle. Various socialistic movements, with France as a centre, had long been undermining the foundation of monarchical institutions on the Continent, till at length, following upon the French Revolution of 1848, thrones tottered one after another, and the present German Emperor, flying from his father's capital, had to take refuge at the residence of the Prussian Ambassador in London. The Chartists and the wilder "levellers" of the North of England, with their gangs of rioters and mass meetings on the moors for drilling with pikes—they were too poor to buy firearms

—represented the forms of Socialism produced in this more temperate zone of political life. Bad seasons and Irish famines had at length forced the hand of the English Government and secured the repeal of the Corn-laws. And this had no doubt given some relief. But fresh inroads of Irish into the towns of the West Riding were still swamping more and more the already depressed labour market in the manufacturing districts.

These fresh troubles came, too, at a time when the gradual displacement of hand-loom weaving and wool-combing by machinery was in itself a severe strain upon these districts. The rattle of the shuttle of the handloom weaver, working far into the night, was still a familiar sound as you passed his cottage. Long hours and an ever lessening result in weekly earnings were wearing away his health and that of his pale and sickly family, but he might still be seen bravely bearing on his shoulder the burden of the warp, which was to be woven into another and yet another piece of worsted cloth, or unwinding it by the roadside upon sticks stuck at intervals into holes in the rough dry stone wall, following the traditional routine of his weary life till he should succumb to sickness and poverty, and fall at last out of the rank of workers into the great army of paupers. His fellow worker, the wool-comber, was still met on the public pathway, shouldering his bundle of wool and carrying in his hand his pair of great long steel-pointed combs, "each in the other locked." His weekly income was no less doomed to dwindle, till the few shillings he could earn must be supplemented by outdoor relief, or he, too, must succumb and go to the workhouse with his family. This hopeless competition with mills and machinery was coming to a close. But even the mill hands were suffering from the general depression, and the relations between employers and employed were anything but easy ones. Pauperism had risen throughout the whole of England and Wales, till during the winter quarter of 1847-8, the public returns showed a total of 1,700,000 persons receiving relief out of a population of about 15,000,000—one in ten!

The process which had brought about this result had been going on for years. I remember—it must have been in 1844 or 1845, before the repeal of the Corn-laws—the visit of a gang of rioters. Pouring into the yard of my father's house, armed with sticks and staves, they demanded bread, and after devouring the loaves handed out to them, rushed off to a neighbouring mill down in the valley to pull out the plug of the boiler and stop the machinery. At that time, too, almost every other night for some weeks, the horizon was lighted up by the burning of hay ricks, till there were hardly any left. At length there were special constables sworn in and soldiers quartered in the town.

Naturally, as year by year increased the commercial depression, a

tone of despondency became almost universal. Capital as well as labour had its trials and losses. Continental anarchy disturbed foreign trade, and much of the wool used in Bradford was then imported from Germany. The railway mania had dragged into the general crisis the savings of the private investor. The price of railway stock was every day falling, till at last the railway king was deposed. People were beginning to inquire whether there was capital enough in England to complete the lines in course of construction. What was to be the remedy? Was there any hope that the prosperity of England and its manufactures would return?

It was in this dull time of despondency, when thousands were on the verge of starvation, and low wages and want of work had become seemingly chronic—in October 1848—that Mr. Forster came forward and delivered the three lectures on “Pauperism and its proposed Remedies,” at the Mechanics’ Institute at Bradford, which first brought him prominently before his future constituency as likely some day to become its member.

I have obtained the reports of these lectures in the *Bradford Observer*. The signs of the times are evident enough in the three current numbers. They contain letters and paragraphs about the railway crisis. They report in the London money market, a continuance of panic, purchasers deserting the market, the greatest gloom prevailing, great depression in the funds, discounts $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., advances on the Stock Exchange at 1 per cent., bankers and brokers refusing money at call—“such a general want of confidence that moneyed parties shrink from embarking their capital in what have hitherto been considered as most safe and profitable investments.” There is a leading article on the “Insurrection in Vienna.” Another on the Irish State Trials just after O’Connell’s death, and the sentences on the prisoners, who had been defended by Mr. Butt. These trials of Young Ireland’s leaders made the closing chapter in the Irish Rebellion of ’48. Mr. Forster was fresh from his own visit to Ireland when he gave the lectures. His audience was chiefly composed of men of the working classes—many of them Chartists. I do not know that there is anything very remarkable in them, or that they show any extraordinary foresight. I did not hear them myself; but I remember the interest they excited, and the current comments upon them at the time. Examining them now, after the lapse of thirty-eight years, they seem to me to be of considerable interest, not only from the point of view of the subsequent career of the lecturer and his personal character, but still more as placing before us the views of an ardent young politician in the economic crisis of 1848 for the purpose of comparison with the actual course of events which has now, like the statesman’s career, become a matter of history.

Mr. Forster took as his text the Poor-law returns—1,700,000

persons receiving relief in the previous winter quarter—what did this fact mean? What were these paupers who had cost the nation during the previous year £5,800,000? They were mostly surplus labourers. How could there be too many labourers? The men themselves asked—Why are we paupers? Why may we not work? Why should we be surplus labourers? This was the question which all over Europe was being asked even fiercely. Chartism in England, rebellion in Ireland, Red Republicanism in France, peasant wars in Germany, riots in Berlin and Vienna—all these were modes of asking the same question. Pikes and clubs were the rough way of asking it, and bayonets and cannon balls, though they might seem to stop it for a while, could not answer it.

Mr. Forster's object was to examine the remedies proposed for this terrible fact of pauperism. And first among them he placed *Communism*. What was the Communists' remedy? Pauperism, said the Communist, must arise from one of two causes. Either (1) under-production, or (2) unequal distribution. It could not be the first, because every one knew the general cry of all trades to be *over-production*. The other, unequal distribution, is the result of the doctrine, "*Each for himself*," instead of "*Each for all and all for each*," which latter was the motto of Communism.

From this motto the Communist deduced the theory, "From each according to his strength—to each according to his need." Let a man work as he can and be paid as he wants. This realized would be the fulfilment of the Communist's dream. But how did he propose to attain it? By causing all wealth to belong, not to individuals, but to the State, and to be redistributed by the State according to the needs of the workers. He (Mr. Forster) had tried to discuss this theory as fairly as he could, as if he had been a Communist himself. It was a tempting theory to the philanthropist and the pauper. But was it true? It struck at the right of private property. What was that right? The permission to each to gather and enjoy the fruits of his labour, to barter the results of his labour with others, to dispose of it during life and will it at death. Surely this was right and just. Surely it would be wrong and unjust to destroy it—to take away from the worker the reward of his labour and the inducement to work, in order that all men, whatever their deserts, should share alike.

Communism pure and simple being found to be unjust, the lecturer next examined St. Simonism with its modified Socialism, based on the motto, "From each man according to his capacity, to each capacity according to its strength." This was quite another thing. Here work, not want, was made the claim to reward. If this could be attained it would be the fulfilment of the true idea of property. But why was it not attained? St. Simon said it was

because labour was not properly organized. Too much was left to chance. Let all workers work together in one great organization, throwing the result into a common stock, which should then be distributed to each worker according to his merits.

These schemes had been tried, but had never been found practicable. They would not and could not work. If human nature were perfect they might work, but then they would not be needful. Evidently in neither Communism nor Socialistic schemes like these of St. Simon and others was the remedy for pauperism to be found. So the inquirer is driven to listen to the advocates of *Competition*, and the principle of *laissez faire*.

The right of labour to its reward—this was the first point in their creed. This right of private property they said was the safeguard of society, because this *right* was also a *might*, because this claim of labour to its reward was the motive to produce and so *self-interest* became the safeguard of society. Enlighten it and give it fair play and all they said would be safe.

"But," asks the pauper, "if this be your medicine where am I to get it?" Freedom of production would indeed be the remedy if the producers were free. It was because they were not free, because the circumstances of their existence made them machines instead of men that they were paupers.

But then the *laissez faire* man had an answer to this complaint of the pauper. He said to the pauper, it may be all very true that you are not free, but that is not my fault. It is either your own or your parents' fault. Either your or their want of self-denial or ignorance of the rule of enlightened self-interest made you what you are. Probably your parents made a mistake in bringing you into the world. You have been born a law-breaker, and you are a pauper and must starve, and if you don't like it—why—you can die! The *laissez faire* man said this and he prided himself on being a practical man. He urged that whenever Government interfered it did more harm than good. It would have been better if the Government had always let them alone. No doubt Government made many mistakes. But for this very reason Mr. Forster said he would give the ruled a voice in the election of their rulers, so as to make the governors responsible to the governed. This had made him a convert to the principles of free suffrage and kept him to it in spite of the empty vaunts and murderous threats—the mire and blood, through which so many of its professed friends but real foes had dragged it of late. Men had a right not to be misgoverned or let alone but to be properly governed.

Mr. Forster protested against the *laissez faire* men that Government had *duties*, the neglect of the discharge of which produced Communism. And he urged that true political economy did not preach

the doctrine of *laissez faire*, did not tell Governments to let crime and misery and pauperism alone, but defined the principles on which they should act if they would not do more harm than good.

In the second lecture, Mr. Forster gave to the working men of Bradford a popular view of the truths of political economy, based as one may easily see, chiefly on John Stuart Mill's great work, which itself was to a large extent based upon what at the time seemed to be the dominant and pressing economic conditions of the problem, viz., the inexorable '*limitation of the wage-fund*'—in other words, scarcity of capital available for the employment of labour—and the increasing pressure of population upon the means of subsistence attributed to the '*law of diminishing return.*' This philosophy ended in the inevitable conclusion that the prudential check of a high moral state and standard of comfort *afforded the only way* out of the dilemma. He concluded thus:—

"To what then had political economy brought them. It proved three things. First, that the workman did not get a fair day's wage for a fair day's work, because the population had kept ahead of agricultural improvements. Second, the only thing which could be effectual to check this over rapid increase of population was what was called the *prudential check*. Third, this check could only be applied, or if it *could* be applied *ought* only to be applied, not by force or fear, not by forcing paupers to be wifeless or exiles, but by giving them motives to prudence, giving them hope of bettering their condition, putting them in a position they would fear to lose, giving them in fact, the same chance which other classes had of rising in the world. The standard of living and habits of the people must be raised, their expectations, wishes and desires increased, their wants strengthened—wants which they would be so eagerly determined to gratify that they would cease to rush into reckless marriages. There must be a lift given to the condition of the labouring classes, their standard of living must be raised or there was little hope."

The concluding lecture is perhaps the most interesting of the three, inasmuch as it was addressed to the practical question, "What can Government properly do to raise the standard of comfort among the masses of the people and so to lessen pauperism."

Should a law be passed that no one should be paid less than a certain fixed minimum scale of wages? That would not do, because the total wage-fund remaining the same, what was given extra to the badly paid must be taken from those now well paid. It would only be shifting a portion of the amount paid in wages from one class to another. If the wage-fund were divided among a smaller number, so many more would be left without a share in it and set aside as mere useless machines. Mr. Forster denied that men ought to be regarded as machines. The *laissez faire* economist

would let the surplus labourers die. But that would not do, because, if for no better reason, before they starved they would riot and burn ricks and mills, and so Government in practice found it needful to feed the unemployed at the charge of the nation. Hence our *poor laws*.

The mere feeding by the State of the army of unemployed, was, Mr. Forster urged, a loss to the nation. It lessened the national savings, was a drag on the increase of capital, curtailed the already too slow growth of the wage-fund, and so helped to keep down wages. He thus found himself in the meshes of an economic theory from which he could not escape. The laws of political economy being as he found them, he fell in with the current proposal of Mill and his friends, and advocated, what might perhaps raise a smile now among those who are wise after the event—viz., the State employment of the 1,700,000 paupers in productive labour, chiefly in agriculture upon waste lands, so that they might keep themselves by their labour, and cease to be drags upon the increase of the wage-fund. Here was something that Government might do. It might encourage unions to employ their paupers. Manchester, Sheffield, Halifax, Marylebone, were already setting to work; why not Bradford, and other places?

Mr. Forster, after alluding cautiously to the subject of emigration, said that there were other things that Government could do. A fresh and more equitable arrangement of taxation was one of them, and there were other political and social reforms which would help. Could not Government do something to extinguish poverty of mind as well as body? He supposed that, owing to the differences in theological views, the Government must let *preaching* alone. But *teaching* was quite another thing. Men might disagree about the articles of faith, but they could hardly dispute about the letters of the alphabet. If religious men objected to State Education on the ground either that they feared that teachers might be tempted to preach, or that without the preaching, education would be irreligious; however sincere their opposition to national education, it was, he thought, not their religion but their irreligion and bigotry which prompted the opposition.

The *laissez faire* man indeed objected that if the State undertook the education of the people, it would "first fetter men's minds and then their bodies, and it would end in making them *serfs*." "If there happened to be any of his old acquaintances, the Chartists, present, he might tell them that he believed a system of State Education would help them uncommonly quick to the suffrage! (Cheers.) If all could wield *pens* it would help them more towards the suffrage than the *pikes* they had wielded of late." (Laughter.) He concluded his lecture by a reference to Ireland, insisting that it was a part of the English problem, and that so long as there was

misery there the inundation of the English labour market by half-starving Irish would be sure to go on. Taking the same view as on English pauperism, he endorsed the proposals of Mill and others, to employ the starving population by buying up the waste lands from the landlords, and placing the peasantry upon them, unconscious as yet that the results of free trade and steam would not in the long run favour the experiment.

Mr. Forster concluded by saying, that "he was gratified by the patient attention he had received, and earnestly commending the subject to the consideration of his hearers. It was a subject upon which he felt warmly . . . he had tried to deal, not with individuals, but principles and facts, and to speak the truth without fear or flattery, for this pauperism was too terrible, too sorrowful a subject to allow of any concealment or disguise of the truth. Why cannot each one of our fellow citizens earn a fair day's wage for a fair day's work? This ought to be a life question for them all, and let them not rest till each had done his best to insure it!" (Loud cheers).

As I have said, I did not myself hear the lectures, but I can recall the interest they excited, and how, ever after their delivery, Mr. Forster was regarded, especially by the working men of Bradford, as likely some day to represent the borough in Parliament. It was many years before he did so. When he ceased to live at Bradford, and took a house at Rawdon, and still more when he and his partner bought the Mills and Estate at Burley, where he ever afterwards resided, he was to a certain extent removed from close connexion with Bradford working men and their movements. Amongst the old school of politicians he was for some time looked upon with suspicion, as an extreme Radical, and even as a Chartist and a Socialist. I remember a curious instance of this. He gave a lecture on "St. Augustine," at the Mechanics' Institution. A friend of his at York wrote on hearing of the lecture, that he would have come over all the way from York to hear it, if he thought Mr. Forster was going to speak of St. Augustine from the side of his religious character, but as it was, he should not come to hear the lecture, as of course what had enamoured Mr. Forster was St. Augustine's *Communitistic* tendencies! He was wrong. The 'Confessions,' and the story of St. Augustine's earnest search among the philosophers of his day for the true philosophy, was what had fascinated the lecturer. It was just after John Sterling's death, and I shall never forget the pathos with which he repeated a few lines from a poem of Henry Vaughan's, and concluded with "the equally beautiful words of one whom I have been proud to be able to call my friend, John Sterling."

I gained from hearing that lecture an insight into the deeper side of Mr. Forster's character, and learned to recognize an undercurrent

of feeling, and an attitude of thought which lay behind the whole of his political life.

I recollect another occasion on which Mr. Forster came prominently forward, and this was at a meeting called by the Voluntary Educationists, to oppose, I think, the extension of the system of public grants, at which he moved an amendment in favour of National Education. He lost it, but was rewarded at the end of the meeting, by three cheers being carried with enthusiasm for "the future member for Bradford."

I will not pursue these personal recollections further. Mr. Forster's political career from this time became the common property of the country, and it is not my intention to describe or to criticize his public political life, or indeed to allude to anything which is beside the purpose for which I have written.

I am calling attention especially to the lectures on pauperism, mainly with the view of comparing the hopes and aspirations and projects of an ardent politician in 1848 with the real future which lay before him and his country. I suppose that no surprise need be excited by the confusion in the minds of honest politicians—many of them Liberals—as to Mr. Forster's object and position in these lectures. To speak soberly upon Communism in those days was to many minds to have a secret inclination towards it. To attempt to state the arguments of the Communist carefully and with fairness, in order to convince him where he was wrong, was quite sufficient evidence for some people of communistic tendencies, just as the advocacy of general suffrage was enough to make a man a "Chartist." Probably any one of these suspicious critics of Mr. Forster—if such survive—who should choose to read these lectures through from beginning to end now would lay them down with surprise and acknowledge that there is nothing more ultra-Radical about them than the approval of free suffrage, national education, and the State employment of paupers.

On the other hand, I think we may recognize in these lectures not only the deep earnestness with which he commenced the political work of his life—his real sympathy with working men and their trials, and determination to devote himself to their good—but also some of the qualities which were part of the mental fibre of the future statesman. They are not the lectures of a wild enthusiast. They show, I think, an evident and habitually exercised effort to look fairly, and get others to look fairly, at both sides of a question, and to show to his working-class audience that, in dealing with the various Socialistic proposals to get rid of pauperism, he met them with no preconceived negative. He had himself tried to understand and even sympathize with these projects. He had evidently first fairly heard the arguments for them before he gave his verdict against them.

This was a trait in Mr. Forster's character which he retained throughout his career. He was not and never became a mere party man, staunch a Liberal as he was. Strong as his convictions were, his mind was open, and he kept it open to conviction throughout life. His anxiety to understand what was to be said on the opposite side was not momentary. He honestly retained a regard for whatever of truth he found in the views of his opponents. Thus sometimes in the practical result when it came to be shaped in action there was not the simplicity of oneness which most easily ensures popularity. There was sometimes found in it a pertinacious fairness and a determination to do even justice which prevented his always pleasing his own party.

Whatever people thought then, when the lectures were delivered, we may fairly take them as a careful popular expression of what the advanced politicians and political economists of the time had to say on the great subject of pauperism and its remedies when one in every ten of the people was on the list of paupers.

Did their theories hold good? Where did they fail in fulfilment?

There were points in the programme which have been pursued and realized, and which Mr. Forster himself energetically helped to realize—the Extension of the Suffrage and National Education. These, though strongly democratic remedies for pauperism, were not in the objectionable sense of the word *Socialistic*. They tended to set men free to work out their own prosperity without loading upon others. They ministered to individual independence, self-reliance, and self-control. But the other specific remedy so ardently advocated by Mr. Forster and the economists of the day—the State employment of paupers—was *Socialistic*. It was in fact, little as they knew it, a direct concession to the socialistic theory, wrung from otherwise sound political economists by the exigencies of the moment. It has not been found either feasible or necessary. As a practical suggestion it proved abortive. We see that if it had been tried on a large scale it would have tended to pauperize. It would have stopped the progress towards economic prosperity rather than aided it, as all other such remedies must do. But how was it that Mill and others were led to advocate it? Surely a valuable lesson must lie in a careful attempt to find out where lay the flaw in their reasoning, especially at a time when men, under the pressure of another period of depression, are again tempted to favour semi-socialistic remedies.

There can be little doubt I think that the economists of 1848 were led into this unsound suggestion by the current misconception that the ruling and all-controlling limits to economic progress were the "limitation of the wage-fund" and the "law of diminishing return."

Where then lay the flaw in their reasoning?

First, as to their theory of the wage-fund. It assumed that the amount of capital or wealth available for the employment of labour and the payment of wages was at any given moment a fixed and certain quantity, and that wages could not rise higher than this total divided by the number of labourers.

Looking back with eyes opened by subsequent experience, it is easy to see in the condition of things described by the current weekly newspaper in which Mr. Forster's lectures are reported, clear indications that the mischief lay elsewhere than in the inadequacy of the wage-fund. At the moment Mr. Forster was speaking, not only the 1,700,000 of unemployed people, but also millions of idle capital were, as we have seen, going a-begging for employment. Bankers and brokers were reported as refusing to take fresh money, and charging one or one and a-half per cent. only for loans on the Stock Exchange, and two and a-quarter and two and a-half for the discount of bills. Capitalists dared not embark their capital in any fresh venture. There was over-production in most trades. It seemed likely that the capital already embarked in railways would yield a very poor return, and such was the sense of insecurity and unsettlement, owing to commercial panic and political uncertainty, that, with money crying out for investment, Consols were at 85.

The volume of capital is no doubt relatively to population vastly larger *now* than it was in 1848, but it may well be doubted whether even *then* want of capital or too small a wage-fund was a great factor in the depression which caused the pauperism.

The wage-fund is as a matter of fact not a fixed quantity. Show a profit on capital invested in the employment of labour in any particular trade, and floods of capital will flow into the wage-fund of that trade, and would have done so even then without stint. But capital is timid, and therefore you may have Funds at 85 and millions lying idle in the banks while one in ten of your population may be in part fed by the poor rates. There may be over-production in almost every trade, because those who are still at work in each trade may be producing more than consumers can purchase of the particular goods they supply.

Mr. Forster, in his lecture speaks of the Bradford warehouses as glutted with goods, and the wharves of England as overflowing with corn. The very cry of the unemployed was "over-production," and this led them to burn ricks and mills.

The heresy as to the wage-fund has been in part exposed by recent economists. It has been shown that the produce of the labour itself provides at least the greater part of the wage-fund required to produce it; that thus, only a small part of it comes out of capital, so that the wage-fund is elastic and not fixed.

Further, the conception of the wage-fund as a single fund seems to be fallacious. There are, in truth, thousands of wage-funds. Each trade has its own; and capital will flow into this or that trade according to the prospect of profits held out to it.

The real limit is the *demand for the produce* of any particular trade. The wage-fund of that trade is and was limited, not by the general scarcity of capital, but only by *the total value of the produce for which there may be purchasers*. That total value has to be divided between the labour and capital employed in its production. And in the long run both labour and capital will flow into a trade or out of it, according to the temptations it offers or fails to offer in the shape of wages and profit.

If, therefore, you have 1,700,000 paupers, you cannot set them to work in any existing trade without lessening the rate of wages and profits in that trade, because you do not thereby materially increase the consumption of the article produced. If, for instance, you set 1,000 of them to make clothes for the army, 1,000 tailors, who are now making the clothes, would be thrown out of employment.

The only way in which the unemployed can be employed without lessening the wages of the already employed lies either in the direction of an increased consumption of the productions of existing trades (which must necessarily be gradual, and can hardly be artificially stimulated to any great extent), or in the discovery of new objects of production which shall add to human comfort, or economise time and labour so as ultimately and permanently to raise the standard of comfort of large classes of mankind.

And, in the nature of things, we may rely upon it that, if the energy and enterprise and invention of a nation are not greatly at fault, so far as economic laws are concerned, its future population, even though rapidly increasing, will, so long as practically the limits of the land of the world are still wide enough and the door of emigration open to all, find ample employment in the supply of the ever-increasing demands. And all in their turn will become consumers, and do their share in swelling the ever increasing demand for the products even of the old trades. It may confidently be assumed that the wage-fund will expand to meet the emergency. The increase of capital and the system of credit in our stage of civilization will take good care of that.

Surely the *elasticity* and not the *limitation* of the wage-fund, for practical purposes, is the dominant law of economic progress, which, though slow in its working, nevertheless has lain and lies at the root of the possibility and the hope—hitherto imperfectly, no doubt, but yet in degree marvellously realized—that a hale and energetic race, ever increasing in numbers, may at the same time steadily and surely in the long run increase in individual wealth, and constantly

and steadily find itself attaining a higher and higher standard of comfort, not only for one here and another there, but diffused more and more evenly through the millions and tens of millions of its working classes.

In this law surely rests the hope that the planet will not be an economic failure, that the future of the world will be in a material sense better than the past.

But the old economists were hampered not only by their notion of a limited wage-fund, but also and still more by their doctrine of the inexorable and dominating rule of the law of "diminishing return." The result they traced to this law was the constant tendency of population to outrun the production of the necessaries of life. The cost of production they thought was likely ever to become greater and greater, and nothing but a check on population could avert the consequent misery of mankind.

It is quite true with reservations (of which they were aware), that every added dose of capital applied to any particular land must result in a diminished proportional return. If the land from which the food of an ever-increasing English population had to be drawn were limited to English soil only, the law of diminishing return would really be the most inexorable and controlling of limitations to English progress and prosperity. But free trade and steam have opened to our markets all the corn-growing land of the world, so that, as a matter of fact, during the past forty years, the growth of population has not outrun the supply of corn, but the supply of corn has outrun the growth of population. In this the fears of the Malthusians have been outwitted by the native resources of political economy. The really dominating factor in economic evolution has proved, so far, to be not the law of diminishing return, making it harder and harder to find food for the world's population, but its opposite—viz., the *law of diminishing cost of production*. This law has hitherto outridden the other.

Will it do so in the future? All one can say is, that it seems very probable that for some generations to come it will. For all practical purposes of calculation it seems more likely that we shall have to reckon with a constantly increasing cheapness of food, clothing, and other necessaries of life, than the opposite; provided that there is a fair exercise on man's part of his intellectual faculties in invention and foresight, and of his moral faculties in the maintenance of social order, health, energy, and enterprise, and provided further that the door of emigration and natural expansion is duly kept open.

The general cheapness in our markets, during this time of depression of trade, of all the great articles of human consumption is a fact which, instead of causing alarm, ought surely, within reasonable

limits, to be taken as a proof, and a most effective one, that our civilization is, materially at least, a success; that the devices of human intelligence and the increase of capital, and the increasing diffusion of wealth and division of labour, and the use of machinery, and other resources of civilization, have more than overcome the difficulties placed in our way by the law of diminishing return—a proof that growth of population, if accompanied with these other things which in the lump we call civilization, ought (till the limits of space on the planet are much more nearly reached than they are), to mean not only an ever increasing total production of wealth for all, but an ever increasing share in it for each. This seems, as we have said, to be the dominant law of economic evolution, and not the law of diminishing return.

No doubt the limits of space on the planet will some day count for more than they do now in the problem of economic progress. But even the certain prospect of a limit some day to be realized need not unduly appal us. The resources of Nature in the sphere of economic laws will not even then be exhausted. The law of diminishing return may again some day become as dominant a factor for the whole world as it was in England before the barrier of the Corn-laws was broken. This may come 100 or 200 years hence, or possibly earlier. Be it so. Let us never forget what such a prospect would mean. It would mean that there was this period, whatever it may be, still left for the gradual growth and realization of that prudential check, which a steady rise in the standard of comfort ought to produce. Mr. Mill's chapter on the "Stationary State" may thus be good reading some day. The stationary state may turn out after all to be the millennium of economic expectation, but for anything we know the sky may fall and we may be catching larks before that millennium arrives.

No doubt Mr. Forster, and those who thought with him in 1848, would have said that at the time he spoke there was *not* an over-production but a scarcity of bread, and therefore that in advocating the employment of the 1,700,000 paupers in the growth of corn and of Irish starving peasants on waste lands, he would not be overstocking a market and lessening the wages of the already too poorly paid farm-labourers of England. But it is easy to see now after the event that there was a very real limit to the growth of corn in England and that, under the operations of free trade, the new land broken up for the employment of the paupers would not have held its own in competition with American land. But England at that time had not become used to depend on a foreign supply of corn, and the possibility of an over-production of corn had hardly occurred to any one. Mr. Forster lived to see the day when, without the State employment of paupers, their number was reduced by one

half. He lived to see the population of England steadily increase along with a steady rise in wages, and in the general standard of comfort.

Nowhere has this great economic success been more striking than in the manufacturing districts. I shall never forget the interest with which Mr. Forster showed Mr. Trollope and myself over the mills belonging to his firm at Burley, a few years ago. There was, at the moment, considerable depression of trade in the Bradford district, owing chiefly to the run which fashion had taken upon French goods, but Mr. Forster showed us how the Bradford manufacturers were striving to meet the competition, not by reducing wages, but by all possible expedients to lessen the cost of production, one of these being the combination of two looms or spinning jennies under the oversight of a single girl. And he pointed out, with emphasis, that the girl of perhaps eighteen, with her perfectly clean apron and work which any lady might do, was probably earning more wages than a handloom weaver and his whole family could pick up in 1848.

How unlikely did it seem in 1848 that such a result would be obtained in a lifetime! By what process was it obtained. Not by stopping the increase of population. Not by State employment of paupers. Not by thrusting back the inhabitants of the yards and alleys of our great towns upon the land. Not by shutting out foreign competition, not by any departure from the strictest regard to the laws of political economy. But by the operation of economic laws themselves, rewarding ingenuity, energy, and enterprise.

Is there not, in these considerations, some instruction for our young and ardent politicians at the present moment? especially those who, whether amongst the working classes themselves or not, have the welfare of the millions most directly at heart. Are they not—are not *we* all in times of depression of trade—tempted to turn rather to specific remedies and sometimes to quack remedies, than to economic laws, to seek for royal roads rather than to push patiently along the slower paths of true economic progress. It may be well that in days when semi-communistic theories are again broached even in very high quarters, and when prominent politicians are again talking of putting the people back upon the land in some mysterious manner by a legislative process, they—we—should be reminded that economic progress is ten times more likely to be secured by adherence to its own laws and by the careful removal of obstacles to their working than by any specific and artificial remedies which we may be tempted to propose.

So Mr. Forster found it. His political work was not the State employment of the 1,700,000 paupers on land which could not have borne the competition with land across the oceans. His political work was not the unequal attempt to carry out a false theory of political economy or to contravene or evade economic laws, but to remove the artificial obstacles to their working. In two points

he did much to realize his earliest programme. He did much to help on the extension of the suffrage. He succeeded in using the first Parliament elected on the extended suffrage to pass that measure of National Education which will ever be associated with his name.

No doubt, looking to the future, the work of education is but begun. The kind of education aimed at as yet is too scholastic and too little practical and technical; but if England is to hold her own in the race of economic development, hardly any more efficient first step could have been taken in Mr. Forster's lifetime towards the ultimate conquest of pauperism than his Education Act.

The present commercial depression arises, it is obvious, not for want of capital, for capital is going a-begging; not for want of a more elastic wage-fund, for the wage-fund is elastic enough. Not for want of fresh fields for enterprise, for if America is beginning to see the limit of her almost endless area of corn-growing land, Oceana lies open also to emigrants. Not because population has outrun the production of food, for food is cheaper and better and more evenly plentiful than ever before in the history of the world.

The one factor missing in the group of factors needful to ensure further advance in economic development towards a higher standard of comfort for the masses of the people here and abroad seems to lie in a lack of those moral and intellectual qualities which are needful to ensure success. Economic progress is straightened, not by its own laws, but by flaws and faults in human nature—in *ourselves*.

More enterprise, intelligence, invention, energy, forethought, sobriety, and self-restraint are needful to keep the stone rolling. Every fit of reckless expenditure, which means enforced economy afterwards, stimulates our production at one moment to disappoint it at the next. Every vice in individuals, in families, in nations, is the seed of a fresh crop of pauperism. Every blunder as well as every crime in the policy of statesmen is a sowing of fresh dragons' teeth. The gigantic waste of continental armies, the tariffs by which their cost is obtained, our own inconsistencies in foreign policy and mismanagement of our own vast empire, keep back the progress of the nation and add to the army of the unemployed by discouraging enterprise and the free circulation, as it were, of the blood of the world.

The English-speaking nations have an immense advantage in the wide range of territory open to English emigration. But they may throw it away. If we cannot keep the door of emigration to our colonies well open to our people, we so far spoil our own markets and cut our own throats. Uneducated or half-educated Englishmen or Irishmen (one can hardly say so of Scotchmen!) remain too often

stolid and stationary where they are not wanted. The great English-speaking temperate zone lies before them, but they too often remain, like vegetables, rooted to the soil of their birth. Economic laws only act quickly when there is intelligence and enterprise to which they can appeal. Education of the right kind ought to set men free to respond more readily to economic requirements, and amongst other gifts give them increased powers of locomotion. But in addition to this, something seems to be lacking to oil the wheels of our vast colonial machine and to place the English people in closer contact with the New Englands across the oceans.

Mr. Forster used to speak of the great ideal or dream of his political vision as the bringing closer together of the English-speaking people of the world. His latest exertions were in the direction of Colonial Confederation. Whether this be the right specific remedy or not, there can be little doubt that his political instinct was a true one. And step by step the end may in the future be accomplished.

"God has conceded two sights to a man--
One, of men's whole work, time's completed plan,
The other of the minutes' work, man's first
Step to the plan's completeness."

It remains for surviving and future statesmen, whilst keeping the true goal of economic evolution always before them, to take care that they do not, like *Sordello*, drawn aside by the pursuit of some semi-socialistic will-o'-the-wisp, fail to see and to take the practical steps which lie next before them ready to be taken on the straight road of economic progress.

F. SEEBOHM.

PÉRIGUEUX AND CAHORS.

THE historical student who looks on the actual monuments no less than the written records of any land as an essential part of its history can never come back from a journey in France, especially in its southern parts, without bringing with him some fresh knowledge, some distinct enlargement or enlightening of his own range of thought. What has never been seen is fresh indeed; what has been already seen is sure to present itself in some fresh point of view. All this to be sure is true of every land which has anything to show of any kind; it is specially true of a land like southern Gaul, which may be called both historical and monumental in a very special sense. In studying either the documentary history in one's library or the actual monuments on the spot, it is needful always to remember the distinction, historical and monumental, between the southern lands, Aquitaine, Provence, and the rest, and the more truly French lands to the north. Above all, the widest barrier separates the ecclesiastical architecture of the two lands. We shall find noble French churches in southern Gaul, because the later political connexion with France carried French architecture into all lands subject to the French crown. But they stand there as foreign buildings, having nothing in common with the native art of the land. And most certainly we shall not find any Aquitanian or Provençal churches in the land which is most strictly France.

Having visited those lands in two successive years, having both seen some things which I had never seen before and seen again some things which I had seen before, I thought that it might not be without interest or profit to compare in some detail two striking cities of Southern Gaul, one of which I had seen years ago, while the other was quite fresh to me last year. These are Périgueux,

which I had already seen long ago, in 1857, and Cahors, which I saw for the first time in 1885. I pick out these cities as lying somewhat out of the common track of travellers, as not holding at all a first-class place in the general history of Europe, as not containing any of the great buildings which are known to all mankind, but as cities which none the less have great monuments to show. One of them indeed has a monument to show which yields to very few in real importance in the history of art; each of them moreover has a marked and characteristic local history, a history which surpasses the interest, deep as it is, of particular objects within them. The two stand not very far from one another in the river basin of the Garonne; they therefore both come within the same historical and architectural province. The monuments of both may therefore be easily compared, and the local history in the two cases has enough of likeness to be in some points contrasted. Périgueux is probably less known than Cahors, both to the world in general and to historical students who have not specially studied those lands; but both in its buildings and in its local history it has decidedly the greater interest of the two.

With Périgueux then we will begin, the Petracorian city, once Vesona on the Lisle, the head of the modern department of the Dordogne, a city memorable as containing the greatest examples of one of the chief forms of South-Gaulish architecture. To a special student of the history of cities it is more memorable still, as he comes to spell out the shiftings of its site, the narrowing and widening of its area, all the changes which, speaking through the monuments which are left to witness to them, make a local story with a special interest of its own. And the land in which the city stands has its interests too, not less attractive than any aspect of the city itself. Périgueux is not simply Périgueux with its own history and antiquities; it is in two very distinct ways the centre of the history and antiquities of the whole land of Périgord. That land has two special claims to notice; it is attractive alike to the primæval and to the architectural inquirer. It is the land alike of flint implements and of domical churches. And the city which is the head of the land has much to show in both lines. The museum has an almost boundless collection of weapons, tools, and other primæval relics, while the most memorable of the domical churches of Gaul, or so much of it as a most merciless restoration has left, stands on its own site to speak for itself. But it does not stand alone. Another church, another domical church, smaller and less striking, has also its tale to tell. And the tale that the two tell between them is the tale, not only of the ecclesiastical, but of the deeply memorable secular history of the Petracorian city. Let the traveller, if so he can, take his first view of Périgueux from one of the bridges over the Lisle where the river flows almost immediately under the great

church of Saint Front. Standing there, he seems to see a model Gaulish city. The slope of a low hill rising above the river is covered by the houses of a considerable town, with the wonderful minster to carry our thoughts to Eastern lands. Its five cupolas stand out like those of Saint Sophia or Saint Mark; only, unlike Saint Sophia or Saint Mark, the tall western tower rises also to remind us that we are still in Western Europe. Save for the special outline of the church, the site is essentially the same as we see in a crowd of other Gaulish cities. As we look across the Lisle at Périgueux, to most eyes the story would seem plain. Here is the usual tale; the head fortress of the Gaulish tribe has become the Roman city, the mediæval, the modern city; the great church stands, as usual, as the central point of the whole. Everything seems perfect, everything lies compact, according to the received model of Gaulish cities. Could it come into the head of any man to think that he is looking at a spot whose story is wholly different, that he is not looking at any site of early days, that the wonderful church before him is not the original head church of Périgueux, but a secondary church, like Saint Ouen at Rouen or Saint German at Auxerre, which has supplanted the more ancient site of the bishopstool? It is true that, if he should go through every nook and corner of the Périgueux on which he now gazes, he will nowhere find a scrap, not a stone or a brick, of Roman work; but that is perhaps not very wonderful; on not a few undoubted sites of Roman towns the remains of the Imperial age have utterly vanished, or have to be sought for underground. We cannot conceive that any man who should know no more of Périgueux than he sees from the bridges, no more even than he would learn by making his way into every street of the town which he sees from those bridges, would ever doubt for a moment that he was looking on a town which had gone through the usual story of a city of France or Aquitaine from the days before Cæsar till our own.

To get rid of this very natural error our traveller must follow as he can the course of the stream downwards. At some little distance from the closely packed town which he has been studying, parted from it by ground partly left in open spaces, partly covered by buildings of very modern date, his eye will sooner or later be caught by altogether another group of objects. From almost any point that he can reach—some of the best points are quite to the south, on the causeway between the river and the canal that runs alongside of it—two, from some points three, buildings will strike him, which throw themselves from different points into various forms of grouping. Unlike Saint Front and the town which surrounds it, they lie at some distance from the river, on the same bank, the right, as Saint Front, but not, like it, on a distinctly rising ground. Indeed, from some of the points

in this quarter one might doubt whether Saint Front stood on rising ground at all. When we go up from the quay to the church by steps or by steep streets, we feel that the *puy* of Saint Front—the name familiar in Auvergne and Velay is found here also—is a real height; yet the height of the church from base to cupola is clearly greater than the height of its own foundations above the quay. Still the *puy* is a hill, one of those hills which count for something when covered with houses, though they hardly pass for hills when free and covered with green grass. But at the point at which we are now looking, the ground is nearly level: there is of course some slope down to the river, but nothing that can be called a hill. The low ground indeed looks up to hills that are really of some height, a line of round-topped grassy hills, rising from the other side of the river. Will the thought of Dorchester on the Thames, of the Roman camp, growing into the Roman town, that looks up at the British site on Sinodun, come into the mind of any man? If so, he will have grasped the first key to the true story. If there are no traces of Roman occupation among the streets that surround Saint Front, here we have signs of the universal conqueror of no mean account. One of the buildings that form our group is what seems to be a mighty round tower, roofless and on one side shattered. Does it proclaim its age at first sight? It is a singular fact that, while a mediæval building can scarcely ever be taken for anything modern, buildings of earlier date often may. The primæval walls of Alatri might at a little distance be taken for a modern prison, and this huge round, it must be confessed, has to some not undiscerning eyes suggested the thought of a modern gas-work. But go nearer, or bring the glass to bear upon it, and the unmistakable construction shows that the tower, if a good deal younger than the walls of Alatri, is a good deal older than anything at Saint Front. We are looking on what is locally called the *Tour de Vesone*. That is to say, the ancient name of the city still lives here. The story is the same as Dorchester; only Dorchester has no such monument standing up like the Petracorian tower—tower we will provisionally call it—to proclaim its Roman being. The Gaulish stronghold, the place of shelter for the people of the land, was on the heights beyond the river. Local nomenclature has simply turned its use round by calling it the “Camp of Cæsar.” It is well to climb the height, if only for the wide and rich view over the city and its neighbourhood. But we get more than a fine view; we take in the position of the oldest Vesona. The “camp of Cæsar”—easily reached by a ferry—rises nearly sheer from the river, just the site for a Gaulish *oppidum*. A point on the next hill, known as *Écornebauf*, was also a point of defence. In the valley between some of the older antiquaries, on the strength of remains

found in it, placed the oldest Vesona. 'And this may be true in the sense that the valley may have been a place of habitation, while the height above, the *oppidum*, was the place of shelter, defence, and assembly. From that height we look down on all the successive centres of the Petracorian name, but, most immediately at our feet, on the group of buildings of which we have been speaking, the huge tower lordling it over all. These mark the site of the Roman town, the second Vesona, the town which arose at the conqueror's bidding at the foot of the hill crowned by the more ancient stronghold of the conquered. The name of the city still cleaves to its most marked surviving Roman monument; but it may well be that this use of the name is only an example of that kind of so-called "tradition" which really comes from the teaching of antiquaries. In truth *Tour de Vesone* is not a name that could have lingered on from the days when Vesona was, and the real history of the building so named makes the survival still more impossible. Local nomenclature has preserved a far more genuine piece of evidence in the name of *La Cité*. For there are in fact two existing towns of Périgueux, to say nothing of the forsaken site on the hill beyond the river. There is the town with which we are now dealing, the *cité*, the Roman Vesona on the level ground. And there is the *ville*, the *bourg*, the *puy*, which bears the name of Saint Front. It is this last, the hill or *puy* overlaying the right bank of the river, which we were at the first glimpse tempted to mistake for the true Vesona, but which we now find is a separate town: *cité* and *bourg* are, in the history of Périgueux, distinct indeed.

But we spoke of a group of buildings, and we have as yet named one only, and that is one which does not come within the present limits of *La Cité*. The tower of Vesona stands truly enough on ground that was Roman Vesona; but *La Cité*, as the name is now used, is very far from taking in the whole of the Roman town, and the name is specially applied to the church of Saint Stephen, *l'église de la Cité*. This we soon learn to have been the elder seat of the Vesonian or Petracorian bishopric. This forms another of our group of objects, a striking one from many points, but one which at first sight is a little hard to believe to be a church. What we see now in the distance is a stout square mass, with another somewhat lower square mass attached to it. When we once learn that the building is a church, the church of *La Cité*—the true Vesonian bishop-stool—the whole story of the two towns becomes intelligible. Without further research, we see that at Périgueux things have changed their places. We see that Saint Front is a great secondary church, which has not only outstripped the mother church in stateliness, but has become the kernel of a new town.

But this is not all. Yet another building will from some points

come into our group which tells an earlier portion of our tale. We have fixed the position of *La Cité* and of the church of *La Cité*; our third building helps us to part of its boundary-wall. This is the house called *Château Barrière* from its owners, one of the great families of Périgord. There surely cannot be many families in any part of the world whose house has for its basement a city wall of the fifth century, while part of the house itself is of the eleventh or twelfth. Such has been the luck of the house of Barrière. Our present business is with the oldest work; but it is the latest part of all, the tall tower of the ruined *château* of the fifteenth or sixteenth century, which does more than anything else to make this building one of the main features in our general view of the oldest existing Vesona. To see what the building really is and what it proves, it is needful to get near enough to study the masonry of the basement, a thing that may be done, though to do it is less easy than it was, now that the railway has come close under the walls of the *château*, while an ugly barrack has sprung up on the other side. We see that here is a line of wall, a line of wall earlier by ages than the mediæval ramparts of which the *bourg* of Saint Front still keeps some traces. The church of *La Cité* lies within that line; the tower of Vesona lies without it. We have here the second key to the story. We have lighted on a Roman wall of Vesona, but not a wall of Vesona in its earliest Roman days. The first Vesona, the Gaulish stronghold on the hill, passed away; it ceased to be a dwelling-place or even a shelter of men. Under the Roman Peace, in this specially peaceful land away from any dangerous frontier, men could dwell safely, they could even dwell without walls. The new Vesona arose on the low ground near the river, with the once hostile hills in front of it beyond the stream, and with other more gently sloping hills rising behind it. The whole space is a rich field of Roman relics; the so-called tower of Vesona, in truth no tower, but the round *cella* of a great temple, stands out as the ghost of one of its chief buildings. Further inland from the river stood the amphitheatre, of which large fragments still remain. Of the elder Roman town, the town, seemingly unwallèd, which stretched from the foot of the hills down to the river, these two buildings, the seats of Roman religion and of Roman pleasure, are the two chief monuments. Then came the day when the power of Rome grew weak, when her borders were daily crossed by Teutonic invaders, when her name and the fame of her princes could no longer defend their subjects even in the heart of Aquitaine, so far from the threatened frontiers of Rhine and Danube. Then, perhaps the actual teaching of some barbarian inroad, perhaps the fear that some such teaching might be brought home to them, led the men of Vesona to make them walls and towers of defence. They greatly narrowed the extent of the town, fencing in only a small part of

what had been Vesona in more flourishing days. The temple, home of a creed decaying if not forsaken, was left outside; the amphitheatre was taken within the new circuit; or rather its massive walls, like those of the *amphitheatrum castrense* at Rome, were made to form part of the new line of defence. The Petracorian antiquaries have been able to trace out the whole line; but only a small part of it is to be seen above ground. But what is to be seen, the lower part of the walls of the *Château Barrière*, and the small gateway close by—known, it is hard to guess why, as *Porte Normande*—is most striking and instructive. The wall, as it stands, has grown up at many dates out of many kinds of material and forms of construction. But the lower part of the wall, with two surviving bastions, is clearly part, a corner, the south-western corner, of the narrowed Roman wall of Vesona. Mighty stones, torn no doubt from buildings of happier times, eked out with fragments of various kinds, are rudely piled together, like the work of some moment when the need of needs was to have some kind of defence ready in the shortest time. It was in no small strait that the men of Vesona found themselves when they were driven to leave the greater part of their town undefended, to forsake and even to destroy its buildings, in order to husband their whole strength for the defence of that small part of its wide circuit which was now to be their city of refuge. When could such a sacrifice have been needed? No time suggests itself so obviously as the terrible years from 407 to 409, the years so pathetically described by Jerome and by the contemporary poet of Divine Providence, but which are almost more frightfully marked in the stern simplicity of the annalists. Then, while this and that Emperor was disputing for the fragment of dominion which Rome still kept in south-eastern Gaul, the Vandal, the Sulvian, and the more barbarous Alan, laid waste the rest of the land at pleasure. It may well be that the narrowed rampart of Vesona was raised as a defence against some stage of the march of the destroying enemies from the Rhine to the Pyrenees. Looked at in this light, the rude piling of huge stones, reminding us almost of the primæval works at Gori and Segni, which bears up the later buildings of the *Château Barrière* of Périgueux became a living monument of that memorable act in the great drama of the Wandering of the Nations.

It is always pleasing and instructive to compare the different fates which befel these Gaulish towns. One general story runs through all; but the tale of each has something special to itself. In most cases the continued growth of the town has far outstripped the bounds of the Roman wall. The rampart has been swept away; but, marked often by modern *boulevards*, it has, as at Rouen, left its unmistakable impress on the main lines of street. Sometimes, as at Autun, the opposite process has happened; the town, like

Rome itself, has shrunk up far within its ancient circuit; the walls, or one side of them, have to be found among fields and gardens at some distance from the inhabited quarter. Or again, as at Sens, the wall may still abide and still fence in the main town, having, as of old, suburbs beyond it. Other varieties might easily be put on record; this of Vesona is one of the most curious. The most ancient city shrank up within a new and narrow line of defence. And that line of defence it has only feebly and gradually outstripped. As usual, besides the bishop's church in the city itself, a great secondary church grew up outside the wall, and this church, the famous abbey of Saint Front, became the kernel of a new town. The new town, the *bourg* or *puy* of Saint Front, the town on the hill, inhabited by a vigorous burgher population, strengthened by wide municipal rights, utterly outstripped the old city, which was left as an ecclesiastical and aristocratic quarter. Such a quarter is common enough in the old Gaulish towns; but it is more usual to find it, as at Le Puy, at the top of the hill, with the less dignified *ville* below it. Here as, in some measure, at Limoges, the tables are turned. The *ville* stands apart on the hill, with the air of the original *cité*, while the real *cité* abides below, putting on somewhat of the look of a suburb. A rather wide space parts the two, laid out in squares and boulevards. Among these there is one name that might easily lead the traveller astray. The *Place Francheville* suggests municipal liberties; our thoughts run off to this or that *Villefranche* and *Villafranca* in various parts; we leap to the hope and belief that *Francheville* is another name for the town of Saint Front. Unluckily the *Place Francheville* of Périgueux preserves no such memory: it is so called simply in honour of a bishop who had Francheville for his surname. The open spaces are pleasant, and they are likely to be respected in the growth of the city. For the Périgueux of modern days is a growing town, and its growth takes the direction of the older Vesona rather than that of the *puy* of Saint Front. It looks as if things were turning back again, and as if the oldest site was likely again to become the practical Périgueux. Strange indeed it would be if Saint Front and his *bourg* should ever be left as Saint Nazaire and his *cité* are left at Carcassonne. Still closer would be a parallel from a more distant region. Saint Front may some time be like the Latin hill-town of Syra, where the newest town has sprung up again at the foot of the hill on the site of the oldest.

How distinct *cité* and *bourg* at Périgueux once were is best shown by an old engraving, seemingly of the sixteenth century, which is to be seen in the museum. Saint Front here appears as the centre of a thickly packed mass of streets, covering the hill, and well fenced in with walls and towers. Of these last one, known as *Tour Malagarre*, is still a prominent object. A wide space, occupied by no buildings,

save a few scattered friaries which have since perished, parts this strong and busy-looking town from a group which seems to consist of nothing but the church of *La Cité*, the *Château Barrière*, and an amphitheatre, then, it would seem, perfect or nearly so. They seem to be fenced in by more of the ancient wall than is now left, and of course the *Tour de Vesone* is seen outside the wall. There really seems nothing in the way of ordinary streets and houses. But the lettering, *Église cathédrale*, *Maison épiscopale*, remind us that this almost forsaken spot was the true city, that here was the abiding head of the land and its folk, *Vesona Petracoriorum*, *Civitas Petracoriorum*, Périgueux, head of Périgord. Of the head church of that land, so marked in the old print, *P'église de la Cité*, we have already had a glimpse. It is now but a fragment which survived Huguenot havoc in the religious wars; but it is a fragment which elsewhere we should welcome, and which elsewhere we should certainly not look on as over modern. But somehow, here in old Vesona, Romanesque of the eleventh century does look rather modern. In such a neighbourhood we ask for something Roman, something like the baptisteries of Poitiers and Le Puy, at the very least for Romanesque of the very earliest type, like the oldest parts of Jumièges. The wall, the gate, the tower, the amphitheatre, all put the church to shame in point of age. At the *Château Barrière* people are actually living in a house of much the same date and style. When we turn to the architectural history, we find that the church of *La Cité* is simply one of the many churches which arose, after the building of Saint Front, in imitation of its style. The church that was later in foundation, the church of the second Périgueux, set the fashion for the existing church of the ancient city, which must have displaced some far older building. But the church of the bishop must, in its best days, have been a lowly building beside the church of the abbot. As it now stands, the great western tower, which in the print stands up proudly as a rival to Saint Front, has perished utterly, and one bay of the building has perished with it. One bay of the eleventh century is standing, but its apse has given way, strangely enough, to a square-ended choir of the twelfth, essentially of the same style, but somewhat taller and richer. Each bay bears its own cupola; but to the varied grouping of the many cupolas of Saint Front there is no pretence. In the like sort we must take a second glance at the other buildings of Vesona. The amphitheatre does not show in the general view. A captious traveller once said that all amphitheatres are very much alike, and so they are, except when they are unlike. But at Pola has original peculiarities of its own; those at Arles and Nîmes show signs of their later history. But, unless possibly to an eye learned in the special lore of amphitheatres—for there is

such a special lore—the remains, fragmentary but considerable, of the amphitheatre of Périgueux do look very much like other amphitheatres. The wall and the temple are more attractive. We have already described the tower of Vesona, the temple that is, whether of Venus, of the local Diana, or of any other deity, as it looks. How it is thought to have looked when it was perfect, with the marble facing of the round, and the columns which stood around it and in front of it, may be seen in the old volume of Count Taillefer and in a clever model in the museum. No buildings change so much—whether they always lose is another question—by being, as the tourist said, somewhat out of repair, as Roman buildings, whether in Rome or elsewhere. The *Tour de Vesone*, as it now stands, would never suggest to any eye what the perfect building really was. It is hard to conceive either a Greek temple or a mediæval church, whatever its state of ruin, which would not keep some clearer signs of its perfect shape than this vast temple-*cella*, which those to whom it does not suggest a gas-work, would certainly, till after a very minute examination, be tempted to set down, according to its traditional name, as a military tower. The difference is perhaps not far to seek. The Greek and the mediæval building has each its own shape, and keeps to it; it ornaments its construction. No amount of ruin can utterly sweep away the memory of the original plan. In the Greek temple the *cella* cries for its columns to surround it. Here is a *cella* which would certainly not, at first sight proclaim that it was ever surrounded by columns at all. This is in truth the general character of Roman architecture; the constructive and the decorative features have so often nothing whatever to do with one another. But the most curious of many curious things in the elder Périgueux is surely the *Château Barrière*. The combination of the Roman wall and the houses built on it in the eleventh century and in the fifteenth or sixteenth must be unique. It is the latest part which is most utterly ruined and forsaken. This part must have been a good specimen of a French *château*—for, placed in the *cité*, not in the *bourg* of Périgueux, it has much more in common with a rural *château* than with a *hôtel* in a town—of the best and richest form of French Gothic. But it has nothing local about it; it might have stood in Normandy or Champagne just as well as in Périgord. But the Romanesque part of the building is thoroughly local. It is in all things kindred to the neighbouring church; either in Normandy or in Champagne we should have found something very different. The court-yard contains a number of broken columns with capitals of various kinds. They show mostly those later Roman forms which a severe classical taste despises as departing from the only two or three models which it endures, but which the historical view of art cherishes as examples.

of transition, as something still Roman, and not yet Romanesque, but as pointing the way to the Romanesque that was to come.

But after all the architectural wonder of Périgueux is not to be found in the old city, but in the *bourg* of Saint Front, in the church of Saint Front itself. The *bourg*, as we have said, grew up round the abbey, its narrow streets climbing the *puy*, its houses, till the changes of late times, gathering close indeed round the great church which formed the centre. But the church round which the new town first began to gather was not the famous Saint Front that has made Périgueux memorable in the history of art. That church is more ancient than one would fancy; but it had a predecessor, and of that predecessor some faint traces may still be seen. This part is at this moment (April, 1886) under the very hands of the destroyer: the old work is perishing; the new is taking its place; yet an untouched, though blocked window, may still be seen outside, and inside a peep at the right moment may be rewarded with a glimpse of a bay or two of the first basilica of Saint Front, with its perfectly plain massive arches, looking more like those of a crypt than of a church meant to stand above ground. It can now be better studied even than on the spot in the volume in which the whole tale of the architectural history of Périgueux has been told by one of the best and most zealous of architectural inquirers. Périgord may be proud of having its buildings described by such a son of its own as M. Félix de Verneilh. At my first visit to Périgueux in 1857 I had the advantage of seeing something of the city in his company; I can now only turn to the admirable book which he has left behind him.* We there see what a thoroughly epoch-making building Saint Front is in the history of the building art in Gaul. Its building, startling as it may seem, is fixed by the researches of M. de Verneilh† to a time between 984 and 1047. That year is the recorded date of the dedication of a church of the abbey, and there seems no evidence for any later rebuilding. The church was an evident imitation of Saint Mark's at Venice, the result of a busy intercourse which then took place between Aquitaine and Venice and the lands to which Venice still looked up. A building thus arose which may undoubtedly rank as one of those works which stand at the head of the several classes to which they belong. If we think of the domical churches of south-western Gaul, we think of Saint Front as their undisputed chief and model. It is the parent of a large class of buildings, a class which has thoroughly taken root in that region, which has put forth vigorous native developments, and which has grown into what is in every sense of the words, a characteristic local style. Yet Saint Front, at its beginning in the last days

* "L'Architecture Byzantine en France. Saint-Front de Périgueux et les Églises à Coupes de l'Aquitaine." Par M. Félix de Verneilh. Paris. 1851.

† P. 115.

of the tenth century, must have been something as purely exotic in Périgord as any Gothic church of purely French type could have been in the fourteenth or fifteenth. As Saint Mark's reproduces Saint Sophia, so does Saint Front reproduce Saint Mark's. The ground-plan, the whole general design, is the same; the four cupolas gathering round a central one are alike in all; that Saint Front does not repeat the gorgeous mosaics of its models makes a vast difference in its internal effect, but does not affect its architectural construction. Of strictly architectural changes there is but one; but that is one of no small moment. All the main arches of Saint Front are pointed; the great cupolas rest on supports of that shape. But it is a warning which cannot be too often repeated that pointed arches in Southern Gaul, just as in Sicily, have not the same meaning which they have in Normandy and England. The pointed arches at Périgueux are no more signs of coming Gothic than the pointed arches at Tiryns and Tusculum. The form may have been used simply because it was found to be constructively convenient, or it may be in Aquitaine and Provence, what it undoubtedly is in Sicily, a sign of the influence of the Saracen. It is a constant feature where every detail is Romanesque; it is specially chosen for the roofs, and in some cases for an obvious reason. In Provence the barrel-vault is the rule, and it is a clear gain to make the barrel-vault pointed; besides giving greater height inside, it lessens the space between the inner and outer roofs. The inside of Saint Front may therefore be roughly described as that of Saint Mark, without mosaics and with pointed arches. It might be added that it is also without galleries; but that is a mere difference of arrangement which does not affect either the ground-plan or the main lines of the construction. The distinctive character of Saint Front is that it reproduced in the West the Byzantine plan and construction, but reproduced it with the arches pointed instead of round. Nor did it remain a solitary or exceptional building. It set the fashion over its own province and several neighbouring provinces. Périgord, Quercy, Angoumois, Saintonge, were covered with domical churches. Nor is the form wholly unknown in other parts; the Angevin style, distinct as is its own character, has clearly been largely influenced by domical ideas; there is an actual cupola as far north as Blois; slighter traces of domical influence have even found their way into Normandy. It is the cupola resting on the pointed arch which is the characteristic feature; we must not look everywhere for the complete Byzantine grouping, such as we see at Saint Front. In the nearest among its neighbours and followers that grouping can never have existed even when the building was more perfect than it now is. It must have been a proud day for the brotherhood of Saint Front when they had in every sense out-topped the church of the bishopric below, to see the church of the bishopric rebuilt, as it must have

been in the course of the eleventh century, in somewhat lowly imitation of the aspiring abbey. For Saint Stephen of the City, even when he boasted his third cupola and his tower, must always have lacked the characteristic grouping of Saint Sophia, Saint Mark, and Saint Front. So it was with other churches in Périgord and elsewhere. M. de Verneilh has a long list: I have seen enough to show that the cupola is found in not a few Petracorian churches of various sizes and plans. Sometimes the cupola is simply the vault of the central tower in a church of the common cross form. So it is in the abbey of Chancellade, where the central dome is yoked to a nave of most un-Byzantine length, and in the little church of Valeuil, an example of the local style on the smallest scale. In other cases, as at Saint-Jean de Cole, with its many apses, and at Bourdeille,* —Bourdeille above the Dronne with its famous castle—a series of cupolas covers or has covered the whole building. But where we should most have looked for the local usage, at Brantôme, the abbey between the rock and the river, Brantôme with its western *cortile*† like Parenzo and Saint Ambrose, with its tower standing on the rock almost the rival of Saint Front itself, cupola and apse are strangely lacking, and the three tall bays are vaulted after the fashion of Anjou.

If the tower of Brantôme stands on the rock, the tower of Saint Front has a foundation only less ancient. I have already mentioned that to the west of the domical church of Saint Front some relics still survive—or survived a month or two back—of the elder basilica which went before it. It seems to have been kept in order to form a basement for the tower, which is built over it, much in the same way in which the western tower at Limoges and the eastern tower at Le Puy are both built over earlier buildings. The tower itself, a work of the eleventh century, remodelled in the twelfth, is one of the best specimens of a stern classical Romanesque which still cleaves to half-columns and entablatures. Its conical finish is held to have set the fashion for the district. A vaulted building connected the tower with a gateway to the west, where, over a plain pointed arch, are two ranges of sculptures, Christian Roman rather than Romanesque, which, without much likeness, somehow call up the memory of the work of Charles the Great's day at Lorsch. They must surely have been built up again from the primitive building. To the south-west of the church is a cloister, two sides unmixed Romanesque, while the other two have pointed arches. Here the form is a distinct sign of the Transition; there is no such constructive advantage about it as there is in the cupolas and barrel-vaults.

* In April, 1886 this most interesting church was in the destroyer's hands. The apse was already rebuilt.

† If my memory does not strangely fail me, this *cortile* was perfect in 1857. Only about half was standing in April, 1886.

I have spoken of "destruction" and "destroyers" when speaking of the works which have been going on at Saint Front seemingly for the last thirty years. Certainly nowhere has the dangerous process called "restoration" better deserved the harsher name. We can hardly say that the real Saint Front now exists at all. There is a building which preserves its main outlines and reproduces some of its details; but it is not Saint Front itself; it is not in all points even a faithful copy. The characteristic masonry is utterly destroyed. I have happily some drawings which I made in 1857, which remind me how Saint Front was then, but Saint Front itself has perished. Even in 1857 the magnificent capitals were thrown about uncared for; now all has been made new according to modern fancies. One special folly was to pull down the east end which had been added in later times, work seemingly of the fourteenth century, which was at any rate better worth keeping than work of the nineteenth. The only improvement on the past state of things that I can see since my former visit is that now the cupolas stand out, set free from the roof which used to hide them. So far, and so far only, the hopes that M. de Verneilh cherished when he wrote his book have been fulfilled.

The narrow streets that climb and cover the hill of Saint Front ought to be rich in ancient houses. And though many have perished, some of various dates still remain. In the streets and *places* north of the church some good specimens have been spared of the latest Gothic and of the *Rénaissance*. And in the lower parts, between the church and the quay, besides some picturesque turreted houses of no special detail, there still lurk, not far from the tower of *Mataguerre*, in the streets of Les Farges and Saint Roch, some mutilated fragments of Romanesque houses of excellent work in the later forms of the style, following well on the earlier fragment at the *Château Barrière*.

Such is a glimpse at a city which, if it fills a smaller place than some in general history, may perhaps be thought to make up for the lack by the special interest of its own local history. We turn to another city, of high interest in itself, though certainly of less interest than Périgueux, but whose name is probably far better known. Our course leads us to Cahors, and Cahors lives, though with an unpleasant renown and in still more unpleasant company, in the *verses* of Dante. The course between the two cities is a striking one. The iron road takes us through the characteristic scenery of the Aquitanian lands, so different from the tame flats of so large a part of northern Gaul. We run along the valleys of the Lisle, the Varèze, the Dordogne, and Cahors' own stream of Lot. We pass by the rocks where primeval man made his burrow, where he hewed out for himself those caves in the hill-side, where the pre-historic artists, the

Pheidias and Praxitelés of the Eskimo age, carved the elk and the elephant so cunningly that there is at least no need to write "elk" and "elephant" under them. There we see one side of the scientific interest of the Petracorian land, an interest as deep in its way as the interest of Saint Front and the cupolas that followed its pattern is in another. The ancient rocks overhang the ancient river, looking as ready to topple over, and as little likely really to do so, as Rome's own *Muro Torto* itself.

We pass on by hills whose history is of later days, each height crowned by its castle, suggesting the kind of men among whom our own Simon, in his earlier days, had a stern work of justice to do. We pass by the Gaulish stronghold at Luzerch, and though neither Luzerch nor Cahors is Uxellodunum, we are reminded that we are in the land of the Cadurci, the land of Luctorius and his people. They fought well against the universal conquerors, and their names are clothed with no small renown in the book with which Hirtius wound up the Gallic Commentaries of Cæsar. And the city to which we draw near, the capital of the tribe, Divona Cadurcorum, may fairly draw some honour from the exploits of the tribesmen. The modern Cadurci at any rate think so; Luctorius has a *place* dedicated to him just within the north gate of the city, or at least just within the point where the north gate stood. At that point there is a stone or two which looks like a scrap of Roman masonry; but the imitation of Roman construction went on so long in these lands that it is dangerous to form a theory on a mere scrap. At any rate, since the *Cadurci* took their later shape of *Cahorsins*, their city has contributed some memorable names to history. Pope John the Twenty-second has a noble tower bearing his name, and a very shabby street. Both tower and street are fragments of the great palace of the pontiff who filled all places in his gift with men of Southern Gaul, specially with men of Cahors and Quercy, more specially again with kinsfolk of the Pope who had been James of Ossa, or in Cadurcian spelling, Jacques Deuse. Watchful over his own land and city, he founded the university, he burned the bishop, and he cut the diocese in three. A man of Cahors of later times, Léon Gambetta, has a wide central *boulevard* and a conspicuous monument. But statesmen of the nineteenth century seem not to exalt their kinsfolk like popes of the fourteenth. The names of Gambetta *ainé* and *jeune* are still to be seen over very ordinary shops, and one of them is marked as "bazar génois" for the sale of "épicerie génoise." And in days between the Pope and the man of our own times, Cahors saw the birth of the sweet psalmist of Huguenot France, Clément Marot. These two or three striking names of natives of Cahors are perhaps more striking than the general history of the city. Yet that history is stirring enough. It consists largely

of the usual shiftings to and fro of a South-Gaulish land, ending in not a few cessions backwards and forwards between kings of France who claimed to represent the counts of Toulouse and dukes of Aquitaine who happened to be also kings of England. But Cahors has also, even in this matter, a story of its own. From the days of Philip Augustus the bishops of Cahors claimed to be counts of their own city, holding immediately of the King of France. As counts of Cahors they had not a few disputes with the consuls of the city, and Bertrand de Cardaillac, as a liegeman of the King of France, refused to be bound by the treaty of Brétigny which transferred his county to the now sovereign Duke of Aquitaine. In later days, the city of Cahors, strong for the League, was taken by Henry of Navarre, and the loss of its commercial privileges that followed seem to have destroyed its ancient prosperity. A modern Italian poet is not likely to pick out Cahors for special praise or blame.

The approach to Cahors by the railway from Périgueux at once suggests that the city has once been greater than it is. Of the pleasant land of Quercy, with its hills rising above the broad Lot, hills sometimes rocky, sometimes grassy, the traveller has already seen something, and if he happens to be on the right side of the train, he will see something of the noblest appendage to Cahors, if not of the bridge of Valentré itself, yet at least of its towers. A glimpse may be had also of other walls and towers, but none of the most striking objects which the walls contain, nor yet the most striking parts of the walls themselves, come into sight from this point. We see at once that this whole side is rather a forsaken quarter. It is within the city; the walls show that; but it contains only scattered buildings. It looks like the *cité* of Périgueux, without its great monuments. It is quite another view that we get when we pass to the eastern side.

To see the bridge of Valentré, as distinguished from its towers, in its full perfection, the traveller must take the path on the left bank of the river, to a point a little above the bridge. To see Cahors, as distinguished from its bridge, in its full perfection, he must place himself in much the same position as that in which he first placed himself at Périgueux. He should cross the bridge which spans the Lot on the eastern side of the city, a bridge which would count for a good deal on any other river. Hence let him look across at Cahors from the opposite suburb. He will there really see what in the like case at Périgueux he only seemed to see. That is to say, the Cahors on which he looks is the true Cadurcian city, while the Périgueux on which he looked from the same point was not the true Petracorian city. He looks at the eastern view of the church of Saint Stephen at Cahors, as he looked at the eastern view of the church of Saint Front at Périgueux; but Saint

Stephen is, what Saint Front is not, the true and ancient seat of the bishopric of the city on which he is gazing. There is in fact nothing at Cahors which answers historically to Saint Front; there is not, at present at least, any great secondary church; the church of Saint Urcise can hardly claim that rank; Cahors has, in the language of Gregory of Tours, an *ecclesia* but no *basilica* alongside of it. But Saint Stephen is by no means the same dominant object in the view of old Cahors which Saint Front is in the view of new Périgueux. We at once see that, at Cahors at any rate, the city itself is greater than any object in the city. What strikes one most of all in the view from the bridge, or, more effective still, in the view gained by going a little way up the hill on the other side of the river, is the range of walls and towers which rise above the rock, and fence in the north-eastern end of the town. Without venturing to liken the ramparts of Cahors to those of Luzern or Cortona, the "diadem of towers" which the loftiest quarter of the Cadurcian city "lifts to heaven" is by no means to be despised. The whole grouping of walls, towers, and houses, rising above the winding river, girded by hills on both sides, is as striking and picturesque as any grouping of its own kind. For we are not dealing with some huge fortress on an inaccessible height; we are not dealing with exceptional fortifications like those of Carcassonne, exceptionally well preserved. We are dealing with an ordinary Gaulish city of the usual type, planted on a moderate-sized hill sloping down to the indispensable river.

When, from this general impression we go on to step out the site more in detail, we find that Cahors is far more of a river city than Périgueux. The Lisle runs by Périgueux, with a bend certainly; but the river in no way compasses the city. But the Lot does go a long way towards compassing Cahors. The site is as thoroughly peninsular as the site of Bern, of Shrewsbury, or of Besançon. On the eastern and western sides the hill rises above the river with some steepness; on the south it slopes gently to the stream; the northern end forms the isthmus guarded by the wall. And the view from the walls and towers in the north-eastern quarter of the city, the view over the wide river and the hills beyond it, over the great Dominican church beyond the bridge, over scattered houses and villages and the towers of a castle crowning a lower height by the river-side, is a noble one indeed. It was in truth a pleasant site on which the Cadurci planted their Divona. This eastern side of the hill is thickly covered with houses gathering round the cathedral and the chief buildings, old and new. The western side, among its few straggling streets, contains some churches and former monasteries, there too is the palace of the bishop, carried away to an unusual distance from his head church, and there is the one conspicuous

Roman relic of Cahors, the so-called portal of Diana. But the portal stands in a garden ; and through a large part of this side of the town we thread our way, not through narrow and closely packed streets, as on the other side, but, by roads and paths that might be in the open country. We follow these along the wall of the isthmus and along the western edge of the hill, till we look again on the river and on the hills on its other bank, the noble bridge of Valentré, with its pointed arches and its three towers, and on the modern railway station to which part of the wall has given way.

Here then is a city which, if it has not such a story as Périgueux, if it does not give us the same opportunities for research and speculation as are supplied to us by Périgueux before we know its story, occupies a decidedly finer site than Périgueux, and has, as a city, as a collection of dwellings fenced in by a wall, a very distinct story to tell, and which supplies some questions for speculation also. We at once ask whether the western side of the hill ever was so thickly inhabited as the eastern. The city in the day of its decline may easily have shrunk up like Autun or Rome itself. Or let us compare it with the most striking case of all, with Soest in Westfalia, where the present small town stands in the middle of fields and gardens, a journey through which towards any point of the compass leads us to the wall of the once great Hanseatic city. But the western side, as we have seen, was at least fenced in, and the existence within it of the one undoubted Roman relic in Cahors shows that the ground was occupied, though possibly only as a suburb, in Roman days. The so-called portal is undoubtedly not a portal, and there is no reason to think that it has anything to do with Diana. As it stands now, it is a single arch, with a window or other opening over it ; but the single arch was one of a series, as there are the springings of arches on each side of it, and of another springing at right angles to it. It is therefore a mere fragment, perhaps, as has been conjectured—always both an easy and a likely conjecture—a fragment of baths. The construction is that with which we are most familiar in Britain and in northern Gaul, but which we do not see at all in Rome itself, and much less commonly in the more thoroughly Romanized lands of the South, the small stones alternating with layers of brick, characteristic of later Roman times. At Cahors, as in many other places, this manner of building has really never died out ; something essentially the same is found in buildings set up yesterday. Of the Roman date of the arch there can be no manner of doubt ; and we still hope with fear and trembling that at least one stone at the north gate is not due to any mediæval or later builder. We infer that, in the days when the Cadurci were subjects of Rome, their city, at least in this direction, stretched

as far as it does now. The site of the bridge of Valentré too must have been guarded at all times; but the presence of the cathedral church proves the eastern side to have been always the heart of the city, while the western side may have been pretty much as it now is, a place of scattered dwellings only. The cathedral itself, the church of Saint Stephen, is one which it comes well to study next after Saint Front. Here again we have cupolas, but not the grouping of those of Périgueux. The church of Cahors, a building of strange outline from any point, follows a far simpler plan. It has more in common with the church of *La Cité*. Two bays only, each bearing its cupola, form the nave. To the east the ancient choir and its chapels were raised in a singular way in the thirteenth century, forming an apse of strange design within and without, but by no means lacking in stateliness within or without. The west front takes an odd form which is sometimes seen in North Germany, but which seems strangely out of place when attached to a domical church in southern Gaul. One can describe it only as two flat towers with a third tower between them. There is something like it at Angers; but the amazing specimen there has nothing like the heaviness of the front of Cahors. The glories of the church of Cahors are in truth the magnificent Romanesque porch on the north side and the elaborate paintings of the fifteenth century which have been brought to light within. We spell them out, half sighing that in a building which had so much about it that savours of the East, we do not see the mosaics of Ravenna, but glad that we have at least something better than the bare walls of Saint Front. Saint Stephen of Cahors is at least not restored; it is pleasant to sit and muse under the wide span of the spreading domes, to contrast their massive simplicity with the busier design of the apse, its sides of unequal length, its elaborate windows, and to feel ourselves, as we are, far away from any of our ordinary fields of study. A graceful cloister of the latest French Gothic is an exotic; but it is pleasant in itself and it allows some good views of the grouping of the building, and specially of the daring way in which a huge round window was cut through the original Romanesque opening. Altogether, simply because Saint Stephen of Cahors is not in itself so wonderful as Saint Front of Périgueux, for that very reason it tells us more of the city and the land in which we are. Saint Front, as has been already said, must, when it was built, have been an exotic, a strange and foreign object which startled all beholders. By the time that Saint Stephen was built, the cupola had become an established local form which could have startled no one; all that could at any time have been strange is to be found in the later additions east and west.

The cathedral church on the one side, the bridge of Valentré on the

other, are, without doubt, the chief attractions among the monuments of the Cadurcian peninsula. But there are other things which must not be forgotten. The church of Saint Ursice, the Ursicinus who figures in Gregory of Tours as a supporter of the Merovingian Perkin Warbeck Gundobald, though hardly worthy to rank as a second church to Saint Stephen, has some notable points. Its capitals, of the later Romanesque, are a study, and it keeps, both above and below ground, some traces of a church of Primitive work, suggesting the crypt of Saint Gervase at Rouen. In the suburb beyond the Lot, the Dominican church, now partly ruined, partly destroyed, partly set up again in a bungling sort, must have been an example on a grand scale of the characteristic type familiar to the friars. Cahors too is rich in houses. Mere pointed arches are a drug; the narrow streets are full of them; but sometimes rich windows, early and late, appear also. A rich and artistic-minded burgher of Cahors was clearly not too grand to live over his own shop. But the houses of fine work are mostly along the quay, and mostly, though not all, of late date. Such is the house called that of Henry the Fourth, conqueror of Cahors. Some bits of detail may also be found in the towers, besides their picturesque grouping. On the whole the artistic and historic treasures of Cahors are smaller than those of Périgueux. Saint Stephen is not Saint Front, and the palace of Pope John is not the *Château Barrière*. On the other hand the fine position of Périgueux must yield to the finer position of Cahors, and the bridge of Valentré is unrivalled at Périgueux or elsewhere. It is no mean city after all whose folk Dante did in a manner honour by giving them a special place among sinners.

There are plenty of other cities in southern Gaul, and for the matter of that in other lands, our own among them, which it would be pleasant to treat in the same comparative way in which I have treated Périgueux and Cahors. But I would earnestly recommend southern Gaul as a specially rich field for study of this kind, and one comparatively untrodden. It is a land to which I would bid travellers bent on any kind of intelligent object, whether flint weapons, cupolas, or anything else. By mere tourists it is not likely to be speedily overrun.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

FUNDAMENTAL CHURCH PRINCIPLES.

THE origin of this paper is to be found in my belief that the fundamental principles of the Church of Christ are the best justification of the existence of the Church of England, and that a clear perception and statement of those principles are among the best measures both for reforming and for defending it.

There are two preliminary remarks I wish to make, to define what I am *not* going to speak about.

(1.) I am not speaking about Christian Principles, but about Church Principles. And the difference is this: the universal Church—that is, the whole body of faithful men and women—is the organ through which Christ, who is in the heavens, works still on the earth. Each individual Church is an organization for the spread of Christianity, and we are discussing the principles, not of Christianity, but of the organization. My paper is therefore an Essay, and not a Sermon.

And (2.) I am dealing, not with applications or details, but with principles. It would be out of place to go into historical or antiquarian questions; to touch on the relations of the Anglican to the Roman Catholic Church; still more, to talk about the Public Worship Regulation Act, or the Courts of Final Appeal. I am not going to speak about Ritualists or Evangelicals, or indeed about Ritual or Doctrine. I am not going to speak about Establishment or Disestablishment; about Acts of Uniformity or terms of Subscription; I am in fact, going to speak on the subject of the paper, which is—principles. The paper will very likely be thought dull. I fear that is inevitable; but it will not be controversial or political.

Fundamental Church Principles. Let us define our words; and

let me advise you always to be ready to define your words. There was once a great controversy which almost rent the Church of England in two; and the great Bishop Thirlwall remarked, after it was all over, that it had never happened to occur to either side to define the terms in dispute. Had they done so, the dispute would have ceased at once. And definitions are not easy things. They are very easy until you try to make them, and get them criticized. Also, I would ask you to remember that, strictly speaking, a definition comes at the end, not at the beginning, of a study. You are going to study Logic or Political Economy; and you want a definition of them. Very well; but you must have some notion of Logic before you can understand its limits. You must know something of Political Economy and its kindred sciences before you can appreciate the boundaries that separate the one from the other. Would you all understand me if I gave you a definition of Partial Differential Equations?

So, in fact, we ought to know the Church first, before we can define it. But we do all know, in a rough, general way, by the experience of our life, something about the Church, and so, perhaps, it is clearer to work in the reverse order in a short paper like this; to take a definition first, and to test it and explain it, maybe to add to it, or subtract from it, but, at any rate, to see whether it does not throw real light on Fundamental Church Principles. And this will demand your best attention.

All lines of thought on which I have attempted to think out this question appear to me to converge towards one definition of the Church of Christ, a definition which states the fundamental principles that we are in search of. Let us try this definition.

The Church of Christ is a divine, self-organizing association of which Christ is the Head, knit together by a common faith and sacraments, whose aim is the spiritual education of mankind in the spirit and faith of Christ.

This is the fundamental, original, and permanent principle; and it is from sometimes losing sight of this that Churches have been led into error and weakness and suffering, on the one side or the other.

Before proceeding to examine this definition in detail, let me make one or two general remarks on it, by way of indicating its significance. It follows from this definition that the Church of Christ rests on no human charter. Its charter is the Divine command, "As My Father has sent Me, even so send I you." Its bond of union is its common faith and common sacraments, and allegiance to a common Head, with no other necessary unity. It is a society, moreover, not to enforce control, or exercise domination over men's conduct or intellects, but to influence and educate the world; it is as leaven

hid in meal ; it works slowly till the whole is leavened ; and inasmuch as it educates its members and others in the faith and spirit of Christ, it is one whose work and aim is primarily spiritual ; it helps men, that is to say, to live in the presence of the Unseen and Eternal ; to recognize the true nature of man, as revealed by the incarnation of God in Christ ; to keep His image and memory in our hearts, acting almost like a second conscience ; to live in a spirit of trust in God and love to man ; to realize God's fatherhood and man's brotherhood ; to lead the life of purity and kindness ; to lay hold on eternal life ;—the especial revelations of the teaching and life of Christ.

Seeing the close relation of spiritual and moral progress with intellectual and physical conditions, it is impossible but that the Church should be deeply, even ardently, interested in all that concerns the intellectual education of mankind ; all that bears on increasing man's power of judging rightly, on his self-control ; and in all that concerns the external conditions of life. Progress in these is essential ; but to the Church they are the means, not the end.

The Church is knit together by a common Creed and Sacraments. All experience shows that this bond is essential. Without it the Church would become a loosely-held-together philanthropic association. We should be grains of sand. Experience also shows that those religious communities whose faith is defined still more closely acquire a momentum and intensity which a broader creed fails to supply. There is room inside a Church for such bodies bound together by these closer ties. But we cannot to the whole Church give any narrower limits than these, the acceptance of the substance of our common Creeds, Apostolic and Nicene, and the observance of the two Christian Sacraments.

You will begin, then, to see what are the fundamental Church principles, as contained in this definition ; but, before I proceed to develop them more at length, perhaps it will help you still more clearly to understand what are fundamental Church principles if I proceed to mention some principles which, though of high importance, are not fundamental.

I have said, you will remember, that the Church is an association of which Christ is the Head. This implies an *organic* unity, a *life* in the Church, and an altogether peculiar relation to Christ.

No conception or definition of the Church of Christ would be satisfactory, or even tolerable, if it did not include the influence and spiritual presence of Christ among its members. This presence it is as impossible to define as it is to define life itself. Our spiritual life and experiences, the inter-communion between man's spirit and God, transcend definition. But they are facts, and they are the foundation of the life and continuity of the Church. It

is the deep conviction of this real life of the Church in Christ, and of Christ in the Church; a mystical conception, but not an imaginary one; a conception true, and experimentally verifiable and verified—it is this that is fundamental. It has taken many forms, which, to one generation, one race, one type of mind or another, have appeared least inadequate to express that conviction. But these forms are not fundamental. And it is to this I wish to call your attention. They are, so to say, of private interpretation, and cannot command universal assent. For example, we may well believe that there is, historically, an unbroken line of succession in laying on of hands from the Apostolic Church to the present time; we may well hold with Lightfoot, that the threefold ministry is “the historical backbone of the Church,” and that the Episcopal form of government certainly, “if any event in Church History can be trusted,” dates from the time of St. John; but to say that the grace of ordination and power to administer sacraments depend for their spiritual efficiency to others on this unbroken succession is a belief or theory which, however, does but express in a concrete, material, and, so to say, portable form the profound truth of the continuity of Christ’s spiritual presence in the Church. And therefore, if we care to think accurately, we shall not consider the form of the expression of this truth of Christ’s presence in the Church as in itself fundamental and universal; what is fundamental is the truth of which it is an expression, the spiritual presence of Christ in the Church—that is, in the whole association of faithful men and women—a presence which men can hardly fail to represent to themselves in different ways, and on which we cannot meditate too much.

So, too, all theories relating to the efficacy of the Sacraments, Baptismal Regeneration, the Spiritual Presence of Christ in the Holy Communion, all questions of ritual, all questions of the powers of the clergy, even all questions of prayer and worship, arise, if you will reflect on the matter, from the conviction, which is absolutely fundamental, that the inter-communion of Spirit between Christ and the members of His Church on earth is continuous, and has many channels and manifestations. All methods of expressing that inter-communion and reciprocal influence are utterly inadequate, and there neither is, nor will be, any formula, which the wit of man can devise, which contains the whole truth about it; and therefore no formula of belief on these points is in itself fundamental. As soon as we attempt to embody the spiritual truth in intellectual forms, we pass out of the region of unity in spirit into the region of diversity of opinion. And this we must recognize, and cling to the faith for us all, and to the formulæ for such as they help. These formulæ, however, are commonly regarded as Church Principles, but they are not fundamental principles; it may be difficult for us to recognize that

such points as these, which we believe to be sacred, and know to be valuable, in our own Church teaching must yet be regarded as superstructure, and liable to change and development and variety of opinion. But nevertheless it is so. All such theories are imperfect, inadequate, and largely erroneous. Each conveys to some mind a great truth, but it cannot be forced on another, as in itself the truth of which it may be in some cases a channel. There is in the theory, to use the common phrase, a subjective element. What is fundamental in all—to repeat once more—is the continuous spiritual presence of Christ among men, a veritable life of the Church, however we express this fact.

I will now, after these general remarks on the definition as a whole, and especially on that part of it which defines the Church as an association of which Christ is the head, proceed to develop, with such detail as time will permit, some of the other terms of the definition.

We call the Church a *divine* association. We mean by that phrase that it goes back to Christ Himself. In Him is its origin. We look on it, therefore, as a part of the Divine purpose and plan for the education of the world. It is with the deepest humility and consciousness of human limitations that we can venture to use any such phrase as "Divine purpose and plan." The more we think of such words, the more we shall shrink from using them lightly. Still, if there is any divine plan to be traced in history, if all religion is not a dream, the work of the Church of Christ is a part of the divine plan for the education of the world.

We call the Church, moreover, a *self-organizing* association. It is not enough that men should combine into an association for a common purpose; they must also have a regular organization in order to secure efficiency. But the world is too large, and the difficulty of inter-communication in ancient times was too great, and the diversity of the religious and intellectual tendencies of nations is too pronounced, for a single organization to hold throughout the Church, although there may be unity of faith. Divergences in forms and philosophies between the Eastern and Western Churches soon began to show themselves, and, later on, Teutonic and Roman divergences began; and, as all the world knows, national and other Church organizations exist, all being branches of the Universal or Catholic Church of Christ. They may be one in faith, in sacraments, and in allegiance to Christ, and yet differ in organization. In each such branch, as, for example, in our own branch, the Church of England, organization is necessary to deal with such various subjects as its finance, its laws, its customs, its ritual, its doctrine, its extension.

But there exists no universal organization for the Church; its

unity consists in spirit alone, nor is there any necessary type of organization. Any one who studies ecclesiastical history impartially will be impressed by the gradual and, so to speak, casual growth or modification of most of its institutions and organizations; he will notice how they followed the laws of growth and quasi-evolution of all things human, altering by the perpetual process of self-adjustment and adaptation to circumstances. This is their origin, and this is equally their sanction or their condemnation. The sacredness is not in the institution, but in the truth to which it witnesses; not in the organization, but in the purpose it was intended to effect, and the spirit that animates it. No one, on the one hand, can study ecclesiastical history and fail to be impressed with the vast importance to Church life of the institution of Episcopacy. It has given continuity, coherency, strength. It enabled the Church to do the work it had to do. It is still, both at home and in our colonies, to all appearance, essential to Church work. It is the framework on which the organization rests. But, on the other hand, no one who quietly contrasts what may be regarded as the minor characteristics of our present Church of England with those of the Church of Christ in its first age—our permanent separation of ministers from secular pursuits, our setting apart places and buildings for sacred purposes, the inequalities of rank and money-payment associated with offices in the Church of England, our parochial system, our tithes and endowments, our relation to the State, our prelates in the House of Lords, our *congrégations d'église*, our order of administration of the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and other similar points—no one, I say, with adequate knowledge, can quietly contrast these with what they have sprung from, and trace even in outline the processes by which they have sprung up, and yet doubt that the Church of Christ has had, and that the Church of England at home and in the colonies still has, the capacity for self-organization and growth and adaptation. The claim of the existing customs for our reverence rests on no claim to separate divine origin. No one can doubt that, in their present form, they are human in the sense that anything that the spirit of man devises and executes is human, and, therefore, that they are both capable of, and may demand, further growth, adaptation, and alteration; that these minor points of organization are in themselves indifferent, and to be judged by their efficiency for their purpose, and that purpose is the spiritual education of men in the spirit and faith of Christ.

The clear recognition of these points—that there must be organization, and that the society always has been and is self-organizing, according to the law, not of revolution, but of life and free continuous growth and expansion, and that its organization is to be judged, not by antiquarian standards, but by its efficiency in the

present, in which continuity is a very important factor—may greatly help us. They are elementary truths, but they are sometimes forgotten.

In the first place, they may teach us a willingness to submit to organization and law. The spirit of self-will, of insistence on our own views, which we have probably never really “bottomed,” or traced to principles, and the spirit of *ἐπιθεια* and faction, is still rife among Churchmen, as it was in the time of St. Paul, and still deserves his stern rebukes. It would be useful to remember that where men have differed there must be ground for differing, and where good men have for ages differed there must be solid and good ground for difference. It would teach us to be modest. It would teach us to look for principles on which we agree, not formulæ on which we differ. It would prevent the schismatic spirit within the Church, and the possible ripening of such spirit into actual disunion. To tell another that this or that way of doing things, this or that attitude or mode of expression, is alone the right one, provokes contradiction and schism; to tell him that this or that way is old, and works pretty well, and that if we can improve it we will, is an invitation to co-operate. It furnishes the best possible inducement to make our system work well. It makes men calm.

In the next place, these elementary truths would teach us to face the great defects in our Church organization with the united resolve to grapple with them, which we can never do till we feel that our hands are absolutely free, that we are not destroying what is divine, but promoting the growth of what is human, in the same spirit of service of God in which it has hitherto grown. If we regard either the minor difficulties and defects in our organization, such as the inefficiency of our cathedral system, the uncertainty and difficulty of ecclesiastical legislation, the reform of patronage, and the removal of inefficient ministers; or the incomparably greater defects, that though the Church is theoretically national, and though Parliament and the Crown have supreme control, yet in effect the laity have at present so little power and interest in the Church; and hence that we have so little hold on national sympathy and enthusiasm, so little adaptation to the needs of special classes, so few great forces at our command in dealing with the festering evils and the degraded types of life in our great cities; that, being the Church which has witnessed the “Extension of England,” we should have done so little for that extended Empire; that the Church in all our colonies is our weakness and not our glory—not a specimen of young and vigorous Church life, planted in new soil by an experienced and careful mother Church, or spontaneously springing up wherever Englishmen are found, but an ever-present warning of what we may become; that, being the Church of the greatest commercial country

in the world, our efficiency as a Christianising agent should have been so small—if we regard these considerations steadily, they will, it may be hoped, at last create that public opinion in our Church which will urge on and support our rulers in far stronger dealing with questions of Church Reform than has hitherto been tolerated, a reform which should enlist on the side of the Church those great forces of true, deep Christian love and feeling which hang so loosely to the skirts of the Church at present, or, indeed, are even alienated from her, distrustful of the possibility of reformation. Our rulers must wait for the tide of true Church feeling that shall carry them on. Reform must come from within; from without will come something different from reform. Reform must be the outcome of the whole Church of England. It is public opinion here, as everywhere, that forces on legislative progress.

You will now have realized what stress must be laid in our definition on the word *self-organizing*. The Church of England is at once a Divine and a *self-organizing* association—divine in origin, as we reverently believe; human in detail, as we see. All things are lawful to us—we must willingly abridge our liberty, in order to work with others—we must grow. Such are some of the immediate consequences of this part of our definition, or, rather, for you must always look at it in this way, such are the obvious conditions of our society, which lead up to and necessitate such a definition.

Next, let us consider what is involved in the word *association*. It implies that the work which Christ has given man to do is one which men cannot do by themselves, and for themselves alone; that individual salvation is not our sole aim; we do not join an association to get ourselves to heaven. No; it implies that we are essentially a brotherhood, a communion, the foundation of it being our common sonship to God, influenced by one life and one Spirit, owning allegiance to one Master, having one aim, and that not an exclusive individual aim. Our nature is such that individual holiness is, in general, unattainable without such association, for holiness is incomplete without brotherhood. We associate for the good of others as well as of ourselves: this is our aim; but the immediate effect is a blessing on ourselves. There is no one who does not get more than he gives; and the more he gives, the more he gets. It is the holiest and the saintliest who get most from our Church, because they give most.

The mere fact of an association, moreover, that is, of a Church, by its corporate existence, its universality, its antiquity, its permanence, the immense variety of characters it embraces, bears incessant witness to the world of the divine origin and spiritual nature of all men, and not only of an elect few. It is true, perhaps, that the effect of this silent witness is small, and that we must trust far more to the living

voice ; but yet who can say how deeply the religious sentiment, the sense of God's presence, the quiet consciousness of God in our daily life, has penetrated into the fibre of our English hearts, by the centuries of quiet parochial ministrations, the unceasing witness borne to the reality of the life of the Spirit by the outward and visible signs of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, by the sight of village spire and the sound of the Church-going bell, by the mere visibility of the machinery of the association which we call the Church.

The definition also teaches us that the Church is a net which gathers of every kind. It is an educational association, not a club for enjoying Christian fellowship. It admits the weak, the unformed, the doubtful, the sinful, in order that it may educate them. There is no attempt to shut out from the school of Christ those who most need His teaching ; no attempt by human tact or discernment to separate tares from wheat, and give special privileges to a few. The conception is *Catholic*, rather than *Puritan*, to express the point in a single epithet. It is inclusive, not exclusive. It imposes tests on its teachers more than on its members.

Again, an *association* for a purpose implies that there is work for all. It reminds us that the aim of this association is not one that can be discharged by paid ministers in stated duties ; that its members cannot commute their obligations for a money payment. It does not consist merely of teachers and learners. No ; all may and must contribute to the spiritual education of mankind in the spirit and faith of Christ. It suggests to us, it impresses on us, the necessity for fuller co-operation in this work, fuller sympathy among the members and ministers of a congregation. Those are the best parishes, not in which the clergyman himself does most, but in which he is least, and the spirit of association is most realized. All members of our churches should, in some way, be made to feel this membership ; that their relation to the body is not that of passive recipients of teaching or other means of grace, but that of active co-operation in the multiform work, spiritual, intellectual, moral, physical, that devolves on a Church. I have read of an American congregation in which the first question on admission is, What are you ready to *do* ? Every member of a congregation should feel that he has joined an association whose object is to *do* something ; something for their neighbours, for their country, for the heathen. You young men who are members of the Church of England, are members of an association. What are you doing to carry out its purpose ? What are you ready to do ?

By calling it an association, again, we recognize the rights of those that are without. All disqualification or persecution of those who voluntarily stand aloof from a Church is absolutely out of place. Religious equality follows as a matter of course. The Church is not

identical with the nation. Inasmuch as we are a Church, we have duties to others ; but the duties are the duties of gentleness, of persuasion, of attraction. Inasmuch as we, the Church of England, are professedly a national church, all the nation have their rights in us. We have no rights over them ; we have only duties. We cannot fail to see that the Church of Christ, in the past, often mistook its origin and purpose, and hence arose fearful evils : they claimed rights ; they ignored duties ; we must resolve to remove all traces and survivals of such a spirit in the present. The notion of "compelling them to come in," or cursing them if they stand without, of making any claims to superiority, is at length seen to be absolutely incongruous with the fundamental ideas of a church, even of a national church.

And, further, by calling it an association, we bring before our minds the duty of merging our own individual hobbies and interests in the interests of the community : the duty of great loyalty to our Church. A hard lesson to learn, but one most necessary.

We are thus compelled to reflect on our relations to other associations, such as the foreign and Nonconformist Churches. It might have been thought that a single association, under uniform organization throughout the whole world, would have been best adapted for its great purpose of educating mankind in the spirit and faith of Christ ; but it has not been God's will that it should be so ; and it seems more reverent to inquire whether such diversities as we see of Greek and Latin Churches, of National Churches, of Reformed Churches, of Nonconformist Churches, are not carrying out, or may not carry out, the purposes of the Church of Christ more efficiently than any imagined unity of organization would do. Certainly we may notice that in countries and ages where there is most unity of organization there is least life. For it is not diversity of organization or administration which is wrong, inasmuch as there is no one type of organization or administration which is exclusively right ; nor is diversity of opinion on speculative points wrong ; neither is establishment wrong, nor disestablishment, *per se* ; the only thing that is wrong is an unchristlike spirit, the abandonment of the faith and allegiance to Christ, and failure to attain the end for which organization exists—viz., the spiritual education of man in the spirit and faith of Christ. If the Church of England, and in so far as that Church, ever lost sight of that great end, and was narrow, or unjust, or incapable of growth ; and if Nonconformity arose in a spirit which was not of love, then there were faults, because the temper of both retarded the attainment of their common end. But just so far as that spirit of exclusiveness or bitterness survives, so far only is the fault hereditary. The fault does not lie in the want of unity of organization—for the unity of the Church does not lie in unity of organization, but in unity of faith and purpose—the fault lies in the

mutual temper of the diverse organizations. For there may be an association of associations, as there may be an association of individuals; and just as Congregationalism is an association of congregations, each an independent and self-organized unit, so the divine idea of the Church Catholic may be, and apparently is, an association of many associations of diverse types, each independent and self-organizing, and gradually learning to co-operate for a common end. One will necessarily be universal and inclusive; others will be partial and exclusive; but they may work together, and waste no energies in mutual disparagement.

It is not irreverent to suppose that it may be God's will to meet the diverse needs of our countrymen, as we see that He partially does meet them by such diverse associations; and that what we should aim at is to bind together these associations, by conferences, by communion, by united prayer and worship, cordially recognizing our essential community of aim. That one of these should be territorial or parochial, so that none in the nation can be neglected, would seem to be highly desirable; and on this the main responsibilities *must* rest; but that allied organizations, to suit the vast diversity of type in a nation, should exist wherever there is a demand for them, not in a spirit of rivalry, but as co-operating in different parts of the field, would not seem open to objection. When we once regard as the fundamental principle of the Catholic Church or Christ, which includes all such bodies, that it is an association, with Christ as its head, having a common faith and sacrament, for the spiritual education of man in the spirit and faith of Christ, I cannot see why one organization should be jealous of another, why Nonconformists should wish to interfere with the Church of England, or why the Church of England should not welcome as allies the Nonconformist bodies, that are working with the same end and the same faith, but under systems and formulæ different from our own. The existence of such bodies is a sign of varied intellectual and spiritual activity; a sign of life; often the result of a living protest against deadness or error in the National Church. They, too, are members of the body of Christ, and all the members have not the same office. Rivalry, as between the Churches of Macedonia and Achaia, may stimulate all to fresh efforts. Vigorous life in one congregation often provokes another to good works. But our rivalry must be in the attainment of our common end, and our end is service, not monopoly, not rule, but the service of man, the education of mankind, of our own congregations, of our poor and neglected population, our colonies, of the heathen world, in the faith and spirit of Christ. Here is a sphere for noble rivalry. Who will be the most devoted, the most self-sacrificing?

This is the spirit of co-operation, of association of bodies, as well

as of individuals, in a common work; and this is the growing spirit of our time. If you young men wish to be in the front, and not in the rear, in movements of spiritual activity, grasp this principle, and regard Nonconformists in this light. Be as staunch Churchmen as you please; you cannot, I believe, be stauncher than I am; but remember that the age of exclusiveness and bitterness is past, and the age of co-operation is begun. We have begun to stand shoulder to shoulder in face of the tremendous problems which the Church of Christ has to meet in the present age.

Finally, to speak of the Catholic Church as an association will recall to us the qualification for membership and the sacrament of admission. That is, of course, the profession of faith in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, and in the historic basis of Christianity as contained in the Apostolic creed, and the rite of baptism—baptism which places the child or the adult within the association, there to be educated in the faith and spirit of Christ, and there to share the duties of the members. Every baptism of an infant imposes on the association a new duty, for it is a pledge and promise that the child shall be brought up to live as a child of God, and member of the Kingdom of Heaven. Every adult baptism or confirmation is the enrolment of a new acting member of the great association. It will recall to us also the sacrament of membership, the Holy Communion, in which we constantly renew our spiritual life, and exhibit our union with one another in those sacred memories it perpetuates.

These seem to me to be among the immediate and practical inferences from what I regard as fundamental principles of the Church of Christ that it is a divine self-organizing association, or rather, to repeat what I said before, these are the fundamental principles of the Church of Christ, and we see that they are included in the definition. We must now go on to consider, and much more briefly, the rest of the principle which defines the aim of the Church. It is the spiritual education of mankind in the spirit and faith of Christ.

And note, first, that by regarding it in this way, we exclude some other ways of regarding the Church. For example, it is not what the Jewish nation considered themselves to be, a body with exclusive privileges, within which is safety, and without which, *sine dubio in eternum peribunt*, "no doubt they shall perish everlastingly." Privilege there is none, except the privilege of working with this association for God, and the actual membership of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, in so far as we are worthy workers, and the blessing and happiness and hopes that come from working for the love of Christ. It is an association which has blessings and privileges common to all who belong to it. To be living in the faith and spirit

of Christ is, we hold, the highest actual blessing and happiness that man is capable of ; it is eternal life to know the true God, and Jesus Christ, whom He hath sent ; it is a blessing which we cannot but wish to give to others. It is a blessing which we do not believe terminates with our earthly life. But this is all. This way of regarding the Church of Christ cuts at the root of many a controversy and doubt ; many a selfish way of regarding our Church as an ark of salvation for ourselves.

Nor, again, is the Church of Christ the mere depository of traditional and unalterable truth on speculative subjects. The limit of what the Church has to teach is the spirit and faith of Christ ; and the faith of Christ is not identical with the body of inferential theology which is the growth of later ages, and the outcome and expression of their piety and reverence. The spirit of Christ is the spirit of His life and words and thoughts ; it is the mind to be like Him, taking Him as the standard of perfect manhood, the goal of the human race, the divine ideal of humanity. The faith of Christ is the belief that He is this, and that He is Himself divine ; and that, by the self-sacrifice of His life and of His death, He has truly redeemed man from the death of sin ; that His promise is being even now fulfilled ; that He is ever spiritually present in His Church, and will be so to the end of the world. It is the belief in what He taught us of the fatherhood of God. It is not a system of philosophy, it is a disposition of mind and heart, it is goodness and brotherhood, that is the aim of the Church of Christ to propagate in the world. To spread and deepen in our own selves, and in our society, by word and by example and by prayer, the spirit and faith of Christ, and consciousness of God's presence, and love to our brethren, to subdue the sins of the flesh and the spirit, these are the aims of the Church of Christ.

That an examination both of our Lord's teaching and of St. Paul's will convince us that these practical aims will not be attained only by aiming at practice, I need scarcely suggest. The work of the Church is not merely to extol goodness, and to display Christ as a pattern of goodness. It is not this that converts and convinces sinful men, and overcomes in them the power of sin. It is the awakening of their spiritual nature by the presentation to them of Christ as He was, human and yet divine ; it is the new sympathy and power that stirs in them. And hence the Church, as the guardian of the faith and spirit of Christ, is specially bound to protect and fence, from age to age, the modes of presentation, to our finite minds, of the Person and work of Christ, and of the Holy Spirit in the Church. Such presentations are the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds, historic definitions of the faith, which prevent the work of the Church from degenerating into mere philanthropy, and, by being cut off from its springs, losing itself in desert sands.

A subject like this must be looked at from many sides, and I think it may be useful to some of you if I try to examine and test this definition in a different way, and show how the failure of individual Churchmen, in general, to keep this idea of the Church clearly before them is the source of some of our present greatest difficulties. The two great problems now before the Church are to recover its lost hold on the intellectual classes, and to get a hold on the lowest and most uneducated classes. It is with these two classes it has most failed.

First of the intellectual classes. Every one knows that there is a widespread, tacit, and not wholly tacit, disbelief of much of the ordinary teaching of the Church of England, as it is popularly supposed to be. What is the meaning of it? How has it arisen? Shall we repeat the words of St. Paul, wholly misapplying them, and say "not many wise are called." He was stating a fact respecting the constitution of the Corinthian Church. There is no reason that education should make the reception of truth more difficult; it has not been proved, though we have made it a commonplace, that it does so.

The meaning is this: it is a reaction against the error of the Church in past ages, in pressing too exclusively Theoretic Truth; in regarding doctrine, instead of the spirit and faith of Christ, as the end and aim and test and foundation of the Church of Christ, instead of its means, its method, and the expression of its piety. For it is not the spirit and faith of Christ that men hate and disbelieve; it is a very different thing; it is the claim that the teaching members of the Church have so long made, that the interpretations and guesses and science of the past are the limit of the thought of the present. Men do not hate Christ; Nonconformists love Christ; the spirit of that life is a vast power among those whom many Churchmen call unbelievers or schismatics; but men do hate and distrust and disbelieve some unwarrantable inferences and systems that have grown up in the Church, or have been extracted from the words of that Bible in which we see Christ. It is only by abating mistaken pretensions to limit thought, and by seeing her true aim, that the Church of Christ and of England can win, as she ought to win, and might win, the hearty co-operation of the intellectual classes. I mean by the intellectual classes those who are more or less penetrated with the scientific spirit. This spirit compels them to regard man himself, and all that concerns him, as a subject of scientific investigation; and while it is not too much to say that the results of observation and investigation are inconsistent with much that has passed for theology, they are not in the least inconsistent with Christianity, or with the true aims and methods of the Church of Christ. The scientific spirit is the development of man's God-given faculties, and must be in itself good. It is

only when unbalanced by higher faculties of the soul that it seems an evil. In itself it is a gift of God. Nothing which is uncertain and disputable can be the foundation of a Church. It must rest on what is certain. And hence as knowledge grows the Church must widen itself to welcome and honour its most thoughtful sons.

And next of the working classes, and specially those in our great cities. It is not true that the working man is averse to religion or to Christianity; it is a blunder and a slander to talk of the infidelity of the working man. Nothing can be more false, thank God for it; and yet the working man does not altogether love the Church of England, or its clergy, as a rule. How *should* he love the Church of the eighteenth-century? and there is still something left of the old eighteenth-century spirit. It is altogether too far from him. It is because of the distance from him of those who profess to be his teachers, and because of their belonging to a class with which he has little sympathy, and often also their dulness, their opinionativeness, their doggedness, their unworthiness. It is because of the indifference of the professing Christians of the upper and middle classes to the spiritual interests of the poor. How little there has been of the real spiritual education of them—taking them as they are—in the spirit and faith of Christ, apart from all other ends. Though something has been done, more must be done. It is necessary to live for their sake, to sacrifice all other aims, to live among them, to work for them, humbly, loyally, for Christ's sake. Thus did Franciscans and Dominicans once revive the motives and true aim of the Church by living in brotherhoods among the poorest; and this and similar work has to be done again. It is the plain obedience to the most solemn of our Lord's sacramental commands, "If I have washed your feet, ye ought also to wash one another's feet." There is no service too menial but that it ought to be done in the name of Christ. That is the work of the Church, and that will win love and respect wherever it is seen.

And now I would add that this definition and view of the fundamental principles of the Church of Christ explains to us the present movements of opinion, and shows us how exceedingly hopeful they are. For first, it removes to their proper plane all those questions which at various periods of our life agitate us; questions which belong to speculation, not to faith; to detail, not to principle: we have been perplexed about the authority of the Church, the inspiration of the Bible, the powers of the clergy, the nature of the sacraments, the nature of the future life, the explanation of the Atonement, the relation of faith and works, or other points of speculative theology, and it may be even about the mystery of Christ's incarnation and resurrection. We had thought that all these were, in some defined form, a part of faith, and that membership of a

Church required our assent to certain definite, but disputed opinions on these points. But it is not so. The essence of Church membership is the effort to live, and to help others to live, in the spirit and faith of Christ. That alone is primary, and we can relegate many a perplexing question to a plane on which it ceases to distress us. It is a great thing to put these questions on the second plane, the intellectual, instead of the first, the spiritual. Now this is what is actually taking place; it is impossible not to notice this change in the importance attributed to life compared to views. And it is a right and hopeful change. It is a true perspective of the Christian life.

Again, it teaches us the true position of the clergy. Service, and not rule, is the ideal of the Christian minister. He is not to exercise lordship over God's heritage, but to be amongst them as one that serveth. Service is the Christian ideal for all men, to be the *servi servorum Dei*; the rich are but stewards of their wealth, the young of their strength, the talented of their ability, all to be used in the service of man, to establish and cement a brotherhood in the spirit and faith of Christ. And if this is true of all, it is pre-eminently true of the clergy, that service is their ideal.

And once more, if this principle were grasped, it would guide us in the process of putting our Church on a much more national and popular basis than it now possesses. This transformation I hold to be absolutely necessary, if we are to remain the true National Church, and not become merely an Episcopalian and perhaps somewhat exclusive branch of the Church. I believe that the people have lost the sense of ownership and of responsibility in the National Church, and that this can only be restored by giving the laity more defined rights by means of national and parochial as well as rural-decantal, diocesan, and provincial councils. It may now be too late. But if the people had felt that the Church of England was their own in detail, as well as *en masse*; if we had frankly trusted them, and thrown ourselves on them, and appealed to them to co-operate with us in all noble effort for the good of the people, and especially for the education of the people in the spirit and faith of Christ our Saviour, we should have heard nothing of disestablishment and disendowment. A nation will not destroy what is truly its own. You will see that this deduction follows immediately from our definition of the Church.

To turn to another and very important consequence of this definition. It will remind us of our sole primitive source of knowledge of the faith and spirit of Christ in the Bible. It is, therefore, for ever the duty of the Church to guard the Bible; and it is especially the duty of the clergy to do what the clergy promise to do at ordination, "to be diligent in reading the Holy Scripture, and in such studies as help to the knowledge of the same." No one who has read the service for the ordination of priests is likely to forget what stress is laid

on being studious in reading and learning the Scriptures. It is not needful to enforce this now. You will readily understand that the study of the Bible is implied in the definition of the Church. And besides the Bible, we of the Church of England have another heirloom and treasure to guard, itself the product of eighteen Christian centuries. Even before the canon of the New Testament was closed, thoughts and aspirations and praise were assuming defined forms of expression, and establishing themselves in the liturgies of the Church. The perpetual additions and perpetual selection and revision made the liturgies of the mediæval Church, and have finally made our own Prayer-book, a treasure-house and record of the inspiration of the Church of Christ. It is not too much to say that as the Old Testament is the record and selection of the inspiration of the Jews in the ages before Christ, and the New Testament that of the age of Christ and the apostles, so the Prayer-book embodies the inspiration of prayer and praise and worship of the Christian centuries; it counteracts the influence of more passing phases of opinion, and of partisan tendencies of individuals in any age.

Again, the perception of the true aim of the Church is freeing us from an unintelligent use of the Bible. For if we wish primarily to learn what is in very truth the faith and spirit of Christ, we cannot but welcome those critical and scientific researches, which are enabling us to see more clearly the real and historic Christ, among and through the mists that have gathered round Him. Our religion is not the Bible, but the God that is gradually revealed in the Old Testament, the Christ that is revealed and is the revealer in the New; and our one desire must be and is increasingly to know that Christ as He truly spoke and lived. Now it is one of the happy results of critical research that men's minds have been concentrated by it on Christ; and it is undeniable that at this moment that great Personality towers more above His disciples, His biographers, His exponents, His Church, than ever before, since the days of St. Paul and St. John. Science and criticism have not destroyed one outline of the figure of the Divine Son of man, nor made our faith vain, but they have dissolved much that stood between us and Him; they have enabled us to realize His Headship of the Church, His relation to God and man.

And, lastly, the recognition of the true aim of the Church throws a flood of light on all her methods; on her services, and their inadequacy to meet all the needs of the nation; on her ministers; her organization; the use of her wealth. All is intended for one purpose only. Especially does this clear conception of the aims of a Christian Church throw light on the nature of the Holy Communion. There, in memory of our Master, we offer and present ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice to God; there we are assured that we are very members incorporate in the mystical

body of Christ, which is the blessed company of all faithful people ; there we renew and draw closer our bonds of union with one another and with Christ, and so get new strength for our arduous and ceaseless work.

I do not doubt that this way of regarding the Church will not at once approve itself to all minds. To some, it will seem too mystical; the ideas of continuous life, of Christ's presence, of the Holy Spirit's influence, will seem indirect, imaginative, and, in a certain sense, false ways of describing the ordinary continuity of motives of a mere philanthropic or philosophic association. With these persons it would avail nothing to argue. I can but say that these images seem to me the truest representations of the spiritual truths, and ~~there~~ we must leave it. The difference is not vital ; in fact, it may be little more than verbal, if we could fully sound one another to the bottom, and speak—but that it is impossible to speak—without metaphor.

But to others, the objection is of a different kind. The view will seem too earthly and practical, and their objection will perhaps take this shape: "Your definition and your remarks," they may say, "destroy my whole conception of the Church. The Church is as important a spiritual factor in the education of the world as the coming of Christ. Christ is the head, but the Church is the body. You resolve it into I know not what. The Church has absolute authority: your 'association' has only moral weight. The Church has had continuous divine guidance; her councils, the consent of the Fathers, the long tradition of usage and belief, give a supernatural sanction to her dogma. All history," they say, "concurs in this view. The Church during all the centuries was no mere 'association'; it was a great visible, embodied, supernatural power. Nonconformity is schism. This whole aspect of the Church is wanting in your view. The sacraments are the channels of divine grace: dogma is the divinely authorized expression of the Church's teaching. To treat it as an open question in any point is displeasing to God. You ignore all ecclesiastical history from the first century to the nineteenth." This is, of course, to exaggerate and misrepresent what I said; but it points to a real difference of view. I will answer exactly as St. Paul reasoned with the Galatians about the promise to Abraham and the law. No shock could be greater to the Jew than to learn that the law which he had regarded as primary, authoritative, everlasting, "as the one divinely inspired, perfect, and eternal thing on earth," was, in fact, secondary, educational, and temporary. It came in as an after-thought; it was given by the ministry of men; it cannot disannul the direct revelation of God that came before. No shock could be greater than this. Yet this, you will remember, is his reasoning; and all the fifteen centuries of the law passed away, as the discipline of immaturity, to make way for the freedom of the Gospel, which he

saw heralded to Abraham, and clearly announced in Christ. After that faith is come, we are no longer under a schoolmaster.

The parallelism is very striking. It is not now the place to expound it; but I would suggest to any thoughtful reader of this paper to weigh it well. He may find reason to think that, just as St. Paul had to go, as it were, behind the law which had trained the nation and preserved the religion for so many centuries, to find in the promise given to Abraham the true principle by which Judaism could be enlarged to embrace the new light of Christianity, and thus treat the law as parenthetical, and not permanently authoritative; so we may gradually have to go *behind the Church* to find Christ Himself, who is greater and wider even than His Church.

And now I will conclude. There is nothing new in what I have been saying. Everybody knows it, and has probably said the same himself; but I do not think that it is sufficiently brought before young men that this is the absolute fundamental Church principle, and that all else is development, and is either secondary, or erroneous, or matter of speculation. What I have said may give you, if you are thoughtful—and I do not care to speak to any who are not thoughtful—a logical and firm position, from which you can see your life and duty and conduct as Christian men. It will, I trust, help you to rise to a more adequate conception of what Christianity is and ought to be; it will help you to grow in grace and knowledge and faith and enthusiasm; help you to realize what we mean when we say that “the Church is the body of Christ.” It will help you to realize what we mean when we say that our Church is essentially a supernatural society; that the aims of its association, the bonds and principles that unite it, the Holy Spirit that should animate every member of it, are not things of time, but ideas in the eternal and spiritual world.

It will help you to avoid being carried away by temporary movements and phascs of thought, even while you sympathize with them. The tendency of man towards a legal and formal and materialistic conception of religion and the relation between God and man is very strong, and is always reappearing in one form or another. You will remember how the Galatians went back to the law, unable to maintain the spiritual level of the Gospel. So it is now. We find it difficult to maintain, even if by glimpses we see, the high level of the revelation of Christ. We seem compelled to bring it down from that sublime level, and formulate it in a thousand ways, in churches, and articles, and channels of grace; and we are very apt to mistake our formula for the thing formulated. Hence our disputes; hence the difficulties of growth and of conciliation. Who will be the first to say—I have but fragments of the truth; and I welcome those who have different fragments, if only they love our Lord Jesus Christ, and try to live in His faith and Spirit?

It will help us to assist in the new Reformation—a reformation in which spiritual truths will be more precious, while we shall feel that our expressions of them are less adequate; and in which conduct and charity, and heavenly grace, will be thought the truest evidence of the possession by the soul of those spiritual truths, independently of the selection of the intellectual form in which those truths may be deemed least inadequately expressed.

It will give you, moreover, the soundest possible justification for a defence of the Church of England—viz., its approximate realization of this idea; and the surest possible method for defending it—viz., securing its greater efficiency for the purpose of all churches, the spiritual education of the nation in the spirit and faith of Christ. The thoughtful consideration of what I have said will give you a new point from which things will be seen in truer perspective. And such a point is, I believe, much needed.

But history tells us how slowly changes of opinions are worked out; and these currents of thought, which we can clearly see among us, and which seem so completely justified in principle, will run side by side, with other currents gradually modifying them, for many a long year, before they transform, as by a new reformation, the existing currents of opinion. Therefore, young friends, patience: patience and toleration. Patience with this old world of ours, which mostly comes right at last; patience with the narrow-minded, the positive, the unbelievers, the noisy; toleration even of the intolerant, the one-sided, the silly. Work with men of all opinions—opinions are not the real test by which to judge men—work with men of all opinions if in their hearts they are striving to lead men to the spirit and faith of Christ, even if it be in ways you do not like. The work to be done is vast, almost appalling; of infinite importance to England and to Christendom. Courage, therefore, and patience and modesty and toleration and strenuous work; and an undying faith in the ever presence of our Master.

JAMES M. WILSON.

ABOUT MONEY.

WE are apparently passing through—let us hope only passing through—a cycle of very hard times. From the large land-owner, who has to reduce his rents twenty or thirty per cent., to the dock-labourer, glad to get a charity breakfast, price one penny, all of us, workers and non-workers, are suffering. The list of the unemployed extends through every class, beginning with those who are the purveyors of luxuries rather than necessities. The artist cannot sell his pictures; the author finds publishers disinclined for new books; while, with some striking exceptions, during the past season concert-rooms have been painfully empty, and theatres difficult to keep open except at serious risk. Meanwhile, business men say that never has trade been so bad or its prospects so gloomy.

Is this only a temporary crisis? or a warning of that decadence which comes to all nations

“When wealth accumulates, and men decay”—

the beginning of the end, which is gradually to make of London a Nineveh—a city of desolation? Who can say? Or is it, as some say, “the struggle between labour and capital”—whatsoever that may mean, and to whatever it may tend?

I have lately been re-reading, with unabated admiration, that wonderful novel, Thackeray’s “Newcomes,” and, closing it, was struck by the fact that the key-note of the book is Money—its use and abuse, the want of it, the craving for it, the carelessness or contempt of it. From the outset, when the Newcome family originated by allying itself to a wealthy widow, to the last chapter, when Ethel uses Lady Kew’s hoards to repay the not quite imaginary wrong done by her uncle to the “Campaigner”—money is at

the core of everything, the root of all evil, the source of all good. Ethel's pitiful voluntary slavery to her worldly old grandmother, her own sacrifice of Clive, and that of Lady Clara to her brother Barnes—in fact, the general victimization of good people by bad, which is the leading *motif* of the story, all originate in money. Nay, the dear old Colonel himself, with his childish carelessness and culpable ignorance in the matter of L. S. D., is, spite of his virtues, really the cause of half the misery of the book. He allows himself to be fleeced by his contemptible brother-in-law; he helps, not honest folk only, but those lovable prodigals, F. Bayham and Jack Belsize; he tries to win Ethel for Clive by pecuniary chicanery which no honest son ought ever to have accepted, and no true-hearted girl have been influenced by; and finally, in the affair of the Bundelcund Bank, he recklessly uses not only his own but other people's money, whose ruin he most assuredly causes by his innocent idiocy, just as much as if he had been the greatest swindler alive. Yet he is exalted into a hero—we weep over him, and never think of condemning him; and I know I shall be considered the most hard-hearted wretch alive if I dare to say that I would not have had Colonel Newcome as father, uncle, husband, or confidential friend, for the world! And why? Because he was deficient in the one point, the pivot upon which society turns—the right use and conscientious appreciation of money.

In this he is not alone. It may seem another piece of heresy to promulgate, but very few men know how properly to use money. They can earn it, lavish it, hoard it, waste it; but to deal with it wisely, as a means to an end, and also as a sacred trust, to be made the best of for others as well as themselves, is an education difficult of acquirement by the masculine mind; so difficult, that one is led to doubt whether they were meant to acquire it at all, and whether in the just distribution of duties between the sexes it was not intended that the man should earn, the woman keep—he accumulate, and she expend; especially as most women have by nature a quality in which men are often fatally deficient—"the infinite capacity for taking trouble."

The nobler sex "can't be bothered" with minutiae. "What is a paltry five pounds to me?" I have heard said in excuse of its quite unnecessary expenditure, "when every day I have to deal with hundreds and thousands." Or, "Why keep daily accounts? My clerks do that. For me, I just put two or three pounds in my pocket, spend them till they are gone—and then put in two or three more." I appeal to the candid masculine mind, if this is not the ordinary way of thinking, at least of those to whom Fate has kindly given the "two or three pounds" always in pocket, without need to beg, borrow, or steal?

But this paper is no criticism of the opposite sex; I only wish to say a few words to my own, on a subject which, especially at the present crisis, concerns them most nearly—the subject of money.

Unsentimental, unheroic, some will say unchristian, as it may sound, our right or wrong use of money is the utmost test of character, as well as the root of happiness or misery, throughout our whole lives. And this secret lies not so much with men as with us women. Instead of striving to make ourselves their rivals, would it not be wiser to educate ourselves into being their helpmates, not merely as wives, but as daughters, sisters, every relation in which a capable woman can help a man, and an incapable one bring him to ruin? especially on that particular point—money.

I know that I shall excite the wrath or contempt of the advocates of the higher education of women, when I say that it is not necessary for every woman to be an accomplished musician, an art-student, a thoroughly educated Girton girl; but it is necessary that she should be a woman of business. From the day when her baby fingers begin to handle pence and shillings, and her infant mind is roused to laudable ambition by the possession of the enormous income of three-pence-a-week, she ought to be taught the true value and wise expenditure of money; to keep accounts and balance them; to repay the minutest debt, or, still better, to avoid incurring it; to observe the just proportions of having and spending, and, above all, the golden rule for every one of us, whether our income be sixpence a week or twenty thousand a year—*waste nothing*.

May not the growing disinclination of our young men to marriage arise partly from their dread, nay, conviction—alas, too true!—that so few of our young women have been thus educated, and that so far from being a helpmeet to the man they marry, they are an expense, a hindrance, and a continual burthen? Without wishing to defend the selfish young bachelor who waits till he is “in a position to marry,” which means till he has had enough of the pleasures of freedom and finds them begin to pall, I have often seen with pity a young fellow who has never had occasion to think of anybody but himself—and never has done it—learning by hard experience the endless self-sacrifices demanded of a paterfamilias; good for him no doubt, but none the less painful. Often when going out of London about 9 A.M., and meeting whole trainfuls—is there such a word?—of busy, anxious-looking men hurrying into London, I have said to myself, “I wonder how many of these poor hard-worked fellows have wives or sisters or daughters who really help them, take the weight of life a little off their shoulders, expend their substance wisely, keep from them domestic worries, and, above all, who take care of the money.” “But for my wife I should have been in the workhouse,” is the secret consciousness of many a man; and it is a curious fact that while many

a woman makes the best of a not too estimable husband, no power on earth can save a man who has got an unworthy or even a foolish wife. He cannot raise her, and he himself will gradually

“Lower to her level day by day,
What is fine within him growing coarse, to sympathize with clay.”

Or even if she means well, but is by nature or education what I may term an “incapable” woman, he finds himself saddled with not only his own share of the life-burthen, but hers. The more generous and tender-hearted he is, the more he is made a victim, both to her and his children, till he sinks into the mere bread-winner of the family; who has his work to do, and does it, through pride, or duty, or love, or a combination of all three, usually without a word of complaint: does it till he drops. Men have a great deal of error to answer for, but the silent endurance of many middle-aged “family men,” to whom—often, alas! through the wife’s fault—domestic life has been made a burthen rather than a blessing, ought to be chronicled by the Recording Angel with a tear—not of compassion, but admiration—enough to blot out many a youthful sin.

It is to prevent this—to try and make of our girls the sort of wives that are likened unto Lemuel’s mother: “The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her; she will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life”—that I would urge their being given, from earliest childhood, some knowledge of business, especially about money. Ten years old is not too soon to begin this, or to entrust them with the responsibility of an income, however small, which will prepare them for larger responsibilities in time to come.

For I hold, as the wise legislators of the Married Women’s Property Act must have held, that every woman who has any money at all, either earned or inherited, ought to keep it in her own hands, and learn to manage it herself, exactly as a man does. There is no earthly reason why she should not. A girl can learn arithmetic just as well as a boy. Ordinary business knowledge and business habits are just as attainable by her as by him. To be able to keep accounts, to write a brief, intelligent “business letter,” and to accustom herself to exactitude and punctuality, is as easy and as valuable to a girl in her teens as to a youth in an office or a young man at college. Only, everybody expects it of him—nobody of her; and nobody attempts to teach her how to do it.

What is the result? She enters life as an “unprotected female,” neither forewarned nor forearmed. While single and young, even if deprived of father, uncle, or brother, she rarely lacks some kindly male adviser, to whom she gives no end of trouble, hanging helpless on his hands, and constantly asking him to do for her what she ought to have learnt to do for herself. A position, interesting, of course,

but a trifle humiliating, as well as unwise. For, with the best intentions, a man gets tired of being perpetually "bothered" by an ignorant and feeble woman; like the unjust judge, he will do anything to get rid of her and her "much speaking." He gives hasty or rash advice; she follows, or half follows it, and sometimes lives bitterly to regret that she did so. Or else, trying to think and act for herself, and having neither knowledge nor capacity to do so, she falls into irretrievable muddle, if not absolute ruin.

What pitiful stories do we hear of single women, young or old, who have lost their all "through too much faith in man"—some relative or friend, perhaps a knave, or more commonly only a fool, to whom they have lent money; or some trustee from whom they have innocently received a yearly income, never making the slightest inquiry as to where it came from, or whether the investments were safe, until some sudden collapse shows it to have vanished entirely. Such cases are as endless as the misery they cause. Yet hearing of them, one almost ceases to pity the victims, in condemning their egregious folly.

Every girl who is not entirely dependent on her male relations—a position which, considering all the ups and downs of life, the sooner she gets out of the better—ought by the time she is old enough to possess any money, to know exactly how much she has, where it is invested, and what it ought yearly to bring in. By this time also she should have acquired some knowledge of business; bank business, referring to cheques, dividends, and so on, and as much of ordinary business as she can. To her, information of a practical kind never comes amiss, especially the three golden rules, which have very rare exceptions—No investment of over five per cent. is really safe; Trust no one with your money without security, which ought to be as strict between the nearest and dearest friends as between strangers; and lastly, Keep all your affairs from day to day in as accurate order as if you had to die to-morrow. The mention of dying suggests another necessity—as soon as you are twenty-one years of age, make your will. You will not die a day the sooner; you can alter it whenever you like; while the ease of mind it will be to you, and the trouble it may save to those that come after you, are beyond telling.

It cannot be too strongly impressed upon every girl who has or expects that not undesirable thing, "a little income of her own," what a fortunate responsibility this is, and how useful she may make it to others. Happier than the lot of many married women is that of the "unappropriated blessing," as I have heard an old maid called, who has her money, less or more, in her own hands, and can use it as she chooses, generously as wisely, without asking anybody's leave, and being accountable for it to no one. But then she must have

learnt from her youth upwards how to use it, she must not spare any amount of trouble in the using of it, and she must console herself for many a lonely regret—we are but human, all of us!—with the thought that she has been trusted to be a steward of the Great Master. Such an old maid often does as much good in her generation as twenty married women.

And if she does marry—what then? The old notion was that man being the superior, when a woman married she became absorbed in her husband, and everything she possessed was his, unless guarded from him by a cumbrous machinery of settlements, which, pre-supposing him to be a bad man, were rather irksome if he happened to be a good one. Gradually society discovered that men and women, though different, are equal, and that therefore it was desirable to recognise their separate identity, and to make marriage, financially, a partnership with limited liability. By recent laws a married woman is, as regards her property and a good many of her rights, just as free as if she were single. And no honest, honourable man, no wise and tender husband, would wish it otherwise. It makes no difference at all to those who really love and trust each other, while to those who do not it is a certain protection on both sides. No real union can be affected by it; while in those marriages where the sentimental notion of “one flesh” is a mere sham, to keep up the pretence of union is worse than folly. When the ship is going down we trouble ourselves little enough about the style of the cabin furniture.

Therefore, nowadays, when a man marries a woman with money—and why should he not, since love is more precious than gold?—he has only to leave it, as the law leaves it, entirely in her own hands, thereby saving his pride, and removing all questions as to his motive in choosing her. That saddest lot of a woman of property, to be sought by fortune-hunters, while honest, proud men stand aloof, is thus safely avoided.

But a step below heiresses are many women who either have or earn a moderate income, which is an exceeding help to their husbands, if the wives are left free to manage and expend it, and really know how to do so. That they so seldom do know is the great curse of social life. A single woman, however incapable, careless, extravagant, can only harm herself; a married woman can be the ruin of a whole family. Far more so even than a man, against whom a sensible woman can sometimes stand as a barricade, counteracting his folly—nay, often his errors. But a man has no barricade against his wife.

I can imagine nothing more pitiable than the waking up of an honest, true-hearted young fellow, who finds his angel a commonplace, silly, helpless woman, whom he can neither trust nor control, yet is obliged to make the nominal mistress of his household, secretly

taking all its burthens on himself in addition to his own. Not that she is a bad woman at all, simply an ignorant and thoughtless one, of the tribe of "careless virgins," who, as wives, are the ruin of men. And one of the worst of women, not actually criminal, is she who has no sense of the value and use of money, which when she gets it "burns a hole in her pocket;" who never keeps accounts, having "no head for figures," or finding it "too much trouble." Consequently, even with the best intentions, she wastes as much as she spends, but consoles herself on the easy principle that "it doesn't matter; Mr. So-and-So pays for everything." As he does, God help him! and chiefly for that one false step which made him tie himself for life to 'a charming, agreeable, perhaps even loveable, fool!

But if she is not a fool, and he really can trust her, he had better do it, not only with her own money, but his. I do not mean that he should become the proverbially good husband, whose wife every Monday morning puts a sovereign in his pocket, "with strict injunctions never to change it;" but that he should trust her with his affairs, and above all tell her exactly what income he has, and how he thinks it should be spent. If she is a sensible woman, the chances are she will spend it far more wisely and economically than he will. Very few men have the time or the patience to make a shilling go as far as it can: women have. Especially a woman whose one thought is to save her husband from having burthens greater than he can bear; to help him by that quiet carefulness in money matters which alone gives an easy mind and a real enjoyment of life; to take care of the pennies, in short, that he may have the pounds free for all his lawful needs, and lawful pleasures too.

Surely there can be no sharper pang to a loving wife than to see her husband staggering under the weight of family life; worked almost to death in order to dodge "the wolf at the door;" joyless in the present, terrified at the future; and yet all this might have been averted if the wife had only known the value and use of money, and been able to keep what her husband earned; to "cut her coat according to her cloth," for any income is "limited" unless you can teach yourself to live within it; to "waste not," and therefore to "want not."

But this is not always the woman's fault. Many men insist blindly on a style of living which their means will not allow; and many a wife has been cruelly blamed for living at a rate of expenditure unwarranted by her husband's means, and which his pecuniary condition made absolutely dishonest, had she known it. But she did not know it; he being too careless or too cowardly to tell her, and she had not the sense to inquire or to find out. Every mistress of a household—especially every mother—ought to find out what the family income is, and where it comes from, and thereby

prevent all needless extravagance. Half the miserable or disgraceful bankruptcies that happen never would happen, if the wives had the sense and courage to stand firm, and insist on knowing enough about the family income to expend it proportionately; to restrain, as every wife should, a too-lavish husband; or, failing that, to stop herself out of all luxuries which she cannot righteously afford. Above all, to bring up her children in a tender carefulness that refuses to mulct "the governor" out of one unnecessary halfpenny, or to waste the money he works so hard for in their own thoughtless amusements.

If the past generation was too severe upon its offspring, and often killed off the weakest of them by a mistaken system of "hardening," the present one errs in an opposite direction. *Paterfamilias*, whose father put him in an office at sixteen, and kept him there with only a fortnight's holiday per annum, now sends his boys to school till seventeen, and then to college; gives them yachting, cricketering, walking tours and Continental travels; denies nothing to either them or their sisters, but works for them till he drops; and, then—where are they?

It is to prevent this—to counteract the creed of subservience and blind obedience, to make the woman man's help and not his hindrance—that I would have our girls taught to claim their real "rights" and exercise their best "female franchise"—freedom to stand on their own feet, and, be they single or married, to take their affairs into their own hands, especially their financial affairs. A person who is careless about money is careless about everything, and untrustworthy in everything. It is your despised prudent folk to whom the rashly generous, indifferent, and thoughtless come in the end for all that makes life worth having: "Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out." But why were they allowed to go out? Yet there is such a thing as ignoble economy, as well as noble extravagance. She who stints her servants in wages and food; who goes shabbily clad when her station and her means require her to please the world and her family by being dressed at all points like a lady; who worries herself and her friends by trying always to save when she can well afford to spend, is deserving of the severest blame. Money is meant not for hoarding, but using; the aim of life should be to use it in the right way—to spend as much as we can lawfully spend, both upon ourselves and others. And sometimes it is better to do this in our lifetime, when we can see that it is well spent, than to leave it to the chance spending of those that come after us. Above all, let us guard against the two crying errors of the female nature—a prudence which degenerates into mere "worrying," and an economy which becomes culpable narrowness.

To teach the girls of the generation—alas! the grown women are beyond teaching!—I have written these pages, trying to put the

question of money in its true light ; "that it is not the root of all evil (unless planted by evil hands), but, wisely dealt with, the source of all good—at least, the helper in all good ; bringing, when rightly used, an easy mind, a quiet conscience, the power of benefiting others, and, at any rate, of saving one's self from being a burthen to others.

To be able to earn money, or, failing that, to know how to keep it, and to use it wisely and well, is one of the greatest blessings that can happen to any woman, as well as to the man, be he father, brother, or husband, with whom her lot may be cast. Single or married, she will always have the power in her hands—that divinest power a woman can possess—to make those about her happy. Her husband, if she has one, will be "praised in the gates," for he is saved half the troubles and humiliations of other men. He never wants money, or has to work himself to death to earn it, for whatever he earns, she keeps and makes the best of. Be their income large or small, she has the strength and the self-denial to limit their expenses accordingly. She has the courage to say to every member of her family—husband included if he needs this warning, and to the world outside as well—"We cannot afford it." Therefore that horrible incubus of "keeping up appearances" is for ever removed both from her and from him. The ideal household is that which is exactly what it seems.

And for the woman who has no husband—no one either to help her or control her—well, the advantages and disadvantages often balance each other. She can do as she likes with her own ; if she has no sympathizer, at least she has no hinderer, either in her pleasures or her duties—most of all in her charities? Her money, which otherwise might have been only a pang, can thus be made into a blessing. And if she must go down to the grave alone—what woman is ever quite alone who has the will and the power to do good wherever she goes? whose strength is in herself, and whose aim it is to die as she has lived—a help to all and a trouble to no one?

THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

FOOTPATH PRESERVATION.

A NATIONAL NEED.

THE question of how far it is the duty of Englishmen and English sentiment and the English Legislature at this time of day to make every reasonable effort to preserve ancient rights of way, and hand on to succeeding generations our pleasant byeways, as well as our necessary and sometimes exceedingly unpleasant highways, will be answered very differently. Our estimate of the value to national life of these byeways and footpaths and bridle-roads will form the standard of our duty.

But the reason for preserving to the nation the ancient bridle-paths, driftways and footways will not be questioned by those who consider that with each year the number of people increases who need them for their convenience, their health, and their enjoyment. The tendency of the time is to use the country more and more for living in, the town more and more for mere business. No longer does the wealthy merchant or the little lawyer live over his shop or office. The artisan finds his lodgings cheaper in the suburb, and workmen's trains bring the labourer and mechanic out of the country into the heart of the town for their day's work.

In consequence of this the country side in the neighbourhood of large towns is at once more eagerly sought after for residence, and enhanced in value for building sites. Its footpaths, *pari passu*, become of infinitely more importance. But the purchaser of such residential property for speculative building purposes knows that a footpath through the estate diminishes the worth of the site. The owner of the land observes that the old disused footpaths are being opened up, so they must be closed. Meanwhile the appreciation of the country walk and field-side ramble grows each year with education, and with a national love for the beauty of Nature and

pursuit of natural history and science. Each year the nation's eyes are being so trained as to need the country more for its further education and its more intelligent pleasures. The love of scenery in the English masses is at present but semi-educated; but no one who lives in a place haunted by tourists, and at times overrun with the intelligent class of artisans, but can dare to prophesy that it will yet become a passion with the people.

True, it is as yet in its cradle: when Gray the poet wrote the "Journal of his Tour to the English Lakes," that love was as yet unborn. A century ago a large proportion of educated men did not think much of the beauty of a country walk. But the influences that made Wordsworth great, and keep him so, have been at work. Each year into the hearts of the lower strata of society does the love of landscape, the glory of hill and dale and changing cloud, seem to sink more deeply. The standard lesson books of our national schools call attention to it. Each year the sights and sounds of the open country, or so much of it as is not cursed by the blight of smoke, and made into muck-heaps and cinders by competitive industry, are appealing with clearer tones to the minds of the people, and Englishmen in the mass are becoming

"Lovers of the meadows and the woods
And mountains, and of all that they behold,
From this green earth, of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create
And what perceive."

Let us not forget, too, that this greater appreciation of scenery has called into existence a new school of painters, who more and more seem to need that the cross-country rambles, the out-of-the-way paths and lanes, shall be preserved to them and to their work. Add to this the fact that the love of scientific investigation of natural objects is turning out of our schools and colleges embryo Darwins and Huxleys and Tyndalls and Beales and Hookers by the score. Where shall these turn to find their happy hunting-grounds if not to the byeways, and fields, and roads, and woodland walks of their native country?

Let us remember, again, how the greater demand for brain activity in the business houses of our towns, and in the teaching of our schools and colleges, necessitates conditions of greater rest for the brain-workers of to-day, and at once the imperative necessity of doing all we may to keep our ancient byways for the recreative enjoyment of the town-weary ones who are helping the country day by day by thought and brain waste, becomes apparent. For how many a work of art and discovery of science, for what literary productions of prose-writer, poet, and philosopher, are we as a nation not indebted to the quiet byeways of our land? Who ever saw an easel in a turnpike road? Who ever found a naturalist in search of

flower or beetle along the new-trimmed, newly-pared edge of a mile of macadam? The public highways are not sought after by naturalist or painter, and the man of quiet reflective mood shuns them. They know that it is in the country lane and out-of-the-way footpath that they will find what they are in search of.

It is not only that these lanes and quiet country paths are needed for the education of the eyes and hearts of young England by a direct appeal to the powers of observation—though indeed any one may see how, in the competition of to-day, habits of such fine and quick observation and training of the eyes are likely to be real factors in the race for life that England has to run against the nations of the world; there is a more indirect but a deeper and a subtler way in which they minister to the country's good. They enable people to be alone, to cultivate "that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude." "A world from which solitude is extirpated is a very poor ideal," writes John Stuart Mill, in his "Principles of Economy," (book iv. chap. vi.). "Solitude, in the sense of being alone, is essential to any depth of meditation or of character; and solitude in the presence of natural beauty and grandeur is the cradle of thoughts and aspirations which are not only good for the individual, but which society could ill do without. Nor is there," he adds, "much satisfaction in contemplating the world with nothing left to the spontaneous activity of Nature." That last sentence condemns that hard public thoroughfare with its severe economies of roadside clippings and parings. And the former remarks tell in favour of our doing our utmost to preserve the possibilities of loneliness that the rural footpaths and mountain walks offer to meditative England.

As educational factors in the nation's life, the country lane and the less frequented meadow footways or woodland tracks, are seen then to be of more worth than at the first casual glance would have seemed probable.

But their value in these matters increases with the years; and if we wished to prove further that these pleasant byeways are of more worth to the national life now than they were fifty years ago, we have but to point to the fact that notwithstanding the counter-attraction of other means of locomotion, such as the bicycle, for instance, young England seems more and more determined to use its legs in holiday time. The pedestrian tourist is on the increase, and he has to be considered, seeing that he is too often of the order of men who, confined to office labour under unhealthy conditions, and obliged for health sake to stretch his limbs on Saturday and Sunday, cannot go far from home, and must seek his walks, not abroad—he cannot afford either money or time for this—but in whatever countryside is convenient to his desk or ledger.

It would, however, seem that side by side with this growing need and greater appreciation of the footways of England, as contrasted with the high roads, there are two or three factors at work in a contrary direction.

The greater possibilities and probabilities of access to the country by means of excursion trains, holidays, and love of pedestrian exercise, have added to the greater possibilities and probabilities of trespass. The landowner or occupier is in consequence increasingly on his guard against the public. Year by year the tendency is seen to be to keep the people to the main high roads. Men, without much sympathy with or knowledge of country life and habits buy up large landed estates, whose owners have been resident country gentlemen for generations. The old squire allowed the neighbourhood easy access to his land; villagers' use had often passed into public right of way. The new squire, partly for the sake of that seclusion which the novelty of wealth and acquirement of land seems to consider *de rigueur*, partly for an increased value which the new occupier, being somewhat of a commercial turn of mind, is wishful to obtain for his estate—to-day his and to-morrow to be cast again upon the market—partly, too, for the game's sake, which for economical principle and fashion, as much as for sport, must be preserved, is found shutting up footpaths all round, to the chagrin of the neighbours and dismay of the labourers.

At the same time, to-day, the very fact of the railway having superseded coach and horse-back travelling has tended in no small degree to the disuse of ancient roads and packhorse and bridle-paths. Many of these latter run over ways the most ancient in the land—seeing that they are found to be the lines of Roman roads—passing over moor and vale and hill between camp and camp, “steading” and “steading,” still called a “street” here, “pavement” there, and here again “causeway;” at a later period joining hostelry to hostelry, and converging, now in apparent uselessness, at cross-roads, reminding us of the cross-road fairs and sales of stock and stuff; or running again for miles in the direction of some ancient burial-ground and church, and spoken of reverently as the old corpse-road; or cropping up in unlikely places, and reminding us that our fathers went miles with great sledges for supply of winter fuel. But the pack-horse and bells gave way to the coach and horn. The horse-passenger-way became in lapse of time a driftway. An occupation road dwindles to a footway, is called a private footpath, for a time is obstructed at the will of an adjacent landowner on a certain day, no one cares or dares to interfere, and so this ancient road ceases to be. Yes, if the old coachway, with its miles of soft turf either side of it, its pleasant absence of enclosure as it passed over the commons, in its turn has yielded to the iron horse, it was the old coachway.

that was not a little to blame for the putting into disuse and losing to the people the delightful pack-horse ways of an elder time.

So it has come to pass that whilst in the neighbourhood of towns the old loved footways have ceased to be—that, for instance, taking a town like Carlisle in the north, it is found that almost all the ways out of the town, of what was once Merrie Carlisle, with its fair girdle of Eden's water, and Clym of the Clough's Forest of Green, have been closed, obstructed, or encroached upon, and it is sad Carlisle to-day, with a girdle of rail and pathlessness about it—the remoter parts of the country have also lost, and are yearly losing, that freedom of footway our fathers enjoyed.

The City public, cheated of their enjoyable walks on the outskirts of the town, impatiently turn to the less enclosed parts of England for that free passage of foot denied them at home. The Surrey Downs, Exmoor, the Welsh Hills, Dartmoor, Malvern, the Peak country, the English Lake District are sought after. But unless, as in the case of the Malvern Hills, some strict Bill has been obtained to protect the people in their wanderings, and to prevent enclosure and a general shut-out of the public, it is certain that each year what the tourist is in quest of he will less and less find. The occupiers of land in these parts are on the alert—not without reason; for the town-bred man, even if he is educated, cannot apparently understand that gates were meant to be shut to as well as opened. Foolish and wanton mischief—more of thoughtlessness than malice—is done to the farmer's land and the woodman's plantation; the rare wild flowers are taken up by the roots wholesale; ferns disappear from whole tracts of country side. And all because these strangers, as they use the old rights of way, forget the old rights of courtesy and care for other men's property as they pass over it. So the landowners in these be-touristed parts are on the alert, and the inhabitants of a country side are made to suffer for the sins of the strangers.

Paths up to familiar places of view and vantage grounds of landscape delight are stopped: one hears, for example, with grief for the people's loss, not untempered with sympathy for the landlord, that, taking the Ambleside neighbourhood alone in the last fifteen years, not less than twenty-two supposed ancient rights of way have been closed against the tourist and the neighbourhood alike. Other parts of Lake-land suffer doubtless in due proportion. Other parts of England in the same way, without the due sanction of law, but not without a certain short-sighted reasonableness, are being gradually rendered less enjoyable to the people, less helpful and reinvigorating to the nation's life.

Perhaps the saddest aspect of the matter is that it is not only from the wealthy, or the class of people with leisure to stroll, that these ancient rights of way are being taken. The labourer or the

mechanic is now often debarred from the short cut to and from his work. Think of the injustice done, the unkindness shown, if to the burden and heat of the labourer's day a shortsighted policy of footpath stopping or footpath robbery adds this also to the weary-footed and monotonous round of his daily labour, that he must go home by the longest way round, and keep to the monotony of a hard highroad. One speaks strongly, but one cannot help being righteously indignant when one sees the near way home in a pastoral country, the short cut to the village, after user by generations, suddenly closed against the husbandman as he goes forth to his labour until the evening.

Take an example. Three years ago an attempt was made to close a public landing at Lily Bay, on Derwentwater, which would have obliged many of the farmers in Newland's Vale, who otherwise might have crossed the lake, to go round a distance of a mile and a-half to their nearest market town—Keswick.

"I think," writes Mr. Ruskin, "of all the mean and wicked things a landlord can do, shutting up his foot-path is the nastiest. I have every right to speak in this matter, for there are two open foot-paths through my own wood, coming out at my lodge door." We can agree with Mr. Ruskin, and yet we can add that there are nastier things within the powers, aye, and the legal powers as matters are now, of owners of the soil; there is such a thing as building-out the view of passers-by along a public path in lovely scenery. Thus one hears of a gentleman who, on being remonstrated with because he had built out the view by a wall ten feet high for a mile's length at one of the favourite watering-places on the Welsh coast, threatened that if interfered with on behalf of the public, he would build another, and turn the highway into a narrow, viewless lane.

This wall-building nuisance, but for its expense, would swiftly mar what beauty remains to many of our English main roads. No one grudges privacy to dwelling-houses and their immediate vicinity, but the more the people are pushed on to these main roads, the more it will be wise and just to consider that they have eyes as well as feet, lest peradventure the time shall come when we may have the ridiculous sight of young town-bred England in search of healthy recreation turned on to the turnpike, with no way of obtaining sight of a field of green wheat, or of learning what an acre of mustard-flower really appears like, except by the payment of a penny at certain look-out stations erected at intervals for the purpose. But this is a digression.

Of course, much of the illegal closing of footpaths proceeds from the entire ignorance both on the side of the landlord and the public as to the law upon the matter. Let us glance at such law as at present exists in the matter of footpaths. But first let us bear in mind that a footpath, as much as a carriage-road, cart-road,

bridle-path, footway, driftway, causeway, or churchway, is by the eye of the law looked upon as a highway. Let us remember also that the public, though they can claim no atom of the soil, nor even have contributed to the maintenance of a path—nay, though the path may be dangerous or impassable in bad weather—can still claim, after sufficient user, such as shall amount to public dedication, a *right* of highway that is inalienable, except by legal process. It is not sufficiently realized that in England the process of obtaining legal powers to obstruct or divert an ancient right-of-way is quite tedious and complicated enough to prevent serious mischief, if only path obstructers will be law-abiders and law honourers also; and if a neighbourhood has its eyes open to the importance of preserving these rights-of-way. It is insufficiently remembered that, speaking broadly, the law is distinctly on the side of the public as against the obstructer.*

The axiom—once a highway always a highway—is not brought home to us till such a case arises as arose a short time since at Frimley Green, in the Chobham neighbourhood. There a certain road, named Field Hedges Road, nearly two miles in length, had been allowed to the public on sufferance long enough for them to claim right of user. It had after that been obstructed or partially closed for a period of twenty-five years; but this was felt to be a loss, and a public-spirited farmer obtained sufficient evidence of its having been used of old time, and after a five days' trial before Mr. Justice Field he won the case, obtained costs, and re-opened the road.

The substantive law seems to be on the side of public rights. The adjective law it is that needs remodelling. It is not only that in cases of illegal closing of footpaths the actual attitude of the law is unknown to the majority, but the legal process against offenders is costly, is complex, is not summary; and the mover is open to opprobrium and personal animosity, such as could not be the case if the adjective law were so revised as to put the onus of defending these public rights upon official shoulders.

There is an equal ignorance of the law apparently as regards the

* As summarized by Mr. Grosvenor Lee, of the Birmingham Footpath Association, supplemented by solicitors of other footpath societies, and settled by the well-known authority on footpath law, Mr. W. C. Glen, the honorary counsel to the National Footpath Preservation Society, the law is found to be that no public footpath can be legally stopped up or diverted without the previous sanction of a specially convened meeting of the vestry of the parish in which the footpath is situated, and the subsequent approval of Quarter Sessions, which approval, however, is given as a matter of course, if no opposition is raised. A glance at the law of procedure for diverting or closing a public path according to 5 & 6 Will. IV. cap. 53, 1835, will show that the vestry has first to be consulted, next the highway surveyor and two Justices of the Peace; then, with their sanction, notices have to be posted at each end of the highway that is proposed to be closed, in the local paper, and on the church door, for four successive weeks before the leave of Quarter Sessions can be asked by the would-be closer or diverter of any such public highway.

prevention of obstruction along the sides of our high roads, technically called "the roadside wastes." If ancient footpaths are being obstructed to the nation's loss it is assuredly true also that encroachments are being continually made upon the highroad wastes, and allowed to pass unchallenged, through ignorance of the existing law, or through a misreading of the 69th section of the Highway Act of 1835. That clause 59 provided a summary remedy in the case of encroachments upon the roadside waste within fifteen feet of the centre of the metalled highway: it did not alter the existing law so far as encroachments were concerned. (See cases *Reg. v. Edwards*, 11 J. P. 602, *Reg. v. U. K. Telegraph Co. L. J. 31, M. C. 166*, and *Turner v. Ringwood*, L. R. 9, Eq. 418.) The public have not realized that on a properly fenced high road every inch over which at any time they or their cattle or carriages have passed uninterruptedly, belongs to the public highway quite as much as does the fifteen feet on either side an imaginary line drawn down the centre of the metalled part.

This ignorance accounts for the possibilities of such encroachments upon the public highways as are reported from Yorkshire to have taken place in the High and Low Bishopside award of 1864. Since that date—that is, in the last twenty-two years—in the area of an award of only 4,000 acres of land, duly signed and sealed by the Land Commissioners, we are informed that seventy encroachments, varying from 1 to 15 feet in breadth, and nearly two miles in length, have been made upon the public highways. Twelve encroachments have been allowed to take place upon the public watering-places, and seven encroachments on the public recreation and allotments for the labouring poor.

Yorkshire seems to be unhappily notorious in this matter of highway robbery; "the devil interfering," writes Mr. Ruskin, "in his own way, with the geometry of Yorkshire. A landowner finds his thorn hedge or his enclosing wall out of repair; he gives orders that it shall be rebuilt, or that in the place of the hedge a strong fence shall be erected, and it will generally be found that he builds or sets up his fence, not three or five feet within, but three or five feet beyond the outside of the old one." In a footnote, Mr. Ruskin adds: "We mean no accusation against any class, for probably the one-fielded statesman is quite as eager for his little gain of fifty yards of grass, as the squire for his bite and sup out of the gipsy's part of the roadside." In truth, in a most subtle way all over England, this illegal enclosure of roadside wastes is going on, and until the law is altered, by which offenders can be brought to book, it will go on.

But *magna est veritas et prevalebit*. Once let England realize the truth of the harm done to her by this loss of roadside wastes, and so strongly will public opinion insist on their maintenance that the

wastes will be a law unto themselves. The days of gipsying are passing away: but the more people are turned on to the high roads, the more valuable will the sides of the roads become. Who has not experienced the rest to the feet that a stretch of roadside turf can give at the end of a long day's walk?

Work is fluctuating; hundreds of men leave the dockyards of Sunderland and seek work at Barrow-in-Furness; they cannot pay a railway fare; they will tramp across England. These men know what a blessing an unenclosed roadside waste can prove. Drive across England and you shall not meet a single man on the tramp but he is taking advantage of every bit of roadside waste he can set weary foot upon.

Go to the Midlands, and again from home to cover and back on a hunting day, the roadside waste will be printed for miles with the hoof of the horseman. Who does not know the pleasure of a ride on the ample stretches of turf that line the roads of the Lincolnshire wolds or the Rutland hills? Or who but will remember the glories of tangled hedgerow growth and hedgerow fruitage that made remarkable the roadside wastes of Oxfordshire?

It is not only the man on tramp, the pedestrian, huntsman, rider, and blackberrying youngster who are dealt harshly with and cheated of their own if these roadside wastes are needlessly or illegally enclosed. The sheep suffer also, and the owners of cattle complain. In a sheep country, positive injury is done to the farmer who in the transference of his sheep from field to field is thus robbed of the wayside bite and nibble for his flocks. In a cattle country, where railways are scarce, the drovers assert that every inch of roadside waste encroached upon adds to the distress of the cattle they are taking to and from the market-town. But until road-surveyors, country attorneys, owners of the soil, and the public, get it into their heads that all between the ancient fences of a highway, whether dedicated by award or obtained by user, is as much the *bond fide* highway as the metalled road, that no lapse of time can give good title to illegal encroachment thereon, and that proceedings by indictment hold good, the roadside wastes will be the sufferers, and the nation the loser, and the sort of case will occur which was noticed in the *Manchester Guardian* of July 8, 1885.

This case is known as *Churton v. Langley*; it was decided by the Queen's Bench upon a statement of the justices, and is typical enough to be quoted. The defendant found that there was a good piece of roadside waste on the highway between Clatterbridge and Thornton Hough, used chiefly for the placing of heaps of stones for repair, &c. He determined to enclose it down to the fifteen feet from the centre of the road, doubtless believing that he had legal right so to do. He was summoned for the encroachment and convicted, although on

behalf of his landlord he set up a claim to the soil in question, thinking that, as there would then be a right at issue, the justices would have no jurisdiction. This claim was promptly overruled, the court saying that these vacant spaces at the sides of the metalled roads were very common about the country, and often, in fact, necessary to the enjoyment of the highway.

But a better time, it is believed, is coming. Public feeling is being roused. Within the past four years a National Footpath Preservation Society, with an office in Essex Street, Strand, has been set afloat, and footpath societies at Birmingham, Henley-on-Thames, Kendal, Lancaster, Llandudno, Reading, Stockton, Keswick and Carlisle have been inaugurated. So far as can be learned these societies have been framed in no hostile spirit to the owners of private property. They appear to have realized how just are the complaints of the proprietors or tenants of the soil against trespassers of the pathways, and they seem determined, whilst they uphold the rights of the public, to remember that private rights must be regarded, and to be anti-trespass societies as well as path-preservation societies.

Still it cannot be denied that the loss of ancient rights of way and of roadside waste goes steadily forward. This may be gathered from some interesting statistics supplied by the Secretary of the National Footpath Preservation Society. From these may be gathered that, omitting mention of obstruction or encroachment that had not created public scandal, there were during the twelvemonth from August 1884 to July 1885 no less than 108 cases reported in the public press of England and Wales, which came to the notice of a single society which was only just started. It is believed that this is not more than a fourth of the cases that were reported in the public press of the year, and that a very large number of footpath obstructions and a larger number of roadside waste encroachments were either unobserved or hushed up or unreported in the local journals.

It must not be thought that Scotland is suffering less acutely in this matter than we are. As to actual mischief done, we in England are fifty years to the good as compared with Scotland. It is hardly too much to say that the Lowlanders have lost their footpaths. But Scotland, as long ago as 1844, woke to the need of an Association for the Protection of Public Rights of Roadway. That association was succeeded by or converted into the present active Scottish Rights of Way and Recreation Society, Limited, with headquarters in St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh.

What the feeling in Scotland is, may be gathered from a report furnished this spring to a Committee of Inquiry into the Existing State of Footpath Law and Footpath Obstruction, through the member for Edinburgh, Mr. Buchanan. That report pointed out that, owing to differences in highway law, if help was given

by the Legislature, it must be by a Bill that must apply solely to Scotland, and showed the enormous cost that the limited liability company had been put to in such operations as the public opening up of the Glen Tilt Road, the pathway down the Vale of Hawthornden, and others. It showed that the conclusion had been forced upon the society that unless the Crown or Road Trustees would undertake the safe-guarding of such ancient rights of way, multitudes of them would in the next few years be lost to Scotland through the difficulties attending the obtaining of evidence, and through the refusal of private individuals to face the odium of opposition to illegalities *pro bono publico*, and the impossibility of public companies finding the necessary funds to prosecute offenders. It recommended that it should be imperative upon the Procurator Fiscal in counties and burghs to vindicate and protect these ancient roads, and prosecute in all cases of dispute of right of way by a summary and inexpensive procedure before Sheriff and jury.

The report made mention of the remarkable fact that at a convention of the Royal and Parliamentary Burghs in 1882, the following resolution was passed:—

“That it has become necessary by legislation or otherwise, to restore to the people of Scotland the right of walking over their native land.”

The burghers or burgomasters who passed that resolution were not unpractical sentimentalists, they were provosts, bailies, and members of the town councils of most of the burghs of Scotland; hard-headed, far-seeing Scotchmen, they have realized that since it had come to be necessary for the Scottish Rights-of-way Society to fight for the public right-of-way across the field of Bannockburn, the time had also come to remember that patriotism and love of the native country is endangered if liberty of foot is beyond a certain point of reason and equity curtailed.

Hugh Miller, in his “My Schools and Schoolmasters,” chap. xiv., wrote: “I threw myself as usual for the compensatory pleasures on my evening walks, but I found the enclosed state of the district and the force of a vigorously administered trespass law serious drawbacks, and ceased to wonder that a thoroughly cultivated country is in most instances so much less beloved by its people than a wild and open one. . . . It is rather,” he continues, “to be regretted than wondered at that there is often less true patriotism in a country of just institutions and equal laws where soil has been so exclusively appropriated as to leave only the dusty high roads to the people, than in wild open countries in which the popular mind and affections are left free to embrace the soil, but where institutions are partial and defective.”

Travellers in Eastern countries can confirm Hugh Miller's dicta.¹ It is possible that one amongst the many things that made the men

of Judæa such passionate lovers of their native hills and dales was, that though cultivated to the utmost, the highways that passed from vineyard to farm, from village to village, were at that day unfenced. And men passed from field to field with a sense of freedom and sense of trust that our modern Englishmen know nothing of. It is certain that a like liberty of free wandering has much to do with the inextinguishable love of his land and patriotic ardour which characterizes the native of Switzerland.

There was a time when all roads were the King's, as representative of the rights of the whole people. If a man went off the King's highway without blowing a horn to give due notice of the fact and was caught, he was to be treated as an enemy, suspected as a dangerous subject, and might be made prisoner or more summarily dwelt with. What the Scotch gentlemen who are members of the Rights of Way Society and others wish is, that the King should claim his own again and take full power over the byeways and footpaths, that it should be for the Crown to prosecute, if moved thereto, in all cases of illegal obstruction of public rights of way. In this matter English hands grasp hands across the Border; for it has come to pass that with us, in these latter days, many kings have arisen and are exercising rights over their petty kingdoms, and these are not all of such ancient lineage or so patriotic and public-spirited as the Duke of Westminster, Lord Carnarvon, Lord Muncaster, the Earl of Bective, Lord Mount-Temple, and others who could be named. Hence it has come that not only are people forbidden to blow the horn, except it be a hunting-horn, when they are off the King's highway, but they are in many cases absolutely forbidden to set foot upon an inch of soil beyond the beaten highroad that is of right in power of the Crown.

But not only are England and Scotland being moved to see the mischief of interference with rights of way and the national need of their preservation. In France and Germany there are coming sounds of the same footway agitation. And Germany asserts that the need is not only a natural one; it is a racial one also. Those who followed the provisions of the Prussian *Feld und Forst Polizeigesetz* which became law in 1880, and the agitation carried on against the stringent trespass law therein enacted, will have noted how German philosophers and diplomatists joined in their opposition to those clauses, which forbade the harmless plucking of wild fruits and flowers in the woods, on the ground of race peculiarities. The peculiar dependence of the Germanic race on woodlands, spoken of by Tacitus and inherited by the present generation, excluded, it was argued, the notion of fitness in hindering the people without grave cause from indulging the longing for harmless sylvan pleasures.

Dr. Seelig, in a debate on the Land Tax, December 16, 1880,

said : " Among the Teutonic tribes there was no property in land except the plot occupied by the hut, the garden, and the court, the rest belonged to the community." " These relations exist to the present day, not to be sure in their original form, but in their essence." It would be foreign to our purpose to follow Dr. Seelig into the intricacies of questions concerning ancient land tenure ; but that property in land has rights, responsibilities, and restrictions of its own, none will at this time of day deny. Not till this is fully realized shall we cease to have occasion to wonder, with the Duke of Westminster, " at the mania for shutting out the public from everywhere." Until then we shall still be apt to look upon a piece of property in land much as one looks at the possession of a piece of china or a consignment of cotton.

Another debater on the German trespass law movement seemed to be near the mark when he spoke of the old communal rights as subsisting in the form of servitudes, and insisted specially that the right to resort to woodlands for innocent purposes remained intact. " That little remnant of archaic communal property, the permission for everybody to take his walks abroad, is not," he said, " merely a claim upon good feeling, but exists at this hour as a right." The spirit of the opposition to the trespass law may be summed up in the following extract from the *Kasseler Tagblatt*, December 15, 1880 : " The German people do not choose to be dependent upon the grace of reasonable owners for their rights to take their walks abroad in the open woods, they choose rather to protect their immemorial rights against unreasonable owners."

These quotations from the objectors in Germany on social and customary grounds to the stringent trespass law proposed by the Prussian legislature, may be concluded with a sentence that fell from Herr Reichensperge Olpe in debate upon the bill, November 4, 1882 :—" The German nation must maintain," said he, " for each of its members the right to enjoy the open country. That is an old Teutonic right, and an extension of the rigid Roman conception of property to the forest is opposed to the fundamental judicial conceptions of the German race."

This German instinct for sylvan pleasure and liberty of foot is strong among the Teutons in England of to-day. But the Anglicized Teuton is a long-suffering creature. If the gate is locked against him in his accustomed walk he may sit on it and grumble, but break the lock, never. He will not repay meanness with meanness. If the path obstructor was present he would get over the gate and go on with his walk ; the path stopper is in London, or up at the Hall, or out on the farm, and the average Englishman will not take advantage of his absence to assert his known rights. John Bull avoids fuss and notoriety. The witness-box, the paragraph in the

local paper, is an abomination to him; but most of all he dislikes the taunt of being the champion of public rights. John Bull has a great notion of loyalty and generosity; he cannot find it in his heart to go against the son of the old squire, or the new man who gave the silver cup and spoke so glibly at the last agricultural show about maintaining the rights of the people. Neighbours are neighbours all the world over. The man who dined with me last night shuts me out of a delightful walk through his wood to-morrow, but then—he dined with me last night, and I dine with him the day after to-morrow. So the rights of private hospitality make against the public rights of way.

Doubtless, also, it is felt that the laws of trespass need amending. Rights of passage across private property lay heavy responsibilities upon those who enjoy them. These responsibilities are not enough realized. Private leave to pass over land at the will of a landowner is too often confounded with public right of passage. At this time of day it would seem specially needful to safe-guard the legitimate rights of the landowner. But the public have definite rights also. And it would appear that the public must be empowered by some speedier, less personal, less intricate, and less expensive method to vindicate on national grounds their national rights against the path-stopper and the road-side waste encroachment alike, or one of the chiefest charms of pleasant England will cease to be.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

COMMONS, PARKS AND OPEN SPACES.

THERE is some danger that the adventurous proposal of Mr. Jesse Collings, to seize for public purposes all inclosures made without the sanction of Parliament during the last fifty years, may withdraw attention from the far more important question, how such inclosures are to be prevented in the future. The exertions of the late Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, and a handful of public men have almost stopped parliamentary inclosures, and have done much to check inclosure in other forms. As yet, however, no means have been taken effectually to secure the remaining common lands of the country from that species of inclosure which takes place without the knowledge or authority of Parliament. The preservation of commons is an item in the programme of most land reformers. But the subject is usually dismissed in a sentence, and no information is vouchsafed as to the general principles which are to govern the treatment of common land in the future. The question is not a small one. The remaining common land of the country extends, on various estimates, from one and a half to two and a half millions of acres. Its distribution is, however, most capricious. The greater part lies in the wild and mountainous districts, in Wales, in the Highlands of the North, and in Devon and Cornwall. There are wide areas, and these now thickly peopled, which have been wholly inclosed. London, happily, has not only the Royal Parks in her midst, but extensive heaths on her outskirts. The great towns of the North and the Midlands are not so fortunate, and even in London there are large and populous suburbs unrelieved by a single acre of park or common. Side by side, therefore, with the question of the preservation of commons is the equally important question, How shall open spaces be provided where no commons exist? Hitherto

the formation of parks has depended upon chance, upon the munificence of individuals, aided by spasmodic drafts upon the pockets of the ratepayers. Cannot some more certain and systematic mode be devised for providing what may fairly be called a necessity of healthy life in towns?

At present, it has been frequently said, commons are liable to inclosure in three different ways. They may be inclosed by the method indicated by the Inclosure Acts—that is, by the aid of the Land Commissioners and subject to the distinct approval of Parliament in each particular case. They may be appropriated by railway companies and other public bodies for various kinds of industrial undertakings. This process, also, can only take place with the full knowledge and express sanction of Parliament. Thirdly, they may be inclosed by some person (generally the lord of the manor) who claims to be legally entitled, without the express authority of the Legislature, to exclude all but himself from the enjoyment of the land, and to reduce it to private ownership.

Now, the last mode of inclosure differs from the other two, not only in the nature of the authority which is claimed for it, but in its objects. When an inclosure is sanctioned by Parliament, the avowed end and object is the public good. But where an inclosure is made privately in the assertion of a right of absolute ownership, the end and object is the aggrandizement of the individual, and any benefit or injury to the community is a mere incident of the process. The most serious injury may be inflicted on a neighbourhood and on the nation at large. A deadly blow may be struck at an independent and hard-working class of small cultivators, or a most beautiful spot may be withdrawn from the enjoyment of the public. But Parliament has no power to interfere. No consent is asked to inclose. The inclosure is made on the assumption of a legal right which can only be disputed in the law courts.

It was by this form of inclosure that the London commons were threatened. It was on the authority of an assumed legal right that half Epping Forest was at one time abstracted from public use. Such an inclosure can only at present be resisted by litigation, and by litigation conducted in the name of persons claiming some private interest in the land inclosed. In the usual case, where the inclosure is made by the lord of the manor or by some other person accredited at law with the ownership of the soil of the common, the assailants must be commoners. Thus in the case of the London commons—Wimbledon, Hampstead Heath, Plumstead, Tooting—the defence of the common necessarily fell to the residents, and was conducted in the name of commoners. It was as a commoner that Mr. Augustus Smith threw down the fences on Berkhamstead Common; and it was as commoners that the Commissioners of Sewers of the City of

London, at the instance of the Corporation, established the illegality of the inclosure of Epping Forest, and compelled restitution. The London suits were uniformly successful,* and the commons have been rescued. But there are many places where there is no one to resist inclosure. The lord of the manor owns, perhaps, half the property of the parish, and the other half is in the hands of personal friends with whom some arrangement is made, or who consider their interests unaffected and do not care to thwart their neighbour. In such cases what chance is there that the views and claims of the cottager and the small farmer will be regarded? What security is there that the inclosure is really made in accordance with law? There are probably few neighbourhoods where the old inhabitant cannot point to inclosures made by the great man of the district—sometimes of strips and corners, sometimes on a larger scale. The reputation in the district may have been entirely against the right to inclose; but the agent put the fence up, no one interfered, and that is the whole story.

If the nation is in the future effectually to assert its interest in the common land of the country, this process must be stopped, and no inclosure henceforth allowed without the express sanction of Parliament. This view is no new one. It was strenuously urged by Mr. Shaw Lefevre and the late Mr. Fawcett when the Commons Act of 1876 was passing through Parliament. It was pointed out that such a prohibition was only a complement to the reform of the procedure for inclosure under the Acts—for, as Mr. Fawcett said, the more difficult parliamentary inclosure is made, the greater inducement is offered to inclosure without parliamentary sanction, if such a course is still allowed. The Ministry of the day replied that to prohibit private inclosure would be to tamper with the rights of property, since, if a right to inclose existed, it could not be fairly taken away without compensation. The answer is that rights of property are continually tampered with under the present system. Inclosures are made in defiance of rights of common, because the owners of those rights are not able to bear the expense of the costly litigation which is necessary to abate the inclosures, or because they are afraid to offend a powerful neighbour. The success of the commoners' suits respecting the London commons shows that, where there is money to support the proceedings necessary to test the validity of an inclosure, the inclosure as a rule turns out to be unlawful.

The Epping Forest case is a remarkable instance of this truth. Inclosures had been proceeding for more than twenty years before the Corporation of London commenced their noted suit. Every

* A suit to prevent the inclosure of Stockwell Green failed. But in this case the question was as to a right of recreation, not a right of common, and, moreover, the green had been inclosed for more than twenty years. There has recently also been an unfavourable decision as to a small portion of Mitcham Common, but the circumstances are very peculiar.

means had been taken to make a title. The Crown rights had been bought; in many cases the form of obtaining the consent of the commoners in the manor had been gone through; in one case the proceedings had been assimilated to those of a parliamentary inclosure, every landowner in the parish being compensated by an allotment. Actions had been brought against particular inclosures from time to time (the late Master of the Rolls suggested in some cases collusively) and had failed, and so confident were the lords of their case that they succeeded in persuading the Government of the day in 1870 to introduce a Bill confirming them in what they had taken, and giving them another 2,000 acres of the Forest, leaving only 1,000 for the commoners and the public. Moreover, there was this difficulty—a difficulty which existed in the case of all the London commons—that, with regard to the parts of the Forest nearer to town, the surrounding property had ceased to be used for agricultural purposes. Villas had taken the place of farms, and hence there was comparatively little use of the Forest as a place of pasturage, though for purposes of recreation it had become the more valuable. Nevertheless, when the Corporation of London at last supplied the funds, and the history and law of the Forest were thoroughly investigated, so astute and sound a judge as the late Master of the Rolls decided without hesitation that the inclosures were wholly illegal; and so conclusive was his judgment that no one ventured to appeal from it.

As a contrast to this case, take that of Dartmoor. Enormous inclosures have been made there within recent times, and, though there has been considerable grumbling, no one has come forward to dispute them. Yet, according to the ancient records, the whole county of Devon has rights on the moor, and it is difficult to see how, in such a case, the inclosures can by possibility be valid. But it is a serious matter to fight a Government department or a rich landowner, and those who are most affected are the least able to give money and time to the struggle. As matters now stand, it is a mere accident whether an unlawful inclosure is challenged or not. If it is near a town, where there is some public spirit and the value of open spaces is felt, the necessary litigation may ensue. But if it is in a rural district, and there is no wealthy neighbour whose pocket or dignity is affected, it will probably be assailed by nothing worse than a grumble. This is not a wholesome state of things. Inclosures, if they are for the public good, should be carried out in the light of day, with due safeguards for the protection of all rights. They should not be left to the caprice of an individual and the accident of social relations.

Other proposals have been made to remedy the evil of private inclosure. The proposal which found most favour with the House of Commons in 1876 was that the Land Commissioners should have a

locus standi in all cases to attack an inclosure. It has also sometimes been suggested that these Commissioners should undertake the duty of adjudicating upon the validity of an inclosure, and of abating it if they should be of opinion that it is unlawful. There are, however, serious objections to making the Commissioners either plaintiffs or judges in such cases. If the Commissioners had the power of moving the Courts to abate an inclosure, every other aggrieved person would, upon taking action, be met with the comment that the Commissioners, to whom the duty had been assigned, did not think it a case to interfere, and a serious prejudice would thus be raised against his claim. If the Commissioners were the final court to determine the legality of an inclosure, the expense of proceedings before them would be almost as heavy as the costs of litigation, and there would be less confidence in the correctness of the decision. Another suggestion which has been sometimes made, and which is in harmony with much of the feeling of the present day, is that the local authority should be armed with power to challenge all inclosures. Here again the same difficulties arise. It is of course out of the question to repose judicial powers in a local authority. And if the power conferred is to be merely that of taking proceedings at law, it does not require much foresight to see that such a power will be quite ineffectual to prevent inclosure. The Metropolitan Board, the most powerful of rate-supported bodies, has always set its face against legal proceedings for the protection of commons. Ratepayers and their representatives are not fond of litigation, and the author of the inclosure will usually have influence enough to insure that the horrors of an unsuccessful action shall be vividly brought home to the imagination of vestrymen and common councillors. At the same time the commoners and their friends will be deterred from taking independent action by the fact that such action might be taken at the expense of the rates. In the hands of powerful corporations the right to attack an inclosure might occasionally be of some value to the public; but, if encroachments are to be prevented in rural districts, the only effectual mode of procedure is to forbid all inclosure of common land in the future without the sanction of Parliament. Such a provision, it must be understood, would by no means decree all common land now existing to lie for ever in its present condition. If in any case it can be shown to the satisfaction of Parliament that the balance of advantage to the public is on the side of the conversion of common land into private property, that process will be authorized in the mode and with the safeguards provided by Parliament for such a purpose. In the meantime, the rights of lord and commoner remain unaffected. They may utilize the common in any way they like provided they keep it in its present condition. They may enjoy their present

property, but they may not turn it into something wholly different without the consent of the nation.

Mr. Jesse Collings proposes to go a step, and a very long step, farther. If the notices which appeared in the books of the House of Commons last year correctly indicate his views, he proposes that all inclosures made illegally and without the sanction of Parliament during the last fifty years should be taken from the person now in possession and handed to the local authorities. No one can doubt Mr. Collings's sincere desire to redress injustice and to help those whom he considers most in want of help. But his proposal, while fraught with serious dangers, would entirely fail to benefit the agricultural labouring class, in whose interests it is made. In the first place, the preliminary to any action would be to prove that an inclosure was illegal. This must be done either before the ordinary legal tribunals or before some body appointed specially for the purpose. In the latter case, it would be difficult to avoid the charge of withdrawing questions of private right from the cognizance of the law courts in order to insure a decision in the sense desired. Any person who might be dispossessed by a special commission would have an undoubted grievance, and might, with some plausibility, compare his treatment to that of the victims of the Star Chamber. On the other hand, if only such inclosures are to be thrown out as are found to be illegal by the ordinary tribunals, the proposed Act would remain a dead letter so far as Mr. Collings's objects are concerned. Who is to take the necessary proceedings? They would be of the most costly kind. Even in case of success, there would be large sums to pay, over and above any costs recovered from the persons attacked, while in case of failure the costs of these persons must also be defrayed. It would be a very bold local authority who would venture on a series of law-suits to upset inclosures fifty, thirty, or even twenty years old.

But supposing that these preliminary difficulties were overcome, and that means could be devised by which, without the appearance of injustice and oppression, and without ruinous cost to the public, the legality of all inclosures without the sanction of Parliament during the last fifty years could be tested. What would be the questions for the consideration of the court? Now there are two classes of inclosure, which in the eye of the law stand on totally different grounds. There are inclosures which are made by the reputed owner of the soil, and there are inclosures made by persons who assert no claim to the soil, but simply take possession. We have all heard of squatters. A squatter is a person who settles on land to which he makes no legal claim, and by holding it against all comers for a certain period (formerly twenty, now twelve years) acquires a title to

be considered its owner in future.* In the ordinary case of a manorial common, where the soil undoubtedly belongs to the lord, squatting operates as a forcible transfer of the piece of land occupied from the lord to the squatter. But if time is not to give a title to inclosures, all inclosures made by squatting at any time within fifty years are absolutely illegal. In the case of inclosures of this class, no costly inquiry would be necessary. The absence of a title derived from the reputed owner of the soil would of itself brand the inclosure as illegal. Now there are multitudes of these inclosures in all parts of the country. On a large waste it is almost impossible to prevent them, unless there are special statutory powers of management. On Ashdown Forest, in Sussex, for instance, where both lord and commoners were eager to assert their rights, inclosures by the hundred have been made by squatters within recent years. Such inclosures are in the possession of cottagers and labourers; they often give the opportunity of keeping a few head of stock, and perhaps lead to the rise of the day-labourer, or even the tramp or gipsy, into the small farmer. Surely it is Mr. Collings's dearest wish to encourage such a process. Will he commence by a step which will dispossess thousands of the very class he wishes to create, and in hundreds of parishes take away at a blow the savings of perhaps two generations of frugal, hard-working families? Mr. Collings is said to be the man who of all others in England is most trusted by the agricultural labourer; but that confidence would be destroyed in a moment were he believed capable of such an intention.

And to whom is the land to be given when the squatter or his descendants have been dispossessed? The lord of the manor has never parted with the soil, except by the operation of the law which Mr. Collings would repeal. If the inclosure is illegal, the lord is still entitled to enjoy the land which was inclosed, in such improved condition as it may have assumed through the exertions of the squatter; and if the land is to be transferred to the local authority in its inclosed and improved condition, the lord might put in a claim to be paid its full value. It would be possible, no doubt, by special provision to prevent such a grotesque result. It might be declared that the quieting effect of time was abrogated in the interests of the commoners and the public only, and not in that of owners of the soil. But even if the unlucky accidents which are likely to arise from Mr. Collings's proposal were ingeniously prevented and the desired result secured, the first consequence of the measure would be the disinheritation of large numbers of the very class in whose interests the measure is conceived.

* It may be a question whether twelve years' occupation gives a title against commoners; but no court has ever, at the suit of a commoner, set aside an inclosure in which a title has previously been acquired. On the contrary, in the Epping Forest case the line was drawn at the period which confers such a title, *that twenty years*.

Now let us look at the other class of inclosures—those made by the reputed owner of the soil. These are the inclosures which Mr. Collings really wishes to throw out. Here the legal question is a very different one. The owner of land has been at liberty at any time during the last fifty years to inclose, provided he interfered with the rights of no one else. Can it be proved, then, that at the time an inclosure was made some right of common was interfered with? It is a costly proceeding, as we have said, to prove the illegality of a new inclosure as against rights of common—a proceeding which is likely to fail unless conducted with knowledge and judgment, and with the aid of ample funds. But under Mr. Collings's proposed Act the date of proof would be thrown back twenty, thirty, even fifty years. It would be necessary to show that thirty or fifty years ago an inclosure was illegal. Evidence must be given of the rights then existing. Documents alone would in most cases be insufficient to supply such proof. It would be necessary to show actual exercise over the spot in question of the rights asserted to exist, and that not only at the time of the inclosure, but for many years previously. How could such evidence be obtained when the witnesses who knew the facts have been dead many years? And supposing some rights were proved to exist, it would in many cases be urged on behalf of the lord that he had left sufficient common to satisfy these rights, and the fact that the inclosure had been unchallenged for a long period of years would undoubtedly be accepted by the courts as the best evidence of the truth of the lord's assertion. Unless all the principles which have hitherto guided the courts in dealing with such cases are to be disregarded in the future, it would be a hopeless attempt to prove the illegality of inclosures which have become venerable by age.

And in justifying accomplished facts the courts are surely right. The world does not stand still; new interests arise every day; and after a certain time greater injustice ensues from trying to set an old wrong right than from leaving it alone. Of recent years the tendency has been entirely in favour of shortening the time within which redress may be had. The period for the recovery of land has been reduced from twenty to twelve years; and there have been proposals to limit the recovery of ordinary debts to three years, or even a shorter time. It would be in the highest degree inconsistent with these endeavours to impugn the validity of inclosures fifty years old. Titles, as Lord Salisbury has pointed out, would be seriously embarrassed, and a step would be taken directly opposed to that simplification of transfer which all land reformers desire. Nothing but harm to the cause which Mr. Collings has most at heart—the multiplication of small owners—could arise from the adoption of such a measure as he has suggested.

Whether the reformed local authorities which have been freely promised should be authorized^{*} to test the validity of inclosures made within the last twelve years is of course quite a different question. There would be no injustice in conferring such a power. But, as its exercise would (except in the case of squatters) involve the local authority in expensive litigation, it would probably remain a dead letter, and the odium attaching to retrospective legislation would have been raised without any corresponding benefit. The better course would appear to be to draw the line at the present day, to leave past inclosures to be dealt with under the law as it stood at the time they were made, but to free all common land now existing from the risk of private inclosure in the future.*

To what extent it is desirable that common land should be inclosed with the sanction of Parliament and under the safeguards provided by the Inclosure Acts is of course a wholly different question. There are still sturdy advocates of inclosure. Mr. Grenfell, the treasurer of the Political Economy Club, in a recent attack upon the Commons Preservation Society, boldly declares for inclosure in all shapes and forms—indeed, he seems scarcely to be aware of the distinction between parliamentary inclosure and private encroachment. He considers that it must necessarily be a benefit to the country to increase its productive area. This was the view which up to 1869 was accepted as a sufficient justification for rural inclosures. Like many other arguments, it was used long after it had ceased to have any weight, and Mr. Fawcett, when he succeeded in obtaining a hearing, was able to show conclusively that the evils arising from inclosure in the present day far exceed the benefits. By the introduction of free trade the country has been made independent of her home supplies of food. On the other hand, the inclosure of commons has necessarily increased the extent of land in the hands of existing owners, since under the Inclosure Acts a common is divided amongst the persons entitled to turn out in proportion to the extent of their lands already inclosed. Inclosure has also played an important part in driving out of existence the cottage farmer, who can earn a decent and independent living while his stock have the run of the common and he is able to cut his own litter, to get a little furze for his hayricks and his fences, and perhaps turf for his fire, but who without these aids is unable to make both ends meet. The result of the long struggle in which Mr. Fawcett and Mr. Shaw Lefevre took the lead has been to bring home these facts to the public mind, and in the end to convince the Land Commissioners themselves that only in exceptional cases can inclosure be usefully recommended to Parliament at the present day. Twenty-three thousand acres have indeed

* This would be effected by an enactment that no land subject at the passing of the Act to any right of common should be thenceforth inclosed without the sanction of Parliament.

been inclosed since the passing of the last Commons Act in 1876. But they are either common field lands or extensive tracts of moorland in thinly peopled districts. In any future inclosures of this kind it is worth consideration whether special facilities might not be afforded for the formation of small holdings. It is already a fixed rule that upon every such inclosure ample allotments should be set out for the labouring class. There seems to be no reason why Parliament should not go a little farther, and impose a condition that a certain proportion of the land to be inclosed should be put up for sale, in convenient lots for small proprietors. In some cases a sale might be effected to one of the companies formed for the purpose of promoting small holdings, or even possibly, with proper safeguards, to local authorities.

But in the great majority of cases, commons are far more valuable as open spaces than in any other form, and pre-eminently is this the case in the neighbourhood of towns. Unfortunately, as we have said, there are many towns where no commons exist, and where open spaces must be provided by other means. For it is a question not merely of the mental and moral, but of the physical health of the community. It has been shown by statistics that the rate of mortality varies directly with density of population. The late Dr. Farr grouped the several districts of England and Wales according to the rates of mortality. At one end of the scale the deaths per 1000 were 15, 16, and 17, and at the other end 31, 33, and 39. The acres to a person in the corresponding districts were 12, 4, and 3 at the one end, and .01, .05, and .07 at the other. In the Liverpool district, the most unhealthy in England, the deaths are 39 per 1000, and there are 106 people to the acre.*

So exactly did Dr. Farr consider the law to be proved by the facts, that he felt himself justified in reducing it to a mathematical formula. And the truth of the doctrine is admitted in a loose way by the efforts made from time to time by municipal corporations to supply their towns with parks and recreation grounds. Large sums have been spent in this way by the great towns of the Midlands and the North. London, notwithstanding the exceptional advantages she possesses in her commons and royal parks, cannot rely on these alone. There are large districts where there is not an acre of common land to stem the tide of bricks and mortar which sweeps over field and wood and garden. Mr. Shaw Lefevre, in pleading lately for the extension of Hampstead Heath, quoted a recommendation of so old a writer as John Evelyn, that London should be surrounded with a belt of meadow land, planted with aromatic and fragrant herbs and trees, so that from whatever point the wind blows the air of the city may be

* In his Report for 1885 the Registrar-General estimates the rate of mortality to be 31 per cent. higher in urban districts than in rural.

sweetened and purified. At Frankfort-on-the-Maine, a narrow belt of land, probably the site of the old city wall, has been planted and laid out in grass plots and flower beds, walks and drives, and well supplied with gravelled spaces for children to play. It is surprising what a sense of spaciousness and comfort is derived from such a simple expedient. In English towns nothing systematic is as a rule attempted. A park is provided, perhaps two or three, but the position of these is more often dictated by the munificence of some donor, or some accident of the land-market, than the requirements of the town. No one would reject such casual additions to open spaces. By all means let every opportunity be caught at which promises to preserve any nook or corner from the build. In London, square gardens, and in all towns disused churchyards, are valuable as open spaces, and may be made more so. Sometimes the chance occurs of buying at a comparatively low price some place of entertainment which has failed,* or some private garden which the owner must leave, but is loth to cut up. But in so all-important a matter as the sweetening of the air we breathe, there should be some more systematic and self-working means of counteracting the constant spread of houses and destruction of all vegetable life.

Such a means might be found in a rule requiring every owner who, on the outskirts of a town, converts field or garden into building land to contribute, according to a fixed scale, towards the provision of open spaces for the public. In the case of a large estate, the contribution would be most appropriately made in land; in the case of small properties, generally in money, to be devoted to the purchase and maintenance of open spaces. But the form of the contribution would be left to the municipality or other local authority, while the amount should be a fixed proportion of the value of the land.†

It will no doubt be urged by some persons that such a proposal amounts to the confiscation of part of the property of the landowner. Every new proposal respecting land is alleged to involve confiscation. But no one objects in principle to a tax or rate for the acquisition or maintenance of open spaces, and such a burden falls ultimately on the landowner. The contribution which is here suggested amounts to a tax imposed once for all, at a particular stage in the development of the land. Moreover, it is imposed exactly at the right time. The landowner who proposes to turn his fields or the gardens of his country mansions into building land is about greatly to increase his income. This increase he is able to secure owing to the spread of the town which has led to a demand for the use of his land for purposes of residence instead of for purposes of agriculture or pleasure. What is more

* The grounds of the Alexandra Palace, which cannot be built over without the sanction of Parliament, will no doubt be eventually secured for London. It is to be regretted that the Surrey Gardens were, not long since, cut up for building.

† A similar proposal has been recently made in a pamphlet by the Rev. James Johnston, entitled "Parks and Playgrounds for the People." Mr. Johnston, however, examines the question mainly with reference to the working of the Inclosure Acts.

equitable than that a certain proportion of the increased value which is added to his property by the spread of the town should be devoted to the benefit of the town? There are no doubt serious objections to the participation of the State in the unearned increment of value constantly arising to the landowner in a progressive community. In the present case, not only is an unearned increment of value about to accrue to the landowner, but he is about to perform an act which has a sensible and injurious effect upon the community to the progress of which he owes his good fortune. He is about to diminish the supply of pure air to the city on whose borders his land lies, and to impair the amenities of life for its inhabitants. It is his own desire to convert the character of his property. There is no obligation upon him to do so, but he considers it to his advantage. There is nothing inequitable in asking him to surrender some portion of his gains (present or prospective) for the purpose of counteracting the injury which he would otherwise inflict on the town, and of making life more tolerable for the future occupants of his own land, as well as for other inhabitants. In point of fact, a large landowner will probably not be called on to surrender more than under present circumstances he leaves free from building in the form of gardens and squares, but there is this great difference, that the land left open will be handed at once to the local authority. It will be devoted to public uses, and will always remain open instead of being at some future time covered with houses as the suburb becomes a quarter of the town, and shops and rows take the place of villas.

It will no doubt require care and skill to reduce the principle which has been suggested into the terms of a workable Act of Parliament. But no insuperable difficulty need be anticipated. The districts within which it should operate would be obviously urban districts,* or a certain area outside such districts. Probably the practical mode of defining the circumstances under which the contribution shall arise will be to provide that it shall be made whenever a house is built within the prescribed area with less than a certain quantity of land, say one or two acres, or whenever an estate is laid out for building in the usual manner. In the case of an estate so laid out, but not actually built on for some time, arrangements might be made for defining the land to be surrendered to the public or the money to be paid, and leaving land or money in the hands of the owner until building operations were actually commenced. These, however, are details which merely require a certain degree of ingenuity for their settlement. It is a more fundamental question what should be the amount of the contribution. It would be diffi-

* Urban districts are at present defined by the Public Health Act, 1875, to be Municipal Boroughs and Districts managed by Local Government Boards or Improvement Commissioners.

cult to deduce any hard and fast rule from a consideration of the density of population which may be allowed with safety. There is no one point at which it can be said that crowding begins to be injurious. A district in which there are ten persons to the acre is, other considerations apart, healthier than one where there are twenty, and so on. Moreover, by taking a certain proportion of each acre in a town for the purposes of an open space, the crowding on the remainder of the acre would not be regulated, and would undoubtedly be greater in the heart of a city than on its outskirts. It will be necessary to adopt some rule of thumb, but this again may properly vary in different places, having regard to the extent of open land available for recreation from other causes. From ten to twenty acres of open space for every hundred laid out for building would seem to be a reasonable proportion, and it might be left to the Local Authority to lay down an exact rule within these or even wider limits, power being at the same time reserved to such authority to accept the value of the land instead of the land itself, where they are of opinion that they would by such an exchange better serve the interests of the town in the provision of open spaces.

The proposal here recommended does not differ in principle from many regulations already in force under the Building Acts. For instance, under the Metropolitan Building Acts every new road to be used with carriages must be forty feet wide.* Even in the case of old roads, no building may, without the consent of the Metropolitan Board, be erected within twenty feet of the centre of the road,† or where there is a general line of buildings beyond such general line.‡ Moreover, every building used or intended to be used as a dwelling-house, unless all the rooms can be lighted or ventilated from a street or alley adjoining, must have on the rear or on the side thereof an open space exclusively belonging to such building of the extent at least of 100 square feet.§ All these provisions in the interests of the public prevent the landowner from turning his land to account in the fullest possible way. In the case of roads, they levy a contribution for public use in exactly the same manner as that proposed for open spaces. The only difference is that in the one case the land taken from the owner is used for purposes of passage from point to point, and in the other it would be used for the supply of pure air and the refreshment of mind and body. The latter objects are as necessary as the former to the well-being of masses of human beings congregated in towns.

It will be said that it is unfair to the man who has bought land on the understanding that he might build over the whole to mulct him of a portion of that for which he has given his money. The

* 25 & 26 Vict. c. 102, sec. 98.

† 25 & 26 Vict. c. 102, sec. 75.

‡ 41 & 42 Vict. c. 32, sec. 2.

§ 18 & 19 Vict. c. 122, sec. 25.

same argument was applicable to the proposal that all future roads should be forty feet wide. The use of land in large towns must always be subject to conditions imposed in the interests of the community, and every purchaser must be taken to know this. Moreover, the landowner who comes under the new condition will gain more than he loses, as compared with the landowners who built previously. The reservation of open spaces will raise the comparative value of his land. The quarters where the condition operates will be the favourite quarters of the town, and the preference shown for them will make itself manifest in increased rents.*

The prohibition of the private inclosure of common lands, and the preservation as open spaces of a certain portion of new building estates in the neighbourhood of towns, are the two measures necessary to insure an adequate provision of open land. Until these measures are adopted, the public will continually suffer from the filching away of valuable common land and from overcrowding in towns. Both steps may be justified on the same principle—the right of the nation to protect itself against the prejudicial consequences of a change in the use of land. The common has lain open from all time. In its open condition, it confers certain benefits upon the neighbourhood and the community. These benefits would be lost upon its inclosure. There may be reasons why these benefits should be sacrificed for others of more value; but the exchange should be made, if at all, without risk of illegality or oppression, and with the assent of the community through its authorized representatives. The conversion of agricultural land to building sites differs in this, that there is no risk of an infringement of the legal rights of individuals in the process. But it resembles inclosure in this, that the benefits hitherto derived by the community from the land will be exchanged for others of a totally different kind, while positive injury of a very appreciable character may arise. Although, therefore, there is no sufficient ground for asking the consent of the community to the change, there is ample reason for requiring provision to be made against the threatened injury. No interference on the part of the State with economic laws is involved in the proposal. It is a measure of police only. There is no reason in the nature of things why a town should be an unhealthy maze of streets and houses. The advantages which lead men to assemble in one spot may well be had without sacrificing pure air and the refreshing sights and sounds of Nature.

ROBERT HUNTER.

Mr. Fyffe, in a pamphlet to which Sir Charles Dilke has drawn attention, advocates the purchase by municipalities of land around growing towns. The object of this proposal is mainly to enable the community to profit by the continual increase in the value of the land. It raises considerations of a wholly different character from the proposal here made.

MR. SWINBURNE'S POETRY.

SUPPOSING the ghost of Lord Byron to take an intelligent interest in mundane literature, it may safely be presumed that for some time past Heaven has received from it thanks for the circumstance that Algernon Charles Swinburne is not only a critic, but a creator. We can even fancy a similar feeling on the part of a ghost of more sardonic temperament, that which animated the corruptible part of Thomas Carlyle, who, in the flesh, would have esteemed the term "backbiter" a peculiarly offensive present from a minor poet. On the other hand, it ought to be a matter of serious gratitude to Mr. Swinburne that the majority of his own critics are men of hand untainted with the sin of original writing, who, therefore, are able to mete out praise or blame to him in a spirit of calm impartiality nursed by a mournful consciousness that rivalry is impossible. An author criticizing an author resembles one cook commenting on the dishes of another; while a mere critic giving an opinion is like one of those who sit at table, out of pure devotion to good eating, educating less fastidious diners into more perfect taste. Our bards, from Lord Tennyson downwards, are uniformly unjust to the "indolent irresponsible Reviewers,"—the sombre, pathetic gladiators of modern intellectual life, who periodically hack and hew each other for the edification of the intelligent British public, and whose *brevis lux*, for the most part, burns out so swiftly and so uselessly—and they conveniently ignore the open secret that the most intemperate criticisms are in the nature of stabs in the dark administered by their brother-craftsmen. The players in the game of literature are less competent judges than the spectators.

The chief difficulty of the critic is to find means of clearly and adequately expressing his ideas. For a thousand readers who feel a vague intangible dissatisfaction or pleasure in a bit of literary workmanship,

it is hardly possible to find one capable of analyzing the causes and of enumerating them in clear language. But when a poet himself voluntarily assumes the censor's pen, and when, as Mr. Swinburne has done, he discourses with frank volubility on the merits and demerits of his literary brethren, he infinitely lightens the labours of his own critics. Authors speaking of each other can hardly avoid letting the careful observer into the secret of their own ideals and tendencies. A poet, for instance—unless he be a poet of pre-eminent powers, a Shakespeare, a Milton, or a Dante—cannot frame a definition of poetry without disclosing somewhat of his own endowments. He tells us what poetry is *to him*, and that is a great point gained. Examples in illustration of this fact lie at the door. To Thomas Carlyle poetry was “sincerity and depth of vision ;” and he struggled on, labouring only to see. He was a poet without the faculty of rhyming, and to harmony, accordingly, he attached little importance. Mr. Matthew Arnold, again, finds poetry to be, at bottom, “a criticism of life,” and few will deny that he himself is more of a critic than of anything else. The phrase, in one sense, is but an intellectual label for a vague, indistinct idea, and is perhaps only Carlyle's thought in ethical language. Here, as frequently, however, Mr. Arnold has sacrificed the deeper shades of meaning to his straining after lucidity, and the mystic has given the thought its richer clothing. Now, poetry is not to Mr. Swinburne what it was to Carlyle and what it is to Matthew Arnold ; it is to him the language of imagination and harmony. A passage in his essay on Byron and Wordsworth puts his conception of poetry so clearly before the reader that it deserves quotation ; he says that he “regards it as indisputable . . . that the two primary and essential qualities of poetry are imagination and harmony ; that where these qualities are wanting there can be no poetry, properly so called ; and that where these qualities are perceptible in the highest degree, there, even should they be unaccompanied and unsupported by any other great quality whatever—even though the ethical or the critical faculty should be conspicuous by its absence—there, and only there, is the best and highest poetry.”

Next to Mr. Swinburne's essays, the most valuable aid to an understanding of his merits is a clear apprehension of the characteristics of the school to which he belongs. He is differentiated from the highest order of poets by his poetical affinities, a fact which tells fatally against any claim of signal originality put forward in his behalf. We can classify him ; but we cannot classify Burns. The one is cosmopolitan, the other a denizen of an intellectual parish. He falls naturally into a place beside Shelley, Rossetti, and William Blake, and in his writings may be found marked resemblances to certain special characteristics of Wordsworth on the one hand and Catullus on the other. The tone of his mind is prominently exhibited

in his dislikes and preferences, for he is as much a sectarian in literature as Methodists are in religion. In nothing more than in his exaggerated hero-worship is this peculiarity visible. The language in which he speaks of Mazzini—

“ Since man's first mother brought to mortal earth
Her first-born son,
Such grace befell not ever man on earth
As crowns this one,”

can only be paralleled by an article which lately appeared in a religious periodical, where the writer gravely contended that Mr. Moody is as powerful a preacher as was the Apostle Paul. But by far the most instructive of his partialities is that for Blake, in whose person was developed to an abnormal degree the most fatal weaknesses of the school of Shelley. Without entering upon the controversy as to Blake's sanity, it may be stated as an incontrovertible fact that one most glaring defect of his character, a defect that reduced a man of rare and exceptional endowments to the position of an ineffectual worker, was an uncontrolled and undisciplined imagination; and a little consideration will show that this flaw—so conspicuously prominent in Blake—taints, in a greater or lesser degree, all the other objects of Mr. Swinburne's admiration, and especially the members of that school of which he is now the most distinguished living representative. The extravagances of Victor Hugo in prose as in rhyme are indisputable. So are those of Dante Rossetti, so are those of Shelley; and in pointing out their existence it is surely needless to say that the recognition of one fault is not blinding us to those most rare and exquisite gifts with which these three writers were endowed. More in Shelley than in the others (and Shelley has been to some extent Mr. Swinburne's model) does the failure to tone down, to adapt, to subject his imagination lead him out of the atmosphere of his reader. He fell into a snare which is set for all lyric poets. A dramatist who knows that his comedy or tragedy must keep strictly in touch with human passions or be promptly damned is all the better for the curb—at least, it is not unreasonable to suppose that on the dramas of Molière, Shakespeare, and Aristophanes the effect of the check was salutary; the history of literature teems with names of men of mighty intellects, whose works, as the centuries have followed one another to swell the sum total of the world's age, have fallen silent and dumb. The poet's fine frenzy is apt to carry him into the ether, unless he has some substitute for the old woman on whom Molière tried his comedies before having them acted. Burns was probably saved from many a fantastical flight by a wholesome dread of rising beyond the comprehension of the
¹ *Ayrshire* peasants with whom he corresponded; and the compactness, imaginative closeness, and clear intelligibility of the “*Divina Commedia*” are doubtless in part due to Dante's earnest desire that his poem might be understood and taken to heart by unscholarly con-

temporaries, men who did not know Latin. On the other hand, the unharnessed genius of Sir Thomas Browne has left no worthy memorial of its power. It was Carlyle's grave misfortune that he could not bend his mind to attain so trivial a result as to make his narrative interesting. Rare flashes of genius make no book a work of art. "Frederick," in spite of all the labour spent on it, is a dull monstrosity. While the zealous admirer of Shelley is apt to become his extravagant disciple and endeavour to maintain for him a falsely high position, the more judicious critic cannot but feel that nine-tenths of his beautiful verses are out of touch with humanity. In this case harmony and imagination have not combined to make the most enduring poetry of which the author was capable. Much of Shelley's verse is as dull to read as any of Wordsworth's. Neither these nor Coleridge kept a continuous grasp upon human passion and sentiment; all of them made the mistake of trying to write beyond their range.

Nature has given to thinking men no gift more splendid than that of a powerful imagination, but there is no faculty which it is more necessary to guide and moderate. Ungoverned, it will, as with Blake, produce nothing but fantastic shapes, in which the elect alone will perceive the promise of beauty, the earnest of what might have been; as with Shelley, cloud-castles and ethereal glimmerings, lovely, but divided from the common thought of man. Governed and disciplined, as with Dante or Shakespeare, it leads to the highest summits of human thought, but by paths which any but the feeblest climbers may follow. Now with Mr. Swinburne and his friends it seems to be regarded as a rule that fancy should be allowed to take its wildest flight unreined. It is no fault that imagination brings before the reader's eye a false picture of a fact, provided that the picture be sufficiently striking. While Shakespeare used his imagination to find expression for deep glimpses of truth or beauty which escaped through the meshes of ordinary language, or to fix and present those fine and delicate ideas which elusively float through the mind, Mr. Swinburne has made it a mere instrument for manufacturing metaphors. We prize the attribute in Shakespeare as an attribute, by Mr. Swinburne it is rated as a central quality. In the greatest the insight is greatest; but Mr. Swinburne holds that as nothing, and mentions imagination and harmony as the primary and supreme qualities of the poet. Yet it is surely evident that the two latter are the servants of the first. Harmony is practically valueless unless by sound it amplifies truth not otherwise fully expressible, or suggests what cannot be directly conveyed; its habitation by tenants so bright, beautiful, and invisible as to be inexpressible save by the most delicate imagery, is the distinguishing feature of the poetic element. For harmony itself, *i.e.*, the true harmony (the marriage of sound and sense, not the jangle of vocables), insight is the poet's first requirement. Unless

it be true, according to a well-known saying of Macaulay, that poetry revels in ignorance, and must, therefore, for ever be retreating before science, the proper exercise of imagination should be preceded by a just, detailed, and accurate observation of facts and their bearings.

It is for these reasons that a poet's capabilities are most severely tested when he attempts dramatic composition. No command of form, no power of using the language of imagination will aid a dramatist who fails to have a sure and deep insight into human character. Now it is here that Mr. Swinburne has most signally failed; although his *Atalanta in Calydon* is incomparably his finest poem, the merits of it are not of the dramatic order; to borrow the language of painting, the characters are mere studies in mono-tint, or, as Mr. Whistler might say, nocturnes in agnostic grey. This fault of *Atalanta* is still more obvious in his other dramatic writings. As a dramatist, Mr. Swinburne has failed from two causes. He is a bad narrator and he has never succeeded in painting a single recognizable portrait of man or woman. Neither Lord Tennyson nor Mr. Browning has accomplished anything really great in this branch of their art, but both have done infinitely better than Mr. Swinburne. The failure is no doubt very largely due to the first of the causes which we have mentioned. Carlyle used to hold that the faculty of telling a story clearly was in itself a strong proof of intellectual power, and he was right. As, in society, the unmitigated blockhead always succeeds in advertising his true character when he tries to assume the part of *raconteur*, strangling the life out of a tale in the telling of it, so in literature the faculty of story-telling is nearly the highest. In *Les Casquets* Mr. Swinburne has a tale to relate in twenty-six stanzas, and he arrives at the fifteenth before the story is begun; and, after all, it requires studious consideration on the part of the reader to know what he is driving at. How we sigh for the *sancta simplicitas* of less pretentious poets as we wade through this dense growth of a fruitful—too fruitful—imagination!

A dramatic poem, in addition to much else, ought to be a fretwork of interlaced biographics. An indispensable qualification of him who assays it is, consequently, a fine insight into character. It is surely unquestionable that a poet incapable of accurately estimating real personages must be still more incapable of giving life-like features to the creations of his imagination. This is a homely but effective test to apply to Mr. Swinburne. Of the many writers of whom he has discoursed in prose and verse, is there one of whom he has given such a picture as might suffice to afford a stranger some vital idea of his personal and peculiar traits of character? He has written page on page of Victor Hugo, and, except as proving the uninteresting fact that the lesser poet admires the greater, they are all futile. The literary student will gain more by reading six pages of *Quatre-Vingt-Trois* than from all Mr. Swinburne's eulogies of its author. He has failed to make even his own conception vivid and distinct. Language of

almost grovelling worship—"Man may not praise a spirit above man's,"—"Lord of a subject age," &c., vague allusions, and the imaginative gush with which they are intermixed, do not help us to see and fix either the features of Victor Hugo or the special qualities of his writing. This sort of literature, however, is by no means new. Take the religion out of fourth-class hymns, and it will be found that it is to their ecstatic race that Mr. Swinburne's addresses to his ideal Mazzinis and Hugos belong. Neither the former nor the latter is calculated to give pleasure or profit to any creature here below. The transaction, so to speak, is entirely between Mr. Swinburne and—not his Maker, but his secular saint. Had the chief object of his veneration not been alive at the time of composition, we might suppose him to have written his *New Year's Ode* for use at the annual festival of Mr. Frederic Harrison and the other friends of Humanity. Were his effusive admiration the outcome solely of an amiable and inoffensive friendship, it would easily be possible to pardon its exaggeration. Much is forgivable to the intense lover or the submissive disciple. But when Mr. Swinburne turns in scorn upon those who differ from him in the choice of the objects of their veneration, when in prose and verse he attacks men and bodies of men with virulence, he cannot expect to get off so easily. The world recognizes a vast difference between the hero-worship of a humble and reverent mind and the narrow bigoted partisanship of a sectary's interested championship of his brethren. Mr. Swinburne's onslaughts upon the reputation of the authors he dislikes have destroyed such weight as might otherwise have been given to his praises of those of an opposite description.

Mr. Swinburne's complete failure as a critic, and partial failure as a poet, have not sprung from want of preparation. The cultured reader of his poetry feels as he turns from verse to verse that here has been labouring an artist who has taken infinite pains to make himself acquainted with all that has been previously done in his art. At one place the music of a burden, at another the beat of a rhyming syllable; here the structure of a phrase, and there the leaning of the thought mark the performance, not of a plagiarist, but of a docile and malleable student. It might, perhaps, be said that no one but a critic could have learned such lessons, and in that we partly agree. Mr. Swinburne has that most valuable qualification, an open eye for beauties. It is very seldom, indeed, that, on reading his critical essays, one finds him singling out a passage or a quality for praise which should be blamed. False virtues he but seldom lauds; nay, the main cause of the badness of his criticism is that he exaggerates and extravagantly extols individual beauties without weighing them against defects. It thus happens that, occasionally, as when writing on Shakespeare or Charlotte Brontë, his criticism, so far as it goes, is sound and valuable; the defect which we feel in it is due not to sins of commission but of omission. Even when speaking on Shelley and

Wordsworth and Coleridge, Mr. Swinburne is often right ; he lays his fingers on indubitable excellences, and one is frequently grateful for the manner in which he brings into beautiful distinctness qualities which a less clear-sighted-reader sees only lurking dimly in the background. This, however, is the most that can be said for him. At bottom, there is no function in the universe for which Mr. Swinburne is more thoroughly unfitted than that of a critic. The chief reason is a rather remarkable one. Intellectual colour-blindness only approximately expresses the nature of his most conspicuous defect. He is sensitive to those qualities in others which, in a greater or less degree, he himself possesses, he is blind to other beauties, and deaf to other sounds. The force of the criticism will only be appreciated by remembering how it applies to all sides of the personality we are considering. The characters of his dramas, it must be allowed, have sprung from his general observation and analysis of mankind. We have already called them studies in mono-tint ; they are many only in appearance ; in reality, they are one with slight variations. The author shows himself absolutely blind to many common characteristics of the human mind ; that he has delineated others with great power saves his books from worthlessness, but not his dramas from failure. In dealing with living people Mr. Swinburne applies the same method ; the exalted embodiments of abstract qualities which he calls Victor Hugo and Joseph Mazzini are characters more imaginary than those of Meleager and Atalanta. Nor has he one set of brains to criticize men and another for books. The faults of his attempts to estimate the one are precisely the same as the faults of his attempts to estimate the other.

It is natural that the critic should have preferences, for who is without them ? but prejudices ? The poetry of life is undiscoverable except by conscious or unconscious analysis, and without catholicity of taste and breadth of sympathy it is impossible to appreciate the aims or trace the passions of diversely constituted men. As the peculiar poet of a peculiar school Mr. Swinburne is entirely unfitted to be a guide through the mazes of contemporary or other literature. His eminence depends on the abnormal development of one quality, or rather set of qualities, and when he strikes beyond his range he becomes merely ridiculous. A poet of death and love, whose gaze is fixed on the melancholy aspect of both, and whose soft and mournful agnostic psalms are only relieved by adoring hymns to Thalassius, can have but little sympathy with the burning energies, the hopes and fears that animate the great mass of humanity. The languid doubter whose creed is expressed in the following words—

" Friend, who knows if death indeed have life or life have death for goal ?
 Day nor night can tell us, nor may seas declare nor skies unroll
 What has been from everlasting, or if aught shall always be.
 Silence answering only strikes response reverberate on the soul
 From the shore that hath no shore beyond it set in all the sea."

cannot see eye to eye with those who recognize in life a training-ground, and in death a goal, and who perceive a faintly shadowed but stirring picture of the end in Mr. Browning's fine metaphor :—

“ The red wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips aglow,
Thou, Heaven's consummate cup, what need'st thou of earth's wheel ? ”

Consequently we find Mr. Swinburne's poetry and criticism to be a mass of turgid rhapsody only relieved here and there by a gush of pure and brilliant light whenever the rays of his torch fall upon the rigidly limited portion of life within his ken.

It is of good omen that the world's greatest men have hitherto shown themselves capable of faith in something or other. Mr. Swinburne's ideas have never been long held but by minds of an inferior order. Were it not for the passionate intensity of his utterance and the pleasing elegance of his versification they would attract little attention. The union of strong feeling with polished and scholarly diction is unusual and for that very reason attractive. If his prejudices and impulsiveness have led him into such sorry mistakes as that of posing as a political rhymester, they have contributed to his success by enabling him to put old ideas in new words. It may, however, be interesting to note a few of his peculiarities of method as distinct from his peculiarities of thought.

The organization which we are portraying is peculiar and uncommon. It is closely related to those of Blake and Shelley, but it has its own special marks. Mr. Swinburne is a unique celebrant in song of joy and beauty, but the joy is that of Eros and the beauty that of mystery. He enters but partially into the life of his fellow men. He is sometimes lumberingly witty with a bitter wit; he is never humorous; and although not destitute of fine and tender feelings, there is a sad want of cheerfulness, of geniality, about him—even in his poems to children is noticeable a tinge of melancholy not out of place, except that it is wholly unrelieved. A most remarkable phenomenon he is, as revealed in his writings; a constant brooder over fate and destiny; a man plunged in doubts as to man's place and mission, with no rule of life; a singer of love-songs, to whom love is only love; a hymn-writer to the God of Doubt, worshipping no other deity; a non-moral and æsthetic poet, if you will, but how could the evangelist of no-knowledge be didactic? It is perhaps as well that such a character has appeared only in miniature. Had Mr. Swinburne possessed the fibre and strength of a Dante, he might have caused the world infinite sorrow by creating for its terror and mystification some sad, earnest epic of agnosticism, deepening the pathos of life and raising up anew the phantom of despair. It has happened, not unfortunately, however, that Mr. Swinburne has given to the world no cause to apply to himself the phrase wherewith he describes St. Paul—“ Faith's fervent Antichrist.” On every side

his inclinations are closely hemmed in by the limitations of his genius.

That Mr. Swinburne is the most artificial of British poets must be evident to any careful reader. The execution is everything with him. However diminutive are the jewels of poetic truth in his works we may always expect to find them cut and set with rare and subtle skill. He is more of a literary lapidary than an intellectual miner. He clothes his mind's progeny in verse's most glistening raiment. The soft alliteration, the recurrent burden, the apt repetition, the softened clink of ear-pleasing rhymes combine with carefully arranged cadences to build up forms in which the greatest poet might be glad to enwrap his thought; all the keener, therefore, is the disappointment to find them often mere mansions of the dead, inhabited only by ghosts of ideas. It is painful to find so gifted an author guilty of the deadly literary sin of diffuseness; to find him more and more, as he grows older, getting into the habit of involving a minimum of matter in a maximum of tangled sentences. It thus happens that many of his most elaborate poems are very dull reading. They do not keep the intellectual faculties awake, for the interest which they excite is only that of watching the skilful manipulation of words, and that soon satiates. The mill is all that could be desired, but it grinds little corn. No poetry is more attractive than that of Mr. Swinburne at first, none sooner loses relish. Three causes of its palling so quickly on the student are these:—First, there is the scarcity of fresh thought. Mr. Swinburne, in this respect, is like some contemporary novelists who, putting their best into one good story, have been forced afterwards to fall back upon the old material, and in later works have produced only variations of their first. He is not fertile. Secondly, the measures in which he writes fall upon the ear with a uniform effect. He may change the form as he pleases, yet the peculiar fall of syllable and turn of sentence remain. His poetry is written in monotone. The third and last reason for the decreasing interest with which his poetry is read lies in his use of words. An examination of this defect requires explanation a little more elaborate.

Mr. Swinburne's vocabulary is choice and beautiful. His system of mingling the language of the cultured nineteenth century with carefully selected archaisms is highly suitable to a style of poetry which does not aim at being natural. Exception has sometimes been taken to the excessive number of erotic adjectives in his poems, but unreasonably, for, where the sentiments are so generally erotic, the poet cannot be blamed for clothing his thoughts in the very words called into being by the feelings with which they correspond. It is far more to be regretted that, in poems in which Mr. Swinburne has leapt clear of his ordinary tenor, he should tarnish their beauty by indecent allusions. Unquotable metaphors drawn from the mysteries of love are inserted

with equal profusion in agnostic disquisition and in declamatory verse. The vice is very un-English, and has probably been nursed by Mr. Swinburne's extensive reading in French literature. Whether Nature knows anything of decency or not, civilization does; and the poet is doing small service to freedom of thought by showing a tendency to revert to the lascivious licence of Paganism. We can pardon Marston and Marlowe for not being in advance of their age, and their consequent gross and immodest writing, but not so easily Mr. Swinburne, who would drag his contemporaries back centuries in their manners. This is a general fault of his phraseology; there are many of a smaller type not unworthy of a moment's attention. It is rather remarkable that, despite his wide and varied reading, his vocabulary is really very limited. The same words are used over and over again. It has become a common practice, if not a by-word, to gibe at the recurrent "foam" and "fire," "blood" and "blossom" of his poems, but there are several other monosyllables, such as "glad" and "grave," which serve equally well to make the author's signature unnecessary. In fact, when we come to look closely into Mr. Swinburne's "harmony and imagination" we are irresistibly reminded of a proud Spanish gentleman, dressed and ornamented, ay, and bearing himself, too, like a prince of the blood, but with hardly a *real* in his pocket. Not until we find the same word doing duty on several occasions do we fully recognize the astonishing poverty of this seeming millionaire in vocables. As an example, the curious reader may be referred to the very many offices which the word "vassal" has had to fill in Mr. Swinburne's recent poems. He makes of it a literary maid-of-all-work. Within the compass of a few pages occur the following lines:—

"When the soul keeps watch and bids her vassal memory watch and pray."

"When day is the vassal of night."

"No hearing or sight that is vassal to form or speech."

There is no surer sign of greatness in a writer than the perfect accuracy wherewith he can mould words into expressing the finest shades of meaning. Here, however, one word is made to stand for three different ideas, and that same word is forced into several other positions which, for the present purpose, it is needless to mention. It is an insult to the English language to suggest in this way that its vocabulary is insufficient to provide suitable expression for fine shades of meaning. Not the least of the pleasures derivable from reading Wordsworth's poetry is to feel the intense reality which he can impart to the homeliest word, often an unobtrusive adjective with which we have rubbed shoulders daily without noticing the true beauty of its features. In his case the force of imagination could make the commonplace shine with new meaning. Mr. Swinburne accomplishes the converse feat. He deals so much in exaggerated language that he ends by diminishing the expressiveness of his own words. He is

like a man in the habit of swearing, in whose mouth a volley of oaths gets to have no more force than the gentle reproof of another. How excessive is his artificiality no one ever fully feels until his poems are laid down for those of some of the Elizabethan dramatists. It is, perhaps, hardly fair to bring him into comparison with Marlowe—with whom, however, he is not unrelated intellectually—but, for the mere gratification of curiosity, if for nothing else, it is worth while to compare a fine passage of the one with a fine passage of the other. Let Mr. Swinburne speak first:—

“ Above the sun's head, now
Veiled even to the ardent brow,
Rose two sheer wings of sundering cloud, that were
As a bird's poised for vehement flight
Full-fledged with plumes of tawny fire and hoar grey light.”

Compare this with Marlowe's:—

“ The horses that guide the golden eye of Heaven
And blow the morning from their nostrils,
Making their fiery gait above the clouds.”

He who has read much of Mr. Swinburne's poetry will not be in a position to judge fairly of the relative merits of the two passages. He will at once feel that “sheer wings,” “sundering clouds,” “tawny fire,” and “hoar light” are old servants of the poet and familiar acquaintances of the reader; whereas the strong glowing thought of Marlowe, bursting clear and bright from his mind, gathers the words that it needs to its service, and, common although they are, endues them with that beauty which the quick have more than the dead. Mr. Swinburne deprives himself entirely of that resource of art, or rather that natural faculty of bringing out a flood of meaning by the sudden and unexpected use of a noble epithet. In such lines as the following the artificiality entirely destroys the force of the sentiment, and suggests the idea that the writer has culled his string of verbs from the pages of a dictionary of synonyms:—

“ Make bare the poor dead secrets of his heart,
Strip the stark-naked soul, that all may peer,
Spy, smirk, sniff, snap, snort, snivel, snarl, and sneer.”

A man who is poor in ideas must inevitably be poor in words. Mr. Swinburne's thoughts run in narrow grooves, but he is an ingenious inventor of new dresses for them; he will never win a hearing on account of the breadth of his sympathies, but he may do so by his passionate way of expressing his sentiments. He is a determined upholder of the anti-dogmatic dogma that to know anything is impossible; but he never expresses any doubt of the Swinburnian *dictum* that, to doubt of all things is the lot of mortals. He is not an encouraging writer, for it is almost as depressing to read morbid disquisitions on love as it is to ponder over the gloomy doctrines of an agnostic.

P. ANDERSON, GRAMMAR.

REVOLUTION AND EVOLUTION.

I.

THE most momentous intellectual conquest of our days is, perhaps, the discovery of the great law of the unity and continuity of life, generally styled the law of evolution. Not only are the remotest branches of knowledge—as, *e.g.*, physics and psychology, or chemistry and politics—connected by it into a systematic and harmonious whole; but by it also has been realized that union between science and philosophy for which the clearest minds of former ages longed in vain. The secular feud between idealists and materialists ceases on the solid ground of the evolutionary doctrine, where every science becomes philosophical without surrendering to any metaphysical or *à priori* conception; whilst, on the other hand, our psychological and ethical inquiries acquire a firm basis and scientific precision and accuracy as soon as they are touched by the vivifying spirit of this theory.

Since we admit the unity of life, and since we consider cosmic phenomena, in spite of their amazing apparent diversity, only as various manifestations or consecutive degrees of one evolution, we are compelled to infer that our methods of political or historical knowledge ought to be essentially identical with those generally prevailing in physical or biological researches. Metaphysical speculations on social matters, in which the greatest philosophers of former centuries delighted, lose their hold upon the sceptical mind of our age, and even the economic empiricism of Adam Smith, Malthus, and Ricardo, grows inadequate to the modern demand for positive knowledge of the natural laws pervading the evolution of human societies. Sociology, *i.e.*, a strictly scientific statement of these laws, is considered nowadays as an integral part, as the necessary “*couronnement de l’édifice*” of a methodical conception of the world. The very name of sociology

has been created *ad hoc* by Comte, who esteemed himself to be the founder of that Novum Organum or Gospel of modern intellectual regeneration.

In his classification of sciences, based upon their increasing concreteness and speciality, he states that science, though essentially one in opposition to metaphysics and theology, ought to be divided into branches, or sciences in a more restricted acceptation of the word, each of them corresponding to a well-defined series, the number of which he fixed at six, as follows: first, Mathematics; second, Astronomy; third, Physics; fourth, Chemistry; fifth, Biology; and sixth, Sociology.

Without insisting upon the number of these divisions or their philosophic value, I shall only consider the limits of sociology as they have been traced by the master-hand of the French patriarch of that strange mixture of knowledge and faith ("Catholicism minus Christ and plus erudition," as it has been styled), which still holds sway over so many minds under the name of the Positive Philosophy, and the peculiarities of which are partly due to the depressed state of his health at the time when he wrote his most important sociological works, and partly, perhaps, to his native pedagogic whims.

According to Comte, sociology ought to be a science, so to speak, exclusively human. Social facts may be common in the life of animals, and even of plants, but he entreats the sociologists of his school not to pay them any attention. Whilst other sciences are cultivated for the sake of truth, Comte would have sociology to be learned only for the sake of human morality. As to the methods of sociological research, he admitted them in his first writings to be similar to the strictly scientific methods of observation and induction, but he soon retracted that admission, and declared that sceptical analysis ought not to enter the sacred precincts, synthesis alone being worthy of such elevated study. Thus he voluntarily created an abyss between science and sociology.

Referring to the limits and object of sociology, the statements of the great founder of the French positive philosophy appear, in certain respects, far more worthy of acceptance. Selecting, arbitrarily, the human individual as the starting-point of his researches, he observes that one part only of our activity is based upon egoistic instincts arising from need of nutrition or personal preservation in general: that part, including our uppermost psychological recesses, belongs to the biological domain. Sociology includes the remainder—viz., that part of human activity which is based not upon individual self-satisfaction, but upon what he calls *altruistic* instincts, supposing them to be inherent in every living being. The physiological roots of *altruism* he perceives in the sexual attraction, the natural result of which is

the *association* of a male and a female for the preservation of species,—an end not personal to either of them.

A psychologist would observe first, that Comte uses the word “instinct” in a sense which is not very clear and is throughout unscientific;—for, according to modern researches,* we do “*instinctively*,” i.e., unconsciously, that which previously we did knowingly, and thus to account for an “instinct” as a *primum movens* sounds somewhat like the “purgative force of the rhubarb;”—secondly, that the distinction he makes between egoistic and altruistic instincts is superficial. From the subjective point of view, it is obvious that whether they act under the impulse of sexual attraction or under that of hunger, individuals aim merely at the satisfaction of physiological (egoistic) want; nor are their objective results so essentially different as Comte pretends: hunger as well as sexual attraction is able to lead men and animals—in some cases to struggle, in others to *co-operation*. And if he did not exclude the social life of animals from the field of his humanitarian sociology, he might easily perceive that associations for food or for self-defence have generally a far more social character than primitive conjugal alliances for progeny.

Nevertheless, the greatest, perhaps the only valuable, service rendered by Comte to social science lay in the very clear distinction he made between the sociological and the biological domains, when he referred to sociology only such aggregation of individuals as is based on *co-operation*, conscious or unconscious, and abandoned groupings based on struggle to biology. Thus, I may say, he opened the door of true social science without himself entering its precincts, and, unfortunately, I must add, misleading his followers with his erroneous statements as to the unavoidable subjectivity of the methods of social knowledge. I insist upon that high service; that remarkable definition of the boundaries and of the object of sociology appears, so to say, drowned amidst the numberless quaintnesses of his whole system, and none of his admirers, orthodox or schismatic, have ever cared so far as to disengage from his hardly readable volumes the few lines.

II.

Owing to his restricted acknowledgment of the principle of the unity of Nature, Comte appears, at any rate, scarcely a precursor of the modern scientific evolutionism. Looking for a more complete and methodical compendium of that theory, we have to cross the Channel and to approach Herbert Spencer’s “*First Principles*,” and his many other valuable essays on ethical, political, and other sociological

* Romanes, various writings; also A. Herzen, “*Studiî fisiologici sopra la volontà*.”

subjects. No mind could perceive more perspicuously than Herbert Spencer does the admirable 'unity of Nature, and no pen could describe it with half so much clearness and attraction as his. Whilst the science of Comte, always behind his age, appears like a mosaic of six stray pieces—and the author takes painful heed to make us feel the gaps which he supposes really to exist between them—the science of Spencer on more than one point gets the start of the erudition of modern specialists, and is throughout livingly and harmoniously one, according to the unity of Nature.

In the system of Spencer, as in that of Comte, sociology appears at the top of the scientific series, but with him this pinnacle of knowledge is really and solidly connected with the building itself. In spite of their much greater complexity, social phenomena are essentially identical with those of inferior cosmic life. Sociology for Herbert Spencer is a physical science like others, requiring no peculiar synthetic or subjective methods, and its aim with him cannot be any other than the reduction of the specific laws of social life to the universal laws of motion.

Passing to the delimitation of the sociological domain and to the definition of the object of that science by Herbert Spencer, I must observe that those matters, in modern evolutionism, present a degree of complication which Comte avoided by the artificial isolation he created for sociology in his philosophical system. Natural science teaches us that association is the law of every existence. What we usually call society in common speech is only a particular case of that general law. A being, whether social or not, is never absolute, indivisible; but essentially comparative and multiple, resulting from the action of a number of forces converging on one point.

Political and social systems speak a good deal about "individual" and "society;" but the very point where the individual ends and society begins has never yet been fixed with any accuracy. The most prominent botanists and zoologists, who have to deal with this matter for their own technical purposes, have been led to acknowledge several degrees of individuality: we can consider each individual as a whole, or a person, in comparison with the individuals of a degree beneath it; but when we compare it with the individuality of a superior degree, it soon loses its personality and appears as a part, a member, or an organ. There are myriads of plants (*algæ*) and animals (*infusoriæ*), which are styled monocellules and which, indeed, are considered as consisting of one single organic element or cell, although their anatomical structure appears, sometimes, very complex and perfect in its peculiar style. But organic cells quite identical with these form also aggregations, or associations, more or less compound; and such groups of cells

either live independently, unfolding their own botanical or zoological individuality, or enter, in the shape of textures and organs, into the composition of other still superior individual beings. Men, like other *mammalia*, are, in fact, associations of such colonies of cells. Our inveterate tendency to consider ourselves as an end and a centre of the creation makes us prone to prejudice that our own individuality is the only genuine one.

It would be hardly possible to review in a few lines the remarkable researches into the various degrees of vegetable and animal individuality of Nägeli, Virchow, Huxley, Haeckel, and many others; and it is beyond my competence to settle whether absolute individuality, *i.e.*, morphological indivisibility, ought to be granted to cells—as was asserted till the last few years by the most authoritative scholars—or whether organic cells themselves consist of individualized elements (*plastids*) still more primordial. But that is not intimately connected with the main object of the present essay, and the biologists are now somewhat at variance on the point. I shall only observe that the great De Candolle distinguished six degrees of individuality in plants alone; Schleiden reduced that number to three (the cell, the shoot, the *cormus* or stock), whilst Haeckel, again, doubled that number. For shortness sake, we may admit the classification very recently (in 1883) proposed by a young Italian scholar, M. Cattaneo,* who, considering the question from a zoological point of view, fixed the number of such degrees of individuality at four, as follows: 1. *plastids*, *i.e.*, cells or any other primordial elements, after dividing which we should get not a being of any kind, but mere amorphous organic matter; 2. *merids*, *i.e.*, colonies of such plastids; 3. *zoids*, *i.e.*, such individuals as are autonomous so far as their individual preservation is concerned, but which are obliged to unite with other individuals of the same series for preservation of species (like superior animals and men); and 4. *dems*, *i.e.*, colonies of zoids: conjugal couples or pairs, families, tribes, societies.

Assuming that the proper aim of sociology is the investigation of the natural laws regulating the connections between individuals and society, it is obvious that before we approach sociological studies themselves we must answer the preliminary question—which of the various degrees of individuality above mentioned we accept as the starting-point of our researches; or, in other terms, where ought the domain of social science properly to begin?

For Comte social life begins as soon as two individuals of the series of *zoids* (he explicitly says, man and woman) unite themselves in a conjugal pair, the result of which union is the arising of a *dem*, *i.e.*, a compound individual of a superior species. Thus he asks

* "Le colonie lineari e la morfologia dei molluschi."

us to look for the object of sociology, not in the material fact of an aggregation, but in the *consensus* or convergence of forces represented by the uniting individuals, aiming at an end which is personal to none of them. In that sense his teaching seems to be of capital significance for the progress of the real social science. But that meaning can be only obtained from the spirit of his doctrine, not from its letter; and the great philosopher himself was more than once false to his own premises. It seems that Comte was not fully aware of the extreme difficulty of settling in a scientific sense the point where individual life becomes social, and we hasten to see how the far more learned English evolutionist—I mean Herbert Spencer—gets out of the whirlpool where the ship of the French positive philosophy foundered with all hands on board.

In his "Principles of Sociology" Herbert Spencer pays but little attention to these preliminary questions as to the limits and the specific laws of sociology; and we are compelled to go back as far as his "First Principles," &c., to get a knowledge of the way in which those questions are answered by his system. This is to be regretted, not so much because of the practical inconvenience of perusing many volumes about matters but indirectly connected with the object of our researches, but far more on account of the impossibility of summarily reviewing so monumental a work in the few pages of this essay.

III.

To French Positivism, sociology appeared too much isolated from genuine knowledge by a gulf which Comte asserted to be unfathomable. With the modern scientific school, the danger comes rather from the opposite side, and sociology is threatened, so to say, with being swallowed up, or absorbed, by zoology.

Indeed, to botanists and zoologists is due the capital discovery of the unquestionable fact that (with the single exception of the lowest monocellular ones) organisms are societies. And if we were arbitrarily to reserve the appellation of society exclusively to the *dems* of M. Cattaneo's classification, still we could not get out of the difficulty even by such an anthropomorphic (*i.e.*, anti-scientific) restriction. An "organism is a society"—that great sensational thesis is imposed on our mind more and more with every new advance of natural science; whilst, on the other hand, the chief sociologists of these later years, starting from their more or less synthetic point of view, come to the conclusion that "Society is an organism."* The great Darwinian law of the struggle for life, which is the specific law of evolutionary biology, plays a part still more and more prominent in the most recent sociological writings.

* See the *Revue Philosophique* of M. Ribot, for 1883, *passim*.

and the very object of social science appears to be well-nigh dissolved in the vast domain of biology.

Such a zoological conception of the task and method of sociology seems to prevail more especially in Germany. It would be scarcely possible to quote even the titles of the more or less eminent works published in that learned country with the aim of giving us a compendium of social knowledge based upon the Darwinian principle of struggle for life, and the thence ensuing natural selection. I think the apex of that remarkable philosophical revival is attained with the "Manual of Zoology," issued but a few years ago by the well-known German biologist, M. Jaeger. In that important book we find the fundamental sociological phenomena accounted for in a few pages, entitled "Theory of Biological Individualities," and forming the necessary complement to the "Theory of Morphological Individualities," *i.e.*, individualities included in the scheme of a mere zoological classification.

M. Jaeger distinguishes three consecutive degrees of biological individuality, beginning with the *conjugal couple*, or *pair*, passing through the intermediary stage of a family, and finally rising to the highest phasis of its evolution in the form of *States*. For shortness sake, I must pass over the discoveries of M. Jaeger with reference to the *primary* (conjugal pair) and *secondary* (family) biological individualities, and come directly to the most interesting political group or order of societies, for which M. Jaeger accounts as follows:—

"§ 220.—The tertiary biological individual, consisting of secondary ones, is the *State*. Its characteristic is the division of labour among the members of the community, and that leads sometimes to a morphological differentiation; each speciality of labour takes the name of a *trade*. That species of biological individuals is to be observed only in several insects (termites, ants, bees), and in men. Two cases are to be strictly distinguished in the formation of States:

(a.) The State is formed by numerical increase of a family by reproduction: that is what we call '*States by Generation*.' The lowest form of them is the '*Sexual State*,' the uppermost form, proper only to man, is the '*National State*.'

(b.) The State is formed by an aggregation of individuals unconnected by ties of proximate consanguinity, and varying considerably among themselves. A State of this kind can be met with among men only, and is called *international* or *aggregative* (United States of America, Switzerland).

"The '*States by Generation*' are the most natural ones, because the regulating principle of every organization—*viz.*, '*Subordination*,' exists there in the presence of ancestors of various degrees. The '*State by aggregation*' encounters far more difficulty of organization, because its members are, at first, merely '*coordinated*,' and the principle of seniority is there null and void. The evolution of these '*States by aggregation*' presents the following stages:

(a) *Bipartite State (Parteistaat)*—e.g., United States—external strength, but internal weakness; citizens perpetually suffering from insecurity.

(b) *Oligarchy*—seigniorial sovereignty, exercised at first by an aristocracy of money, which, by inheritance, is transformed into aristocracy of birth, what we call *Patriciate* (Classical Republics, Switzerland). When such a State does not perish prematurely, it then attains the phase of tyranny, and will follow thereafter the way of all flesh.

“§ 221.—In opposition to the preceding, and far above it, we find the State by generation formed of *cephalic* (having a chief) families, and all the members of which are united by the ties of consanguinity. We meet with that form of State among men and among animals, and we can divide the various stages of its evolution as follows:—

“1. ‘*Sexual State*,’ consisting of two trades: the *reproductive* one (sexuated individuals), and the *working* trade (asexuated individuals), the former securing the preservation of species, and the latter the preservation of individuals.

“2. ‘*State with Slaves*’ (*Sklavenstaat*) is a secondary and superior form of the State by generation, and a consequence of a military State, which, by pillage, embodies in itself a number of individuals not connected with it by ties of consanguinity; but such individuals here are not, as in the aggregative States, coordinate only, and thus capable of checking the organization, but subordinate . . . (ancient Rome and the States formed by several ants).

3. ‘*State of Property*’ is an immediate sequence of the former. Whilst servilism consists in the incorporation of individuals who can enter into sexual connections with their masters, property is the addition of animal species with which such connections are impossible (domestic animals in the pastoral States, or agricultural States when vegetables and cultivated plants are introduced).

“We have enumerated the various forms of State presented by animals. The further development of these organisms being proper only to man, is beyond our province; we must add, however, that the most elevated stage which can be attained by a society—Constitutional Monarchy—is exclusively proper to the *national* period of the ‘State by generation,’ whilst ‘aggregation’ can lead only to less elevated forms (Republic, Federation, or Despotism).”

I heartily wish these astonishing pages were engraved on marble plates and put into the drawing-room of every intemperately Darwinizing philosopher: perhaps they would pay them that valuable service which Spartan parents expected the performance of an intoxicated Helot to render to the morality of their children. However, I pray my readers to pay attention to the fact, that the above-quoted paragraphs are not due to any personal peculiarity of the learned author, but that they are logically consistent with that zoological conception of the object of sociology which grows, every year, more and more prevalent, not only in Germany, but elsewhere, and which already numbers among its followers protagonists of more unquestionable philosophical eminence. Such is, for instance, a former Austrian minister, M. Schaeffle, whose “*Bau und Leben des Socialen Körpers*” can scarcely be ignored by any modern student of social

subjects. The fundamental principle pervading that work is the essential identity of the object of sociology with organic beings. And if that capital thesis be true, nobody can say what limit could be reasonably fixed between social science and zoology, and thus I am not able to perceive why M. Jaeger ought not to put the Bismarckian Kulturkampf-ing Monarchy at the very summit of a zoological classification.

I could account for the eminent position held by Herbert Spencer on the preliminary question of sociology no better than by stating that he ranges himself at a *juste milieu* between Comte's humanitarian conception of sociology and that of the modern school, boldly jumping over every political and moral difficulty, and confident that the great "struggle for life" principle, so brightly pervading the whole domain of modern biology, is also the only needful key to the mysteries of social life and knowledge.

Since his "First Principles" appeared, we find Herbert Spencer among the first who have proclaimed with requisite scientific competence that society ought to be considered as a living being. From that capital thesis he always draws the best of his arguments directed against "revolutionary metaphysicians," i.e., against those who, being confident in the social philosophy of the last century, and especially in Rousseau, esteemed that the "Social Contract"—a mere creation of conscious human agencies—can be made and unmade at will and at any time, by a decree either of a government regularly existing in peaceful days or of a revolutionary Committee of Public Safety.

Since the time of Menenius Agrippa society has been only too frequently compared to a living body, and the term "social organism" has for long insensibly acquired rights of citizenship in the languages of civilized nations. But when Herbert Spencer teaches that society is an organism, and that it "grows," he does not mean to pay any tribute to the usual metaphorical style, nor are his words intended allegorically. In his "Principles of Sociology" that part of his philosophical programme is somewhat lightly touched upon, in a way which may, perhaps, seem not convincing enough to those who do not know the ample unfolding of it in his previous writings. I do not know whether, in so acting, Herbert Spencer was inspired only by a natural apprehension of repeating his own former statements, or rather by the fact that his organic theory of society was in our days already admitted even beyond the limits, perhaps, which he himself would think desirable. However this may be, after having pointed out the analogy of societies and living organisms, he warns us that the analogy, nevertheless, does not go so far as complete identification; and, from his former cross-arguments, he re-quotes the two capital ones. Society, he says, is a living organism, but still it is not to

be confounded with biological organisms: first, because it is *discrete*, whilst plants and animals are *concrete*; and, secondly, because its sensibility is not concentrated in a specific sensorium, but each of its members is capable of pleasure and suffering on its own account, all in the same degree, or nearly so. Thus, in dealing with zoological organisms, we have to consider only the benefit of the whole, whilst in the sociologic domain we must especially consider the benefit of the parts. Although he adds that those restrictions are rather a digression than a part of his subject, nevertheless, in my opinion, they amply justify our not making Mr. Spencer accountable for the astonishing discoveries of a M. Jaeger.

IV.

Passing to the pragmatistical part of Herbert Spencer's sociology, we clearly see that he holds a position far nearer to Comte's definition of that science than to the zoological school, which we for shortness sake may style German, although it reckons well-known adherents also in other countries.* Herbert Spencer does not so rigorously as Comte proscribe animal societies from his sociological province, theoretically; but practically he begins the descriptive or concrete part of his work just at the point at which French positivism wishes it to be commenced—viz., with the appearance of the human family.

That the family is the elementary cell of society, is a commonplace; but there are many commonplaces which are very questionable. If animal life be considered, then it is obvious that no social organisation, properly so called—i.e., no economical and political association whatever, could spring from a sexual or family sprout, since we see a good deal of co-operation among animals whose matrimonial conditions do not exhibit the least permanence or organization. Wolves, for instance, pressed by hunger, form vast co-operative societies for robbery, with division of labour remarkably far advanced, though we find no family life among them. Wild horses live in unbounded sexual promiscuity, but they, nevertheless, form perfectly organized flocks with "co-ordination" and "subordination." On the other hand, large-sized *felidæ* (e.g., lions) form permanent monogamous families, not admitting divorce or separation, but still they may be called typically unsociable, and such is also the case with *Gorillas*, although those anthropomorphic apes have a highly organized polygamous family. Many more instances could be easily obtained from the classical works of Brehm ("Thierleben"), Houzeau ("Facultés intellectuelles des animaux comparées

* I can quote, e.g., in France, "l'Homme et la Société." Par le Dr. G. Le Bon, or Dr. Letourneau's "La Sociologie par l'Ethologie," &c.

à celles de l'homme), and many others. A young French scholar, M. A. Espinas,* states quite correctly that there is antagonism rather than filiation between animal society and family; and that remarkable statement he logically and biologically accounts for: where there is no family, young ones could hardly be bred, were they not protected by an organization of a larger social type—viz., by some kind of political society.

The modern progress of ethnological studies by no means confirms the supposition that, among men, social life must begin with the constitution of a family, which is generally considered as the natural school of subordination. Of course, we know that some dark Australians, Patagonians, and other destitute people, among whom there is scarcely any political organization, or none at all, enjoy the benefits of patriarchal subordination to such a degree that their wives are always beaten and not unfrequently eaten. But, against one such example, instances of the contrary—viz., of economic and political organization co-existing with sexual promiscuity—can be quoted by scores.† It may be observed that ethnological data, like statistical figures, can be only too easily compelled to testify for or against any philosophical thesis we like, until we subordinate them to a rigorous methodical system. I will, therefore, adduce no more examples, but only point to the island of Ceylon, where wild Veddas of the interior, wanting nearly all social organization, present, nevertheless, a permanent family with patriarchal subordination; whilst, on the other hand, civilized Cingalese or Malabarians, in spite of their highly advanced economic and political conditions, still preserve one of the most rudimentary forms of sexual connections—viz., polyandry. I am prone to think that the single example of the island of Ceylon, if duly investigated, would show to demonstration that the antagonism between family and society, noticed by A. Espinas among birds especially, is also the lot of men.

Further, in reviewing the well-known writings of Maine, Morgan, Lubbock, Bachofen, Giraud-Teulon, Elie Reclus, and others, we cannot avoid the conclusion that sexual promiscuity more or less restricted—viz., unbounded hetairism, polyandry, collective marriages as they still exist among so many tribes of Southern Asia,‡ the *hrub* or the "frank-quarter" of the Hassanian Arabs,§ &c—preceded everywhere the organization of a family based on subordination of wives. And we must ask ourselves, Who regulated or restrained the primordial unbounded promiscuity, since family did not exist there at all? And I do not see how we can help coming to the conclusion that some social

* Alfred Espinas, "Des Sociétés Animales."

† Waitz and Gerland, "Anthropologie der Naturvölker."

‡ Elie Reclus, "Les Nairs," in M. Lanessan's *Revue Internationale des Sciences Biologiques*.

§ Brun-Rollet, "Le Nil Blanc et le Soudan."

organization must have existed in these promiscuous, that is, pre-familial, times. Indeed, only a regular collective power could prevent females from being monopolized by the strongest of the tribe, and thus prevent primordial promiscuity from being transformed directly into the patriarchal family of the well-known biblical type, without passing through so many intermediate degrees.

The little digression above made was intended to show that there is no sound reason whatever for commencing sociology with the constitution of the family. Comte alluded to such a commencement in his well-known statement, that sociology is the science of the *altruistic* instincts which, he supposed, were based upon the sexual organization of our species. Herbert Spencer does not state his reasons for following in that respect his French predecessor. Thus, his particular position between Comte's humanism on one side and the zoological "struggle for life" school in social science, remains somewhat uncertain.

Indeed, M. Schaeffle insinuates that the great leader of British evolutionism ought, logically, to belong to the school that admits no limits between the social and the biological organisms. In his "Structure and Life of the Social Body" already mentioned, he endeavours to demonstrate that one, at least, of the two restrictions opposed by Herbert Spencer to the organic theory of society is null and void. In § 2, Chap. III., of his "Introduction," entitled, "Analogies and Differences between Organs, Textures, Cells, and Intercellular Substances of Plants, Animals, and of Societies," he enunciates the idea that the discrete character attributed by Herbert Spencer to the social organism does not constitute any essential difference between societies and plants or animals (p. 53). And in the book itself, 1st Section, Division III., p. 93, he repeats his argument while describing public wealth, considered as the intercellular substance of the social organism. The gist of his demonstration is as follows: "In biological bodies cells are not closely contiguous throughout, but the connections or interstices between them are filled by a less perfectly organized matter, such as, *e.g.*, the serum of the blood, &c." And so likewise, he suggests, in a social body distances between individuals certainly exist, but they are filled up by material objects also of an inferior structure, serving to preserve connection between the social organs: these are, roads, railways, telegraphs, &c., in short, what is usually called public wealth in general.

As to the second of Herbert Spencer's restrictions—viz., the fact that society does not possess a specific sensitive organ, but that each of its members is fit to feel pleasure or pain for himself—I venture to observe that that statement is true only with reference to *certain* organisms and to *certain* societies. Human societies indeed consist of individuals who are physiologically autonomous

and depend upon one another, biologically, only for the procreation of the species. But Herbert Spencer perfectly knows that such human individuals, in their turn, ought to be considered as associations of biological individuals of a somewhat inferior style. And should we further descend the biological scale, we again meet with living beings whose sensibility is diffused, and individuals become even more autonomous than they are in the political societies of our days, because they do not depend upon each other, either for reproductive or for nutritive purposes, and seem to be merely connected by a simple mechanical tie.

If sociology is to interfere with such matters, it should be only to inquire what is the mysterious reason inducing the elementary plastids or cells to unite together, and thus to form those primordial societies which are, perhaps, the starting-point of sociological evolution, but which certainly are the starting-point of all progress in vegetable as well as animal life. That reason seems the more mysterious because such aggregations are by no means imposed on the cells or plastids for their personal preservation, since we see myriads of those "absolute individuals" multiplying and prospering in their unsociable loneliness, and even attaining to such a complex structure that eminent observers even doubt whether they really are monocellular.* Whether they are or not, I believe we shall better leave to be answered by special students of anatomical and embryological matters. But, since we are speaking about sociology in its present condition, it becomes obvious that the main thing we want, before and above all, is a rational scheme for classifying in a systematic way the rich store of facts, biological, ethnological, statistical, &c., which the easy erudition of our days keeps ready at our disposal. Mountains of magnificent marble blocks heaped and thrown up at random are not worth so much as the most modest dwelling; and however precious these scientific data may be, we run the danger of being only confused by them so long as we have no convenient plan for their rational classification.

I have already given reasons why the sociological scheme of Comte seems inadequate to the task; and I hope it would be superfluous to give other reasons why I do not hasten to accept the organic "struggle for life" sociological scheme which, through M. Schaeffle's scholastic subtilties, leads us directly to the rough quaintnesses of M. Jaeger.

From Herbert Spencer's intermediate position we can only perceive that it is connected with Comte's humanism on its practical side, whilst his own organic theory, though restricted, theoretically brings him nearer to the zoological conception of the object of social science. We know what kind of restrictions Herbert

* Ed. Claparède and Lachmann's "*Researches on Infusoria*."

Spencer quotes, but—and this is to be regretted—the author gives us no criterion plain and sharp for judging whether the barrier thus created is strong enough to prevent the sociological domain from being overrun with merely zoological notions. At least, one of the two (the discrete character of societies) could be easily scaled by M. Schaeffle, and we have already seen that the author himself does not quote it as very substantial.

Far more substantial, indeed, ought to be the second of Herbert Spencer's restrictions—viz., that a society does not possess a special *sensorium* like superior animals, and thus a social organism cannot practically be allowed any end or aim but the welfare of its organs and members. However attractive to us may be that important point of his sociological scheme, we must own that the restriction refers only to a particular case observable in two species of societies, but is not philosophically inherent in our conception of organism or of society. And indeed the polemic raised some years ago by Professor Huxley about what he calls Herbert Spencer's *administrative nihilism* yields us a sufficient proof that the prominent English evolutionist has not yet said his very last word upon that important subject.

V.

The "grand" Colbert, anxious for the development of commerce, convoked the richest merchants of Paris in order to take their advice. "Monseigneur," said a certain Hazon, a first-class wholesale dealer from the Rue St. Denis, "if you are so kindly disposed towards us, pray, let us alone: commerce certainly will prosper when you don't care a bit about it." That reply of a Parisian *gros bonnet* is the very motto of the political theory of Herbert Spencer.

Of course, I need not remind my readers of the remarkable essays published by the author of "First Principles," in the pages of this same CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, on governmental non-interference. I merely endeavour to state that each of the three branches into which modern theoretical sociology divides itself has its proper political programme according to its philosophical premises. Thus, French positivism is prone to a kind of learned patriarchy, somewhat like a scientific papalism or the Chinese Tribunal of Ceremonies. The "struggle for life" school puts forth the *Kulturkampf*, either Social-democratic or Bismarckian; whilst Herbert Spencer revives the old Manchester *laissez faire, laissez passer*—i.e., the doctrine of no governmental or revolutionary interference.

I do not remember exactly who was the prominent man who said that people "have not the age of their own years, but that of the century they live in." Our century grows mature, i.e., sceptical, and no reasonable man in our days, provided that his mind is of the average height of our century, will espouse any one of these three

political theories without being sure whether it really rests on a solid scientific basis. Hackneyed commonplaces, splinters of worn-out metaphysical doctrine, have lost their credit with us. An invincible impulse draws us towards the reconstitution of an ethical unity which could reconcile our mind with our heart, our avowed principles with our everyday dealings: but that unity ought to be strictly scientific. Our mind (using Comte's admirable words) consents to be the minister of our heart, but it never again shall become its slave. The public conscience is tired with the hypocrisy of so many years during which we have practiced Malthus six days in the week, sanctifying the seventh by preaching Christ, with his disrespectful hints upon rich men, camels, and needles. And no practical case of morals or politics can be knowingly settled before we have got a rational knowledge of those general laws for which man has always been scrutinizing the powers he supposed to rule over Nature.

The nature-pervading spirit most generally recognized by learned men in our days is the spirit of evolution, and Herbert Spencer has gained to himself unquestionable rights to our gratitude for having shown how that general law mechanically comes from the still more universal law of permanence of motion. But whilst his evolutionism leads us directly to the longed-for intellectual unity so far as the inferior branches of knowledge are concerned, in far more important social matters we see three essentially different political theories, each of them pretending to be the very last and the most genuine fruit of the root of evolution. Besides, we know also other political doctrines haunting modern minds, and which are generally put together under the name of *revolutionary*, on account of the warlike position held by their adherents towards the regularly constituted political and social powers and agencies.

If we were to follow step by step the most prominent leaders of the political theories above mentioned, we could scarcely get a convenient standpoint to settle with accuracy which of them all ought to be considered as the most authentic progeny of their common evolutionary stock. For this end we are rather compelled to choose an independent position from which we can survey at once the most unquestionable scientific results of them all, and to trace at our own risk and peril some narrow path leading us directly from the physical basis to the sociological summit of the evolution.

Starting from the principle of unity and continuity of life, we need not repeat that any classification of cosmic phenomena and of scientific branches has its reason, not in the reality itself, but only in the impossibility inherent in our mind of perceiving unity without confusion. A rational division of the scientific organism into a number of branches or series must be strictly conformable to the series of natural phenomena for each of which we are able to account by

means of a single general law. Thus, returning to Comte's classification of science, we see that he considers as so many distinct branches astronomy, physics, and chemistry. But all the concrete phenomena observable within the domain of each of these sciences are already in our days explicable by means of a single law—that of gravitation, scientifically expounded by Newton. Nowadays, we are not only authorized to consider philosophically caloric, light, electricity, and chemical affinity as so many transformations of mechanical motion, but we have learned, too, many a practical process of converting them into each other at our will. Hence, we can simplify the classification of the great French positivist without contradicting his own philosophical method, or the fundamental law of evolution, and thus we get the first term of a rational classification of sciences, which we may style *anorganology*.

But we cannot ascend the scale of natural evolution without meeting with orders of facts for which our mind is not able to account on the simple ground of the Newtonian law of gravitation: such, namely, are the complex phenomena of organic life; and, since Charles Darwin's time, we know that all that vast series of concrete phenomena can be reasonably referred to one single scientific principle, which is the law of struggle for life, with all its well known logical consequences. Thus we become able to range all the various branches of knowledge dealing with the different stages of individual organic life under a single flag, bearing the celebrated Darwinian motto—Struggle for life.

Difficile est communis propria dicere, and I am well aware of the fact that my readers' attention would soon be tired with this apparent rehearsal of the spelling-book of evolutionism. Unfortunately, nevertheless, I am compelled to dwell still further upon the connections really existing between anorganology and biology, or rather, between the concrete provinces proper to each of these sciences.

Of course, we do not want much perspicacity to distinguish an ass from a flower, or both from a stone. But the more we enlarge our knowledge of natural life, the less we become able to fix any limit between vegetable and animal organisms, or between organisms generally and mineral bodies. The two great orders of cosmic life—the organic and the inorganic—are not superimposed, like geological strata in some parts of the earth's crust, but they entwine each other, ramifying still more and more, till their branches become infinitesimal, like capillary arteries and veins in a human body. Still more. Are we sure that the distinction we make between inorganic and organic series corresponds to different provinces really existent, and is not merely due to the impossibility of our mind accounting for certain phenomena on the ground of a single law, without the addition of a new one, more limited? I do not know;

but even if the second supposition be true, still, we could not abandon the distinction between *anorganology* and *biology*, without confusing the little we know of reality.

Inorganic life does not disappear where organic life begins, and, under more than one aspect, the most perfect human body behaves itself just as any physical body would do in similar conditions. Every further step of evolution implies all the former ones *plus* something else which was not perceptible before, or, perhaps, did not even exist there except virtually. *Iguanodon*, *Pterodactylus*, &c., may not live in our day, but we can easily see them, duly improved and corrected, in so many animals of our present zoological epoch. Individuals, and even species, died which could not stand the improvements required by the progress of zoological evolution, but the type, instead of dying, lives with an intensity highly increased. Thus, if we would search for a natural province where the law of gravitation abdicates its power for the sake of the struggle for life, we certainly should be at a loss; nor could we point to any natural province where inorganic life is replaced entirely by organic life. Our best reason for strictly distinguishing biology from anorganology is that we cannot satisfactorily account for organic phenomena by gravitation alone: the *surplus* above mentioned has accumulated there to such a degree that we must look for a specific principle.

Hence, the best definition of anorganology would be, that science which accounts for cosmic phenomena on the ground of the Newtonian law only, whether they occur in the heavens or on the earth, in a rock or in a human body. Biology, then, is that science which accounts for cosmic phenomena requiring the addition of more specific law—viz., the Darwinian law of struggle for life and transformism. Such phenomena, indeed, are observable only in individuals,* but these individuals may be either microscopic plastids or exceedingly large aggregations of the most perfect individuals, styled *zoïds* in M. Cattaneo's classification: nevertheless, the phenomena must be referred to the biological domain so far as they are explicable on the ground of the Darwinian law (struggle for life or competition), which is not a *deus ex machina*, but merely a synthesis of numberless mechanical, physical, and chemical agencies.

VI.

Returning now to the preliminary question of theoretical sociology, we find it very much simplified by these summary remarks. In fact, we need no longer care much about the hardly controverted thesis—whether society is or is not an organized body, and whether there

* Some modern cosmologists state that the stars—our earth with its moon at least—ought to be considered as organic bodies. S. L. Brothier, "Histoire de la Terre." And it is plain that if we would grant to them any individuality, the attraction of small masses by larger ones should also assume a character of struggle.

exists or not any morphological boundary between individuals and societies. Societies may be individuals exactly as the most perfectly organized animals are, in their turn, mere physical bodies, but sociology still may be a science just as really, or rather rationally, distinct from biology, as biology itself is from astronomy, physics, or chemistry.

At first sight it appears that the organic theory of societies is of capital interest, and that when once we grant that society is a living being and that it grows, we thereby settle beforehand that no interference, governmental or revolutionary, is desirable with social matters: thus we seem compelled to espouse Herbert Spencer's political theory. But so it seems at first sight only. Far more unquestionable it is that potatoes grow, and that no crop of them can be yielded if we sow turnips in their place. Nevertheless, every agriculturist knows that the let-them-alone policy in such a case is by no means advisable, and that the crop directly depends on intelligent care paid to their thriving. Our boys and girls also grow, and even we may admit that in eight cases out of ten it would be better to let them grow alone rather than to submit them to the pedagogic attention flourishing in a good many of our public and private schools. But could we reasonably pretend that no education at all is preferable to the smallest amount of rational education?

It seems plain that we ought not to search for any natural region or province which could be called sociological throughout, and thus monopolized by merely sociological studies, because there is no such region in the world which could be styled organic in the absolute sense of the word, exclusive of phenomena of an inferior inorganic character. The only question to be settled is—whether or not there are series of phenomena not explicable by the Newtonian mechanical law supplemented by the Darwinian biological law of struggle for life or competition? If there is none, then no sociology is required at all, and we must say that scientific organism has attained its full growth since anorganology is completed by a biology based on such a rational and strictly scientific ground as is the specific law of modern transformism. But when there are such series of phenomena, then it becomes plain that the binomial scientific series—anorganology and biology—ought to be completed by a third superorganic term (in Herbert Spencer's acceptance of that word) which can be no other than sociology. And, whether those phenomena are peculiar to human species only—which was the opinion of Comte—or whether they are observable in zooids of an inferior anatomical structure—which is the opinion of some prominent modern biologists—or, still further, whether we can meet with them all in the lower morphologic regions of colonies and even of plastids—that is only a secondary matter, which will be satisfactorily settled as soon

as (and which cannot be reasonably settled before) we get rid of the preliminary question of the limits, specific methods, and of the very object of sociology.

Theoretically, no one among the most zealous adherents of the organic school in sociology goes so far as to deny that the completion of the binomial scientific series above by a third, a sociological term, is highly desirable; and we have seen that M. Jaeger himself modestly concedes that there may be social entities of a higher order not included in his zoological province. Nevertheless, after the perusal of his pages quoted above, we cannot help becoming rather anxious about what may be the business of a "Sociolog der Zukunft," since a mere figure of zoological classification is able to convince every reasonable man that States *acephalic*, whether the great American Republic or Switzerland, are irrevocably, *vom Hause aus*, sentenced by a natural law to alternate torture between oligarchy and tyranny, unless they prefer to "perish prematurely;" whilst the unquestionable benefits of "Kulturkampf," out of which there is no salvation, are greedily monopolized by people whom the struggle for existence has endowed with national monarchy based upon *cephalic* family, &c.

Nobody has doubted for many years that struggle for existence is a very powerful agent of evolution. It remains only to settle whether it is really a scientific law (and as such it must be necessarily limited), or rather a kind of *deus ex machinâ* accounting for all, a materialistic Providence autocratically pervading the whole creation.

I must observe that if the struggle-for-existence principle could scientifically account for social phenomena, then the high merits of Charles Darwin would be much diminished in my eyes, because then it would appear that the most momentous philosophical work of our age was not his "Origin of Species," but far more the "Essay on Population," by Malthus. Indeed, the modern transformism (Alfred R. Wallace explicitly states it) is grounded upon the application to biology of that same law of competition which Malthus, as early as 1798, asserted to be the fundamental law of the social life of man. Thus the most modern writings of the struggle-for-existence sociological school, far from being the seed of something new and productive of future progress yet unknown, are rather mere rehearsals of a worn-out doctrine which, after being unfolded only a step further by Ricardo, soon lost all its scientific value with J. B. Say, and no sooner reconquered some uncontested rights to our attention than, with Rodbertus and K. Marx, it threw itself into the deep sea of modern socialism. It seems obvious that the hackneyed Malthusian axioms, now translated into the biological jargon of organic sociologists, cannot yield any more than they have already yielded in their original shape of the renowned "progres-

sions " with their unstatistical ratios and with their ethical *couronnement de l'édifice* of more or less morally restrained procreation.

VII.

The shining merit of Darwin resides especially in the amazing perspicacity with which his genius transformed that worn-out politico-economical thesis into the very principle of regeneration, not only for the biological science of our days, but also for modern philosophy altogether. Such a miracle could be performed only by his clear perception of the fact that the great law of competition or struggle for life, unduly applied by the Malthusian politico-economy to a series of phenomena for which it cannot account, is really a capital principle pervading the individual life throughout. Since the Malthusian law, stating that the number of competitors always exceeds the means of subsistence, is true with animals, we might logically foresee that it would not do for human societies; because the animals, being far more prolific than men, simply consume the food they find ready in Nature, whilst the lowest human tribes—provided that they possess some social organization—generally produce a large part of what they consume; and slavery, appearing at a very low degree of social evolution, yields us a sufficient proof that, even in those destitute conditions, men united into a society produce more food than is strictly required for the subsistence of them all.

Herbert Spencer states with all the requisite evidence that the general law of evolution is the permanence of force, and we can follow it throughout the vast dominion of inorganic stages of evolution without being compelled to apply to any other law. It is only when we meet with the multiplicity of organized beings that a specific law is required, and then Charles Darwin brings in his struggle for existence philosophically, which does scientifically account for numberless transformations of living individuals. From the fact that social life is the natural complement of the individual life, we are not authorized to infer that the fundamental law of both individual and social modes of being must be identical: organic life is, too, merely a complement of the inorganic, but it requires its specific law. In many cases we can easily see how the struggle for life impels men, like animals, to the constitution of a league or society; but even then we can assert *à priori* that the laws of an alliance are not the laws of war. In many other cases social action seems not to be imposed on them by considerations of personal preservation; but it is plain that the roots of social life must be deeply buried in their physiological needs and wants, egoistic, altruistic, or whatever else they may be.* Are not the roots of

* Interesting information on that account can be got in the well-known work of Prof. Van Beneden on "Parasitism, Mutualism, and Commensalism among Animals."

organic life itself buried also deeply in physical and chemical properties of matter? Besides, we know also not a less number of such instances where sociability is not only indifferent, but rather hurtful and dangerous from the point of view of competition and preservation of individuals alone.*

I have no room to quote here the remarkable researches of Geoffroy St. Hilaire, nor to cite instances which can be gathered easily from zoological and ethnological works. I trust that the following few lines, borrowed from A. Espinas's book about *Animal Societies*, will suffice. He says: "So far as *accidental societies* are concerned, utility (*l'intérêt*) seems to play the most prominent part, and sympathy (*i.e.*, a stimulus not explicable by the law of struggle or competition) only consolidates the ties which interest had formed. Among those who have an interest in forming societies, those only really do so who are prone to mutual sympathy. As to the *normal societies*, formed by animals of the same species, we are induced to give the first place to sympathy, admitting the instincts of preservation only as an element consolidating the unions connected by sympathy."

Further, I have already mentioned more than once that the first aggregations of plastids, which really are the starting-point of morphological progress, have never yet been rationally accounted for by the law of struggle for life, and it seems rather questionable whether they ever can be. At least, a learned zoologist, Prof. Kessler, of St. Petersburg, in a paper read before the Zoological Society of that town, insisted upon the necessity of admitting the law of sociability, or co-operation, as a powerful agent of biological progress. Indeed, we cannot perceive any personal advantage arising to the cells or plastids from the fact of their aggregating together, and thus forming the first rudiment of a social or collective organism, instead of pursuing their individual advancement, as they ought to do, were there not a principle quite distinct from struggle pervading throughout the superior degrees of cosmic evolution in its organic stages.

Wherever we see a phenomenon of association—be it in the shape of a vegetable and animal organism, or in that of a more perfect human community—we cannot fail to detect something new, as essentially distinct from the law of individualistic competition or struggle, as that specific Darwinian law itself is distinct from the Newtonian universal law of gravitation. That something is, namely, the consensus of a number of more or less individualized forces aiming at an end, not personal to one of the allies, but common to them all, and that is what we call *co-operation*.

Such characteristic facts, proper to all phenomena of a series, are

* See A. Espinas, "Des Sociétés Animales."

just what we call a principle or a scientific law. Thus, we cannot avoid acknowledging a principle superior to that of struggle, and we are induced to complete the binomial series of sciences stated above by a third term—viz., sociology—the specific law of which is *co-operation* (as struggle for life is the specific law of biology), and the object of which is the investigation of the natural means and ways by which, at various stages of evolution, is obtained that consensus of individualized forces aiming at an end common to them all. The proper domain of this superorganic science includes every department of the organized world (it being obvious that socialization must imply organization, and that no society can be found where the acting forces are not biologically individualized) where co-operation is observable. The only criterion of social science is thus co-operation, whether co-operating individuals are human or animals, zooids or plastids.

Herbert Spencer is perfectly right in denying the character of society* to a host of people listening to a lecture; but I doubt whether the reason on which he bases his statement—viz., the non-permanence of such aggregations, is adequate. We could easily exemplify many quite temporary aggregations, the sociological character of which appears unquestionable, since we see in them that convergencé of individual forces to a common end which is the only criterion of a society. On the other hand, aggregations of men, or other zooids, might be permanent without our being obliged to consider them as sociological phenomena, because that characteristic of co-operation may be wanting altogether. Two men carrying a burden may be considered as a sociological rudiment, or cell, but a hundred men lodging in one house for their lifetime, or meeting together every day during twenty years at the Library of the British Museum, do not present any appreciable embryo of sociability. A nation may perhaps be considered at once as a *dem*, or biological entity, but before we account for its sociological character, we must inquire whether there is any co-operation, and in what degree, between the individuals forming the political whole, and by what means that degree of co-operation is obtained.

At the lowest degrees of the biological evolution, individuals of a very primordial anatomical structure (cells or plastids) cannot form a colony or society without mechanically adhering to each other or being connected together by some mechanical tie. Step by step a division of physiological labour, with its natural consequence, *subordination*, begins to be observable with individuals so connected together by merely physical ties. Prof. Huxley, in his polemic against Herbert Spencer, states quite rightly that the most perfect zoological beings present that subordination pushed to the extreme degree. In the zooids of a superior anatomical structure (birds,

* "Principles of Sociology," *loc. cit.*

mammalia, and men) we see the sensitiveness so completely concentrated in a specific sensorium, and the co-operating individuals so perfectly complying with the interests of the whole, that their physiological personality disappears, and they become mere organs. I must, nevertheless, observe that when we say, it is hot, that is not because the mercury rises in the thermometer, that rising being only an index of the rising temperature around; and should we come under the point at which mercury freezes, or above the point at which it boils, we ought to search for another criterion of the increasing or decreasing temperature. So the progress of subordination in superior biological organisms is only a morphological token of a greater co-operation obtained than would be possible with a less degree of subordination or with a still more primordial mechanical tie. But the evolution does not stop at that point, and the superior biological individuals, produced by such co-operative agency of organs based on subordination, in their turn unite together and form aggregations or societies of a superior style, called *dem.*

The ties uniting together the members of these superior societies greatly vary: they may be partly more or less mechanical, like those which are characteristic of the lowest social order, but their mechanicality never reaches so far as a direct adherence (that is what Herbert Spencer means by the *discrete* character of societies as opposed to the concrete character of animals), or as any vascular membrane like those which unite together the individuals in a colony of molluscs; they may be also partly based on division of labour, but subordination here never attains that point at which the physiological autonomy of the individuals would disappear, and they become mere organs.

But, while on the further side of the sociological evolution mechanical adherence (1st degree), and subordination (2nd degree), are considerably decreasing, a highly superior mode of obtaining co-operation begins here to be appreciable—viz., conscious and voluntary consensus of the members of the *dem.* or community (3rd degree). I doubt whether a human or animal society can be met with in which that specific element of conscious and voluntary consensus is wanting altogether, but it may intervene in various degrees. The more this superior element prevails over the two inferior ones (viz., mechanical aggregation and subordination), the more the co-operation obtained is conscious and voluntary, the further also a society is advanced on its evolutionary way. Hence, whenever we wish sociologically to account for a concrete phenomenon of community or aggregation, we ought to consider:—

1. The quantity of co-operation yielded.
2. The means, more or less conscious and voluntary, for obtaining consensus of individualized forces aiming at an end not personal to one of the allies.

Examples can be gathered in history and ethnology of societies not highly civilized, the members of which enjoy a freedom unknown in the most liberal European monarchies and republics in our days: such were the communities of Cossacks in Southern Russia in the 17th century, and such are, if M. Raffray* be trusted, the Abyssinian Shakos. But these people content themselves with co-operation in a degree which would appear very meagre from our civilized point of view. On the other hand, we see geographical regions—e.g., the Lower Valley of the Nile, or of the Yang-tze-Kiang and Hoang-ho—where physical conditions require from the inhabitants far more co-operation than they were able to yield freely and consciously in their state of civilization; and, in fact, those countries have always been, and are still, classical for their despotism, either political, or castal, or whatever else it may be.

I sum up in a few words:—

1. *Mechanical Constraint*, which is compatible only with the lowest stages of the individualized (biological) life.

2. *Subordination* by specialization of labour, or by political tyranny (which is only a particular case of the former), always degrading for the larger part of the individuals united, if not for them all; and

3. *Consensus* more and more conscious and voluntary.

Such are the three stages of sociological evolution, and, I think, the ratio of that progression is so easily appreciable, that I need not dwell more particularly upon it. It results that, so far as an end can be scientifically assigned to social evolution, that end can be but one: namely, anarchy—i.e., a large amount of co-operation of autonomous individuals as perfect as their biological organization allows, and that amount of co-operation yielded not by any mechanical tie, nor by any subordination, either by physiological or political constraint, but plainly and completely by their own conscious and free will in the modern psychological acceptance of these words.

Whether it please or displease the learned *Kulturträger* of whatever proclivities, the last word of the scientific theory of evolution is that very terrifying word, anarchy, so eloquently anathematized *ex cathedra* by Darwinizing sociologists and so many others.

VIII.

If we review the evolution of cosmic life in the past so far as it is observable by strictly scientific methods, we are compelled to acknowledge that a large amount of progress has been already effected in the physical, biological, and even sociological provinces,

* 'L'Abyssinie,' par Ach. Raffray.

without any apparent interference of a conscious human will with cosmic matters. Speaking anthropomorphically, we can say that evolution has an aim, that its aim is progress, and that Nature attains it surely and practically without our consciously and intentionally caring much about it.

But we must not be forgetful that progress in evolution can be asserted only so far as the cosmic whole is considered, and that its way is studded with corpses of individuals, nations, and worlds, fallen because they could not stand the transformations required by the restless progress of evolution.

We can certainly assert that the law of the future society is anarchy, and that it surely shall be attained by Nature left alone. But the further progress of any particular society of the present day is by no means warranted by any immovable natural law of evolution. Theoretically, it may be a consolation for each of us to know that if we do not thrive in our life, because of our inability to stand the changes asked for by evolution, somebody else shall thrive certainly; but practically, we are all allowed to wish that the thriving one should be ourselves.

Dr. Lange, although not a professional sociologist, teaches us that the way of progress in evolution is nothing less than rectilinear, and he even disrespectfully compares the so-much-talked-of cosmic or historical Providence to a hunter who, in order to kill a hare, discharges about one million shots in every direction. The hare is thus reached, of course, but so are many unlooked-for people also, without reckoning so much powder burnt in vain. On the other hand, Charles Darwin adduces many examples of intelligent human interference with biological matters directly arriving at an end which would take centuries to accomplish by the alternate teachings of natural evolution alone. The only caution needed for the success of such interferences is the security that our personal end does not lie out of the way of evolution. Since we see that the result of natural sociological progression is anarchy, the only question which remains to be settled refers to the methods and practical ways leading most directly to that social ideal of the future.

But is not evolution exclusive of revolution in this sense, that it flows like a majestic and peaceable stream—that it *abhorret saltum*—whilst revolution seems to contain in every syllable of its terrifying name something catastrophic, and is throughout full of pang and commotion? Ask modern geologists whether such revolutionary episodes as the earthquake of Ischia or the eruption of Krakatoa are erased from the history of our earth, now that we know that its crust is formed not by cataclysm, but by evolution? Ask a mother whether her child was not painfully shaken and, perhaps, more than once in danger of death, every time it crossed one of those breakers of dentition, passage to

puberty, &c., that appear like so many milestones marking the natural way of our individual evolution?

In one of his most remarkable essays, Herbert Spencer states that the very source from which every constituted government draws the best of its power is "the accumulated and organized sentiment of the past, . . . the gradually formed opinion of countless preceding generations," that even in the most Liberal countries of our days, constituted powers are far less than we commonly think controlled "by the public opinion of the living," and far more "by the public opinion of the dead." That statement points out the very reason why our social atmosphere becomes so soon impregnated with deadly miasmas, emanations from the tombs of past generations, when a refreshing breeze from the future does not purify it, blowing through a revolutionary agency.

LEON METCHNIKOFF.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN RUSSIA.

RUSSIA'S POLICY IN THE EAST.

THE foreign policy of Russia has of late been the subject of vigilant attention and constant apprehension on the part of other Powers, as well as of the general public of Europe. The Afghan conflict seemed to disclose deliberate designs against English rule and influence in Asia ; when the Bulgarian movement set the stone rolling on the Balkan Peninsula, journalists and politicians could not be persuaded for a long while that it had not been prompted by Russian intrigue ; when the real influences at work had declared themselves, people began to look forward to an assertion of claims and display of force from the Power which, after playing so prominent a part in the making of the Balkan Peninsula, had been thrust aside by its own *protégés* ; just now the Batoum declaration is considered by many as the beginning of independent action on the part of Russia, action combining the two chief elements of her foreign policy—hostility against England and the striving towards preponderance in the Peninsula.

The present paper does not aim at reviewing the different stages through which the Eastern question has passed of late ; nor is it my object to state at length what shades of opinion exist in Russia as to this question and its probable solution. I want to present the most striking features of the situation from the point of view of an average member of the intelligent class. Nobody will dispute that the judgment of this class as to the past, and its prognostics as to the future, are likely to be of considerable practical importance : they may serve to indicate the centre of gravity settling the main position of a body through all its fluctuating motions.

Russia's present situation in respect of the Balkan States is certainly a very awkward and abnormal one. For more than a century she has been fighting to free the Christians under Turkish rule, and to establish her protectorate over the liberated populations. She has been successful in the first object, and quite unsuccessful as to the second. Those very Greeks, Roumanians, Servians and Bulgarians who have to thank Russia for their political existence have turned

round upon her as soon as immediate danger was over. Except small and distant Montenegro, there is not a single State on the Peninsula that is not siding more or less openly with her enemies, and well may perplexing questions rise to the lips of every Russian patriot. Has our foreign policy for the last hundred years finally and shamefully miscarried? What benefit did our nation derive from the reckless, exhausting expenditure of men and money in attempts to run through where there is no thoroughfare? Is the management of this Eastern question to be taken as a sample of the perspicacity, activity, and energy of the Imperial power, which has subordinated to a concentration of military strength economical welfare, legal order, political freedom?

Many partial, casual, local blunders and mishaps may be adduced to explain the present appalling situation. Servia has not wrested herself from our influence; we actually handed her over to the guidance and protection of Austria. As to Roumania, we found her already disaffected in 1877, jealous of her national independence, and proud of her western civilization; but it was our own fault if all bonds of sympathy and reverential fear were severed by the war. Was it likely to happen otherwise at the close of a period during which we accepted the help of a small State in time of need, and forced an unwelcome exchange of territory upon it in time of victory, kept despising its military power, and surrendered to it trophies and honours out of all proportion to what it had done in the field? In Bulgaria it has been more or less the same; first an excess of trust and favours, afterwards bullying, and trying to make up by agitation for loss of time and position, first composing for the Bulgarians an impracticable constitution, then working for a *coup d'état* to change it; finally intriguing with the Liberals against the Prince; standing up for the Union and against the Union, for the treaty of Berlin and against the treaty of Berlin; wrathful, grumbling, and powerless to act.

But all these astonishing contradictions and mistakes, as they do not truly excuse the people who stand up against Russia on ground so lately reclaimed for them by Russia, thickly strewn with Russian bones, and all soaked with Russian blood—all these contradictions and mistakes are not sufficient to explain the complete dead lock created for our policy in the East. It is not to the wishes and commands of States born yesterday from her own action that such a power as Russia is likely to submit; she would not stop at such an important moment from fear of Bulgaria or of Turkey. Two sets of causes are fettering the northern nation, and explain its weakness and dissatisfaction.

It is evident, to begin with, that the moves on the small chess-board are dependent upon the relation of forces on the large one; and it seems pretty clear that Russia's fatal error all through her Oriental policy has been to strive too much after the fulfilment of some immediate object in the Peninsula, without taking sufficiently into account the surrounding combinations. In striking at Turkey she has been always presenting her open flank to Austria.

There was a time in the eighteenth century when Austria was very willing to co-operate with her northern neighbour against the southern; but since the break up of Napoleon's power her position has changed. Relieved from overwhelming apprehensions as to her very existence

and gradually losing hold over her western sphere of influence, she has been turned eastwards* by the tide of events, and brought to play a most important, if not a very dignified, part in Eastern affairs. Austria's great military men, Archduke Charles and Radetzky,† may be considered as the initiators of the policy now followed with success. The Danube State could not be indifferent to the fate that befell the mouths of the Danube; a great power connected from the north-west with the Balkan populations could not but look with jealousy at the progress made in the Peninsula by her north-eastern neighbour. Very early in the century the present notions about the Austrian "Machtsphäre" begin to form themselves. In 1828-29 we find Metternich protesting and intriguing against the action of Russia, though not daring to resist it openly.‡

The influence of the Danube power begins to be most distinctly felt against Russia after it had been saved by Russia in 1849. In 1854 it took a great share in the contest by occupying the Danubian principalities, collecting a formidable army in Galicia, and entering into the December Convention with the Western Powers.§ It is evident that, but for apprehensions entertained as to the attitude of Austria in 1878, Russia would never have submitted to the humiliation of Berlin. Her victorious armies were surely stopped, not by the appearance of iron-clads and sepoys near Constantinople, but by the fact that her troops operating in the Peninsula would have been at the mercy of Austrian friends in the rear. "You must go by Vienna to reach Constantinople"—so Paskevic is reported to have told the Emperor Nicholas—and it is not unlikely that his advice may have been remembered in later years. And still, collision or enmity between the powers concerned did not ensue even after the Berlin Congress. Heroic attempts at a conciliation of interests have been made, the personal influence of the sovereigns has been brought into play, and an arrangement actually arrived at, of which the interviews of Skerneviece and Kremsier were the outward expression. Surely it must have entailed a good deal of self-command and strength of purpose in the Czar to accept the inferior position he was allowed to occupy by the side of his imperial allies. He made a sacrifice of pride and interest to obtain a security for peace. The result has been that, during the last crisis, Austria has been moving Serbia and sympathizing with Battenberg against Russia.

And now that Russia, to whose action the Balkan States owe their existence, stands cut off from the Peninsula, Austria has inherited

* Even at the time of Napoleon's greatest power we find the idea germinating in Austrian military circles. In a paper presented to the Imperial Foreign Office in 1810, we read the following: "Austria ought not to mind about either German or Italian affairs. The direction to her policy is given in her very name; Austria is the State turned to the East. A war with Russia and the Porte would bring most brilliant success to her army, and would throw Russia back into her former frontiers." (Beer, "Orientalische Politik Oesterreichs," 228.)

† Radetzky in 1810: "The great blood-vessel of the monarchy, and the basis of its military and political system, is the Danube. As long as we do not hold the stream in all its course, we shall be weak on more than one side." (Beer, 226.) After the Peace of Adrianople he contended that Austria had been brought down by it to the rank of a secondary state, because Russia had obtained a footing on the Danube. (Ib. 387.)

‡ Metternich, "Mémoires" iv. *passim*, and especially the instructions to Ficquelmont. Cf. Treitschke, "Deutsche Geschichte," iii. 731 *sqq.*

§ Beer, 471, 488, 512.

her preponderating influence in these regions. She holds the western States under her sway, although her companion has lost her share in the east, and her power, based on immediate contiguity of frontier, affinity of race and commercial interest, keeps steadily spreading further and further. It is not a pleasant sight surely for those who have done all the hard fighting to see the prize carried off by allies. No sentimental reasons could prevail on any great power to bow down to such humiliation. And if Russia has been bowing down before it till now, she has done so neither from sentimental reasons, nor from blindness, nor from fear of Austria.

The real explanation of the weakness of our Government is, of course, to be found in the fact that Austria is backed up in her policy by Germany, and a rupture with her would eventually mean a rupture with Germany. Now, whatever people may think about the Vienna route to Constantinople, everybody must own that it would be hazardous, to say the least, to select Berlin as the first stage on the journey.

The last political combination brought about by the Great Chancellor seems to put an effectual stop to Russian progress in the East of Europe. The Hapsburg Empire has been settled anew, as it were, by the close alliance with New Germany, assuming a federative instead of a centralist policy at home, developing gradually the autonomy of its Slavonic parts, resigning aspirations towards the west and south for the sake of influence in the east. Austria has been quietly scoring one success after another, and stands already pledged to go to Saloniki, if not further.* The unity of purpose and signal efficiency of her foreign policy in later times seems due in a great measure to the impulse given from Germany. The two powers combined represent the concentration of Teutonic political strength on one hand, the spread of its influence in politics and civilization on the other. And just by reason of such duality the conception looks sounder, more powerful and more durable than the Empire of old times that fell to pieces in its attempt to bring Europe under the immediate sway of the Teutonic race.

And if we take into account that Italy and England may be considered as the outlying wings of a central European alliance for the maintenance of the political *status quo*, the combination will look grand indeed, and quite capable of holding down any power, like Russia or France, that may be interested in changing the present condition of things in Europe. In the case of Russia there is not even any need of direct menace or downright opposition. She is cut off from the Peninsula by a Roumania of her own making; too weak in the Black Sea to make it the basis of operations, and hardly likely again to engage her strength against Turkey, while leaving flank and rear open to decisive pressure. And so it remains for Germany

* The painter Verestchagine tells us in the *Nouvelle Revue* of July 1, 1886, how Frederick Charles once said to General Skobeleff: "You may do what you like, but Austria must go to Saloniki." Not less characteristic than this anecdote is the following passage from Treitschke, that standard representative of Prussian thought: "Had Austria (in 1828) made use of her advantageous flanking position, had she occupied the Danubian Principalities, Russia would have been obliged to come to some agreement, and the Danube power would have taken secure possession of the territory naturally belonging to it, and extending to the mouth of its river."—*Deutsche Geschichte*, iii. 737.

to back up Austria just sufficiently to make any direct attempt upon her impossible.

Seen from such a point of view, the game seems hopelessly lost for Russia. She may gnash her teeth against thankless clients and faithless friends, but she must make up her mind sooner or later to consider her Eastern policy as a failure, and to drift in the direction indicated to her by the Central European alliance, that is towards Asia. Neither Germany nor Austria certainly will grudge her any success achieved in Turkestan, Afghanistan, or even India; every blow dealt at British commerce or dominion in Asia will turn out advantageous to German interests, as it is only too likely that German traders may follow in the wake of Russian soldiers.

People in England do not perhaps sufficiently realize that Russia's aggressive or rather active policy in Asia is the exact counterpart of her enforced passivity in Europe. The English and German relations of our State lie, as it were, in the two scales of a balance; when one is ascending, the other necessarily goes down. We began scoring cheap triumphs in Turkestan—as soon as matters got to a standstill in the Balkans, and it does not seem a paradox to say that the depth of Russian political humiliation is to be measured by the amount of apparent successes against England. It is not a paradox, because success in the wrong place means reverse where really important interests are at stake, because the sham and excitement as to Central Asia is only distracting attention from the great questions at issue in the west and south-west, because people try to talk themselves into a consciousness of power and progress about petty aggrandizement near Herat when they ought to be thinking how and why the results of a long and costly policy are slipping from their hands in the Balkan Peninsula. And so I think that the smart of Bulgarian reverses is better for us than the elation to which some papers testify about the Batoum declaration. Happily enough, a war with England did not break out last year, and since then we have received such cruel lessons that very few persons, either in the Government or among the people, are blind now to the real nature of the difficulties besetting us in our foreign policy. There is undoubtedly an English element in these difficulties, but it would be too silly to believe the story of the Vienna papers, that we owe our reverses to this English element. Now, as at the time of the Berlin Congress, it is not the open adversaries but the apparent friends that we have chiefly to reckon with.

But, even if so, what can be done, the situation being as it has been described a little while ago? Would it not be better to close once for all the register of Quixotic expeditions for the benefit of Balkan Christians, and try to counterbalance the gains of our friends on the scene of our battlefields around the Balkans by acquisitions in the Steppes of Central Asia and disturbances in India? Before answering these questions we must take into consideration another set of circumstances that also goes far to explain Russia's present embarrassments.

A far-reaching foreign policy must have a strong home situation for its basis, and when this last has been so much shaken as is the case in Russia, foreign influence will be lost in spite of large armies and a menacing past.

The terroristic convulsions following in the wake of the reform movement have drawn the attention of our Government for a series of years to the one object of quelling political agitation in the country. In choosing its alliances abroad, it has shaped its course more in reference to this chief aim than to international rivalry and relative interests. Russian autocracy has always felt a strong aversion to republican France and constitutional England; while on the other hand it has been attracted by the imperialism of its immediate neighbours, and of Germany in particular. Prince Bismarck has been always regarded in Russia as the very ideal of a monarchical statesman. His contempt for parliamentary doctrine, his victorious conflict with narrow-minded Liberalism, his reverence towards traditions of Prussian discipline and loyalty, a reverence the more striking in a person free from prejudice and sentimentality—all these features in the Prince's political bearing have made him quite a favourite with the men of reaction, who would fain believe that their work is very similar to his, and are the more taken with him because they lack the strength of character and insight which makes him so redoubtable.

On the other hand, the same political reaction in Russia, with its dictatorship of the police, its curtailing of every institution likely to be independent or to aim at independence, its hatred of Liberalism and public opinion, has been very harmful to the spread of any sympathy with our country. We have never been very popular in Europe, but the era of national regeneration, the great reign of Alexander II., had produced in many parts feelings of interest and expectation as to our possible future. At the present moment, on the contrary, people are looking askance at us even in Slavonic countries, where the state of public opinion is a matter of great importance to us, even from the merely imperialistic point of view.

The disorder brought about by recent events in the internal condition of Russia has been a source of real weakness in her foreign relations, even if we consider it apart from such cross influences. An unsettled state of society after the commercial convulsion of emancipation, a fervid excitement of political feeling created by reform and reaction, great financial difficulties, into which the State has lapsed as much by reason of the shake given to its economical system, as in consequence of military expenditure—all these conditions combine to produce a kind of atmosphere very unfavourable to bold enterprise and resolute action abroad.

It is also curious to note how the movement of public opinion on foreign questions has been influenced by home politics. The only party whose foreign programme has been little affected by recent events at home are the Slavophiles proper, those who have lately lost their leader by the death of Aksakof. When the Balkan complications seemed at their height, he declared energetically against the uncertain bearing of our Government, and insisted upon the necessity for Russia to work at all cost and risk for Bulgarian union, and against Austria. The Liberals, as one may judge by the language of the *Messenger of Europe*, or the *Novosti*, were chiefly led in their appreciation of events by antipathy towards the reactionary régime, as represented by Germany, and constantly wavered between a desire for the maintenance of peace and hopes of a break-up of the Holy Alliance. This very alliance has, naturally enough, been regarded by

the reactionaries as the corner-stone of our foreign policy, and it took the absolute collapse of our endeavours in the East to enlighten these obdurate people as to our probable losses and gains in such an alliance. It was rather interesting to watch the Katkoff paper (*Moscow Gazette*) shifting its ground from unbounded exultation about the Imperial interviews to open defiance of Austria. It is an ominous symptom, of course, that in this way men of very different views, representing three distinct traditions of Russian thought, have gradually been led to the same conclusion as to the Central European Alliance.

The public at large feels very much in the same direction, although there are some peculiarities in its way of forming and holding opinions, peculiarities not to be noticed in newspapers and magazines. Above all, there reigns now a great pessimistic apathy as to political matters; we are going through a period of disillusion and indifference after rushing through all kinds of enthusiasm. Unbounded hopes and doctrinaire beliefs as to political regeneration have produced first reform, then revolutionary agitation, and ultimately reaction and scepticism. Nationalism and Panslavism have had their say also, and people feel after the last war that nothing has come of it but sacrifices and loss of influence. In this way society has got to be very apathetic as to politics in general, and tries to interest itself in art, literature and religion. Curiously enough for a student of political psychology, there is a great possibility of excitement and morbid violence lurking behind the prevailing indifference. Discontent with the present state of affairs is not taking the shape of reasoned criticism or of a scheming and stubborn opposition, but it is always felt as a dull pain, and always liable to break out from under the ashes.

And now I come again to the question which has been put once before. Is it not better under such conditions to bow to necessity, to condemn the whole of our Eastern policy in the past, to resign all far-reaching plans as to the future, to keep quiet through the present crisis, and to content ourselves, say with the negative pleasure of creating difficulties for England in Asia?

It would be disgraceful indeed if a great country like Russia should have run herself into such a stale-mate position as the outcome of a foreign policy pursued through a whole century at the cost of enormous expenditure of every kind. Happily it can be shown, I think, that her game, though a difficult one, is by no means such as to doom her to passivity and resignation.

And first as to internal disorder. There can be no doubt that Eastern complications are gathering at an inconvenient time for us, and that a change in home politics from coercion to Liberalism would greatly facilitate the solution of foreign problems. Still, although we cannot choose our own time or the most effectual mode of action, we are by no means in so desperate a condition at home, that we should deliberately close our eyes to the importance of the impending crisis, and leave it to decide itself without our interference. Small States have been formed on the Peninsula, they cannot go by their own weight, and the question arises in what sphere of attraction they will find their order? It is not nearly the same thing to us, whether the Slavonic populations of every kind and name, now fluctuating in a

shapeless manner between us and Austria, will gather their strength and assume definite political shape under the influence of Germans, Magyars, and Poles, or under our own. A concentration of the minor Slavonic races round Austria would at once react upon the internal state of our empire, where fragments of minor Slavonic races are to be found, only too likely to feel attracted by such a political combination on the other side of the frontier. And so it is not a question of choosing time and mode. Every one who feels for Russia and does not want her to become Muscovy again must postpone all other considerations in view of this most dangerous crisis. And all parties will certainly know alike, if serious complications arise, that in this case they do not arise from reckless ambition or lighthearted Jingoism. People will certainly forget their domestic strife in view of the trial inflicted upon the State as a whole, and we shall have to show, once more, that we are more fit to fight a dangerous battle than to make use of opportunities and fair weather.

Besides, the game of our opponents is by no means so well arranged as it looks at first sight. There is a flaw in the very centre of it. The Central European Combination rests entirely upon a close alliance between Germany and Austria. Italian interests are too remote to give Italy an important position in it, not to speak of well-known reasons which will always prevent the Southern State from becoming Austria's intimate ally. England has not enough continental weight and is too much entangled in her colonies to play a great part in any struggle in Europe. Now, Germany and Austria would of course be able to hold down Russia and make her act at their bidding, if they could bring their united force to bear upon her. But this is just the one thing they cannot do. Germany cannot well enter into any hostile combination against Russia with anything like her full power. 1870 has made her so liable to be attacked from the West, that she is bound to be peaceful and refrain from any energetic policy in the East. On the other hand, Austria by herself, or with such slight assistance as she can get from her allies, appears quite unable to lay down the law on the Oriental question. A war with Russia would imperil her much more than it would this last; what for one country would be a question of losing a province and perhaps suffering a financial disaster, would probably cost the other its very existence. There can be no doubt also, that in such a struggle Russia has much greater chances of winning, notwithstanding defects in her organization and the difficulties she would have in mobilizing her forces; her national concentration would tell in the end against the slight political fabric of a State composed of discordant elements. For these reasons Austrian statesmen, if they are wise and not rabidly Hungarian, will think twice before venturing to join issue with Russia, when she turns her front towards their country.

Assuming the general truth of what I have been advancing, it will not be difficult to draw conclusions as to the possible foreign policy of Russia. The boldest, and probably the best course would be to break decidedly with the Triple Alliance, and to meet Austrian influence in the East openly and resolutely. The one thing to be most carefully avoided would be to engage in any enterprise against Turkey, or anywhere in the Peninsula, so as to leave the Austrians again to act on

our flank and rear. In fact, Russia ought to strive as much as possible to delay the final struggle in the Peninsula, because she must expose herself tremendously in order to achieve any result, and, at the same time, is always running the risk, that even such results as she would achieve may be snatched from her at the last moment. The question of the Straits cannot even be broached now, and it would be quite preposterous to act aggressively against Turkey, who at any rate keeps the Straits from falling into the hands of any other Great Power. Unhappily, if the settlement of the Straits can wait, it is most unlikely that other questions should. Every one of the small Balkan States is keenly watching the moment to secure some advantage, and every one is more or less dissatisfied with its position. Servia has been shamefully beaten, and is rent by internal disorders; Greece has suffered a most signal moral humiliation and material punishment, and, of course, has not abandoned her claims; Bulgaria, though it has achieved much, is still in a very uncertain position in regard to Roumelia, Turkey and Russia; Montenegro is constantly fighting with the Albanians; Roumania is holding her strength in readiness to improve her position on the Danube. And, apart from this fearful imbroglio, we may expect at any moment news of an insurrection in Macedonia! It is clear that only a strong federation that would leave to these nationalities a great measure of autonomy as to home affairs, while depriving them of the power of squabbling amongst each other, is the one political end to be desired for them. And such an ultimate settlement falls in precisely with the true policy of Russia in these parts. As it would have been absurd for her to aim at subjecting the Balkan nations to her immediate sway, so it has been absurd to allow them complete independence, and to rely entirely on their gratitude and good sense. However this may be, one thing seems clear: a real settlement of these complex matters can never be arrived at until Austria is out of the way altogether, and so it is towards Austria that we must always look in the first place.

The serious condition of affairs on the western frontier demands a concentration of forces, and, even for this reason alone, it is not advisable to push central Asiatic plans too far, and generally to get into difficulties with England. Should England join a coalition against us, we have quite enough material in hand to make things unpleasant to her in Asia; but there is no reason whatever for driving matters deliberately towards a war with her, when there are so many unsettled questions in other quarters. We cannot gain much by England's most signal losses in Asia; we cannot take India, even if she were to lose it, and if so, we ought to see, and the English ought to see, that the best thing would be to avoid conflict altogether.

And so I may sum up the chief principles which ought to guide our policy in the East under the following heads: (1) To keep Austria in view as the chief obstacle to our gaining any material advantage in the East; (2) To consider as our aim the bringing about of a federation of Slavonic States under Russian leadership; (3) To lay aside all thoughts of the Straits for the present; (4) To avoid as much as possible a conflict with England.

It by no means follows, however, that events will really take the course most advantageous for us, and it is quite improbable that the

statesmen now at the helm in Russia will really see what is best for the country. If we want to make a forecast of what may possibly happen, we must take into account the line of conduct followed hitherto by our Government, though it has been considerably swerving from the right course.

The antagonism to England has been ripening so fast, that it is very difficult to avoid complications from the English side in case of any active policy on the Continent of Europe. The Balkan States have been working themselves into such internal and external confusion, that a general explosion may break out among them before long, and so the Balkan problem will again take precedence of every other question. It is not even impossible that our Government, incensed as it is against Battenberg and Co., may aim a blow at them, and thus only increase the frightful mess which its shortsighted policy has already created. There are also indications enough to show that German influences at Court have not yet spent their strength, and coinciding as they are with the reactionary tendency in home policy, may, at the eleventh hour, patch up a new *modus vivendi* with Austria.

Blunders are sure to be committed in all directions. Imperial interviews may still endeavour to bridge over an impassable gulf, strength may be wasted in Asia or Bulgaria. But the chief line of policy will force itself upon the acceptance even of the present generation of our statesmen, and this by the mere weight of circumstances.

Russia must meet Austria, is beginning to realize the necessity, and will be obliged before long to subordinate everything to this necessity. Her own internal condition and the state of France, her second, if not her ally, make it advisable not to hurry towards a solution; but one must always keep in mind that it cannot be shirked in the end. If Russia does not want a second and mightier Poland to stand up between her and Europe, if she does not discard all her past, and does not resign all thought of the leadership of Slavonic races in the future—she must meet Austria at all cost and risk, even though it may involve her in a quarrel with Germany. The collision is very likely to happen in no very distant time, and one cannot help thinking that such a collision would be an important step towards a Slavonic federation under the guidance of Liberal Russia.

B.

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS.

I.—PHYSICS.

THE brothers Henry have had constructed for the Paris Observatory an instrument for photographing the heavens which far exceeds in power any other instrument which has hitherto been designed. It consists of two telescopes enclosed in the same rectangular tube, with their axes strictly parallel, and mounted equatorially so as to be able to follow a star and preserve its image always in the same position in the field of view. One of these telescopes has an aperture of about nine and a half inches, is provided with an ordinary eye-piece, and serves as a finder, or for eye observations. The other telescope, with an aperture of about 13·4 inches, is provided with a photographic camera, and its object-glass is achromatized for the rays which are most active in their photographic effects. With such an object-glass it would be impossible to obtain perfect definition if the telescope were used in the ordinary way; on the other hand, the achromatization of an ordinary object-glass would be of little value for photographic work, because in its construction it is sought to bring to the same focus those rays which are most active in producing the sensation of vision.

With this instrument the images of stars of the fifteenth magnitude can be detected on the glass negatives. The image of a star of the first magnitude can be obtained with an exposure of only ·005 second; the smallest star visible to the naked eye will produce its image in half a second; while a star of the fifteenth magnitude requires about 1 hour 23 minutes.

In the photographs obtained minute planets distinguish themselves by producing a line, instead of a point, upon the plate, in consequence of their proper motion, and in this way planets and their satellites may be distinguished from stars. The photographs have the advantage of showing very small or faintly luminous objects, which, on account of their nearness to very bright stars, are lost when observations are made in the usual manner, and these objects appear of their true relative "magnitude" in the plates; while in those cases in which they can be seen by the eye their brightness is so eclipsed by their brighter neighbours as to cause their "magnitude" invariably to be under-estimated. On comparing their photograph of the Pleiades with the map made by M. Wolf in 1873-5, MM. Henry find that photography shows more than twice as many stars in the same region as could be discovered by the eye, aided by a telescope of about the same aperture as their own. The photograph also showed a nebulous extension around Maf^a which had never been before observed. A description and engraving of MM. Henry's instrument will be found in *Nature* for May 13.

The granulated appearance of the general surface of the sun, when

examined under very high magnifying power, has been made familiar to us by Dr. Huggins and others. It is very generally believed that it is due to vast columnar masses of cloud, formed by the condensation of metallic and other vapours, which, descending on account of their increased density, assume the form of vertical columns, so as to allow of the upward passage of the hotter and lighter gases between them. The exposed ends of these columns present the granulated appearance described by Dr. Huggins. M. Janssen, by means of photographs of the sun's surface obtained on a very large scale, has discovered that these grains are visible on the penumbrae of sun-spots, though here they are less bright and farther apart than over the general surface of the sun, being arranged in lines, and thus producing the familiar striated appearance of the penumbra. The same granulated structure M. Janssen found to exist in the luminous bridges which appeared across the great sun-spot of June 1885, and the very light regions, or faculae, which usually surrounded the spots, exhibited the same appearance, the granules they contained being brighter and more closely packed than those on other portions of the sun's surface.

Professor C. Piazzi Smyth, the Astronomer Royal for Scotland, has presented to the Royal Society of Edinburgh a paper upon the Solar Spectrum in 1884, which embodies the results of a most laborious piece of work undertaken by him at Winchester in the summer of that year. The spectrum was obtained by means of a grating measuring 5 inches by $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and ruled by Professor H. A. Rowland, of Baltimore, with 14,438 lines to the inch. One of the main objects of the investigation was to ascertain, if possible, whether the extraordinary appearances of the sun and of the sky around the sun, which presented themselves for many months after the eruption of Krakatao, and which, together with the extraordinary sunsets which frequently occurred, were attributed by many to fine dust projected into the higher regions of the air, were associated with any peculiarities in the line of the solar spectrum. Professor Piazzi Smyth constructed three independent charts of the spectrum, each 160 feet in length and bearing the record of some 6000 solar lines. These charts, reduced to one-third of their original length, he has published with the paper, and they constitute perhaps the grandest record extant of spectroscopic research. Not only are the positions of the several lines recorded, but their special characteristics, on an ingenious system devised by Professor Smyth. By comparing these spectra, and certain observations made afterwards at Edinburgh with a prismatic spectroscope, with earlier observations made in Portugal, Professor Piazzi Smyth concluded that there was a considerable falling-off of light at both ends of the spectrum, a result which he regarded as consistent with the presence of fine dust in the higher regions of the atmosphere.

Dr. Oliver J. Lodge has recently thrown a flood of light on some obscure but very practical points which ought long ago to have received the attention of molecular physicists.

According to the theory now universally accepted, a gas consists of a number of particles free to move among each other, and exerting no action on one another except when they come very close together, so that the distance between them is very much less than the

average distance. The particles then repel one another, and as the repulsion increases very rapidly as the distance between the particles is diminished, it follows that they will rebound from one another like elastic balls. The same will happen when the particles of gas approach the surface of any body exposed to their action. They will exert pressure on the surface, and rebound therefrom, and it is this molecular bombardment which constitutes the pressure of the gas, the frequency of the impacts upon any sensible area being so great as to produce the same effect as a continuous force. Increase of temperature in a gas corresponds to increase in the velocity of the particles, and therefore to increase in the pressure which they exert on any surface exposed to their action, provided that the particles remain equally close together. If the volume of the gas increase so that the particles become farther apart, the velocity of each, and therefore the intensity of the individual impacts, may be increased, though the average pressure remains unchanged, because of the diminished number of impacts per second on any element of surface. This is the case when a gas is heated, and expands at constant pressure.

Suppose that a quantity of air is exposed to the surface of a body hotter than itself. We know that the air will gradually become heated by the hot body. But higher temperature means increased velocity among the particles of air. This increased velocity is due to the fact that the particles of the hot body are moving more energetically than those of the air, and hence the air particles, when they come into collision with them, take away some of the energy, and rebound with a velocity greater than that with which they struck. Similarly, if a surface is exposed to air, and is at a lower temperature than the air, the transfer of energy is in the opposite direction, and the particles of air rebound from the surface with a less velocity than that with which they impinged upon it.

There are always suspended in the air small bodies of various materials in the form of dust or motes. These little bodies, small as they are, are of very great dimensions as compared with the particles, or molecules, of air, and like all other bodies in contact with the air, are exposed to the molecular bombardment above referred to. Under ordinary circumstances, the average blows which a particle of dust receives are equal in all directions. But suppose a dust particle to be very near to a wall whose temperature is above that of the air. Then the particles of air which have rebounded from the wall will strike the mote more violent blows than those which strike it on the opposite side, on account of the increased velocity with which the molecules rebound after striking the wall. The mote will therefore be exposed to a stronger bombardment on the side towards the wall than on the opposite side, and will consequently be driven away from the wall. Hence there will be a tendency for particles of dust to move away from the hot wall, and even particles which have been adhering to the wall may be carried off by the action of the air coming between them and the wall to which they adhere only at one or two points.

On the other hand, if the wall is colder than the air, the dust particles near the wall will receive feebler blows from those molecules of air which have rebounded from the wall than from those which

strike it on the other side, and the resultant force upon them will be towards the wall. There will, be a tendency, therefore, for the dust particles to approach and adhere to the wall, while the air becomes comparatively free from them. Thus, if a stream of hot air passes along the surface of a comparatively cool wall, the dust particles carried by the air will accumulate upon the surface of the wall.

This affords explanation of many common observations. We are all familiar with the accumulation of dust upon a wall just above a coil of hot-water pipes. We are almost tempted to believe that a smoky atmosphere escapes from the pipes. Dr. Lodge's explanation completely accounts for the phenomenon without making the pipes responsible for anything more than the deposition immediately above them of the dust already in the air. When a room is heated by cast-iron pipes placed close to the wall, we often notice an intensely black mark just above each junction of the pipes. Here the idea of something escaping from the joint suggests itself more strongly than ever. The true explanation is probably connected with the fact that the width of the socket causes the stream of hot air rising behind the pipe to pass closer to the wall than in other places, and the effect described above becomes exaggerated.

The dark marks on ceilings above gas-flames are generally attributed to imperfect combustion of the gas, and to smoke caused by the flame, but if a Bunsen burner, which produces no smoke, be employed, a similar discoloration of the ceiling will take place. The explanation is the same as in the case already considered. The ascending current of heated air deposits any solid particles it may contain on the ceiling, the temperature of which is below its own.

An important practical conclusion arises from these considerations. If we wish to keep the walls and ceilings of our rooms, and any other objects which are exposed to the air, as free as possible from the accumulation of dust, we should endeavour to keep their temperature always above that of the air. This means that all artificial heating should be effected by radiation, and not by the introduction of heated air. When a room is warmed by an open fire the radiation from the fire passes through the air without sensibly heating it, and, falling upon the walls and objects in the room, is absorbed by them and raises their temperature. The air then becomes heated only by contact with the surface of these solids, and the very operation of heating the air tends to remove the dust from their surfaces. When a room is heated by hot water-pipes, the pipes should be exposed and allowed to radiate upon the walls. They should not be laid in channels and employed to heat the incoming air. These principles are quite consistent with physical comfort. When the air is hotter than surrounding objects there is invariably a feeling of "stiffness" produced; but when the heat received by the body is mainly due to radiation, while the surrounding air is comparatively cool, there is an approximation to the conditions which obtain when the sun is shining upon the high Alps.

The velocity of electricity in a conductor is a quantity about which we know absolutely nothing. Wheatstone determined the velocity with which a signal could be transmitted through a particular coil of wire; but the velocity of transmission of a signal differs from the

velocity of electricity in the same way as the velocity with which the sound of an explosion is transmitted through the air differs from the velocity with which the products of the explosion themselves dart forwards. If we imagine a pipe filled with water, and a small additional quantity injected at one end, the first effect will be to compress the water and expand the pipe in the immediate neighbourhood of the injected fluid ; but in a very short time, depending on the elasticity of the water and of the pipe, there will be a discharge from the other end of the tube, but it will not be because the injected water has traversed the tube—that will remain at the end where it entered—and the velocity with which the wave of disturbance was propagated along the tube will be very different from the actual velocity of the water.

In the case of submarine cables the chief cause which limits the “ speed of signalling ” is the great capacity of the conductor, in virtue of which an enormous amount of electricity has to be supplied by the battery to charge the cable before the current at the other end is strong enough to produce a signal. It is as though a water-pipe which offered great resistance to the flow of water through it were made of very extensible material. On pumping water in at one end, the first effect would be to expand the pipe, and the force at any point of the pipe, urging the water forward, would be that due to the tension of the expanded pipe in the neighbourhood. The expansion would therefore be less and less as we approached the open end of the pipe, but in order that there might be any flow at all at the open end, there must be some extension of the pipe in the immediate neighbourhood. The expansibility of the pipe corresponds to the capacity of the conductor, and the water which is employed in filling the increased volume of the pipe corresponds to electricity required to charge the conductor. It is on account of the delay thus occasioned in the transmission of signals that it becomes very important to render the capacity of submarine cables as small as possible.

But the capacity of the conductor is not the only cause which delays the transmission of a signal. If a battery is applied to the coils of a large electro-magnet, a very sensible time elapses before the current in the coils attains its full strength. The cause to which this delay is due is called the self-induction of the coil. All conductors possess self-induction to a greater or less extent, but coils of copper wire in which the successive turns are very close together, and through which the current flows in the same direction in each turn, possess very much greater self-induction than the same length of straight wire. Self-induction affects the starting and stopping of currents in exactly the same way as mass affects the production or destruction of motion in matter. If a force-pump be connected with a considerable length of main, and there be no air-vessel connected therewith, and if the water in the main be stationary, a great pressure will have to be exerted on the plunger of the pump for a considerable time before any considerable velocity is communicated to the stream of water, and when the plunger has reached the end of its stroke, the stream of water will continue to move in the pipe, even at the expense of producing a vacuum behind it, and will probably afterwards fall back into its place with a shock very injurious to the machinery and very wasteful of energy. In

pumping operations, therefore, it is very important that the stream, when once established, should be kept flowing as uniformly as possible, and to this end air-vessels, or other receivers and distributors of energy, are introduced. But in the stream of water it is the mass of the water itself with which alone we have to deal. In the case of the electric current the mass is not that of the electricity, but of the medium which surrounds the conductor, and which appears to be set in motion by the current. Thus it is that the energy absorbed in producing the motion, as estimated from the self-induction, does not depend simply on the strength of the current and the length of the conductor, but on the form of the latter, being much greater when several portions of the current conspire to give a very energetic motion to the surrounding medium, and being very small when the conductor is so shaped—by being doubled upon itself, for example—that different portions practically neutralize one another's effect at all points outside the wire.

Self-induction, then, tends to retard any change in the strength of the current flowing in a conductor, just as mass tends to retard any variation of the velocity of a moving body. In ordinary telegraph lines, however, self-induction does not seriously interfere with the transmission of signals between the instruments usually employed. But the matter is very different in the case of the telephone. Here there must be a variation of the current corresponding to every vibration of the voice, so that several hundred variations take place in a second. The delay occasioned by self-induction then becomes very marked, and assigns a limit to the distance through which articulate sounds can be conveyed. It therefore becomes important to determine on what this limit depends, and whether it can be extended by a suitable selection of the conductor.

When a lightning discharge passes through a conductor the action is so instantaneous that the self-induction of the conductor becomes of great importance. It is on this principle that protectors are made to preserve telegraph instruments from injury by lightning discharges striking the lines, for the self-induction of a coil of even very small resistance will place such an obstacle in the way of a lightning discharge that the current will prefer to leap, in the form of a spark, across an interval of air, rather than go through the coil, though the air-break is absolutely impervious to the battery currents employed to work the line. It is therefore of importance that the self-induction of lightning conductors should be made as small as possible.

The subject of self-induction in conductors of different materials, different diameters, and different constitutions, has recently been investigated by Professor D. E. Hughes, the inventor of the microphone, and the President, for the current year, of the Society of Telegraph Engineers and Electricians, by means of a combination of his induction-balance and of the Wheatstone bridge as employed for the measurement of resistances, a telephone taking the place of the galvanometer. With wires only one millimetre in diameter, Professor Hughes found that the retardation was greatest in soft Swedish iron. In hard iron the self-induction was only 55 per cent., and in soft steel only 41 per cent. of its value in soft Swedish iron. In copper it fell to 20 per cent., in zinc to 12 per cent., in German silver to 7 per cent., and in carbon to only 1 per cent. of its value in soft iron. On increasing the diameter of the wires the self-induction at first increased, but in soft Swedish

iron it had already attained its maximum with a diameter of one millimetre. In hard iron it increased until the diameter was three millimetres, when it began to diminish; and hard and soft iron showed the same self-induction when the diameter had been increased to one centimetre. With copper and brass, too, the self-induction depends upon the diameter, but to a much less degree than in the case of iron. When the wire is wound into a coil the self-induction is very much increased in all cases except when the wire is of iron. When several wires are stranded together, and used in place of a single wire of equivalent resistance, the self-induction is diminished enormously in the case of iron, and to a greater or less extent with other materials. The reduction in the case of iron is so great that a wire of sixteen strands of iron exhibits less induction than a similar wire of copper. The employment of a riband instead of a circular wire diminishes the induction to a very great extent, and Professor Hughes points out that it would be advantageous to use strips of thin sheet copper, say one millimetre thick and ten centimetres wide, in place of round rods, for lightning conductors. A round rod of iron is the worst conductor that can be employed, but a stranded iron rope is very good. Steel wires coated with copper were found to be remarkably free from self-induction. Experiments on ordinary telegraph wire led Professor Hughes to the conclusion that when charcoal iron wires are employed for rapidly changing currents, the effect of self-induction is virtually to increase their length threefold. The corresponding effect in copper is very small.

Though the self-induction in iron is very great, it seems that an iron wire produces very little effect outside itself, and the different turns of wire in an iron coil exert very little influence on one another, while the inductive effects of a copper wire on a second wire by its side is only about 20 per cent. less than upon itself. We know that when a current flows in an iron wire the wire becomes circularly magnetized, and it would seem as if the motion to which the phenomena of self-induction are due were in the iron practically confined to the particles of iron themselves; while in the case of copper and other conductives the motion is mainly in the medium surrounding the conductor. It is probable that magnetic force is due to a rotation of the particles of the ether about the lines along which the force is acting, but on account of the enormous energy of magnetized iron, Maxwell was of opinion that the particles of the iron themselves took up the rotation. Professor Hughes' results may be regarded as confirmatory of this view, the motion being mainly restricted to the particles of iron, and only to a very slight extent communicated to the medium surrounding the conductor.

It has been long known that magnetizing an iron bar produced elongation in the direction of its length. Mr. Shelford Bidwell has investigated this action, employing thin wire instead of thick bars and subjecting them to tension of varying intensity. His results show that as the magnetization is increased the elongation increases until it attains a certain maximum, after which it decreases, and at length the wire becomes shorter than when unmagnetized. If subjected to tension, the maximum elongation is obtained with a less magnetizing force, and contraction commences at an earlier stage. Under very severe tension a very slight magnetizing force produces contraction,

which is greater the greater the tension ; in fact, it becomes impossible to detect any elongation with the feeblest magnetizing forces.

Dr. Schuster, following out a suggestion of Gauss, has been investigating the records of the diurnal variations of the earth's horizontal magnetic force, in order to determine whether the disturbances are due to causes acting above or below the earth's surface. His results indicate that the causes of these variations have their seat *outside* the surface of the earth, and are consistent with a certain distribution of electric currents in the higher regions of the atmosphere. These currents are far too feeble to cause luminosity, and the lines along which they flow preserve their position nearly unchanged with respect to the sun as the earth rotates.

In connection with electric lighting an important point has been raised at South Kensington Museum. The effect of direct sunlight in destroying water-colour is well known. It is mostly due to the very refrangible rays lying in, or beyond, the violet end of the spectrum. The electric arc light is particularly rich in these rays, and even incandescent lamps will radiate a considerable amount of them when intensely heated. Such lights must therefore be regarded as dangerous to water-colour drawings, though there is probably nothing to be feared from incandescent lamps when not driven above their nominal candle power.

WILLIAM GARNETT.

II.—GENERAL LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.—To Lake literature "Dorothy Wordsworth" * is a pleasant addition. There can be no doubt that his sister Dora was to the poet a fount of blessing, but her biographer is inclined to over-estimate the intellectual influence of so devoted and interesting a personality on the famous poems. It does not appear from her own rhymes that she had the poetical faculty, and her reverence for her brother's work came from sympathy rather than any co-ordinate genius. Her prose has some skill, especially in the description of natural scenery ; but it was probably as the eager companion of his long walks, and the most unselfish of household managers, that Wordsworth had reason to appreciate the inspiration of her life-long presence. Mr. Lee wanders widely for his materials, and his many-quoted pieces of verse and prose are rather hackneyed, though much deficiency can be forgiven him because of the evident love he has of his delightful subject.—Susannah Wesley's claim to belong to the "Eminent Women Series" † is not entirely evident ; but she was the mother of nineteen children, some of them distinguished reformers, and lived a life of consistent piety and industry in the most straitened circumstances. Mrs. Clarke has rather avoided the sectarian side in her biography, and has cut down Mrs. Wesley's theological correspondence ; but the spirit of a systematic and almost stern religiousness breathes in all her writing. The authoress herself has perhaps caught a little of the pedantic tone of her heroine.

* "Dorothy Wordsworth: the Story of a Sister's Love. By Edmund Lee. London : James Clarke & Co.

† By Eliza Clarke. London : W. H. Allen & Co.

Many of the Wesley family are described as poets, but the instances produced by Mrs. Clarke give very little support to this theory, nor reflect much credit upon her own good taste. The letters are the best part of the book, and Mrs. Wesley's advice to her sons is always strong, and even noble.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Every traveller to Norway visits the scene of the massacre at Kringelen, by the boors, of an army of Scots under Colonel George Sinclair of Stirrke; and the "History of the Scottish Expedition to Norway in 1612" * not only propounds a new theory of leadership, but contains as appendix a series of valuable historical documents from the archives of England, Scotland, Denmark, and Sweden. The author, with, it is to be feared, too much of the prevailing spirit, has attempted to upset the hitherto unquestioned Norwegian traditions of the one-sided battle; but the remarkable papers which he has been fortunate enough to meet with do not support him in his destructive criticism. The Danish Chancellor's official report of the time, in manuscript, now at Copenhagen, shows that on August 19, or next day, two Scottish ships arrived off Romsdalen, and disembarked about 550 soldiers, though some said 350. On August 26 they reached Kringelen, marching to join Gustavus Adolphus, and were destroyed in an ambush at a precipitous slope over the Langen river, the eighteen who survived being sent prisoners to the King of Denmark. Norwegian patriotism will not readily substitute a Lieutenant Ramsay for Sinclair as leader, and the fresh matter, however interesting, by no means demands such a sacrifice of consecrated national story.—In the face of the elaborate works in Italian, French, German, and English about the buried towns on the skirts of Mount Vesuvius, Mr. Butler's short essay, "Pompeii," † does not seem to have much reason for its existence. He plods on in a rather vague description of the walls, streets, forum, water supply, statues, baths, frescoes, remarkable houses, mosaics, fountains, furniture, and art of the famous third-rate Roman town of about thirty thousand inhabitants; but to vigorous treatment of a most suggestive subject he is manifestly unequal. A guide-book would have been at least definite, and there is no philosophy in this tractate to elevate it into the higher class of productions. It is true, there is knowledge shown of some of the Latin poets, and ancient patriotism is contrasted depreciatively with Christian individualism; but it takes several of such swallows to make a thinking summer. His putting of Gothic above Greek architecture marks his art standpoint, as well as his idea that the best works of the early Italians in sculpture are not unworthy of being put beside the noblest Greek statuary. He is disappointed that Christianity has not improved us more, "the habits of men being now pretty much the same as the habits of the Pompeians were."

* "History of the Scottish Expedition to Norway in 1612." By Thomas Michell, C.B., Her Majesty's Consul-General for Norway. London and Edinburgh: T. Nelson & Sons.

† "Pompeii, Descriptive and Picturesque." By W. Butler. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons.

THE ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT.

A RECENT discussion in the House of Commons, admittedly more intelligent and practical than on such subjects is commonly experienced, has increased the interest, which for some time past has been stimulated by frequent and impassioned references in the newspapers, in the subject of the Ordnance Department. Its doings and misdoings have been the themes of animated controversy, and charges against its chiefs, of incompetence and of corruption, have been made with so much confidence and with such an air of authority as have impressed the country with misgivings of the gravest kind. The late Secretary of State for War (Mr. Campbell-Bannerman) appointed a Committee of Inquiry into the administration of the ordnance manufacturing establishments, with the view of ascertaining whether they were capable of being administered with greater efficiency and economy. His successor in office (Mr. W. H. Smith) has followed up this action by entrusting to a Royal Commission the investigation of complaints that have been made from time to time within the last five years as to the designs of guns and supplies of warlike stores, to the end of discovering what improvements can be introduced into the system. It is to be hoped that these inquiries, entrusted as in each case they undoubtedly are to men of capacity and experience, will not only lead to the accomplishment of valuable reforms, but will give effectual reassurance in regard to the scandalous charges which have been levelled against officials whose integrity has been heretofore unquestioned, and against a Civil Service which has been hitherto regarded in this particular by the country with confident pride.

Meantime it cannot be other than advantageous that popular attention should have been focussed upon the management of what

is really a group of departments, through the agency of which a vast and constant expenditure of public money is made, and upon the efficient conduct of which depend interests of incomparable importance. Once or twice in the course of a parliamentary session opportunity is found, in the discussion of the annual estimates, for the ventilation of the subject; the speeches made on such occasions are, however, almost uniformly by naval and military officers, and although often contributing suggestions which are politely acknowledged to be entitled to consideration, they are rather in the nature of professional hobbies, or of demands for more ample subventions, than helpful as contributions to a large and statesmanlike solution of difficulties at once vast and intricate.

Much criticism has been expended lately upon the constitution and functions of the Ordnance Committee, and writers and speakers of considerable authority have betrayed extraordinary ignorance in regard to them. It would appear, indeed, as if that body were confounded with the Board of Ordnance, an office of great administrative authority, which grew in importance with the development of artillery, and which, after an existence of four centuries, was abolished in 1855. From the time of Henry VIII. this Board had been entrusted with the control of the Ordnance services, with the responsibility of supplying the *matériel* for the army, and of providing adequate artillery and engineering contingents at the demand of the Commander-in-Chief. Some of the departments now included under the Ordnance control had up to the Crimean time a more or less separate existence. Among the important changes then effected were those which transferred the military functions of the Master-General of Ordnance to the Commander-in-Chief, and his civil duties to the Secretary of State for War, under whom a Control Department was entrusted with the duty of supplying the army with military stores, and with other important administrative functions, into the consideration of which it is unnecessary to enter here.

The system under which the army is now administered is in substance that established under Lord Cardwell's Act of 1870. The principal effect of the reforms then effected was that of unifying the responsibility for civil and military administration alike, and of confiding the control of every branch thereof to the Secretary of State. Subordinately to that Minister, the actual administration is divided between three great officers, any or all of whom may sit in Parliament—viz., (1) the officer commanding-in-chief, in charge of the combatant *personnel* of all regular and irregular forces; (2) the Surveyor-General of Ordnance; and (3) the Financial Secretary, who is responsible to the Secretary of State for the estimates, and for the expenditure and audit, among other things, of the Army Pay Department.

The Surveyor-General of the Ordnance is theoretically appointed by the Secretary of State, and the province of his department may be best comprehended from the definition of his duties as determined by the Order in Council of June 1870, as submitted to Parliament, which declared that he shall be charged—

“ With providing, holding, and issuing to all branches of the army and reserve forces, food, forage, fuel and light, clothing, arms, accoutrements, munitions of war, and all other stores necessary for the efficient performance of their duties by such forces, of proper quality and pattern, and in proper quantities, according to the regulations governing the provision, custody, and issue of such supplies;

“ With exercising a strict control over the expenditure of such supplies, and with seeing that they are properly accounted for by the several officers and others who may be charged with their custody, issue, and use;

“ With the custody of all buildings in which troops are quartered, and with allotting quarters;

“ With providing transport for troops, and directing land and inland water transport;

“ With preparing the estimates for all the above services, and causing the expenditure for them to be duly and carefully examined;

“ And with the duty of rendering such other advice and assistance as may be required of him by the Secretary of State for War.”

The Ordnance Department as thus constituted comprises five sections, presided over by permanent officials of high rank entrusted with large powers. These are known severally as the Director of Artillery and Stores, Director of Transport and Supplies, Director of Contracts, Director of Clothing, and the Inspector-General of Fortifications, who is also Director of Works. To the first-named is confided the supervision of the manufacture and repair of guns and small arms, the production of projectiles, ammunition, and all kinds of warlike stores. The Inspector-General of Fortifications is answerable not only for the design and construction of strongholds, but of all military roads and buildings, for every variety of engineering work—from the balloon, which is employed in the heavens above, to the submarine mines concealed in the waters beneath, and upon which we are learning to rely so much as auxiliaries in the defence of our military ports, commercial harbours, and coaling stations. The duties of the three other departments are sufficiently indicated by the titles of their chiefs; and, from considerations of space, as well as in view of the attention just now concentrated upon the questions of contracts and armaments, it will be convenient to dismiss from purview those other branches, though they present many inviting points of interest hardly less important than those that have secured a monopoly of public concern.

The House of Commons has voted for the “ supply, manufacture and repairs of warlike and other stores for land and sea service, during the current year, a net total exceeding two millions and a

half sterling. Of this total the abnormally large sum of £1,600,000 is to be expended in contracts with outsiders. In this way are obtained almost every variety of weapon, ammunition, and accoutrement, and an advantageous competition is so maintained between the private manufacturer and the Government establishments, in which the remaining million has to be expended.

The policy of maintaining Government factories was challenged in Parliament by Mr. Cobden, who in 1864 maintained with great force that Government should not undertake to manufacture for itself that which could be purchased from private producers. He was able to quote Edmund Burke's opinion in support of his contention, and easily to prove that in the degree in which Government monopolies were maintained, private enterprise was checked, and the country deprived of that resource in the event of national emergency. On the other hand, the example of the great railway companies was instanced by Mr. Childers, and Lord Hartington warned the House by recalling the fact that when the Crimean war broke out and there was not a sufficiency of warlike stores in the arsenals, although contracts were called for regardless of price, the Government were unable to obtain those stores which they most required. Mr. Cobden's action was useful in leading to a stricter keeping of accounts, by which comparisons could be made between the costs by purchase and by manufacture. It is now generally agreed that while Government should not, in regard to supplies that are essential to the security of the country, leave itself at the mercy of outside combinations, or to the vicissitudes of ordinary commerce, it should do all that in it lies to foster and maintain private competition so as to have always at command powers of production equal to any conceivable emergency, and should encourage, moreover, the inventive rivalry of individual enterprise by way of corrective to the naturally conservative and lethargic tendency of assured monopolies. It has not, however, been always easy to induce capitalists to make the necessarily large outlay in plant required for the production of armaments and weapons. It is practically impossible to give any assurance of continuous demand, or to ignore the ever-present probability that the designs of to-day will be rendered obsolete by the inventions of to-morrow. The conditions under which the Elswick factory was established by a private firm under Government guarantees have been severely animadverted upon, and the arrangement was terminated by the payment of a large sum in compensation of the admitted claims of the Armstrong firm. The great arsenal on the Tyne is maintained in its vigorous and prosperous condition by the reputation it has earned, and the commerce it has been enabled to establish with foreign countries, even more than with the English Government.

It is, however, to be lamented that like success has not attended

other branches of the armourer's trade, and that some have fallen into pitiable decrepitude. •

In considering the question of purchase by contract it must not be overlooked that while conditions may be strictly defined and enforced in tranquil times of peace, the exigences of war must always entail disadvantages with which the ablest administrators will find it impossible to successfully contend.' During the recent Egyptian campaign, for instance, demands were unexpectedly made for steamers, barges of special and costly construction, for whalers by the hundred, for railway locomotives, for tanks, for pumps, and for innumerable appliances which were never dreamt of in former wars. The construction of the Souakim-Berber railway, suddenly determined upon in the spring of 1885, entailed the purchase of plant and the devising of means for the expeditious carrying out of a public work of unparalleled difficulty, and upon a scale which would have called into play the utmost deliberation, skill, and attention to detail, had it been undertaken under all the advantages that would have attended its execution amid the ordinary conditions experienced by such undertakings at home. In an incredibly short time the material was on its way out. A few months might possibly have seen the construction of a railway in the desert extending for a distance equal to that between London and York. As a matter of fact, a few months saw rails and locomotives, and all the thousand-and-one appliances of so vast an undertaking, on their way home again. The country has thus in reserve a gigantic white elephant as an unpleasant souvenir of an enterprise conceived to meet an emergency, and abandoned on the next turn of the kaleidoscope, but entailing a cost which is credibly placed at something like three quarters of a million!

In like manner, contracts made for the supply of an army in the field must be subject to numberless contingencies. At one time a supply of 20,000 lbs. of fresh meat was required for the rations of troops in Egypt, and arrangements were made with a Constantinople company for this service. With the reduction in the forces the contract had to be modified, and the contractor's claims for loss of profit had to be determined by an arbitrator. On the whisper of war with Russia supplies of grain and of other more perishable requisites have to be bought in the open market, and when the scare has passed over, to be sold again in like manner.

Under such circumstances it is impossible to imagine that contracts can be made or enforced with the precision ordinarily exercised. It is an unfortunate fact, too, that in appeals to courts of law for the enforcement of conditions, for the recovery of penalties for non-fulfilment, or for the punishment of fraudulent practices, the prejudices of juries are always dead against the Crown. Occasional prose-

cutions (*pour l'encouragement des autres*) are undertaken notwithstanding, and, as in the instance of the York forage frauds, result for a while in appreciable improvements. It is, however, to be noted that in these prosecutions, as in the searching investigations made by Dr. Cameron's Committee of the House of Commons lately, there has not been, so far as the writer is aware, a whisper of suspicion as to the integrity of the authorities with whom rests the responsibility of making contracts. It is, however, to be apprehended that from the vice which is to be found in so many of our great private establishments certain of the humbler employés of the Government departments are not free. The seductive blandishments of corrupt contractors are notorious, and it is hardly to be expected that a man to whom a small *douceur* is offered as a polite acknowledgment of the trouble to which he may have been put in the discharge of his duty, will always have the courage to resent and report the act of bribery. Collusion has been established in some such cases, but it must be admitted that the instances are so rare as to go to establish a strong presumption that these great spending departments are pervaded by a very commendable spirit of honourable integrity.

The allegations of corruption, however, with which the country has been so familiarized of late, have been specially directed against certain persons, indicated it must be admitted only in the most vague and shadowy manner, who are said to have been culpably responsible for the supply of defective armaments, notably in the now familiar formula of "guns that burst, cartridges that jam, bayonets that bend, and swords that will not cut." Colonel Hope, who is responsible for these charges, has been invited by two successive Secretaries of State to furnish confidentially the *prima facie* evidence upon which the inquiry challenged is to be based. The statement tendered by him has been submitted to the three great law officers of the Crown. The Attorney-General has declared, on the official responsibility of himself and his colleagues, that none of the documents contained any allegations which would justify the Secretary of State in taking any legal proceeding, civil or criminal, against any individual, or would warrant the appointment of Royal Commission. Sir Richard Webster adds that the transactions which occurred twenty years ago, and which Colonel Hope has termed the "initial conspiracy," afforded no ground for such a description, and certainly did not establish any case of conspiracy; and that in truth no facts have been brought before the Secretary of State upon which a *prima facie* case of corruption, conspiracy, or misconduct is made out. Answering a further question on the subject addressed to him on one of the closing nights of the session, Mr. W. H. Smith expressed the opinion that Colonel Hope was bound in honour "to publish to the world, intact," the charges in the form he had submitted them.

The public judgment may therefore be laudably kept a few days longer in suspense while it waits the publication of an indictment that in the highest legal judgment fails to establish a *prima facie* case of misconduct against any individual, but which the newspapers, with few honourable and conspicuous exceptions, have accepted as veracious with a precipitate credulity hardly in keeping with their reputation for discernment.

But are the premises of Colonel Hope well founded? Is it true that our heavy guns are in a deplorable condition? Can it be established that our armaments are inferior to those of either of our rivals, or that misadventures like that which occurred on board H.M.S. *Collingwood* are experiences from which our rivals are exempt? Sir Frederick Bramwell, in his presidential address delivered to the Birmingham and Midland Institute last week, states that neither France nor Germany possesses a gun of greater weight than seventy-five tons. The English Government has four 100-ton guns, two 80-ton guns, and more than one hundred and thirty of 38 tons and upwards available for land service; while there are available for naval service, besides three 110-ton and eight 63-ton guns in course of construction, a hardly less formidable array of powerful armaments. Sir Frederick Bramwell compares the velocity and energy of the 12-inch gun of to-day with the best gun of the same calibre which could be produced in 1874, to demonstrate effectively the progress which has been made in the last twelve years. He compares the English 110-ton gun with that of 119 tons made by Krupp for the Italian Government, and his comparison tells in favour of the former. But again we say, if Colonel Hope's contentions can be established, we shall not be too curious to measure the language in which they are expressed, or to question the motives which have incited him to give voice to his holy zeal. It will be necessary, however, to wait the statement which he has been challenged to publish; and since Parliament has been authoritatively assured that there is not an untrustworthy bayonet in the hands of a British soldier in any part of the world, that solid drawn cartridges have been substituted for those which never failed in any campaign until exposed to the sand-storms of the desert, we may wait the further disclosures with what patience we can command, pledging ourselves to return to the subject as early as may be, in the hope of being able to indicate some lessons which may be profitably evolved from a controversy capable of being utilized, we trust, to the advantage of the State and the better protection of our imperial interests.

JOHN BUNYAN.

WE are somewhat late in noticing Mr. Brown's *Life of Bunyan*.* As the minister for more than twenty years of the church of which Bunyan was minister, and the guardian of all relics and memorials of him, Mr. Brown may truly say that he was marked out for the work. He has done it exhaustively, and in his volume we probably have before us all that is to be known about the Tinker of Bedford, who has contributed perhaps as much as any one since the Fishermen of Galilee to the religious life of the world. In the days of Bunyan and Shakespeare, unfortunately, biography was in its infancy, and nobody took pains to preserve materials for the lives of eminent men. But Mr. Brown has evidently fished up from the depths of time all that could be fished up about the man; and of the environment—religious, political, social, and topographical—he has given us as complete and minute a picture as the most diligent and loving care could give. He truly says that in the development even of the most original genius the environment counts for much. Only let us remember, what the writers of pretended lives of Christ seem to forget, that a mere knowledge of the environment is not a knowledge of the man.

Bunyan's writings have formed the subject of commentaries and essays immensely exceeding themselves in aggregate bulk, and all the fine things which could be said about them have been said. There are two things, however, with which, in reading them once more in connection with Mr. Brown's biography, we are specially struck.

One is the entire absence of fanaticism. Bunyan believes that the world is evil, and that the Christian must separate himself

* "*John Bunyan: his Life, Times, and Work.*" By John Brown, B.A., Minister of the Church at Bunyan Meeting, Bedford. With Illustrations by Edward Whympere. London: Wm. Isbister.

from it ; but in this he was like the other Christians of his time, and indeed of all times down to the present. He believes that there is a wrath to come, and that we must flee from it ; but so do the Pope and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Not only is there no fanaticism, but there is hardly even anything sectarian in his writings ; saving one or two passages about the Pope, they might almost have been used by Francis of Assisi, to whose spiritual character that of Bunyan has a certain affinity. The "Pilgrim's Progress" is simple Christianity of primitive type, and almost as unadulterated and unsophisticated by secular learning or science, as it was in its Galilean birthplace. Above all, there is not the faintest trace of the Antinomianism which was the source of moral disturbance in the Reformation period, as extreme Materialism is likely to be that of the Revolution. That a saint might keep a seraglio because Solomon had one, lie because the godly midwives of Egypt lied, and defraud because Jacob defrauded, is "an opinion not fit to be with any allowance in the world." Bunyan's religion is thoroughly moral and practical. Great knowledge of Gospel mysteries is not a sufficient sign of grace ; knowledge without doing is naught. "To know is a thing which pleaseth talkers and boasters ; but to do is that which pleaseth God." Such is the strain throughout. If there is any taint, it is that of spiritual militancy, which is inseparable from the nature of the allegory. There is no real similarity between struggling against the evil in your own heart and fighting an armed assailant. A series of physical efforts and encounters must be in some measure misleading as a representation of the progress of spiritual light, and it was likely to be particularly misleading in the case of any saint who had been in arms for the cause, and had learned to think less of conduct and self-control than of smiting the enemies of God.

Bunyan himself was not likely to be so misled, in spite of his brief experience of war, which, by-the-way, Mr. Brown has shown pretty clearly to have been undergone in the camp of the Parliament—not, as Mr. Froude imagines, in that of the king. For the second thing that strikes us is the perfect political quietism of this victim of Restoration tyranny. That of the Apostles was not more complete. "Take heed," he says, "of being offended with magistrates, because by their statutes they may cross thy inclinations. It is given them to bear the sword, and a command is to thee, if thy heart cannot acquiesce with all things, with meekness and patience to suffer ; above all, get thy conscience possessed more and more with this, that the magistrate is God's ordinance and is ordered of God as such, that he is the minister of God to thee for good, and that it is thy duty to fear him and to pray for him, as both Paul and Peter admonish us ; and that not only for wrath but for conscience sake."

Put king for magistrate, as Bunyan practically did, and this would have satisfied Filmer. It is true that Bunyan came after the civil war, and when political and militant Puritanism had been overthrown. It is true also that, had he belonged to the preceding period, he would have had infinitely more affinity to George Fox than to Cromwell or Ireton. Still, he had received provocation at the hands of the powers of this world greater than in these days would suffice to make a man a revolutionist, or even a Nihilist. There can be no doubt as to the cruelty of the persecution which Nonconformists suffered at the hands of Clarendon and the Bishops. Neale vouches a careful inquirer for the statement that the total number of Nonconformists who perished in the jails, which no Howard had visited, and which then, and for a century afterwards, were horribly ill-kept, noisome, and pestilential, was five thousand. This estimate appears totally incredible; but it appears that the Quakers actually made out a list of three hundred and fifty victims belonging to their own sect alone. Those who died must have been a small proportion of those who were imprisoned, while the loss of property to Nonconformists by fines, and the disturbance of their industry, must have been great. Nor was there any valid excuse of a political kind for the persecutions. The general enthusiasm amidst which Charles had been restored was a sufficient pledge for the security of his Government. Venner's insurrection, headed by a bewildered cooper, not only was purely local, but was a mere flash in the pan, and simply served to show the total absence of any general spirit of insurrection. Of the suggestion that the danger revealed by it might justify the imprisonment of Bunyan Mr. Brown summarily disposes by pointing out that Bunyan was imprisoned before Venner's insurrection took place. Cromwell's old soldiers never stirred. We can see no political reason why Charles should not have fulfilled the expectations held out at Breda. No more disturbance occurred in dioceses, such as that of Lincoln, where the bishops were less cruel, than in those of persecuting bishops like Sheldon and Ward. It is true that Bunyan's confinement seems to have been comparatively mild; the magistrates in his district appear to have been to some extent in sympathy with the Puritanism of the people; the Bedford jail, though dismal, was not overcrowded or noisome, and once, in a sort of legal interval between two terms of imprisonment, the prisoner was allowed to be absent on parole. But twelve years taken from the prime of life and dragged out in jail were enough, without any added suffering from filth, stench, or jail-fever, to make the iron enter very deep into the victim's soul. Then there were the separation from his family, and his fears as to what might befall them in his absence:

"The parting with my wife and four children hath often been to me in

this place as the falling of my flesh from my bones; and that, not only because I am somewhat too fond of these great mercies, but because I should have often brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries, and wants that my poor family was like to meet with should I be taken from them, especially my poor blind child, who lay nearer my heart than all I had besides. Oh, the thought of the hardships I thought my blind one would go under would break my heart to pieces."

It is perfectly true, as has been sagaciously remarked, that Bunyan might at any time have purchased freedom and immunity by the renunciation of his religious mission. So at any time might the Apostles. Bunyan, at all events, could not be expected to see his own case in the light in which it is seen at the present day by the worldly politician, or by a critic who assumes that character; to him his imprisonment must have appeared a cruel wrong, perpetrated by the enemies of God's truth, and when we find that in all those years of suffering he not only did not become revolutionary or rebellious, but that he contracted not the slightest feeling of enmity against the Government, we must conclude that there was nothing in the mere creed of Nonconformity which could tend to make any man an Irreconcilable: "As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a place where there was a den, and I laid me down in that place to sleep, and as I slept I dreamed a dream." This would hardly have been the only notice which an irreconcilable would have taken of a twelve years' imprisonment for his opinions.

"Irreconcilable" is the epithet which an eminent writer thinks most exactly descriptive of the character of Cromwell. Cromwell's character was very far from being of so mild and meek a type as that of Bunyan. Yet we conceive that even to Cromwell the epithet irreconcilable, instead of being singularly applicable, is singularly unsuited. There is not the slightest reason, as it seems to us, for supposing that Cromwell desired a revolution either political or ecclesiastical. Of the classical Republicanism which had a few representatives among the Parliamentarians he had not a trace. All that he wanted was not to be harried into Neo-Catholicism and deprived of the religious teaching which to him was the bread of spiritual life. If the king had let his religion alone, there would have been no more loyal or obedient subject. It is not likely that he would even have raised his hand against Laud, had Laud used the commonest charity or discretion in his innovations, and paid some respect to the national sentiment; had he simply abstained from suppressing the lecturers who were the chosen ministers of the people, and whose preaching might have been the safety-valve of the State Church. When Cromwell did take the sword he fought for victory. In this he was perfectly right, and the aristocratic generals who did not fight for victory were entirely in the wrong. In victory alone was there any hope either of

reaping the fruits of the war or of a stable peace. Charles's conduct at Carisbrook showed that no agreement could bind him, and if he had been half conquered he could at once have looked round for the means of renewing the struggle. He had been possessed by his bishops with the idea that his supreme power was God's ordinance, and that God's ordinance must and would be fulfilled. But anything less like the ways of Irreconcilables or Jacobins than Cromwell's use of power there is not in history. His first measure was amnesty. His policy evidently aimed at restoring as much as he could the ancient lines of the Constitution. Had he succeeded, the result would have been a Protestant and Parliamentary monarchy, with a hereditary head, bearing either the title of King or that of Protector, which was historical, and would have had a sort of counterpart in Stadtholder. There would have been two Houses of Parliament, though the exact shape which the Upper House would have ultimately taken is matter of conjecture. To create a new hereditary aristocracy, even supposing Cromwell to have conceived the idea, would scarcely have been possible. It is certain that there would have been no bishops, and all the mischief afterwards done by the political action of the prelaty in England, Scotland, and Ireland would have been blotted out of the book of fate. Cromwell's measure of Parliamentary Reform was at once most effective and most conservative; it would have placed political power in the hands of the real worth and intelligence of the country; and it is almost agonizing to think what the results might have been, and what the nation might have been spared, had this settlement of the franchise become permanent, instead of giving place to a revival of the old system with its rotten boroughs. It is strange that historians, in summing up the fruits of the revolution of 1688, should have failed more distinctly to notice that it left the representation unreformed, and to point out the consequences of that omission.

To denounce Cromwell as an irreconcilable in matters ecclesiastical would be flagrant ingratitude on the part of those Liberal Conservatives of the Stanley and Arnold school whose special bugbear is narrow sectarianism, and who hope to preserve the Church establishment by comprehension; for Cromwell was the first statesman and the last who adopted comprehension as his principle; he did this, according to Baxter, a not very friendly critic, with remarkable success; and it is on his lines that, if reform is to take that direction, reformers will have to move. Among those who held "tolerable opinions," so as to make it practicable to embrace them in the comprehension, Cromwell could not possibly have included the Roman Catholics, who, it is needless to repeat, were not mere religious sectaries, but liegemen, more or less active, of a foreign, hostile, and desperately aggressive Power, bent on

the destruction of all Protestant communities, and using as engines for this purpose, without scruple or disguise, war international and civil, and not only war, but assassination. We sit at our ease, and criticize the act of Christian fighting against Apollyon for his own life and for ours. Liberty of conscience Cromwell gave to Roman Catholics, while they, wherever they had the power, were invading the sanctuary of conscience with the rack. To tolerate the Mass was for him not possible, much less was it possible to include Roman Catholics in a State Church. If he would have had anything to do with them, they would have had nothing to do with him. They defy comprehension, as Dean Stanley would have found, and his disciples will find, if they try to carry his policy of an all-comprehending State Church into effect. Nor are the Ritualists likely to prove much less of a stumbling-block if they cling to the apostolical succession and to the High Church theory of the sacraments. The Eucharistical celebration, according to the Roman Catholic and the Ritualist alike, is a miracle, the power of performing which is vested in the priest by virtue of his ordination, and which is essential to spiritual life; and it is difficult to see how any one who does not believe in the miracle can take part in the celebration. The prelatists also Cromwell was obliged to exclude; they had been the movers, conscientiously it might be, of a war against the national religion and liberty; but so long as they were quiet they were never molested by him, and we apprehend that one of the school and temper of Ussher might have kept his benefice as well as his opinions. There was no sort of dogmatic test, nor any interference even with private patronage.

Cromwell's Government is supposed to have produced, by its revolutionary and fanatical character, a violent reaction which led to the enthusiastic restoration of the King and the bishops, with the playhouse, the maypole, and the bull-ring. But the reaction was not against Cromwell's Government; it was against the military anarchy which ensued when Cromwell was gone. So certainly was his Government taking root, in spite of the storms which assailed it, that his son succeeded without the slightest opposition; the Royalists, when they did rise, were at once put down, and both the French and the Spanish Governments turned a deaf ear to the solicitations of Charles II. Even the aristocracy had begun to swallow their social antipathy, and to connect themselves with the Protector. In the day of shame, under the Restoration, the hearts of the people, as Pepys tells us, turned to the memory of Cromwell, and their hearts could not have turned to his memory if he had not made a deep impression on them in his lifetime. The reappearance of the bishops, Pepys also informs us, instead of being greeted with joyful acclamations, was received with somewhat irreverent wonder. There can be little doubt that Cromwell's Church satisfied the great body of the people.

Irreconcilable is a term borrowed from the revolution of the present day, and analogies of this kind are precarious. In every revolution or revolutionary movement there are pretty sure to be two extremes and a middle party, with the intermediate shades. But otherwise there is no real likeness between a Jacobin or a Red Republican and an Independent. The English revolution of the seventeenth century was at its core a religious movement; the religious element came forth victorious in the person of the Independent chief. But the revolutions of the present day are not religious. They are made chiefly by men who have discarded religion, with the hopes and compensations of a future life, and whose object is the redivision of the goods or the power of this world, and the destruction of superiorities political or social; envy, no insignificant factor in the disturbing forces of our times, playing a considerable part. The aim of the classes in which communism has its birth is at once to grasp enjoyment, or at least to prevent others from enjoying while they suffer. But in the mind of the religious enthusiast, so far as his faith is sincere, no such motive can have place; he does not want to grasp the enjoyments of this world, nor does he envy others their possessions. He may be a fanatic, but he is not a conspirator or destroyer. His aspirations are spiritual, and even if he is a leveller, it is because he thinks equality essential to spiritual brotherhood, not because he desires a redistribution of wealth in his own interest. The sequestration of the property of malignants was simply an evil necessity of revolutionary finance, and Cromwell put a stop to it as soon as he got power into his hands. A magnificent mansion, full of objects of art and luxury, was once set on fire by an incendiary. Suspicion fell upon a workman who had been employed in repairs, and who was known to be socially malignant. If the suspicion was well founded, here was Nihilism. Had the mechanic who wrote the "Pilgrim's Progress" been employed in the repairs, he would have carried away some new ideas for his description of the Palace Beautiful.

Justice has been done to the Puritans in many respects by a number of writers, and perhaps more than justice by Carlyle. Nobody now believes that the party of Milton was devoid of culture, that the party of Hutchinson was destitute of gentlemanly manners and accomplishments, or that the originals of numberless portraits of well-dressed men with flowing locks were in the habit of wearing uncouth garments and cropping their hair. We may add that nobody after reading Mr. Brown's account of Sir Samuel Luke will suppose that the Puritans were enemies of good cheer. Mr. Gardiner in his invaluable volumes has done them the further justice of showing clearly that they were not at the outset revolutionists or even innovators, but, on the contrary, opponents of innovation. They

rose to repel what they believed to be attacks upon the established religion of the nation, and upon the fundamental laws of the realm. That the High Church and ceremonialist ordinances of Laud were innovations cannot possibly be questioned. The very fact that he found the communion-table generally, if not universally, placed, not at the east end, but in the middle of the church, and treated, not as an altar but as a common table, is surely decisive on this point, inasmuch as the Eucharistic sacrifice, and the treatment of that on which it is offered as an altar, are the very core of High Anglican or Neo-Catholic as well as of Roman Catholic religion. If to the Ritualist unbroken tradition is necessary as the foundation of his faith, he will have to admit that there is a fatal gap in the history of the Church of England of half a century at least, during which the communion-table stood in the centre of the church. Laud's enactments also reveal the general disuse of ceremonial of every kind, and the neglect of priestly vestments and of everything else that designated the priest. That there lurked in disregarded rubrics words to which the revivers of sacerdotal and ceremonial religion might legally appeal, is a poor answer to the argument derived from the general practice and preaching of the Church during so many years, unless technicalities which in any other matter would be deemed futile are valid in matters of religion. Nor can it be doubted that up to the time of Laud Calvinism had been the creed of the Church, and that the doctrine of salvation by election was incompatible with the sacramental system, and with the High Church theory altogether. High Churchmen appeal to Hooker; but Hooker is in truth a witness most fatal to their cause. By temperament he was no doubt a High Churchman, and perhaps his mind had a certain affinity to that of his affectionate High Church editor, though it was of a more masculine caste. In him whatever existed of High Church doctrine would certainly have been found; yet there is nothing in him which supports the High Church doctrine of apostolical succession or the High Church doctrine of the sacraments. His plea is not for a set of divine institutions, but for a wisely ordered "polity," and his ultimate appeal is to reason guiding to legislation of the Church and to the requirements of the religious nature. He speaks with the utmost reverence of Calvin, who to a High Churchman is a heresiarch and a Korah. Whether Laud was in the right is another question. It is easy, at all events, to understand how his sense of order and decency must have been offended by the sluttish state into which churches built for the Mass, in the course of their conversion into Protestant preaching-houses, had fallen. But his decrees were innovations—none the less so because they were reactionary; and against him the Puritans might with perfect justice plead, as they did, that they were standing in the ancient ways and defending the established

faith. If anybody was revolutionary or an "irreconcilable," it was Laud. Uncompromising he certainly was, as the ears of some of his opponents showed. The order issued by the Lords on the day of the Archbishop's committal to the Tower directed the bishops to see that "the table should stand decently in the ancient place where it ought to do by the law, and as it hath done for the greater part of these threescore years last past." Popular resentment, unhappily, did not confine itself to the restoration of the communion-table to its place, or to anything directed by an ordinance of the Lords. It broke out into iconoclasm, which every lover of ecclesiastical art and of antiquity now deploras. But the blame for this violence lies at the door of those who provoked it. Perhaps we may be obliged reluctantly to admit that, if the object was to render the return of Roman Catholicism impossible, the popular instinct was right; for mediæval art has unquestionably been the chief agency in bringing back the mediæval faith. Without beautiful churches shaped for the Mass nobody would have thought of the Mass again. Perhaps the destruction of the monasteries—though, as we stand among their ruins, we can hardly help cursing the destroyers—may have also been a hard necessity in its way.

The political case is more complicated. Here it was in effect a question whether supreme power, which cannot really be divided and must vest somewhere, should vest in the King or in the Parliament. The King might not unreasonably believe that it belonged to him; for that it belonged to him was implied by all the forms of the Constitution. Even the legislative power was ascribed to him by the form of Acts of Parliament, though the two Houses were named as his advisers. He could not go to church without hearing prayer offered that he might exercise the supreme power righteously. Such also was the import of the language formally held by the Commons even when, by the Act forbidding the Parliament to be dissolved without its own consent, they had practically grasped the sovereignty, and had begun to exercise the executive as well as the legislative power. When war had begun they still kept up the formality of referring everything to the commands of the King, only that those commands were to be "signified by both Houses of Parliament." Under the Tudors there could be no doubt that the supreme power was practically in the King. No idea of government except the purely monarchical finds a place in Shakespeare. Still there had always been Parliaments; and there could be no question that Charles had attempted to rid himself of Parliaments, and to govern alone. He therefore was the revolutionist, though in repelling the invasion the Parliament carried its aims far beyond the constitutional or traditional boundary of its domain. The fact was, that there was a fatal ambiguity in the Constitution, which, when the question had

once been seriously raised, hardly anything could clear up but the sword.

Cromwell's policy, as has been said, pointed to nothing Jacobinical, but to a revival of the Constitution in a liberal sense, with a monarchy, Protestant and parliamentary, and without a hierarchy. Pym, had he lived and remained master of the revolution, would no doubt have done much the same. What his plan and that of Hampden may have been is a secret buried in the graves to which each of them was too early sent down—Hampden by the bullet, Pym by the immense labour and anxiety which he had undergone. A plan we must assume them to have had. To have put forth with the ship of State on the sea of civil war, without knowing into what haven she was to be carried, would have been not only unstatesmanlike on their part, but a crime. To us it has always seemed most probable that they would have kept the monarchy but changed the dynasty, thus anticipating, so far as the political question was concerned, the settlement of 1688. There was a candidate for a Protestant crown to whom their eyes would naturally turn in the person of the young Charles Lewis, Elector Palatine, son of that darling of all Protestant hearts, Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia. He had been designated by voices in the crowd. Their difficulty no doubt would have been the settlement of the Church, as the great principle of toleration had then hardly dawned on anybody's mind, and even such a settlement as an Established Church with tolerated Nonconformity, though it had become possible in 1688, after the co-operation of all the Protestant Churches against the Romanizing tyranny of James II., would hardly have been accepted by any sect or party in 1641. Yet it does not seem impossible that something like Ussher's model, which was entirely congenial to the mind of Pym, might have been adopted with bishops thoroughly Protestant, as of course bishops appointed under such auspices would have been. Pym's premature death was at least as calamitous as the premature death of Mirabeau, whose position in the French Revolution and power of controlling its course have been rated at least as high as the facts warrant.

When the English Revolution broke out the dregs of fanaticism were stirred up, and very dark and revolting undoubtedly they were, though the worst of the English sectaries were rational and humane compared with the Jacobins. Not only so, but Puritanism of the higher order contracted, as it was sure to contract, narrowness and bitterness from the conflict. It is natural that liberal and comprehensive minds should turn wistfully to Falkland and the philosophic circle of Great Tew, the spirit of which was perpetuated in the Cambridge Platonists. Unfortunately Falkland and his philosophic circle at Great Tew were totally incapable of repelling the attack of Laud

upon the national religion. They would themselves have been allowed to philosophize in peace, for it is perfectly true that Laud had a genuine respect for learning and culture, and that provided he could impose his darling uniformity upon the people, he was willing enough to let men of intellect speculate for themselves. When he said in the Declaration prefixed to the Articles in the King's name, that he would not endure any varying or departing in the least degree, he meant public and on the part of the vulgar: the closet of private erudition he would always have respected. But had he been victorious, even the closet of private erudition would have stood a poor chance of being respected in the next generation.

It seems to us that even Mr. Gardiner hardly appreciates the magnitude of the issue, or views the English conflict with sufficient reference to the great European conflict of which it was a part. Europe was divided into two great camps, that of Roman Catholicism and its associate absolutism on one side, and that of Protestantism and its associate liberty on the other. The question was, into which of those two camps England should go, and with which of the contending hosts the lot of her destiny should be cast. Nor was it her own future alone that depended on the decision. When Wallenstein formed the siege of Stralsund, the cause of Protestantism and freedom seemed almost lost, and even after the victories of Gustavus its situation was still precarious, and the future of Europe was uncertain. Had the force of England been united to that of the Catholic monarchies, the life of the Protestant republic of Holland would have hung by a thread, as appeared when Charles II. had thrown England into the arms of France. It is true that Richelieu, though a cardinal, was a statesman, not a Churchman, and that his aim was national unity, not religious uniformity; but after Richelieu and his pupil Mazarin was to come a Louis XIV. with his Madame de Maintenon. There can be no question to which side the Stuarts belonged. The queen of James I. was a Roman Catholic, and James himself, though bred a Presbyterian, and brought personally into collision with Rome by the Popish plot, manifestly inclined in his later days to the Spanish connection. Charles too was married to a Roman Catholic who had great influence over him; Charles II. was a Roman Catholic, and so with a vengeance was James II. The tendency of all of them was to absolutism and to association with the absolute monarchies of the Continent. It is true that Charles I. always professed himself a Protestant in the Anglican sense of the term, but there can surely be no doubt whither the Anglicanism of his Court and Church was tending. Two of his principal Ministers were Roman Catholics; intrigues went on with Rome, the author of one of which was Charles' Secretary of State, of whose proceedings his master can hardly have been wholly ignorant. In his hour of danger Charles turned quite naturally to Catholics both at home and

abroad for aid, though Rome was not far-sighted enough to overlook his formal position as a schismatic prince and lend him her aid in his conflict with her real foes. One bishop was a Roman Catholic, and another, specially patronized by Charles, avowed that only by a single point of doctrine was he separated from Rome. Conversions to Rome were going on, especially among the ladies of the Court. From the school of divinity which the Court favoured came forth Humphrey Stafford's "Female Glory," an attempt to revive the sentiment which led to the adoration of the Virgin Mary. Mr. Gardiner derides the notion that Laud was disposed to union with Rome. That he was not disposed to submit to Rome and divest himself of his Lambeth papacy is certain; whether he would have been utterly averse to a union with Rome which would have recognized him as a rightful successor of the Apostles, and left his position as the head of the Anglican Church unimpaired, seems to us matter of conjecture. It is just possible that the Roman archives when explored may throw some light upon the subject. When he was twice offered a cardinal's hat, on his accession to the archbishopric, if he would place himself at the disposition of the Pope, his reply was: "Something dwells within me which will not suffer me to accept that till Rome be other than it is." Those words do not seem to breathe a repugnance which nothing could have overcome, nor is it likely that the offer could have been made if a predisposition had not been observed. Laud's forms carried doctrines inside them, otherwise he would not have so passionately insisted on their observance. Mere uniformity, if that had been the sole object, would have been produced by the adoption of one set of forms as well as another. Let us do full justice to Laud's good qualities—to his integrity, his uprightness, his literary munificence, and the fearless impartiality with which he meted out justice, or what he deemed justice, to offenders in high places, as well as to those in low places. Let him have his due also as a university reformer, though of his code of statutes the narrow and restrictive parts took fatal effect, while the liberal and progressive parts failed for want of that, the necessity of which system-mongers never comprehend, a motive power. But do not tell us that he was not leading England back to Rome. Dr. Newman and the tractarians recognized and revered their precursor in Laud, and we cannot doubt that their historic sympathy was perfectly well bestowed.

And so with regard to Strafford and his "Thorough." We are ready to go any length with Mr. Gardiner, who here is more than ever admirable, in recognition of Strafford's ability and the loftiness of his aim, though we are not satisfied with the proof of his consistency, and we still believe him to have been possessed with an imperious ambition, which, albeit the last infirmity of a noble mind, was still a different thing from patriotism or a sense of

public duty. We can also easily understand how to his mind, as to that of his counterpart Richelieu, or to that of Bacon, administrative monarchy, with enlightened, and upright administrators like himself, might present itself as a form of government better and more beneficent as well as more regular than government by popular assemblies unacquainted with affairs of State, and uninstructed generally, as the members of such assemblies and their constituents were in those days. So far as the quarrel was with the aristocracy, we may admit that Strafford was probably in the right, since the aristocracy was no doubt, like that which by its cabals made the war of the Fronde in France, selfish, mutinous, and in the more backward and feudal districts tyrannical in its conduct towards the people; though it is doubtful whether much good would have been done by turning it from a feudal or territorial nobility into a Court aristocracy like that which at Versailles fawned on the monarchy without ceasing to oppress the poor. But do not tell us that it was not an administrative monarchy that Strafford intended to establish, or that "thorough" meant not the complete and permanent removal of all obstacles to the execution of the King's will, but only a drastic and high-handed reform of government. Charles himself did not put forth his pretensions boldly: he never put forth anything boldly: faltering and prevarication were native habits of his mind, intensified by the difficulties of his position. But the doctrine of Divine Right was preached distinctly by Laud, and in the most rampant terms by ecclesiastics of the Court school; and what signify checks imposed upon a right by institutions, however legal and venerable, when the institution is human and the right is divine? Mr. Gardiner has quoted some strong passages from Mainwaring, but he has hardly quoted the strongest of all. Mainwaring lays it down that, "as justice, properly so called, intercedes not between God and man, nor between the prince, being a father, and the people as children (for justice is between equals), so cannot justice be any rule or medium whereby to give God or the king his right." This, beyond question, is "thorough," and Mainwaring was promoted for saying it. That Strafford would have allowed Parliament to exist, and even have treated it with decent respect, need not be questioned, though it must be remembered that he was a party to the suspension of its existence for eleven years, and to the introduction of a system of government, especially with regard to the vital point of taxation, manifestly indicative of a determination to do without Parliaments altogether. He was willing to preside over a Parliament which, like that of Ireland, was absolutely submissive to his will; but when Parliament ceased to be absolutely submissive, and failed to do the will of the King or his Ministers, the King was to be "loose and absolved from all rules of government." The practical result would have been an

English monarchy as absolute as that of France, where the States General never were abolished, with a Church not less intolerant and anti-Protestant, even if it had remained separate from the Church of Rome. Nor would the monarchy have continued to be administered by Straffords; the next Minister would have been a revival of Buckingham, an Olivarez, or a Louvois.

To those who, by any methods, however rude, saved England from becoming a second France, with a French Revolution perhaps in store as the final outcome of a persecuting despotism, much may be forgiven. Excuse may even be made for that which is to us the most shocking part of their conduct, and miserably mars the record of their heroic efforts in defence of liberty—their insistence on the execution of priests. The palliation has been stated already. Nor, if the Court sought to save these hapless emissaries of Rome and the anti-Protestant Powers, was humanity the chief motive. No such mercy was shown to offenders against the Court itself. The penalties of treason were ruthlessly inflicted on a sailor and a glover for having taken part in a riotous attack on Lambeth Palace, and the glover was put to the torture; the use of which was, by the way, a feature not less characteristic than hideous of absolutist jurisprudence. At all events, the Puritans, in demanding the execution of priests, were not revolutionary, for such was the terrible law of those perilous and tempestuous times. To send an English fleet to the mouth of the Tiber would have been an incomparably better way of repressing Papal machinations, but this was not in Pym's or Eliot's power.

Never, before they were provoked to resistance by direct attacks on the national religion and liberties, did the Puritans manifest rebellious tendencies. With a touching loyalty they bore the persecutions inflicted on them by Elizabeth, though that heartless and tyrannical woman had owed to them the safety of her throne; but her treatment of them was in opposition to the advice of her best and wisest councillors. Those of them who were driven into exile, and who founded New England, still breathed in their distant asylum love for their country and loyalty to their sovereign. Not to have opposed Carr and Villiers would have been treason to public morality and to the King himself, as well as to the Commonwealth. But had Prince Henry lived and taken the national and popular line which his character and his youthful utterances promised, he might have reigned in Puritan hearts, and have enjoyed more real power than was enjoyed by Charles, even when his government was strongest.

Of all the Puritan acts that which appears the most revolutionary and Jacobinical is the execution of the king, which no doubt excited the emulation of the Jacobins, who imitated it in their monkeyish way, and improved upon it, as they no doubt thought, by butchering the queen as well as the king. The impression has been strengthened by the language of Carlyle, who represents the death of a Charles as

a blow dealt to flunkeyism, of which flunkeyism has gone about sick ever since; than which nothing can be less true, since the blood of the royal martyr has been the seed of flunkeyism, while his exile, as Macaulay says, would probably have been the end of all sentiment about him, as exile was the end of all sentiment in the nation at large about James II. This indeed Cromwell saw, and when he found that no binding treaty could be made with Charles, he tried to frighten him out of the kingdom, though the flight having been mismanaged, Charles, evidently to Cromwell's great discomfiture, fell into the hands of Hammond in the Isle of Wight. But the accusation, travelling over the whole of Charles' misgovernment and his part in the first civil war, and imputing to him as personal and capital offences acts which cannot in reason be so regarded, has concealed the fact that the real cause of his death was an act for which others besides regicidal republicans might think that he deserved to die. While in treaty with the Parliament for a settlement, and morally bound to abstain from hostilities, he had planned with the Scotch an invasion of the kingdom, and set on foot the second civil war. The army, thus brought again by his intrigues into the extremity of peril, demanded his blood, and Cromwell acceded to the demand. But the terrible act was at least solemnly done; nor was there any regicidal exultation or any sanguinary question about flinging to coalised monarchs as a gage of battle the head of a king.

Setting aside the Levellers and other delirious offspring of the feverish hour, the highest tide of revolutionary sentiment is marked by Milton's "Defensio." In this, if in anything that ever came from the Puritans, or from any section of them, the Jacobin and the Irreconcilable might find something congenial to them. Yet nothing can be more alien to Jacobinism than the spirit of the treatise. Milton's contention throughout is that the King was subject to the law, not above it, and that Charles had been legally tried and condemned to death by an authority lawfully representing the nation. Legality is the key-note, not revolution. "You cite Tertullian. What does Tertullian say? He condemns disorder and rebellion. So do we, though without meaning thereby to do away with all popular rights and privileges. It is against rash seditions and the madness of the multitude that grave authorities speak—not of magistrates, of a Senate, of a Parliament calling the nation to legitimate war against tyranny." Milton deemed monarchy a form of government for man in his lower not in his higher estate; but he did not rail against it with frenzied hatred; he did not take it for the sole obstacle to public virtue and felicity, or talk of strangling the last king with the entrails of the last priest. His ideal polity was not a domination of Sans-culottes, but a reign of intellect and virtue—of all things the most uncongenial to St. Just and Marat, who hated an aristocrat of intellect and

virtue rather more than as an aristocrat of rank. At the end of the second "Defensio" he dilates with impressive eloquence on the thesis that without knowledge and virtue there can be no true liberty; anticipating the sentiment of the lines in which Coleridge says that to be politically free, without moral and intellectual emancipation, is but to wear the name of freedom graven on a heavier chain.

A religious man may have his illusions, as the religious men of Milton's time had; but they cannot be the illusions of a Jacobin. He must be conscious that real freedom and genuine happiness are states of the soul, and can be attained only through self-control and self-improvement. He cannot fall into the grand Jacobin fallacy that the only obstacle to virtue, individual or national, is external to the moral character, and that by simply abolishing kings and aristocrats men will be made good and happy. This would be as impossible for him as it would be to work the guillotine or to revel in fusillades and noyades. The more the Puritan revolution is studied, the more clearly it will be seen that the object of the leaders was not political change, but to prevent Church and Laud from strangling the spiritual life of the nation. How far the Puritans were in the right or in the wrong, as to the conditions of spiritual life, is a different question. They distinguished spiritual life from politics, and knew much better than some people do at the present day how much and how little political change can do for men.

No doubt they fell into most serious errors. Living before the birth of a rational criticism, they failed to distinguish the Old Testament from the New Testament, and they made a use of the Old Testament which was irrational and sometimes worse. They had not emancipated themselves from the fatal fallacy as to the criminal nature of religious error which had dominated Christendom for fourteen centuries. They held the Calvinistic doctrine of election and reprobation—a logical though false and repulsive deduction from the extreme view of justification by faith, which again was in its origin a violent recoil from the system of indulgences, the source of not a little that is extreme in Reformation dogma. Yet in their day, and in comparison with their antagonists, they were in vital respects not only a noble and impressive group of figures, but good educators of humanity. If they were stern even to grimness, and ecclesiastically unæsthetic, they were serious; and they had a manly love of truth, which pervades all their productions, and is strongly contrasted with the devout obscurantism, sometimes verging on cretinism, of the Ultramontanes. The Westminster Confession and Catechism contain things which reason now rejects, and which ought to be honestly discarded; but on the whole they lift up the minds of the people and teach them to worship the God of truth. Such has certainly been their effect on the people of Scotland. Even Jonathan Edwards, with all his repulsiveness, is unquestionably a liegeman of the truth.

A short time ago the descendants of the Huguenots came together to celebrate the most glorious of all the traditions of misfortune. The Huguenot died, and left, in his own country at least, no religious or political heir. The French Protestantism of the present day has a different character and source. The Puritan died at the Restoration, when that mould of character was broken; for Algernon Sidney and his school were classical republicans, and the author of the "*Areopagitica*" did not live again in Defoe. But the Puritan cannot be said to have died without heirs. Perhaps his line may be traced down to Lawrence and Gordon, or even to some men in whom reverence for scientific law has come in place of religious faith. His political tradition has animated the body of middle-class Nonconformists, who have been called the Old Guard of English Liberalism, and to whom their opponents will hardly deny the credit of having combined respect for authority and love of order with attachment to the cause of liberty and progress. Statesmanship of the higher and more brilliant kind was hardly within the reach of those who lay not only under political disabilities but under a social ban. Culture, in the same manner, was hardly attainable by those whom tests excluded from the universities; and it is surely rank injustice to denounce the Nonconformists for the want of it without calling attention to the legal disability, or noticing the unquestionable fact that the Oxford of Owen was at least as cultured and as fruitful of scholarly eminence as any Oxford from that time to this. But Nonconformist theology, if it has not been graceful in form or particularly catholic in spirit, has been a theology of truth. It has been a theology of truth, not of mere system, much less of the system of religious spells and amulets to which Roman Catholicism and religions of the same class in their lower grades descend. The religious patriotism of the Puritan, as we conceive, reappeared in full force when the Nonconformists rejected James II.'s Declaration of Indulgence, and chose to wear a political chain which sat lightly on men who were spiritually free, rather than be accomplices in the subversion of the law. The Puritan's serious love of truth and his serious view of life and eternity reappeared when, in a university then entirely in the hands of a party fondly called that of the Renaissance, a student bred in a Nonconformist seminary meditated, in a spirit of inquiry at once free and profoundly devout, on the great problems of man's estate, and produced as the first fruit of his meditations Butler's "*Analogy*" and Sermons. Butler's ultimate appeal, as he plainly avows, is to reason; and whatever graces he may have afterwards derived as an ecclesiastic from Anglicanism, the spirit of his philosophy came, we apprehend, from another quarter.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE RECENT VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN NEW ZEALAND.

FOR some considerable time past a noticeable feature in the columns of the daily newspapers has been the frequency of the reports of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions from all quarters of the globe. After due allowance has been made for the increasing attention which these phenomena now receive, and for the rapidity and facility with which their details are made known, no matter how remote may be their locality, we shall probably not be wrong if we conclude that never within recorded human experience has there been more terrestrial disturbance than during the last few years. Not merely have the movements been frequent; they have been not less remarkable for the wide region over which, one after another, they have been displayed, and for the magnitude of their effects. They have occurred in districts often previously affected by similar visitations; but they have also appeared in tracts that had never been known to be subject to them before. They have often, indeed, been so slight as to furnish only material for the current gossip of the day, but among them are included some of the most stupendous catastrophes of historic times. And even where no movement may be perceptible to the senses, delicate instruments have made known the striking fact that the ground under our feet is in a perpetual state of tremor. The solid earth which has served mankind as a type of steady immobility turns out to be itself singularly unstable.

Some philosophers have written of the increasing senility of Mother Earth. They have contrasted what they take to be the feebleness of her old age with the titanic vigour which they suppose to have marked the convulsions of her early youth. It is doubtless true that when the young planet first left its parent sun and began its own independent course through the

heavens, it must have been endowed with a vast store of potential energy. All through the long ages which have since passed away, that store has been unceasingly growing less. If, therefore, the outward manifestations of terrestrial energy depended directly upon the total quantity of energy retained by the planet, they should undoubtedly become progressively feebler. The most gigantic volcanic explosions and earthquakes of modern times must in that case be but insignificant representatives of the earth-throes of primeval ages. There is good reason, however, to believe that this inference is not well founded. If we may judge of the displays of subterranean activity from the amount of volcanic material ejected to the surface, and from the extent of the crumplings and fractures of the solid crust involved in mountain-structure, then we may rather conclude that the later disturbances have considerably exceeded the older in magnitude. Modern volcanoes and volcanic plateaux cover a wider area, and include a proportionately larger bulk of lava and ashes, than those of older geological date. And even when every reasonable allowance has been made for the extent to which the older topographies of the earth's surface have been worn away and covered up, an equivalent among the older records can hardly be found to the stupendous disturbances by which modern mountain-chains have been upheaved.

It has been plausibly suggested that the gradual increase in the thickness of the cool outer crust has offered continually augmenting resistance to the movements of the still hot interior, and hence that earthquakes and volcanic eruptions ought now to be less constant, but more violent, than in the older time. The earth has been compared in a homely way to a pot of porridge which, after thorough boiling, has been taken off the fire. During the process of boiling, the escape of steam keeps the porridge in constant ebullition and eruption. But when cooling sets in and leads to the formation of a crust or skin on the surface, the steam, which cannot then so readily escape, finds its way out in intermittent puffs. As the skin thickens, the resistance it offers proportionately increases; the steam-puffs become fewer, but larger; and the last spurts of porridge ejected are sometimes bigger and are thrown out farther than any that preceded them.

Without entering here upon these theoretical questions, we may take for granted that certainly within the memory of man there has been no appreciable diminution in the intensity of those subterranean operations which manifest themselves at the surface as earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. Three years ago the world was startled by the great eruption of Krakatau, in the Sunda Strait—the most gigantic explosion within human experience. Before its fine dust had cleared away from the air, other volcanoes renewed their activity. Both Etna and Vesuvius have been in eruption, and

from the antipodes comes the news of the sudden and altogether unlooked-for calamity which has spread such destruction over the lake district of New Zealand. Earthquakes, too, have followed hard upon each other, not only in volcanic districts, but in regions far removed from active volcanoes. Six years ago the country around Agram was convulsed, with great loss of life and property. Then came the shock that carried death and ruin far and wide through the South of Spain. Within the last few weeks some hundreds of square miles in Greece have been shaken, with great destruction to houses and considerable loss of life; while almost at the same instant the Eastern States of the American Union were visited by the earthquake which has laid the city of Charleston in ruins. If we are still profoundly ignorant of the causes that produce earthquakes and volcanoes, we cannot plead in justification that the phenomena themselves are either infrequent or obscure. But as observers are multiplying in all parts of the world, and as more precise methods of observation are being perfected, there is good reason to hope that some part at least of the mystery which still shrouds from us the interior of our globe may ere long be lifted.

There are two phases of volcanic activity of which some admirable illustrations have recently been furnished. In one of these the volcano continues in a state of comparatively gentle eruptivity, discharging showers of stones, clouds of steam, and even occasionally streams of lava, but without any violent detonations which affect the districts beyond the mountain itself. Vesuvius is at present in this condition; some photographs taken upon it in August last by Dr. Johnston Lavis show well the sharp explosions of vapour and the ejection of stones and ashes within the crater. The other phase is less frequent, but in some respects more interesting. With little or no warning, the volcano is convulsed, and a large part of it is suddenly blown into the air, vast quantities of stones and ashes are discharged, the country for perhaps several thousand square miles around is covered with detritus, and the air is so loaded with fine dust that day becomes darker than night.

It is obviously much less easy to study these great volcanic paroxysms than the ordinary and gentler kind of activity with which the tourist to Vesuvius and Etna is familiar. Though they have occurred at intervals during human history, and have been described with varying minuteness and accuracy, we are still singularly ignorant regarding some parts of the phenomena, so that every new example of them deserves to be carefully examined and recorded. Even before the times of authentic history we know that man witnessed some of these more stupendous manifestations of volcanic energy. The half-submerged volcano of Santorin, in the Greek Archipelago, for instance, seems to have been blown up by an explosion at a time when a human population had already settled on the island, for remains

of buildings, vases, and pottery have been found under the piles of volcanic ejections. The catastrophe was no doubt sudden, and seems to have entirely destroyed the inhabitants of the island. It would be interesting to know whether any possible survival of the tradition of it could be recognized in old Greek story. The earliest volcanic explosion of which any contemporary account has survived is that of Vesuvius in the year 79, whereby the towns of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiae were destroyed. For the main facts of this memorable event we are indebted to the two well-known letters of the younger Pliny to Tacitus, and to an examination of the ruins themselves and of the volcanic materials under which they have been buried. But the details may be more vividly appreciated from the accounts of similar recent calamities. The graphic narratives of the eye-witnesses and survivors of the New Zealand eruption of last June are especially interesting from this point of view, for there is a close analogy between the phenomena of that eruption and those which must have characterized the famous outburst of Vesuvius. It is worth while making a comparison between the two widely separated catastrophes.

In the first century of our era, and doubtless for many previous generations, Vesuvius was what would now be called an extinct volcano. Rising some three thousand feet above the sea, it formed a notable landmark in one of the fairest landscapes of the Roman empire. Its slopes were richly cultivated, save around the summit, where the loose volcanic cinders had not yet been covered by the mantle of vegetation that during the previous centuries had gradually been creeping up the mountain. The barren crest surrounded a deep crater, whose rugged walls, tapestried with wild vines, enclosed the level space in which Spartacus and his three thousand companions encamped. Intelligent observers had noticed the probable volcanic origin of the mountain, and tradition spoke of its having formerly emitted fire. But to the surrounding inhabitants it gave no sense of insecurity. The peasants planted their vines up its slopes, and the wealthier Romans travelled to bathe in the warm springs that still issue not far from its roots, and to enjoy the balmy climate of that favoured region. At last a succession of earthquakes, some of them of considerable violence, continued during a period of sixteen years to shake the Vesuvian Campania. Some of the towns around the mountain were considerably damaged. A Pompeian inscription records that the temple of Isis in that town had to be rebuilt from the very foundations. The subterranean commotion culminated in the great explosion which in the year 79 blew out the southern half of the upper part of the cone of Vesuvius. Seen from the west side of the Bay of Naples in the early hours of the eruption, the cloud of steam and fragmentary materials that issued from the mountain rose in a huge column, which spread out at the top like the branches of an

Italian pine-tree. In the immediate neighbourhood of the volcano, cinders and pieces of "burning rock" fell in a continuous shower, gradually filling up the streets and open spaces of the town, crushing in the roofs and driving the inhabitants to the fields. Violent earthquakes accompanying the successive volcanic discharges shook and shattered the houses and kept the sea in commotion. So vast was the quantity of ashes and stones thrown out that the country for miles around was covered with débris. For three days the air continued so loaded with fine dust that a darkness as of night overspread the landscape. When daylight returned, the fields and gardens had disappeared under a deep covering of white ashes that lay on the ground like snow. The main portion of the volcanic detritus was no doubt ejected in the earlier stages of the eruption, as may be inferred from the fact that the body of the elder Pliny (who, after the courtyard of the house in which he had been sleeping was nearly choked up with fallen ashes and stones, had retreated to the fields) was found, three days after, lying where he had fallen, and not concealed by the dust that had settled down in the interval. There is no evidence that any lava was emitted during the eruption. But the red-hot stones, and the glare from the crater upon the overhanging pall of cloud, probably show that molten lava rose to the surface in the vent of the volcano, while much of the impalpable dust that filled the air was no doubt due to the explosions of superheated vapours by which successive portions of the rising column of lava were blown out. Though the ill-fated region was spared the destruction which would have been caused by the outflow of streams of lava, it was in some places near the base of Vesuvius invaded by rivers of a thick pasty mud produced by the condensation of the dense clouds of vapour and the mingling of the water with the fine volcanic ashes. These mud torrents swept over Herculaneum, burying it to a depth of fifty feet or more. At Pompeii, also, the heavy rain seems to have formed a similar mud, which ran down into the basements of the houses and quickly enveloped the human victims who had taken refuge there.

The events in the recent New Zealand eruption run closely parallel to those of this historical outbreak of Vesuvius. In both cases the explosion occurs at an extinct, or at least long dormant, volcano, with little or no warning, and with paroxysmal violence. The convulsive tremors of the ground, the dense, far-extended shower of ashes and hot stones, the lurid glare from the volcano by night and the darkness by day, the pasty mud, the crushing in of houses, the burying of fields and gardens, and the destruction of life are to be noticed in striking similarity in each eruption. The only contemporary chronicler of the Vesuvian calamity was a young man of eighteen, who, though invited by his scientific uncle to go with him

and investigate the singular phenomenon, preferred to remain with his book at a safe distance. Fortunately, the late New Zealand explosion was witnessed by numerous hardy and intelligent observers, who were soon interviewed by enterprising newspaper correspondents, so that the general succession of events, in so far at least as they affected the human population of the district, was speedily made known. The Government of the colony also immediately despatched the accomplished director of the Geological Survey of New Zealand, who gathered all the scientific facts which could at the time be obtained. A more detailed examination of the ground is to be made as the spring advances and the volcanic excitement has sufficiently abated. Meanwhile, the salient features of the eruption are tolerably clear.

A region of geysirs and boiling springs is one of the strangest and weirdest on the face of the globe. From a distance, the curiosity of the traveller is aroused by the clouds of steam which rise here and there from among the trees, or from the bare sinter-covered slopes. His previous experience of steam-clouds has probably been in association with factories and locomotives, and hence the white puffs that float away and disappear seem in strange contrast with the utter loneliness of the scenery. As he approaches the centre of activity, he passes an occasional white mound of crumbling sinter, where a geyser once has been, and quiet pools of steaming water, of exquisitely green and blue tints, enclosed in alabaster-like basins of white and pink sinter. The ground sounds hollow as he walks upon it. Treacherous holes open on all sides, some of them filled with boiling water, others opening down into hot, dark, vaporous caverns. It seems as if he were treading on a thin crust covering a honeycombed mass of hot rock within, beneath which lie vast reservoirs of boiling water, and as if this crust might at any spot give way and precipitate him into the hideous gulfs beneath. But his attention is perhaps arrested by a loud hissing roar like that of a large engine blowing off its steam. Turning to the quarter whence the sound comes, he sees a geyser in eruption, hurling its column of water and steam high into the air. Farther on he comes to a sputtering cauldron of grey, green, or red mud, on the surface of which large blister-like domes rise up and burst, scattering the mud around, and building up miniature volcanic cones round the vents from which the steam escapes. And so on all through this strange region he is surrounded with evidences of the nether fires such as his fancy had never pictured. The heat of the earth's interior is now no longer with him a mere matter of scientific belief. It is such an appalling reality that he is perhaps inclined to regard with astonishment the general belief of geologists that geysirs and boiling springs mark a waning condition of volcanic excitement.

Of the three great geyser districts of the globe, Iceland, Montana,

and New Zealand, the last-named far surpassed its rivals in the supreme beauty of its sinter-terraces. Those of the Yellowstone are exquisite indeed in their variety of form and colouring. But for magnitude, regularity, and brilliance, the Pink and White Terraces of Rotomahana stood unrivalled. To the east of the geysirs and hot mud springs of that locality, rises the great ridge of Tarawera, upwards of 3,600 feet in height, with its three truncated cones, marking the sites of three extinct craters. Its barren summit had for ages been sacred ground to the Māoris, who carried up their dead to that lonely spot for burial. The volcanic fires, elsewhere still active, seemed there to have burnt out, and the hot springs remained as apparently the last relic of them. It was hardly possible to select a better illustration of what geologists have regarded as the closing manifestation of volcanic activity.

Nothing unusual had occurred to afford any warning of the approach of the catastrophe which has this summer befallen the "wonderland" of the North Island. Slight earthquakes had disturbed the water of Lake Tarawera, but had not attracted much attention. The terraces of Rotomahana had been visited a day or two before by tourists, who found them in their usual condition. Suddenly, however, early in the morning of the 10th of June, the inhabitants on the shore of Lake Tarawera were roused by earthquake shocks followed by a loud roaring sound. On looking towards the mountain, they saw that its most northerly peak was in eruption. Soon afterwards the middle peak burst out still more violently. Then the volcanic energy, travelling still southwards, found vent in a stupendous explosion, whereby part of the south side of Mount Tarawera was blown into the air. Finally, a grand outburst of steam rose still farther southwards from the Lake of Rotomahana, bearing up enormous quantities of volcanic dust and pieces of rock. The noise of this last explosion was heard at great distances, and the cloud of fine dust produced by it was hurled for thousands of feet into the air, where it spread out as a thick curtain, and, pierced by vivid flashes of lightning, completely cut off the light of the morning. Accompanying the outbreak, a gale of wind blew with great violence, stripping the leaves from the trees, and bearing the black dust-cloud away to the north. In somewhere about four hours the volcanic paroxysm was over, though immense volumes of steam continued to rise from the vents that had been torn open.

The first narratives of the survivors of the catastrophe gave a graphic picture of the terrors of that dreadful night, but, of course, they afforded no very clear idea of the character and successive stages of the eruption. From Dr. Hector's report, however, in which the statements of the survivors are embodied, together with the results of his own exploration of the district immediately after

the eruption, the main facts can be satisfactorily followed. The outbreak appears to have consisted of two distinct phases; the first of these culminated in the grand explosion which tore open a vast chasm on the southern slopes of Tarawera mountain; the second manifested itself in the discharges of steam that blew out Lake Rotomahana and destroyed its famous Terraces.

A chain of eruptive points was established along the crest of the Tarawera range and south-westwards to near Lake Okaro, a total distance of some ten miles. What changes have been wrought on the mountain summits has not yet been definitely ascertained. But from a distance the crest of the ridge is seen to have lost its old characteristic outline. No fewer than seven distinct flattened conical peaks rise along the edge of the range, each of them giving off at intervals large discharges of steam and fragmentary materials. So great has been the bulk of ashes and dust thrown out from these vents that the rough craggy slopes of the mountain have been in great measure buried under the thick grey accumulations. A large fissure has been opened along the eastern flank of the range, and emits wreaths of steam. But the most remarkable and important of all the orifices produced during the eruption are to be observed on the southern declivities of the range, and thence into the lower country to the south-west.

On the southern slopes of Mount Tarawera, a large chasm has been torn out 2,000 feet long, 500 feet broad, and 300 feet deep. This appears not to have been a mere rent caused by the opening of the ground, but to have been actually blown out by the explosion that convulsed the mountain and concluded the first phase of the eruption. From this great chasm a yawning rent is prolonged for several miles towards the south-west, passing across the site of Lake Rotomahana. Between its precipitous walls great wreaths of steam are continually ascending, and, as these are blown aside, glimpses can be obtained of the bottom, which appears to be mostly filled with seething and boiling mud. Seven powerful geysirs rise along its course and throw their columns of boiling water, steam, stones, and mud to a height of 600 or 800 feet. Such is the vigour of these discharges that the western walls of the chasm are being continually undermined. It is sad to learn that the largest of the mud fountains has broken through the site of the Pink Terrace. Another has found its way to the surface on the high ground west of the fissure, and has already built up a cone several hundred feet high.

The sounds accompanying the eruption were of the most appalling kind, and were heard at vast distances. From the black canopy of dust and steam that rose above the volcano and spread northward over the country came a continuous rattle of thunder-peals. The

steam issued from the newly opened vents with a deafening roar. The earthquake shocks were propagated through the ground with a growling sound like the rolling of heavy waggons, while, to complete the horrors of the night, a hurricane of wind howled round the tottering houses and swept across the woodlands. The reverberation of the explosion is said to have been perceptible at Christ Church, a distance of 300 miles.

Every account of the eruption bears witness to the prominent part taken by steam all through the paroxysm, and also since comparative quiet returned. From every vent, whether old or new, volumes of steam are constantly rising, either in a continuous stream or in intermittent discharges, and sometimes with explosive violence. The grandest mass of vapour is that which overhangs the geysirs that play where the Lake Rotomahana once stood. It is described as about the eighth of a mile in diameter, and towers not less than 12,000 feet into the air—a vast pillar of cloud, catching up the tints of early morning and of evening, and shining at noon with the whiteness of snow.

No attempt has been made to compute the amount of solid material ejected from the various eruptive vents. It must have been enormous. Owing to the direction of the wind at the time, most of this material was borne away northward. It accumulated most thickly around the active vents, but the finer parts were carried to great distances. Ships at sea, 130 miles away from the scene of disturbance, had their decks strewn with dust. The finer particles remained suspended in the air for several days. Dr. Hector found a yellow fog, charged with pungent acid vapour and dust, as he crossed the Bay of Plenty, more than two days after the eruption.

By the earlier explosions that opened out the vents on the Tarawera range, vast quantities of blocks of lava were hurled into the air, and fell back upon the slopes of the mountain. Some of these stones, however, were projected to a distance of fifteen or twenty miles to the east and south-east, while in the opposite direction they did not reach farther than six miles. No doubt, most of these stones were fragments of the solid mass of rock which was blown to pieces by the volcanic explosions that cleared out the vents. But the eye-witnesses of the catastrophe all agree in speaking of "fire-balls," or glowing pieces of rock, that fell in showers with the other debris, and even set fire to the trees. That much of the ejected material had at first a high temperature seems quite certain from the observation of Dr. Hector that the fallen sand, though cool on the surface, was still quite hot a foot or so beneath it six days after the eruption. There is also a general agreement that in the first phase of the eruption, when the vents of the

Tarawera range successively exploded, what is called a "pillar of fire" shot up into the air. It is difficult to understand that this illumination could be produced merely by the electrical discharges from the dust column. Lightning flashes were also observed, and were distinguished from the glare that rose from the crest of the ridge. From the accounts of the survivors, it seems more probable that a column of incandescent lava actually rose up within the mountain, and that the so-called fire was produced by the glow of this white-hot mass upon the volumes of steam that escaped from it. This inference is strengthened by the character of the finer material that accompanied and followed the ejection of the stones and blocks of rock. Enormous quantities of what is described as pumice-sand were blown out of Mount Tarawera, and fell over a tract twenty miles long towards the north. This sand as it fell was hot—so hot, indeed, as to scorch and even set fire to the trees, the burning stumps of which were seen by Dr. Hector in many places. If its temperature was still so high after its flight through the air, it must have been at a red or even white heat inside the mountain. We may perhaps not unreasonably look upon this sand as due to the explosion of the molten lava as it rose within the vent saturated with superheated steam. It is true that the Government geologist watched during two clear nights in the week after the eruption, and failed to detect any illumination of the steam that still issued from the vents along the summit of the range. But the top of the incandescent column might have been reduced so much in height by the successive explosions as not to throw its glare beyond the throat of the volcano.

Among the solid materials ejected during the eruption most attention has been given to the grey mud which played such an important part in the destruction of life and property. As hot mud springs have long been known in the district, and as the site of Lake Rotomahana has been invaded by a group of active mud geysirs, it was naturally enough concluded that the mud which crushed in the houses at Wairoa and prostrated the trees was vomited forth from some of the vents of the neighbourhood. Dr. Hector, however, gives another and more probable explanation. He supposes that the cool south-westerly gale, meeting the great cloud of vapour and dust, drove it away towards the sea and condensed its vapour, which mingled with the fine dust, and fell to the ground as mud. He shows that the mud is absent around the region of the mud geysirs, where the ground is covered with dry sand, and that it is traceable northwards for a distance of nearly forty miles to the Bay of Plenty in the pathway of the wind. It attained a thickness of about one foot on flat ground at Wairoa, gradually thinning away northwards. But where it has fallen on slopes it is readily

softened by rain, and slides down into lower ground. Photographs of the ruined hamlet of Wairoa show the leafless trunks of the trees protruding out of the mud which half fills the roofless houses. It will be long before these deep accumulations of volcanic mud can be turned again into fertile fields, and before the sylvan beauty of the Wairoa woodland can be restored. Where, however, the covering of detritus is thin, it will no doubt soon be ploughed into the soil, and all trace of the eruption will then vanish, save in the effect that may be produced upon cultivation. Analyses of the various kinds of sand, dust, and mud are being made, that the farmers may know what they may have to hope or fear from the visitation of this summer.

Lava is not known to have issued from any of the vents or fissures of the district during this eruption. The flanks of the Tarawera volcano, however, have still to be examined, and possibly on the eastern side of the range some trace of outflowing lava may be found. If this should prove to be the case, it would be a notable exception to what has been regarded as the rule, for it would show the resumption of full volcanic activity after the geysir stage towards extinction had been reached. There are so many features in common between the New Zealand eruption and the earliest recorded one of Vesuvius that we are tempted to speculate on a possible future for Mount Tarawera like that which has characterized the Neapolitan volcano during the last eighteen hundred years. But, even should such a conjecture prove to be true, the presence of another active volcano in the North Island would probably not sensibly affect the prosperity even of the district in the midst of which the mountain stands. Successive eruptions of varying intensity might from time to time bring with them some loss of life and damage to property. But the crumbling lavas and ashes would by degrees yield soil well fitted for cultivation. Farms and gardens would creep up the volcanic slopes as they have for so many centuries done upon Vesuvius. The mountain might become one of the great sights of New Zealand, and even the object of pilgrimages to the Southern Hemisphere.

Meanwhile, the colony is poorer by the loss of its famous terraces, Lakes of seething, sputtering mud, and geysirs casting forth torrents of hot water and steam, are by no means adequate equivalents for the sinter staircases of Te Tarata which have been so utterly effaced. It will be interesting to discover whether, after all the commotion of last June, any sinter-bearing springs have been left in such a position as to begin again the formation of a new set of terraces. But, even if this process were to re-commence at once, many a generation must pass away before anything can be built up at all resembling in extent and beauty what has been destroyed.

From the outburst of the long silent Tarawera volcano, one passes

by a natural transition of thought to the story of the old volcanoes of Britain ; and the question arises whether there is any probability or possibility that, in the revolutions of the future, the volcanic fires may once more be kindled beneath this country. Probably no area of equal extent on the surface of the globe can show the records of so long a succession of volcanic eruptions as are chronicled within the rocky substructure of the British Islands. Again and again, after prolonged intervals when not only had volcanic action ceased, but when the very sites of the volcanoes had been buried out of sight under deep piles of sand and mud, renewed outbreaks have poured forth fresh currents of lava and cast out showers of ashes where now and for long centuries past fields have been reaped and towns have grown. What has been may be again. And it is worthy of remark that, so far as we can judge of the lapse of time in the far past, the interval which separates the last volcanic episode in the geological history of Britain from our own day has been immensely shorter than that which separated it from the immediately preceding volcanic period. We cannot, therefore, say that a renewal of volcanic activity within our borders is impossible. When we have discovered the causes that led to the repeated re-appearance of that activity during the remote past, we may be able to predict with more confidence for the future. The contingency of renewed eruptions is not one which any reasonable geologist would consider to be near or probable ; but it is certainly not one which he would be disposed to dismiss as impossible.

ARCH. GEIKIE.

REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT FOR THE EMPIRE.

THE air is full of schemes, fragmentary or complete, practicable or impracticable, good, bad, or indifferent, whereby may be realized the present general desire to give constitutional form to the new material, and therefore political, growth of the British Empire. I propose in this article to explain certain points that have been ignored in the recent public discussion of this great national problem.

The one main question underlying all others may be defined as the *participation of our Colonies in the Representative Government of the Empire*. And in dealing with this all-important subject it may be convenient to remember that it has its three C's; and that in any united constitutional action the basis must be some mutual arrangement as to common Counsel, in regard to policy; common Control, in regard to measures and actions; common Contribution, in regard to sacrifices in the common cause. As I said, in a paper read before the Royal Colonial Institute in December, 1881:—

“At the present the United Kingdom conducts all Imperial concerns, and provides the necessary revenue. The provisional arrangement is that the United Kingdom is burdened with the supply of an Army, and Navy, and Diplomatic Service, the self-governing colonies undertaking to do their best to defend their own territories, but accepting the risk of foreign wars in return for the protection supplied gratis by the United Kingdom of the lines of communication, and ultimately of all colonial territory. This provisional arrangement will less and less suit actual conditions as the colonies assume greater positive and relative importance.”

As a natural consequence, hitherto the control of the national policy has remained in the hands of the mother country, and there

has been no need or desire for the outlying portions of the nation to take part in the national councils.

But, under this protecting and fostering care of the mother country, the newly acquired portions of the Empire have developed with a rapidity due, in great degree, to immunity from the burdens and anxieties incidental to separate political existence, and from the hindrances and dangers attendant on a growth by the light of individual experience alone. Our colonies, peopled from the first by the most enterprising brains and hands the home islands could send forth, have enjoyed all their young lives immunity from attack by foreign foes, and they have also been aided by men and money whensoever internal difficulties arose. It has been recently calculated that the Cape Colony and Natal have absorbed nearly twenty millions of British taxpayer's money for this one purpose alone. But, above this, the emigrants have not only taken with them from the old country a complete body of laws and customs, and a full grown system of civilization, but they have, in their own legislative and administrative action, upheld certain national principles, such as those forbidding repudiation of public contracts, and those establishing a scrupulous regard for law and order, which have attracted the confidence of the capitalist and the emigrant of all nations.

To-day we are commencing to reap the political harvest of all this sowing and watering and tending. The colonies have grown into States. If we add together population of European stock, total commerce and public expenditure, as roughly typical of the value countries are to the United Kingdom, we find that our colonies and dependencies already rank fifth in the list of the Powers of the world—France, Germany, Russia, and the United States alone exceeding them by this standard.

We have within our Empire, but outside the mother islands, already more than 10 millions of British citizens of European stock; and they are associated with 200 millions of subjects of the Queen of other stock, who are, in all parts of the Empire, profiting by the advantages of civilized and peaceful rule, and thereby aiding trade, industry, and commerce, especially in supplying capitalists with labour in climates where "white" labour is an impossibility.

Already we have invested more than 150 millions sterling in Colonial and Indian Government securities alone, while, in regard to over-sea trade, our fifteen chief customers now stand in the following order:—

TOTAL TRADE WITH UNITED KINGDOM (IN MILLIONS STERLING).

Country.	1885. £.
1. United States	118
2. BRITISH INDIA	63
3. France	59
4. BRITISH AUSTRALASIA	52
5. Germany	50
6. Holland	41
7. Belgium	29
8. BRITISH CROWN COLONIES	28
9. Prussia	24
10. BRITISH NORTH AMERICA	19
11. Sweden and Norway	16
12. China	14
13. Spain	13
14. BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA	13
15. Egypt	12

The British nation has thus passed from being a mother State, with a large family of young children, to being a matron State with a vigorous family of grown-up children : and the question now presses as to how best to arrange for the entry of these grown-up children into real partnership in the National House of Business.

Happily in these days nothing need be said as to the determination of all leading men of the Empire—and not least the heads of the Radical school in England—to compass the best interests of all parts of the Empire by consolidating and cementing the union that has so beneficially come into being. When I advocated this closer union in my book, “New Homes for the Old Country,” published so lately as 1872, there was scarcely one of the leading newspapers which, in noticing these passages in the book, did not allude to them as dealing with what ought to be rather than with what might or would be. The idea was even then alluded to as a pleasant, and indirectly even a useful, but certainly an impracticable dream.

But we know now by the test of actual experience that the colonies, and especially our great self-governing colonies, are ready, nay, eager, to perform their share and bear their burdens in the common defence of the Empire and its communications. In other words, of their own material growth and weight these greater colonies are coming forward to claim their right position as integral partners in the national affairs, and they claim this right in virtue of fulfilling their duties and bearing their fair burdens.

It is especially noteworthy in the history of this case that these colonies have not come forward first of all to claim their rights to a

share in Counsel and Control, and, secondly, to offer Contribution. But they have come forward by the more honourable, more reasonable, more British path of generously and freely facing the burdens of a common citizenship, and leaving to pure natural growth the inevitable further development of their proper share in Counsel and Control.

It may be remarked, in passing, that the one dominant fact of the present epoch, is the tendency towards co-operation and union among neighbouring communities, and the consequence is the rapid agglomeration of great nations on federal or national lines. Absorption into one or other of these seems the inevitable fate awaiting all individually small communities. The problem for ourselves has its particular characteristics, but we are compelled, if our various colonies and dependencies are not to be engulfed in alien States, and our mother islands reduced to a low and useless position among nations, to make every effort to solve the great problem of closer political union for our own Empire.

Before I pass to practical steps that may now be taken towards realizing the central problem—viz., participation in the Representative Government of the Empire, I would instance two important points that have scarcely as yet attracted the attention which is their due—viz., the position of the Agents-General, and the position of our Crown colonies and dependencies.

THE AGENTS-GENERAL.

It has now become customary for the Agents-General of our great self-governing colonies to wait upon an outgoing Secretary of State to bid him farewell, and for the incoming Colonial Secretary to call them together to greet them.

When Lord Granville the other day bade them good-by, the Canadian High Commissioner expressed the high appreciation entertained by himself and his colleagues, of "the disposition always shown by the Secretary of State to meet, as far as possible, the views of the governments they (the Agents-General) represented;" and Lord Granville, in reply, expressed "his opinion of the importance of having the colonies represented, as they were, in London, and of the advantage he had derived from the presence of these representatives, and the advice and assistance they had been able to render him in those matters of very great importance in which personal communications were extremely advantageous."

So, also, in receiving the Agents-General, on his recent accession to office, Mr. Stanhope said he "would gladly avail himself of the advice and assistance of the Agents-General in this country, whose presence he considered a very great advantage to Her Majesty's Government."

But it is desirable that the public should rightly understand the full significance of this growing inclination to treat the Agents-General as the political representatives of the colonies.

Popularly speaking, the Agents-General of the present day have developed from two germs—viz., emigration agents and financial agents. The grant of local self-government to any colony made it responsible for its own internal affairs; and among these the procuring of labour and capital called for the presence in England of accredited agents to carry on the negotiations and correspondence.

The colonies have been served by a succession of most capable agents, and it is a special satisfaction to me to record this, as I have had the privilege of knowing nearly all of them personally.

But if the Agents-General are to become full-powered political representatives, two questions must be determined:—What are to be their relations to the Governments of their respective colonies, and what is to be the character of their connection with the Imperial Government?

In regard to their own colonies, two diverging views have been entertained. On the one hand, the Agent-General has been regarded merely as the official “business” representative of whatever Government may be in power at the moment in the colony, he being merely their mouthpiece and agent in England for business purposes. On the other hand, there are those who would regard the Agent-General rather as a member of the Colonial Government resident in England, and charged with the conduct of all affairs, “business” or political, which can best be conducted by an agent and representative resident in England. The former view is that more generally held, but the latter was initiated when the Canadian Government appointed a “Minister-Resident in England,” and more lately a member of the Colonial Ministry has come to represent Queensland in London.

In regard to their connection with the Imperial Government, in a recent letter to the *Times*, Sir Daniel Cooper alluded to the often quoted suggestion that the Agents-General might form the nucleus of a Colonial Council of Advice in England. This suggestion brings us face to face with a grave constitutional difficulty, which is well known to all with official experience, but of which it is as well the public also should be cognisant. The Secretary of State promises to consult the Agents-General, who may be taken to represent the views of the Government of their respective colonies for the time being. But the head of the Colonial Government is the Governor, and in strict constitutional theory he, the representative of the Queen in the colony, is the sole connecting link between the self-governing colony and the Imperial Government, and sole channel of confidential communication. It is the Governor who has the full responsibility on the spot, especially in all matters or acts occurring within the colony, but which influence or affect other communities outside the particular colony. The Colonial Ministry determine on a course of policy or action, and even supposing this has the support of the Colonial Parliament, yet if, in the opinion of the Governor, it either

be contrary to law, or infringe any of the rights of other colonies or of foreign nations, the Governor has to intervene, and, if need be, refuse to accept the advice of his Ministers. He is responsible to the inhabitants of the colony for duly carrying out his proper and defined functions as representative of the Empire in the colonial constitution.

It is obvious, therefore, that if the Agents-General are to advise the Imperial Government, there will be, under present arrangements, risk of collision with the proper functions of the Governor and his Ministry.

The Agents-General, *quid* Agents-General, can and do give invaluable information, and they may tender advice that is, of course, very highly valued. But they have at present no claim whatever that that advice shall be followed; and they have no claim to any voice whatever in the control of policy. The Governors likewise supply information and tender counsel; but they, also, have no right or claim to have their advice taken.

Before determining on any remedial steps it would be well to lay down a great line of demarcation between matters arranged for in England, which do and which do not affect those outside any particular colony. There are questions of emigration, and borrowing, and contracts, and supplies, and official appointments, which are absolutely confined within the frontiers of the colony. These are matters concerning the colony alone; and they are matters which are entirely and solely in the hands of the business representative of the colony.

But on the other side of this line of demarcation are all questions and all matters also affecting persons outside the colony. These, as I have said, must be in the hands of the political representative of the colony. Now it is perfectly possible for the business representative and the political representative to be one and the same man. But the two branches of work must be kept entirely distinct and separate. The business representative is already in constitutional existence; but in regard to political representation in the Imperial councils at the present moment no constitutional step has yet been taken.

OUR CROWN COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES.

And now to the second point—viz., the position of our Crown Colonies and Dependencies.

From the table of trade I have given it will be seen that more than one-half of the business of the Empire with the mother country is conducted, not with the self-governing colonies, but with India and the Crown colonies, which may for constitutional purposes be described rather as dependencies than colonies proper.

In both these groups white labour is impossible. The consequence is that these British possessions cannot rank as communities

of European stock. The bulk of industry and trade is carried on by means of "European" capital and administration and management. The capital and control, so to speak, are domiciled in England, while the labour is domiciled in the dependency. Those who are practically acquainted with the administration of India, or of any of our tropical colonies, are well aware, for instance, that the proprietors of the industries and trade of those places are, for the most part, resident in England, and that in any administrative changes in the Crown colonies or India, these actual proprietors make a justifiable claim to be heard: they are also well aware that, so far as the local residents are concerned, the employers and the employed are of distinctly different races, and the proprietary is non-resident. As a consequence, the Imperial Government has the direct as well as the ultimate responsibility in the administration.

The protection of the native races is a task typical of the administration of these tropical dependencies. I have seen for myself how the Governments of our self-governing colonies deal with native races in New Zealand, in Australia, and at the Cape; and I unhesitatingly affirm that such Governments are just as jealous of the British reputation for justice, nay, for kindness, towards native races as is the Home Government. And in addition to this, the members of the Colonial Governments, I know, feel to the full the duty that abides in the empire to continue to all its weaker parts that fostering care and generous friendship which was extended with so lavish a hand by the mother country to these very colonies themselves in the days of their youth. Then, too, these greater colonies understand thoroughly the high importance to their own prosperity of those trading stations, and those military outposts and naval depôts, with which the Imperial Government has circled the earth. Our self-governing colonies are thus not only duly grateful, but fully prepared to take their part and share in the administration and the maintenance of our great tropical dependencies, and our Imperial stations and depôts.

REPRESENTATION OF THE COLONIES IN THE GOVERNMENT.

Wherefore, in determining on any practical scheme of constitutional reorganization, with a view to admitting the great self-governing colonies to a fitting share in Imperial Counsel, Control and Contribution, we have to decide whether the present provisional arrangements are sufficient, which consist in the quasi-diplomatic and anomalous representations conveyed by Governors and by Agents-General, and strictly limited to the Executive and the Administration; or whether the time approaches when we must devise some further steps whereby our great self-governing colonies may obtain direct and responsible representation in the Imperial Government and the Imperial Legislature.

In regard to a desirable step for establishing the political representation of our colonies, and one that is immediately practicable, I have elsewhere suggested in detail that, just as there is now a tendency to give over the executive affairs of England, Ireland, Scotland and India to separate Ministers, so the Secretary of State for the Colonies might have the assistance of separate secretaries for Canada, for Australia and for South Africa. Such a step would at once secure the responsible representation in the Imperial *Government* of those great groups of colonies; and it might be hoped that from the first these offices would be filled by Members of Parliament, whether in the Upper or the Lower House, specially selected by those portions of the Empire, and, if possible, personally connected with the colonies represented.

In regard to the further step of direct representation in the Imperial *Legislature*, there would seem to be little difficulty in this, when once the Imperial Parliament has succeeded in its endeavour to relieve itself of those parish affairs of the United Kingdom which now forcibly claim so excessive a portion of its time and attention. So soon as the Imperial Parliament becomes again Imperial, in nature as well as in name, there will be but little difficulty in securing within it the representation, direct and responsible, of our great self-governing colonies; for in those days the Imperial Parliament will busy itself only with Imperial affairs.

In the meantime a wise step may be at once taken to enlarge the Colonial Department of the Imperial Government by giving Canada, Australasia, and South Africa direct voices in the Imperial Administration and Executive. Under-Secretaries for these great groups, inspired and supported by specially accredited advisers, could authoritatively place before the country the details of such Imperial questions as those relating to the New Hebrides, Nova Scotia fisheries, Zululand, and others which affect special portions of the Empire; and in the larger questions of defence, treaties, commercial regulations, postal affairs and other matters of Imperial importance, these same representatives could be at once the channels for the responsible communications of the views and wishes of the self-governing colonies, and also themselves become cognisant of all the information, even that known as confidential or secret, at the command of the Imperial Government. The high practical importance of this latter condition is one ignored too frequently by the public, but well appreciated by all those with actual official experience.

I hope that these suggestions may contribute something towards the necessary and speedy settlement of this great question, one of such vital importance to every citizen of our wide Empire.

GEORGE BADEN-POWELL.

ALEXANDER I. OF BULGARIA.

“ I CANNOT fight the whole world ! ” said the Prince of Bulgaria to me in his little konak at Pirot on the morrow of the visit of Graf von Khevenhüller to him with an order from the Emperor of Austria to stay the onward march upon Nisch of the victorious Bulgarian army, under penalty of finding himself face to face with Austrian troops. The Austrian representative had added, on his own account, that, if the Austrian troops did enter Servia, the Russians would enter Bulgaria and Eastern Roumania by Varna and Bourgas. Count von Khevenhüller was not authorized to say this, but he did not hint as much, and at least he did not take care to differentiate his opinions from his instructions, while he unquestionably left, probably purposely left, Prince Alexander under the impression that if he advanced “ one kilometre ” beyond his then position in front of Pirot there would be a concerted movement against Bulgaria by the two Great Empires. It is probable that the Austrian diplomatist’s exaggeration of his instructions saved to the Servians not merely a battle in which they would have been certain of defeat—demoralized as they were, partly by the example of their King, partly by four days of disastrous retreats—but, what was of even more importance, the great junction of Nisch, which will form the nucleus of the Balkan railway system. And it is also probable that if the Bulgarians, who had pushed their outposts already close to Bela Palanka, had actually obtained possession of Nisch, they would have risked a long-continued if not general war rather than give it up, for it is destined to become not only a great strategical but also a great industrial centre. To be peremptorily stopped when they had it in the hollow of their hand was galling enough, but they are a very practical people, and there was not a man in the army who did not soon know

what had happened in the konak and did not feel that compliance with the Austrian demand was inevitable.

It was under these circumstances that his Highness, taking a cigarette from his mouth, slightly shrugged his broad shoulders, and, throwing open the palms of his hands, said in a deprecating way, "I cannot fight the whole world." It was impossible not to sympathize with the situation in which he found himself through no fault of his own. The revolution in Phillipopolis on September 18, 1885, was none of his contriving. He had been superintending some manœuvres between Rustchuk and Shumla, where he had been accompanied by Major Trotter, C.B., R.E., our military attaché at Constantinople, who, completely in the Prince's confidence, had not the least suspicion, when he found himself by accident in company with Consul-General Fawcett, of Constantinople, at Phillipopolis, on his way back to the Bosphorus, that he was to assist, in the French sense of the word, at the first scene of very notable events indeed. His Highness was not only not in the secret of the Phillipopolis outbreak; it was excessively inconvenient for him in many ways. But he was equal to the occasion. Travelling in a droschky day and night, he reached the East Roumelian capital early on the second day, having covered nearly three hundred kilometres. He took the helm at once; before evening, order reigned at Phillipopolis, and early the next day he laid the foundations of the policy which he has pursued ever since. He found himself and the new departure uncompromisingly opposed by Turkey, Russia, Austria, Germany, and even Italy. He had but two friends, Great Britain and Roumania, and the latter did not count for much. Happily, there was in temporary charge of the English Embassy at Therapia the one diplomatist in our service who has the fullest possible knowledge of the Balkan problems, and he had special influence with the Sublime Porte. Single-handed, in conversation at Porte and Palace, in ambassadorial meetings, in formal conferences in the Council-room at Tophané arsenal, he fought the battle of Balkan freedom, and by sheer persistence won it, in spite of the intrigues of M. de Nelidoff, and of the open and pertinacious opposition of Herr von Radowitz, Germany's very able ambassador. Before Sir Wm. White's virtual victory, which has, however, never yet been formally admitted by the Three Empires of Central Europe, the Prince of Bulgaria was attacked by King Milan of Servia, whose army of nearly 200,000 men all told, drilled and to a large extent officered by Austrians, expected an easy walk over, or at any rate into Sofia, for the purpose of executing his Belgrade Majesty's self-imposed mandate of maintaining the balance of power in the Balkan peninsula. Considering how absolutely dependent Servia was upon Austria, how her gambling monarch was to all intents and purposes a viceroy with powers held from the Hofburg, it is difficult to

believe that he could have begun a war game, in which he fancied he held the winning cards, without direct permission from the Austrian Chancellery. I have, however, been assured in Vienna, on all but the very highest authority, that this he did not have ; that King Milan moved both suddenly and against the wish of Austria ; and that the real reason for his action was the fear of deposition if he did not carry out the behests of his people and the all but unanimous desire of his Skouptchina. To oppose the Serb advance on Sofia, the Prince of Bulgaria had but three battalions on the frontier—one at Zaribrod, one in the Dragoman Pass, and one at Trn, somewhat to the south of the main road from Nisch to Sofia. He had in all his principality but twenty-four battalions of regulars with eighty guns belonging to Bulgaria, or about 10,000 men, though he had "possibilities" in the way of militia to the extent of some 80,000 men, nominal, partly from Bulgaria, partly from Eastern Roumelia. Desultory fighting on the frontier led to the retirement of the Bulgarian forces. They were driven back to Slivnitza, a village within a mile of a low pass which few soldiers would care to have to hold, for it could be easily outflanked on two sides, and commanded on one. The troops of Bulgaria had been too few to hold the really strong but extended position of Dragoman, and so it came about that the Servians had got within twenty miles of the new Bulgarian capital. Then the Prince hurried up some troops and made a stand at Slivnitza, where he maintained a three days' fight, having fresh troops continually arriving until he was strong enough to attempt outflanking and a charge with the bayonet. The Serbs fled : they continued flying for four days, and then they made a stand at Pirot, a town of some 8,000 inhabitants, and centre of a district containing at least 76,000 people who, after a good deal of discussion at Berlin, had been ceded to Servia. Once more King Milan's very superior forces were beaten, after a street fight which was of the most terrible sort, for the town was taken and re-taken and taken again by the brave Bulgars, still under the personal direction of their beloved Prince, on November 27. On the 28th, Count von Khevenhüller was signalled in the morning at the outposts, and conducted to the Prince. What was there for it but to conform to his demand ?

I have not space to tell the many incidents of that one week's memorable campaign. For those who read German it has been written once for all in "*Der Kampf der Bulgaren um ihre National-einheit*," by Herr A. von Huhn, Paris correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette*, who is, to my mind, one of the very first, if not the first, of living war correspondents, who had his training as a German officer in the great days of 1866 and 1870, and who accompanied Prince Alexander through the Balkan campaign of 1877-8, as well as through the diplomacy and murderous strife of last winter. It is strange that such a book on such a subject should not before now

have found an English translator. As I was privileged to see only a very small part of the Pirot campaign, it would be useless to attempt to cover the ground which Herr von Huhn has made his own; but I venture to offer the criticism that he has not paid sufficient attention to the brilliant defence of Widdin by Major (then Captain) Ozounoff against a force of Serbs fully four times stronger than his militia and volunteer brigade. Herr von Huhn bears the highest testimony to the great military capacity and qualities of the Prince, who stands six feet and an inch in his boots, and is as fine a specimen of a man as one can find in a day's walk. His father, Prince Alexander of Hesse Darmstadt, is as tall, but slight; the Prince of Bulgaria is not stout, but is very muscular and altogether more largely made. The best representation of him *en grande tenue* is Backofen's Darmstadt photograph, to be found, with other names upon it, in many of our shop windows. But his Highness, to my mind, looks much better in his field uniform, the grey coat, with silver shoulder-straps and the black sword-belt which crosses the right shoulder and the expansive breast, becoming him well. In it he looks, even when he wears the kalpac, or Bulgarian national cap of black unborn-lamb's skin, every inch a leader of men, and on it appears only one bit of red ribbon, that of the Order of Alexander—which he has founded, which no other State has recognized, considering that his position as a prince under the suzerainty of Turkey did not authorize him to found an Order, and the star of which has been worn by no great potentate save only, and curiously enough, the present Czar of all the Russias. As a rule, however, the Prince, at any rate in the field, wears the flat cap, with a coloured button in front, common to officers of the German and Russian armies, and undoubtedly it becomes his firm face and well-trimmed beard and full moustache better than the curly lambskin. His eyes are brown, steady, and frank, but piercing; his expression gentle, gracious, amiable, even kindly; he has, however, great firmness in the lower part of his face, and especially in his lips; and if he has often an air of melancholy, it is probably less natural to him than engendered by circumstances, and particularly by the lonely life he has endured for so long, believing, it would seem rightly enough, that for a while Sofia was no place for a European princess-regnant. His voice is clear, though not loud, his syllabic pronunciation and intonation being excellent; he speaks German, Russian, Bulgarian, and French with perfect facility, knows English well, though he is out of practice in speaking it, and can converse in Turkish. His complexion is good—not so fair as his father's has evidently been, but still far from dark; and his eyebrows, well arched, somehow give one the idea that he is not thoroughly German. This impression is increased by the charm of his manner, for, whatever may be the great qualities of the princely and imperial families of the

Vaterland, they do not commonly shine in those which put an interlocutor fully at his ease. Yet some of his pleasant ways the Prince may well have acquired from his father. What is perhaps most striking about him, nevertheless, is partly Russian, partly Hebrew. No one who has moved much about the world can have failed to be pleased with the best Russian manner, out of Russia. It is all that there is of the most gracious, agreeable, entrancing, winning. Something of the same sort may be noted in the *haute finance* when one is thought worth cultivating, even temporarily. And the friends of the Prince of Bulgaria say he gets this from his mother, who was a daughter of one Count of Hauke, a Minister of War in Poland before the last partition. There are those who maintain that this lady was originally, to use Lord Beaconsfield's expression, "of the faith that Peter professed before he followed his Master," and this may indeed account for what appears to have been Prince Alexander's intuitive acquaintance with the Oriental character, and for the singular absence of prejudice which distinguishes him and which made him such a valuable factor in Bulgaria. For it cannot be denied that one of the difficulties of influencing the people of the principality is their invincible objection to strangers. General Skobelev found this out very soon, for he said to me in Constantinople, in April 1878, that he would never have willingly set foot in Bulgaria if he had known how "ungrateful" and "selfish" the people were. Centuries of Ottoman rule probably intensified, if they did not create, this antipathy; and the conduct of the Russians, as well during the war as during the occupation, and then again during the period when they were virtual rulers of the Bulgarian army, did not go to ameliorate the objection. There is not a man of the Bulgars who does not believe they can work out their own political salvation; but their Prince has taught them that one foreign head, who is not by nature a tyrant, subdues sectional jealousies, and should act as the balance-wheel of the national machine. There does not exist an unbribed Bulgarian who does not conceive his country only needs to be let alone by outsiders; and yet there is in Bulgaria, from end to end thereof, so little "sweetness and light," so little that shows even elements of culture, so little which is not sordid and shabby and mean and filthy, that visitors may well wonder how progress is to be ensured if it be not introduced and assisted *ab extrâ*. The Prince was essentially the man to do this thing; he was as noted for polish as a Russian, he was as thorough as a German, as "straight" as a Briton. Under his eye, Sofia, from being a big Asiatic village, was taking on the aspect of a European city; but the people have not lost in any way their Bulgarian prejudices. These are so deep and permeating that I really believe if Alexander I. were to be succeeded by either of the Russian Grand Dukes Vladimir, Alexis, Sergius, or Paul, that Prince would, in the course of five years at most, feel compelled to

become as anti-Russian as Colonel Moutkuroff himself, or M. Stambuloff, the President of the Regency.

The Prince of Bulgaria—for private advices point to the probability that the Greater National Assembly, which, elected by plebiscite, is to meet in a few days at the old capital of Tirnova, and which cannot fail to be influenced by the dominant feeling in the army, will not accept his abdication—was undoubtedly, when nominated by Russia, elected by the people, and confirmed by the Powers, very thoroughly devoted to the interests of his aunt's husband, the Czar Alexander II. But even if the late Emperor had survived the catastrophe of March 13, 1881, it is impossible to doubt that the alienation of the Prince would have occurred very much in the same way in which it has come about. The Russian agent and officers made the position intolerable, and they reaped the fruit of what they had sown. The Prince remained loyal to the Muscovite policy so long as it was possible; then he had to choose between being an active agent in repressing his people and seeking for advice and support in the West. He chose the latter course, not without much searching of heart and mind; but his people were not sufficiently awake to the sacrifice he was personally making, and it was not until King Milan made his apparently overwhelming movement on the Bulgarian capital that the country found it had to depend only on the prudence, the sagacity, and the soldierly acquirements of its ruler, and then it gave its heart at once to the hero of Slivnitsa. I forget whether the Prince was present when one of his principal officers said, in reply to an inquiry of mine, that the pro-Russian party "consisted, then, of M. Zankoff and eight others," the "then" being the week after the capture of Pirot, and that they were, and would remain, a minority not worth troubling one's head about. But I remember distinctly that the Prince, when conversed with on the same subject and told of the open treason which M. Zankoff was uttering in such a way that he even used the most outrageous language about his Highness in the presence of Mr. Edgar Whitaker, the *Times'* correspondent, replied that he had been urged to deal with these men under the existing martial law; that he had refused, because there must always be an Opposition in any country, and it was better to let the very small sore remain open than by severity to drive the canker inwards. Even at the last, when the outrage upon his person had been carried out by this Zankoff and those whom the ex-Premier and ex-Minister of the Interior had corrupted with Russian gold, I have reasons in writing from Sofia for believing that if he had been permitted by Russia and Germany to allow the law to take its course, and the offenders had been convicted, he would have only exiled the politicians and sent to a short imprisonment the military rebels. But when the law of the land was interfered with by external authority, it is hardly any wonder if he despaired of the State.

He took a very quick interest in the British elections, which were going on at the time I was in the habit of seeing him daily. On one occasion he asked whether it would be better for the independence of Bulgaria that Mr. Gladstone or Lord Salisbury should be successful. The reply was that, as far as the principle of the virtual independence of Bulgaria was concerned, one of the chieftains would be just as good as the other, but that Mr. Gladstone was somewhat hampered occasionally by the remnants of the Peace party, and Lord Salisbury would therefore be more likely to back the opinion of England by her army and fleet, though neither the one nor the other would let England fight single-handed for any cause in the Balkans. I learned afterwards that his Highness had obtained precisely the same opinion from high quarters in this country.

His younger brother, Prince Francis-Joseph, whose company and spirited demeanour has been a great consolation to the Prince of Bulgaria through the troubles of the last three years, is a fine frank and able young officer, but as he has not had the experience of his senior, so he has not developed the same manifest abilities. It is perhaps permissible now to say that he went to Bulgaria in the capacity of Prince-hereditary, pending events, and pending the still distant question of his brother's marriage. He has just entered on his twenty-sixth year, and will be heard of again, if I do not greatly misread his character. The Prince of Bulgaria will complete his thirtieth year next April, and that month will see the seventh anniversary of his election. Nothing would be less surprising than to find him back in Sofia long before that time; indeed, if he does return, it will need all the firmness of his will and all the steadiness of his character to prevent the people from proclaiming him King of the Two Bulgarias. Nor would that be a huge misfortune from the point of view of any Power except Russia, for the recognition of Roumanian independence by the Treaty of Berlin has done more to checkmate Russia on the Danube and the Black Sea than anything else achieved at the memorable Congress of June-July, 1878. But before that example can be followed, there is a great question to be settled in Macedonia, as no one is better aware than the Prince of Bulgaria. Of course he did not use the language attributed to him at Sofia by the Havas Agency, which is notoriously inspired by the Muscovite agents wherever one of its correspondents is placed. Any one who knows the Prince at all must have felt that the telegram embodying a promise that he would always be ready to fight in the Bulgarian ranks for Macedonia was a Russian attempt to prejudice the Prince in the eyes of the Sultan. But the Macedonian question will not keep long, all the same; and some of the best judges do not believe it will keep beyond the next Greek Easter. The Porte, at any rate, has taken its measures accordingly. But whether the

forces which occupy that district will be permitted by the timidity of the Sultan to act when the time comes is another matter; and even a day's hesitation may lose the province to the Ottoman Empire. Nor could anything prevent a large number of Bulgarian volunteers crossing the frontier to aid their brethren if the signal were once given—not even, as I believe, the presence and prudence of Prince Alexander. It opens too large a question to discuss what would be the course of Austria in Bosnia and the Herzegovina, of Serbia in regard to Old Serbia, and of Greece in the Janina and cognate claims. The train is laid, and if any one can prevent the firing of it leading to a general explosion that man is the Prince of Bulgaria. It is this Macedonian question on which hinge Russia's promises not to interfere in Bulgaria so long as internal order is maintained. There is no fear about the disturbance of internal order, either in Bulgaria or Eastern Roumelia, if Russian agents will let Macedonia alone. If not—and here I believe I express the thorough conviction of those who have had the best opportunities of knowing the Prince of Bulgaria's mind—there is no chance of limiting the field of action in the spring without a settled government and a firm hand at Sofia and Phillipopolis. The devotion of his people would stand the Prince in good stead; he could count on their obedience and self-restraint if he judged it expedient to influence the “brothers over the border” to wait a little longer. But no new Prince could exercise this curbing power, and this idea has dawned upon some in Serbia and many in Hungary and Roumania, as well as in Austria and in Greece. Turkey, as usual, seems blind to her own manifest interest in every direction save preparing for repression. England can only hope for quiet development from the Danube to the Ægean, and such quiet development will be mainly aided by the restoration of the Prince of Bulgaria to his capital. If this is not to be, then all is lost for the Ottoman Empire in Europe, and, what is more, a Russian province will extend from the Danube to within striking distance of the Mediterranean, and the new-born and promising liberties of the people of the Two Bulgarias will be crushed under the heel of military governors in the name of the Czar. The calm, cool, brave Prince, who is waiting at Darmstadt for the verdict of the Greater National Assembly of Bulgaria, will be a potent agent in the hands of nations which desire rational freedom to prevail in the Balkan peninsula, if they obtain his restoration. His absence when the rapidly approaching time for firmness comes will be, in my mind, and I doubt not in that of all who have thought out the question from any but a Muscovite standpoint, not more a misfortune for Bulgaria than for the whole of the people of the East, since freedom under Turkish suzerainty is within the bounds of human conception, while freedom under the Russian Czar is nothing but a contradiction in terms.

CHARLES WILLIAMS.

THE MODERN COMIC NEWSPAPER.

THE EVOLUTION OF A POPULAR TYPE.

TO-DAY in England, where realists, outside of the Society of British Artists, are as yet so small a minority that they count for nothing, it is a mark of culture to prefer the past to the present. Perhaps, unconsciously, science has encouraged this preference by teaching, as a basis to all study, that the knowledge of what has been is the explanation of what is. One must be a Ruskin or a Pre-Raphaelite Brother to dispute evolutionary truths. But it is unfortunate that so often interest in earlier social and moral intellectual and natural conditions lessens that in their existing developments. The student who begins by analyzing sun myths, mediæval morals, and savage customs, because of their relations to Christianity and civilized society, but too likely ends by caring more for the affairs of pre-historic Aryans, Middle-aged Italians, or contemporary cannibals, than for those of his fellow countrymen. The cultured man who studies the art, literature, and life of earlier generations, gradually loses all pleasure in the things that are still about him. To enjoy fields and woods, and the sweet scents and sounds of summer, he must go back to Sicily with Theocritus. To find a fitting heroine for his song he must resurrect a Fausta or a Messalina, a fair mediæval sinner perhaps, but none later than a patched and powdered belle of the eighteenth century. Giotto and Botticelli are the standards for art; Villon and Herrick for poetry; the Borgias and Roman emperors for morals. Men would worship at the shrine of Cotytto or Astarte, and be redeemed from modern virtue; women would dress like Veronese or Gainsborough beauties, and be reclaimed from modern fashion. To use Mr. Rose's figure of speech in the "New Republic," "the cultured of to-day linger so long in the boundless gardens of the past, that they forget to enter the house of the present."

Consequently the house, or rather their apartment in it, is bare and without signs of life. Or, to drop figures of speech, the present age, as reflected in the works of the educated classes, has but a negative character. Though the passion of the past was as strong during the Renaissance as it is to-day, then it confined itself to one definite period, now it embraces all bygone generations; then it came from a real love for one particular phase of culture, now it is rather a contemptuous indifference to the modern world. The creations of the Renaissance were as strongly marked as were their classic models or Gothic abominations. Most of the books written, pictures painted, and buildings erected during the latter half of the nineteenth century, are distinguished by nothing but authors', artists', and architects' indifference to the age in which they live. It seems as if so-called modern culture was gained only at the expense of positive character in its literary and artistic expressions. For this reason it is not so difficult to sympathize with Mr. Ruskin's regret that all children must be taught their fathers were apes and their mothers winkles. It is but too likely education for the masses will destroy whatever is peculiar to the thoughts and beliefs of the masses of to-day, just as the railroad is rapidly reducing costume and customs to uniformity.

However, the people, for all the modern schoolboards and public school systems, are, practically speaking, still uneducated. Moreover, from stern necessity as well as small knowledge of the past, they continue to live in the present. Therefore, the expression of their mental or moral attitude, whatever may be its intrinsic merit, is of more value relatively than the representative work of the educated. However it may be ignored to-day, the Greens of posterity will prize it because of this relative significance even more than poems like Mr. Swinburne's "*Atalanta in Calydon*," or pictures like Mr. Burne-Jones' "*Mermaids and Sybils*." The people, of course, do not find the definite means of expression of the educated. As a rule, they do not write books and criticisms and newspaper leaders, paint pictures, or design the houses and churches they often build. Indeed, only occasionally in the past—as in the sculptured grotesques of the Middle Ages—have they expressed themselves in concrete forms. But the beliefs and amusements they have unconsciously evolved have always in all times been the true reflection of their character. To know what a man believes and laughs at is to know the manner of man he is. The wild witch revels of the Brocken reveal the rebellious spirit of mediæval slaves as clearly as could the most eloquent jeremiad. The jests of Pulcinello expose the absurdities of Neapolitans better than would a serious analysis of their failings. All such developments, so long as they are not immediate products of the present, are recognized as legitimate studies. A Michelet is honoured for demonstrating the full meaning of the witch legend; a

Maurice Sand for recording the history of masks and buffoons. But the faith or fun that is the outcome of the age seems to the cultured too vulgar and commonplace for serious consideration. And yet the English people of to-day have beliefs and amusements—despite Mr. Besant and the Beaumont trustees—as important in their significance and relations as Aryan sun myths or Brocken revels on the one hand, or as *Atellanæ Fabulæ* or *Commedia dell' Arte* on the other. Furthermore, the student, by tracing the course of these modern developments, would be better able to understand similar growths in the past. The subject is a large one; to study it fully would be to study the history of the people. It is only possible within the small compass of a magazine article to consider one phase of belief or of amusement, and as the present is an over-serious age, it may be more profitable to choose for the purpose a form of recreation rather than a form of faith. It will at least prove that while the few—the *saving remnant* perhaps Mr. Arnold would call them—seek from earlier generations motives for tears or laughter, the many find plenty to laugh at in their own times.

The examination of popular recreations shows that there has always been a strong though unconscious need to personify common and usually not very laudable instincts of human beings, and to set up the consequent personifications to public laughter. From this need has been evolved all famous characters or types—the Maccus and Pappus of the ancients, the Arlecchino and Pulcinello of the Italians, the Scapin and Pierrot of the French, the Hans Wurst of the Germans. It is a curious fact that man is never so much amused as at his own expense. The reason these types made him laugh was because they were the reflections of his own moral shortcomings. Had they personified his virtues, he would have found them dull. Therefore their history, as George Sand has said, is not merely a study of certain grotesque and farcical developments, but that of real character, which can thus be followed in its growth and changes for better or worse from the most remote antiquity to our own age, by an uninterrupted tradition of humorous fantasies, radically serious enough, like everything that strips and exposes the miseries of the moral man. It seems as if Democritus only laughed to justify the tears of Heraclitus.

If more definite knowledge of Maccus and Pappus was to be had, the philosophy of Rome might be better understood. As it is, they, like ruins on the Palatine and statues from the Tiber or the Campagna, are chiefly useful as subjects for the disputes which often seem the real, if not nominal, end of modern archæologists. In the Italian masques, their legitimate descendants, not only the national character, but its every modification in town or province, was reflected. It was to satirize the pompous pedants of Bologna that

the Dottore was invented; to set up to ridicule the parsimony of Venetian merchants Pantaleone was given a place in the *Commedia dell'Arte*. Brighella was as quick and active and witty as the people of the upper town of Bergamo; Arlecchino as lazy and stupid and ignorant as those of the lower town. Pulcinello was the witty, slow, macaroni-, *dolce-far-niente*-loving Neapolitan. There is scarcely an Italian city that did not, early or late, contribute its jester to the national comedy, just as to-day there is scarcely one that does not send its representative to the head-quarters of the Carnival. The list is interminable—Cassandrino and Caviello, Scapino and Scaramuccio, Spavento and Tartaglia, Rugantino and Stenterello—one might fill pages with their names. This very multiplicity is far more typical of the country than Pulcinello, usually looked upon as the great national masque. For all the military and naval proofs of the unity of Young Italy, she is even now a nation only in name. Sicilians already clamour for Home Rule; Neapolitans are for ever on the point of revolution. It is therefore characteristic that in the old days, when there was as yet no talk of unity, each city within its walls was as independent in creating laughter as in making laws.

While the Italian *Yorick* and M. Magnin have to their own satisfaction showed their learning in establishing the true origin of Polichinelle, neither has disputed his position as a popular French type. What he is, is of much more importance than where he came from. If he did inherit his lumps from Maccus, his peculiar jollity and wit, his gasconnades, his gallantry, his scepticism, above all, his freedom of thought and speech, are French, not Roman. He is a loyal caricature, not merely of Henry IV., as M. Magnin finds him, but of Michelet's Gaul. Like all French or Gallic free-thinkers, from Pelagius to Voltaire, from Voltaire to Renan, he is his own guide in religious as in secular matters. He fears God but little, the Devil not at all. He laughs alike at the orthodox and the reformer. In a word, he is noble in his independence or base in his anarchism, according as he is judged from a conservative or a liberal standpoint. Of course he is gallant; he would be no Frenchman if he were not. But though somewhat of a rake, it is his boast

“ Quoi qu'un peu libre en ses propos
Ne fait point rougir la donzelle
Qu'il divertit par ses propos.”

It is equally of course, that he makes a joke of everything. “The fault to which the character of this” (*i.e.*, the French) “nation most verges,” says Kant, “is the tendency to trifling or (to express it by a more courteous expression) to levity. Matters of weight are treated as jests, and trifles serve for the most serious occupation of the faculties.” In the caricature the fault is exaggerated, not modified. Pierrot—the original, and not Gaspard Deburan's crea-

tion—is also a Gaul to the heart's core, as amorous as the ancient barbarians who overran France, and the modern Frenchman who delights in the *Petit Journal* and the *Vie Parisienne*. He, too, is a worshipper at the altar of the Goddess of Lubricity.

"Boire avec la brunette
La soir au retour,"

This is his highest ideal of pleasure. That he says what he thinks, and knows no social distinction is likewise a part of his Gallic inheritance. Valet or peasant, as the case may be, he has sprung from the people, and typifies the independence of the individual as it exists among them rather than among the educated classes and acknowledged rulers. With him it seems born of a simplicity akin to that of Sancho Panza, and an imbecility not far removed from that of the earliest Arlecchino. He is the opposite of Scapin, the quick-witted, the lively, ready with his repartee and skilful in intrigue. Half the humour of the old English clown was the outcome of his stolid stupidity; all the fun of the French Scapin results from his natural vivacity. Capitaine Fracasse is not merely Spavento under another name. It is a little difficult to point out the distinction. Every nation since the days of Plautus has had its harmless swaggering cowards, its braggarts, who fight with eyes shut. But in Fracasse there is something of the genial boasting and struggling between cowardice and vanity of a Tartarin, for example. In Fracasse, to be sure, the cowardice usually conquered. He called it magnanimity, however, and thus satisfies his vanity, which of the two qualities is the most genuinely French, and which in the Provençal is much the stronger. In certain respects, if not in broad outlines, Daudet's hero would be a very good successor to the old Capitaine. Parisian editors and French ministers still fight duels; France, like other European countries who believe an ounce of prevention better than a pound of cure, has still her large standing army. But, on the whole, even Frenchmen have now other than military ideals of heroism. Fracasse, when he could be induced to any combat, fought his fellow-man; Tartarin fights the Alps. These French types are but four of many. Some passed into the plays of Molière just as the characters of the *Commedia dell' Arte*, did into the comedies of Goldoni. All were exaggerations of French vices and weaknesses.

It would be interesting but entirely apart from the present subject to determine why it was the northern nations produced so few, if any, of these masques of the theatre. Robin Hood and his company, and Tyll Eulenspiegel, popular as they were, can hardly be ranked with the Italian and French stage jesters. But the point here really is, What was made by these nations of the characters they borrowed from other countries? In Germany Pulcinello became Hans Wurst,

coarse and plain-spoken as the Reformers, introducing his buffoneries and scurrilities into the gravest discussions. In England he was transformed into the wife-beating, brutal Mr. Punch, whose performances, dear to British youth, French writers have declared would send little French children screaming into their nurses' arms.

The special province of the old masques and buffoons, as popular types, was the stage. Caricature and burlesque would be more than useless if they were not publicly heard and seen. In mediæval days song and sculpture answered the purpose to a limited extent. It was on the stage, however, that the largest audience could best be secured, until the invention of newspapers. These exert a far more extended influence than was ever possible to theatrical performances. People go to them for the peculiar fun and pasquinades that once were to be had in greatest perfection in the theatre. Even in Italy, the home of Pulcinello and Arlecchino, papers begin to take their place. Venetians laugh less often at Pantaleone or Facanappa than at the unpronounceable oracle which speaks to them through the paper bearing its name. Romans have practically forgotten Spavento or Matamoras while they read the news from the *Capitan Fracasse*. In Florence the *Diavolo Rosso* is no mean rival to Stenterello, consequently, as a rule, it is in newspapers and not on the stage modern types have their greatest success. It was in *Charivari* the famous Robert Macaire figured to such good purpose over thirty years ago. "A compound of Fielding's 'Blue-skin' and Goldsmith's 'Beau Tibbs,'" Thackeray describes him, and goes on to say:—

"He has the dirt and dandyism of the one, and the ferocity of the other; sometimes he is made to swindle, but where he can get a shilling more, M. Macaire will murder without scruple; he performs one and the other act (or any in the scale between them) with a similar bland imperturbability, and accompanies his actions with such philosophical remarks as may be expected from a person of his talents, his energies, his amiable life and character."

A caricature of the clever impudent roguery, in his time too common in France, as his companion Bertrand was of stupid roguery, he was, moreover, the mouthpiece for all reflections on "prevailing cant, knavery, quackery, humbug." As Thackeray concludes, we are not to judge of the French nation by Macaire, "but upon the morals and the national manners, works of satire afford a world of light that one would in vain look for in regular books of history." It is to be feared the disappearance of this French rogue was not the sign of that of the French sins and extravagances he ridiculed. In *Fliegende Blätter*, Dr. Eisele, and his pupil, Baron Beisele, were introduced to the public. The former was for Germany what the Dottore was

for Bologna. In the home of professors their weak as well as their strong points are best appreciated. As during the Middle Ages men's faith was so firm they could afford to laugh at religion, so in a country like Germany learning is held in such profound respect it can be ridiculed without danger. A professor, to fulfil his chief end, must have pupils. And so Dr. Eisele was accompanied by the noble Baron in his travels through Germany. Almost always, like Macaire and Bertrand, they appeared together.

But the name of these newspaper successors of the old masques is legion. In England alone there is a goodly number. In *Punch*, types like Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns, Postlethwaite and the Cimabue Browns have been represented from time to time; in *Fun* the British Workman was long a well-established character. A dozen other examples will be recalled at once by any one who has looked into the comic papers of late. *Punch*, *Fun* and *Judy* themselves fulfil to a certain extent the functions of the old masques. But, within the last twenty years, there has arisen a new English character, which is a more genuine creation of the people than *Punch*, more real than *Judy* or *Fun*, possessing a more marked identity than the British Workman, appealing to a much less limited class than the Cimabue Browns, Postlethwaite, or Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns, and therefore having already a stronger hold upon the public at large than any of these, all of whom it promises to outlive. This character is Ally Sloper.

Even Englishmen of culture must have noticed everywhere on news' stands a paper called *Ally Sloper's Half Holiday*. If they have glanced at it, it has probably been to pronounce it vulgar and to wonder who bought it. It must be admitted it is not elegant or cultured in tone. The text is not literary, even if Ally Sloper does pose as the *Eminent Litterateur*; the jests and smaller illustrations have no particular merit or have been laughed at before; the front page drawing, extremely clever as it is, is not to the taste of *Punch* subscribers or Du Maurier admirers. The paper is pre-eminently a publication for the people. And herein lies its greatest excellence. It is because Ally Sloper appeals to the masses, to whom Mrs. de Tomkyns' social troubles and Postlethwaite's ideals—phases of fashion of the few—would be so many riddles, that he has gained his present ascendancy, and will probably retain it. The old masques achieved popularity because they typified infirmities and absurdities based, not upon fashion, but upon human nature, and were in sympathy with the unlettered majority as well as the cultured elect. A prince and a peasant could laugh at the stupidity or intrigues of Arlecchino, or at the fears and stinginess of Pantaleone. And in like manner the human follies, personified by Ally Sloper, can not only be appreciated by the audience to whom he particularly addresses himself, but also

by the men and women who enjoy the humours of Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns and Postlethwaite, could they forget for a moment their artificial refinement. As a reflection of the people who laugh at him, his moral value is no less than that of the Italian or French masques, and, therefore, were he not funny, his relative importance and significance should, to the student of men, outbalance stupidity or vulgarity. The story of his rise and development and the analysis of his character would for this reason alone be worthy of record. But he has, moreover, all the interest that must necessarily belong to an original creation—whatever it may be—in this age of imitation. Even those whose prejudices against the present are strong would be repaid by the study, since in tracing his growth to its very origin the evolution of the old masques and buffoons can be more readily understood. Well-known as are the relations of Arlecchino and Brighella to the lower and upper town of Bergamo, of Pantalone to Venice, and so on, the manner of their first appearance and immediate cause of their establishment as characters in the *Commedia dell' Arte* are not so easy of explanation. But Ally Sloper is such a recent creation the process of his development can be examined in all its stages.

The examination shows that in his case the personification of failings was as unconscious as the need of which it was the result. His introduction to the public was a chance; his growth from an insignificant beginning into a popular type, a case of the survival of the fittest. A drunken good-for-nothing, blind to his own absurdities and shortcomings, he commenced his career as the hero of a penny dreadful which, unfortunately for its author, had but little success. Whether the latter thought the public at fault or whether his power of invention was limited, it would be difficult to determine; but certain it is that the same hero, under the new name of Ally Sloper, soon tried his fortunes a second time, now, however, not alone but in company with *Judy's* weekly jesters. The success or failure of one particular comic picture or jest in a weekly paper is not as easily or as soon discovered as that of a book. It was impossible to know if Ally Sloper's second reception was more cordial than his first. But it was thought worth while to give him a third chance, then a fourth, a fifth, a tenth, a twentieth, even a hundredth. No protests being made, he was finally as regularly established on *Judy's* staff as Arlecchino or Pulcinello was in the *Commedia dell' Arte*. Though other characters appearing at the same time died a natural death, he gained new life with each number. Though other jests grew old with repetition, his follies never lost their first freshness.

While this continued success presupposes his merit as a comic character in the beginning, it depended mainly upon the fact that he

was made a reality rather than an abstraction. He was given a name; his features never varied from week to week. He might have been called anything else with the same results. The name itself, if in a measure appropriate, is of small consequence. Scholars may dispute the origin of the word *Arlequin*, for example. They may prove its derivation from *Achille de Harlay*, or from *Harle* or *Herle*; but it is more than likely that, as in the case of *Ally Sloper*, its use as the name of the jester was a mere accident, arising from the desire to secure his definite personality. The features of the modern type, however, were less accidental. They had to a certain extent to correspond to his character. The bald head and abnormally large nose spoke as clearly of dissipated habits as the gin-bottle peeping from the old man's pockets. But no features could have appealed more strongly to the human sense of ridicule. An exaggerated nose has always been a recognized element of the comic, as is proved not only by old Roman gems, Pompeian frescoes, mediæval grotesques and modern valentines, but by the part it has played on the stage. Roman mimi and Italian and French masques never tired of wearing it, because people's enjoyment in it never ceased. The Venetian *Facanappa*, the French *Gautier Garguille*, *Giangurgolo Pulcinello*, and as many more, made it their one most marked feature. Therefore, with *Ally Sloper* it was not only an outward sign of an inward infirmity, but a conventional symbol of his comic functions. His costume answered the same double purpose. The old battered hat, the bulging umbrella, the stock tied carelessly behind, the shabby coat with the gin bottle ever in the pocket, expressed his good-for-nothingness, and were ridiculous in themselves. Shabby and disreputable though they were, his clothes did not detract from his reality. They now seem gross caricatures, but so do the finest gowns and bonnets, coats and trousers in old-fashioned plates. Like *Arlecchino's* and *Pulcinello's* costumes, originally they were not out of keeping with those of the day. It is easy to fancy just such an old man as the *Ally Sloper* of the early pictures shuffling along the Commercial Road or the New Cut.

Thus figuring again and again with the same name, character, features and clothes, he began to seem less an imaginary than a real person. In the end the chief humour in the story told of him was his personality. As with the imbecile mistakes of *Arlecchino*, the cowardice of the *Capitaine Fracasse*, the pedantry of the *Dottore*, so with his disreputable drunkenness: it would not have been so funny in any one else. People did not weary of the monotony in *Ally Sloper's* absurd career, because they learned to welcome him as an old friend. Beginning by laughing at the adventures of which he was the hero, they finished by laughing because he was the hero of the adventures. They looked forward to his

latest scrape or newest departure with an interest in him personally not unlike that with which devoted Conservatives might follow in their newspaper the political tactics of a Lord Randolph Churchill. And so it came to pass that, as Frenchmen at one time counted no play complete that had not its Pierrot, and as Florentines still hold the presence of Stenterello to be essential to every comedy and tragedy, so Ally Sloper in a few years became as indispensable a figure in *Judy* as the old lady herself.

It was a strong proof of his increasing hold upon popular favour when the space allowed him in her columns no longer seemed sufficient. But three or four years after his first appearance a series of Sloper „books was begun, and his personality was accentuated by making him their editor. Just as *Punch*, having secured a certain standing, is still accepted as a comic paper, so Ally Sloper, having established his reputation as a humorist, was successful in his literary experiments even when he was a trifle dull. It is but fair to add there is not much to reproach him with on this score. In turning over the back numbers of *Judy*, of which these books are chiefly republications, the wonder is the jest could be so well sustained. The establishment of *Ally Sloper's Half Holiday* as a weekly paper in 1884, seventeen years after his creation in *Judy*, marks an era in his career. His ability to stand alone on his own merits puts him at once on a definite footing as a rival to *Punch*, *Judy*, and *Fun*. He may be said with this event to have achieved his growth, and to have ceased becoming to be the great modern jester or popular type of England.

This positive stage having been reached, he could be given greater license in many ways. His personality was now strong enough to be an attraction in itself, and there was no danger of lessening interest in him by heightening the caricatures. In the *Half Holiday* the bald head and nose have been exaggerated until they are little more truthful to Nature than the hooked nose and pointed hump of *Punch*. For a like reason the hat and umbrella and stock have never been modified by fashion ; moreover they can be occasionally laid aside. Mr. *Punch* sometimes wears a silk hat and frock coat like any other gentleman ; Stenterello, so long as he keeps his queue, and the lines on his face, and has one front tooth missing, can figure as a modern Florentine. The more strongly caricatured were the features of Ally Sloper, the less dependent was he on his clothes for identification, while it was only more ridiculous to make him appear at appropriate seasons in Highland dress, or Eton collar and jacket, in boating flannels or racing jerseys. Only the gin bottle from the second step or picture has been always with him, on Scotch moors as in Eton cloisters, on the race track as on the Thames. And now also the circumstances in which he was represented had not, as at first, to explain his character ; they had only to emphasize

his absurdity. This was really the first sign of his development into a typical character. It is the privilege or function of popular types to move with all sorts and conditions of men. Punch is not thought to be more out of place in Parliament than on his little murderous stage. Pulcinella in Naples, and Stenterello in Florence, are at home in whatever society their manager sees fit to put upon his boards. All classes, high or low, are alike to them. Sometimes, indeed, the jesters have varied not only the rank of their associates but their own. Polichinelle, while he continued to be Polichinelle, in his good sense, his ready sally, his irrepressible laugh, could be Turk or magician, mason or Don Quixote. Now he was the lover, now the bridegroom, now the father. Thus each character widened his range of sympathies and multiplied indefinitely the occasions for laughter. Already in the later numbers of *Judy*, the presence alone of Ally Sloper was considered a joke, and consequently he could go anywhere and everywhere. Now he was on the battlefield during the Franco-Prussian war, umbrella and gin bottle flying in opposite directions as he ran at the first sound of the cannon; now he was in African wilds, a peacock's feather in his old grey hat, hobnobbing with savages. The more incongruous the surroundings the more humorous the jest. In the *Half Holiday* one week he is at Windsor or Marlborough House, congratulating or dining with princes; another, mingling with the unemployed in Trafalgar Square. To-day he is in the theatre making himself agreeable to ballet dancers; to-morrow, on his way to church, prayer-book under one arm, his wife on the other. He is actively interested in all the affairs of the day. He observes each season with appropriate celebrations, and is always present at any public event or rejoicing. On Christmas Day he eats his plum pudding, on February 14 he receives his valentines. He drives down to Epsom Downs for the Derby, veil tied about his hat, luncheon in his hampers; he is the prominent figure at Hammer-smith during the Oxford and Cambridge race; he is sure to row to Henley for the Regatta; he is the real sight of the Lord Mayor's Show. At the elections he is found in the midst of the riots; at the opening of Parliament he makes his maiden speech. Lord's Cricket Ground, Wimbledon, Margate, see him in turn. In his comprehensive interests he is not unworthy of the initials F.O.M. (i.e., Friend of Man), which, together with M.P., T.O.E., P.B., T.W.M., whatever these may mean, follow his name.

Once a character is acknowledged as a jester, everything appertaining to him is accredited with a humorous value. The clown's whitened face is not his least witticism. And so, just as certain pious folk associate the idea of sanctity with even a thread from a saint's garment, believers in Ally Sloper could and can still see fun in the slightest possession attributed to him. Before he was two years old, the hat and umbrella had become standard jokes, as sacred symbols

to his admirers, as Pulcinello's mask, Stenterello's queue, Harlequin's wand, to theirs. Even old broken combs, worn-out tooth brushes, raise a laugh when exhibited as his. This being the case, it is but natural that the members of his household seem beings of infinite jest. That he has a family is a matter of course. It is additional evidence of his reality, another occasion for laughter. Punch's chance of fun would not have been half so great had he not had a wife and baby to murder, and a Toby to run after him. Pantaleone might have been a bore had he not had two pretty daughters to play him false. A few of the Sloper connection are funny in themselves; others, like the old combs and toothbrushes, are only laughable because of their relationship to the chief jester; and still others are not ridiculous at all, but serve to point a contrast and stimulate the public interest by making a plot for the comedy. Ally Sloper's pretty daughter, Tootsie, and her lover, Lord Bob, though less romantic in name and the manner of their wooing, are nothing more than the modern Isabella and Leandro. There are twenty-two of these characters who take their place in the weekly drama of the *Half Holiday* with the same regularity with which Pantaleone, Arlecchino, Isabella and Leandro walked the boards together. It may at times be wondered why the characters and situations in the *Commedia dell'Arte* never varied; why one great actor after another became the Pulcinello or Pierrot of the old comedy instead of creating a new rôle. But people are naturally conservative in these matters, and never tire of favourite characters. No innovation was made because none was wanted. Ally Sloper's family, now it has been established, will probably not diminish, though it may increase in number.

In this respect, as in others, the English are the most conservative of men. Slow to understand a new joke, they are equally slow to part with one that has been mastered. The wit of the circus or pantomime clown is as old as his costume. This is the secret of his success. His audiences know when and where to laugh; they need not be bewildered by the unexpected. Consequently, nothing could be stronger proof of Ally Sloper's present assured popularity than the fact that he is rapidly taking the place of these old favourites. He has extended his field of action from the newspaper, the sphere of modern types, to the stage, that of the earlier typical characters. Hereafter he must be included in the history of masques and buffoons of the theatre. At the Surrey, the Standard, the Britannia, he was this year the principal feature of the burlesque, though, as often happened with Polichinelle, a different name was given him. By him pantaloons and the clown have been cast into the shade. But indeed the old pantomime is yearly becoming of less importance, while the burlesque is developing into the main performance of the Christmas show. The house to-day is comparatively empty when the famous company of other generations begins its

round of mischief and magic. At Drury Lane last Christmas there was no columbine, and without columbine harlequin has lost half his power to charm. But after all they and pantaloons were originally foreign importations; their real character forgotten in their new home, and they can be allowed to go now that there is a genuine English creation to succeed them. In the circus ring, as well as on the stage, Ally Sloper promises to be retained as chief jester, the clowns of Covent Garden and Hengler's having borrowed his costume. At almost all amateur entertainments—of the people be it understood—at Jarley's wax-work shows, ventriloquist performances, masquerades, and fancy-dress parties, there is as sure to be an Ally Sloper as there must always be a Pulcinello to lead the Carnival revels.

Since these popular types were always the outcome of a need to personify instincts, common to many men in the first place, but peculiarly distinctive of the town or country in which each was evolved, it remains to show that Ally Sloper in his moral significance, as in his actions, deserves to be ranked with them. His character presents none of the complexity and psychical problems that are the study of modern novelists, but is as simple and as easily analyzed as that of Pantaloeone or the Dottore. In the words of the man who knows him best, namely his editor, he "is a person with a strong taste for unsweetened gin, whose delight it is to go about in all sorts of society, both high and low." But this friendliness or sociability, as has been explained, is less a characteristic of Ally Sloper than a necessity, in a type which to interest men must be represented not isolated, but holding definite relations with human beings. His love of gin, therefore, is his predominant passion. However often he may change his costume, or however much his later adventures may differ from those of early days, in which Ikey Moses, a swindling Jew, was his boon companion, the gin bottle always peeps conspicuously from his pocket. It is as responsible for his chronic state of poverty and shabbiness as it is for the unhealthiness of his features; and because it blunts his moral sense, it, and not natural dishonesty, is the real source of his unprincipled adventures. His rogueries are really the outcome of his intemperance, and not of a separate vice. In the *Half Holiday*, when it is no longer necessary to tell a story about him, he ceases to be dishonest. Furthermore, like the average Englishman, either from stupidity or an instinct of honesty, Ally Sloper is less ingenious in inventing crimes that deceive than men of other nationality or race. As a rule, his swindling schemes were suggested by Ikey Moses.

But, however slow or stupid or unwillingly hampered by inherited tendencies he may be in the conception of ideas, he is earnest enough in his attempts to realize those of others. He has all the earnestness of a man convinced of his own importance, a conviction that, because

of his deficient sense of humour, never deserts him. His seriousness throughout—even his editor has pointed it out—is his only other leading characteristic. It is quite as marked as his intemperance. To ignore it is to miss the principal key to his character. Ikey Moses comes to propose his tricks with a smile upon his face; he sees a humorous side to his villany, and enjoys it. But Ally Sloper listens and consents to the most villanous schemes with as much solemnity as if he were considering the evangelization of Italy or the conversion of the heathen. Ikey Moses, no matter what the result of his villany, would turn the laugh against the people he fools; Ally Sloper, were his folly successful, would still be more ridiculous than his victim. Half the fun of his adventures depends upon the seriousness with which he takes himself. It shuts his eyes to his absurdity and roguery; he is so unconscious of his dishonesty that he becomes almost honest. Like a genuine Briton, he takes his amusement as well as his work seriously. He has the reputation of being the most kicked-out man in Europe. But not all the kicks in the world can diminish his complacent self-respect. No one needs more than he the gift to see himself as others see him.

If, then, he does realize the moral ends of a popular type, and sets up to public laughter the leading follies and failings of the people, it follows that a national vice of England is intemperance; a national characteristic seriousness. That this is the case few will dispute. It does not necessarily imply that every Englishman drinks more than is good for him and is preternaturally serious. The existence of Pantaleone does not prove stinginess in every individual merchant of Venice, where probably there has been more than one Antonio; nor that of Pulcinello indolence in every man and woman in Naples, that town being one of the most thriving in Italy. But these types deal with the weakness of the many, rather than the strength of the few. As surely as parsimony was a failing among a class of Venetians, and laziness still is a Neapolitan shortcoming, so intemperance is the great curse of modern England, despite ingenious reasoners who would prove that only the drunken nations of to-day are the progressive nations, and to whom therefore England's drunkenness is a sign of her glory. If virtues were to be personified, an incomparably beautiful and noble Britannia would no doubt be evolved. But as the question now is one of vice, it cannot be denied that a long-suffering people, for whom the proposition to tax their drink is the signal to rise against a popular Ministry, is not inappropriately caricatured by a good-natured old man, whose first thought is his gin-bottle. But the national intemperance is so constantly insisted upon by moralists and political economists, to say nothing of Blue-ribbonites and total abstainers, that for present purposes it may be accepted as a fact without further demonstration. That to it is to be referred much of the poverty and good-for-

nothingness, genteel and otherwise, throughout the country, seems equally indisputable; and when Mr. Romeike has collected the answers to the questions in his circulars distributed to unsuccessful and, as he hopes, communicative Englishmen, it may be further established by much positive evidence. Indeed, this public-spirited inquisitor may then also be able to show that, with the people, as with Ally Sloper, the gin-bottle is responsible not only for poverty, but dishonesty as well.

Englishmen themselves are too ready to admit their "dismal seriousness" to need Mr. Romeike to collect the proofs of its existence. It is so self-evident a truth that to set about proving it would be as useless here as to give a statistical demonstration that the number of public-houses in London is out of all sober proportion to the number of inhabitants in the same city. If this seriousness was maintained only in great affairs, its personification would be admirable rather than ridiculous, since to it is unquestionably to be attributed much of English greatness. But when it is adhered to in the lightest amusement as in the gravest duty, in the most absurd undertaking as in the most glorious enterprise, then it becomes the reason of the more obvious English follies. The real Englishman may not be quite stolid enough to submit to continual kicks with the Sloper indifference. John Bull is always eager to resent insults abroad. For that matter Italians and French, though they laughed at their Spavento and Capitaine Fracasse, never could be accused, as a nation, of cowardice. But wherever class distinctions are as rigidly marked and observed as in England, there is a tendency among the lower orders, especially those that are not at the very foot of the social ladder, to bear the snubs and even insults of their social superiors without the slightest diminution of self-respect. Indeed the more carefully Ally's Sloper's character is analyzed, the more certain it is that had England's worst enemies been bent upon turning her to ridicule they could not have hit upon a more appropriate caricature. Englishmen have done for themselves that which they would never have forgiven any one else for doing for them.

Thus it is seen that in every way Ally Sloper fulfils the functions and requirements of the characters of the *Commedia dell' Arte* and of the types of all ages. It may perhaps be urged that he is not a creation of the people, since not they but a professional humorist is directly responsible for his existence. But it is really their acceptance of him rather than the cleverness of his creator that made him what he is. It can therefore truly be said that while the cultured of the present generation have been busy proving their powers of imitation, this unconscious evolution of a popular type has established the claims of the people to originality.

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

THE WEEK OF SEVEN DAYS.

IF a being from another world, suddenly placed amongst us, should examine terrestrial institutions, he could scarcely fail to inquire why it is that in so large a portion of the earth time is measured by periods of seven days. To a large number of persons amongst ourselves such inquiry is practically superseded by the consideration that the Bible opens with the recognition of the week: whatever discussion may be raised, and whatever may be the demands of science with reference to the interpretation of the commencement of the book of Genesis, the fact remains, that it is asserted that in six days God created the heaven and the earth and all things in them, and rested on the seventh day. The same assertion is renewed by the fourth commandment, which enjoins the keeping holy of the Sabbath day. And when we remember how thoroughly the sanctification of one day in seven has been adopted and enforced by the practice of the Christian Church, and how the first day has been marked, in virtue of the chief article of Christian faith, as emphatically the *Lord's Day*, we cannot be surprised to find that with most persons any speculation which transcends the limits of the facts just noticed is likely to meet with small encouragement.

Nevertheless, when we observe the necessarily hyper-historical character (if I may coin such a phrase) of the Mosaic cosmogony, as it is sometimes called, when we perceive, as we must upon consideration, the impossibility of interpreting the sacred narrative without some reference to the knowledge already possessed by those to whom it was given, we shall probably come to the conclusion that the reference to the creative work and the seventh day's rest of God does not exhaust the question of the existence of a seven days' week. Therefore, as it is manifestly impossible to detach the ordinary week

of a large portion of the world from the history contained in Genesis and as it is equally impossible to find in that history a complete explanation of the phenomenon, I have thought it might be interesting to examine the subject a little more closely, and see what light can be thrown upon it.

I begin my investigation with a few remarks upon what may be described as *favourite numbers*. There are certain numbers, with which we meet more frequently than others, and of which we make more use in dealing with common things. The most favourite may perhaps be said to be *ten*, *twelve*, and *seven*.

The reason why *ten* is a favourite—perhaps the most favourite—number is obvious enough, namely, that we have *ten* fingers. When we begin to count we almost of necessity do so with our fingers; if we have a large number of things to count, say a flock of sheep,* we instinctively divide them into *tens*, or perhaps into *scores*; if the number of things be very large, the collection of *tens* are naturally grouped again by *tens*, and so we have *hundreds*. A further grouping of *hundreds* leads to *thousands*, and so forth. Thus we get the ordinary system of numeration, and there can be no manner of doubt that man's ten fingers are the root of it. We are told in treatises on arithmetic that it would have been much more convenient if we had agreed to count by *twelves* instead of by *tens*; and possibly this may be true. But, if it be, we have so much the more evidence, if evidence be needed, that the basis of the system of counting was not determined by theoretical considerations, but by the simple elementary fact of the number of human digits being *ten* and not *twelve*.†

Nevertheless *twelve* has its turn as a favourite number; we often count by *dozens*, and the reason probably is that *twelve* admits of being quartered as well as halved, which in many cases is an advantage. Take the case of wine; a dozen bottles is a convenient quantity to take as a standard, because a customer can order half the standard number, or, if he needs a small quantity, the quarter of the same;

* I have taken the counting of sheep as an example, not merely because such counting would necessarily take place in the earliest times, but also because we happen to know that the reckoning of sheep by *tens* or by *scores* was effected in olden days, and is effected still in many places far distant from each other, by the help of numerals, which appear to be appropriated to this sole purpose. In a paper headed "Sheep-scoring Numerals," and published in vol. iii. p. 385 of the "Transactions of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Antiquarian and Archaeological Society," may be found no less than fifteen varieties of these sheep-scoring numerals as used in Coniston, Borrowdale, Millom, Eskdale (Cumberland), Kirkby Stephen, Epping, Knaresborough, Middleton (Durham), Cornwall, Brittany; in Maine, Hebron, and Cincinnati, amongst the North-American Indians; and in some other places. There is a curious resemblance amongst the greater number of these numerals, and they all agree in counting by *ten*.

† The device of place, according to which the successive figures in writing numbers represent units, tens, hundreds, thousands, &c., as we proceed from right to left, is of Indian origin. The Romans, with all their practical cleverness, did not discover this simple and ingenious device; but they equally testify to the use of *ten*—or rather of five and *ten*—as the basis of calculation by their notation of numbers I, V, X, L, C.

in fact, twelve admits of being divided not only by two and four, but also by three and six, which for many purposes give it a great advantage over ten, which can be divided only by two and five, the latter division being rarely of any use. Hence the great divisibility of twelve is sufficient to mark it as a favourite number; but in the most notable instance of its use, namely, as marking the number of months in a year we need some further explanation. The real month, that is, the number of days between two successive full moons, may be taken as measured by twenty-eight days. Thirteen times twenty-eight makes three hundred and sixty-four, or as nearly as may be one year. Consequently it would have been much more nearly true to say, that thirteen months make a year than twelve. The explanation is to be found, I conceive, in the extremely awkward character of the number thirteen; it is what is called by mathematicians a *prime* number; that is to say, it admits of no division of any kind; had there been thirteen months in the year, the half-year and the quarter alike could not have been reckoned by months, and consequently twelve, which, as already explained, is one of the most convenient of numbers in the matter of divisibility, was encouraged and permitted to usurp the place, which in all strictness belonged to its next-door neighbour.

There is a somewhat parallel case with regard to the division of the circle into 360 degrees. The ancient Chinese mathematicians divided the circle into $365\frac{1}{4}$ degrees, corresponding to the length of the year, or $365\frac{1}{4}$ days, which number, though not exact, is very near the truth.* But this division of the circle is practically intolerable; it would throw mathematicians into despair; consequently the number 360, which admits of being divided by 4, by 60, by 90, and by many other numbers, usurped the place which the Chinese righteously assigned to the awkward number which Nature suggested.

I now pass on to the consideration of the number seven. It has no such obvious suggestion as ten, and no such recommendation of practical convenience as twelve; nevertheless it is quite as truly a favourite number as either, perhaps in some sense it is more so. Its early occurrence in the book of Genesis might be adopted at once as an explanation of its prominence amongst numbers; this course of treatment, however, would not fall in with the intention of this essay; and I shall therefore, in the first place, treat the subject in the most general manner possible, putting out of mind for the moment all thought of the references to the institution of the week which can be found in the Bible.

Adopting this course, we have to deal with the fact that the division of days by seven is both ancient and widespread. If, as

* Biot: "Astronomie Physique," vol. i. p. 69.

has been held by good authorities, the method be of Chaldean origin, the notion that the number seven is connected with the heavenly bodies at once presents itself to our minds as probable; in fact, when we remember that to the early observers of the heavens the planets were seven in number—namely, the Sun, the Moon, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn—and that the names of these planets were in divers countries connected with the several days of the week, the conclusion that the measuring of days by sevens took its rise from the physical fact that seven planetary bodies are visible to the naked eye must seem to be almost irresistible.

The reader may be referred upon this subject to a lucid article, *s.v.* "Week," in Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible." The writer says:—

"Whether the week gave its sacredness to the number seven, or whether the ascendancy of that number helped to determine the dimensions of the week, it is impossible to say. The latter fact—the ancient ascendancy of the number seven—might rest upon divers grounds. The planets, according to the astronomy of those times, were seven in number; so are the notes of the diatonic scale; so also many other things naturally attracting observation."

And again:—

"So far then, the week being a division of time without ground in Nature, there was much to recommend its adoption. When the days were named from planetary deities, as amongst first the Assyrians and Chaldees, and then the Egyptians, then, of course, each period of seven days would constitute a whole, and that whole might come to be recognized by nations that disregarded or rejected the practice which had shaped and determined it. But further, the week is a most natural and nearly exact quadri-partition of the month, so that the quarters of the moon may easily have suggested it."

The argument contained in these passages is somewhat weakened by the mixture of other considerations with those of an astronomical origin. The reference to the diatonic scale, for example, appears to be anything but a help, the more so as the diatonic scale was unknown to the ancient people of the world, and is unrecognized in the East at the present time. Still more injurious is the indefinite reference to "many other things naturally attracting observation." The connection of the number seven as determining the division of time with celestial phenomena, comes with a much greater air of probability when presented pure and simple: the rising and setting of the sun determined the days; the waxing and waning of the moon determined the months; and the position of the sun amongst the fixed stars divided the years. So that when it is suggested that the number of planetary bodies settled the length of the week, it is impossible to deny that the proposal comes before us with much *à priori* probability.

It is not necessary to refuse all sanction to the notion that the happy fact, that $4 \times 7 = 28$, or that four weeks, each of seven days,

roughly constitute a month, and that so, the artificial division of weeks had a convenient relation to the natural division of months, had something to do with stamping the number seven as the basis for the counting of days. Nor would it, perhaps, be possible to entirely deny the position of one who should argue, that this convenient quadri-partition of the month was first in order of time, and that the dedication of the seven days of the week to the seven heavenly bodies followed afterwards. I do not suspect that this actually was so; yet if it were asserted to be the more probable course of things, I do not know that the assertion could be positively disproved. But whichever may have been the actual order of proceeding, what I desire now to enforce is equally true, namely, that the two astronomical considerations, namely, the number of planetary bodies known to the ancients and the period of the moon, may be regarded as co-operative, and as tending together to fix more distinctly the number of days in the week.

It would be entirely in accordance with the spirit of ancient religion, or superstition, to connect the days of the week, when once settled down to the number seven, with the thought of dedication to different deities, rather than with the mere fact of the existence of seven planetary bodies; and this state of things we find in the days of the week as used in the Roman Empire and amongst our Norse and Saxon ancestors. One may perhaps venture to guess that such an adaptation as this would naturally take place in any polytheistic country, which adopted the division of the days by seven; the more so as several of the seven planets are not conspicuous as phenomena; and so the number seven, as derived from the heavens, would commend itself chiefly to the few who carefully observed, and would not be deeply impressed upon the people at large. The few would observe the planets, and dedicate the days to planetary deities; the many would know nothing about the planets, but would regard the days as sacred to their gods.

Having thus far dealt with the week on general grounds, I now pass on to make some remarks upon it in connection with Holy Scripture.

In the first place, as has been remarked by the commentators, and as is apparent to careful readers, it would seem that some notion of the week of seven days was current amongst the people whose history is recorded in very early times, that is to say, at a date long preceding Moses or any of the books written by him. The proof of this is to be found in such passages as the following. Genesis xxix. 27, where Jacob is desired by Laban to "fulfil her week," that is, Leah's week, in order that he might also receive Rachel. The week appears to express the time given up to nuptial festivities. So afterwards in Judges xiv., where Samson speaks of "the seven days of the feast." So also on occasion of the death of Jacob,

Joseph "made a mourning for his father seven days" (Gen. 1. 10). But "neither of these instances," as remarked in the article to which reference has been already made, "any more than Noah's procedure in the ark, go further than shewing the custom of observing a term of seven days for any observance of importance." They do not prove that the whole year, or the whole month, was thus divided at all times, and without regard to remarkable events." They do not indeed prove this, but they suggest the division as common and familiar, and in some early period recognized as an institution.

When therefore the children of Israel went down to Egypt for what proved to be a very long sojourn in that country, they possibly were familiar with the practice of dividing time by weeks, and at all events the notion of seven days as a convenient portion of time for the affairs of life would not seem altogether strange to them. It is exceedingly probable that on arriving in Egypt they found the week established by the practice of the country. It will be observed that it was in Egypt that Joseph mourned seven days for Jacob; and it is possible, though there seems to be no necessity to assume the fact, that in so doing he was conforming to the custom of the country, as he did with regard to the embalming and chesting of his father's remains. But independently of any such consideration, it would seem highly probable that the Israelites found themselves in Egypt amongst a people who divided the time by weeks of seven days. We know that they did so at a later period; why might they not have commenced as early as before the sojourn of the Israelites? The Egyptians were in fact a people very likely to be advanced in such a matter as this; order and government, both ecclesiastical and civil, were undoubtedly in a remarkable state of perfection at the time to which reference is now made, and it would seem much more probable than otherwise, that so convenient an institution as the subdivision of the month into short periods had already been established.

It may be noted, with reference to the number seven and its recognition in some form or another as a special number amongst the Egyptians, that we have incidental evidence in the dream of Pharaoh; the special form of the dream, as presenting seven fat and seven lean kine, may be supposed to have been connected with some familiarity in Pharaoh's mind with the number seven during his waking hours.

And as regards the Israelites, it may be observed that the period of seven days is introduced into the most solemn event of their Egyptian sojourn, namely, the ordinance of the Passover. "Seven days shall ye eat unleavened bread; even the first day ye shall put away leaven out of your houses: for whosoever eateth leavened bread from the first day until the seventh day, that soul shall be cut off from Israel. And in the first day there shall be an holy convocation; and in the seventh day there shall be an holy convocation to you;

no manner of work shall be done in them, save that which every man must eat, that only shall be done of you" (Exod. xii. 15, 16). And a little further on, in the chapter from which the preceding passage is quoted, there is an apparent reference to the division of the month into four weeks, as the recognized method of division. "In the first month, on the fourteenth day of the month at even, ye shall eat unleavened bread, until the one and twentieth day of the month at even. Seven days shall there be no leaven found in your houses" (Exod. xii. 18, 19). Here we have seven mentioned as well as its multiples: seven, fourteen, twenty-one, and the month or twenty-eight days. It is difficult not to believe that either in consequence of Egyptian custom, or their old Syrian tradition, or both combined, the Israelites were at this time familiar with the notion of a week of seven days.

But there is evidence that not only was the week known to the Israelites, but also the ordinance of the Sabbath, early in their wanderings. The Sabbath does not appear to have been ordained for the first time when promulgated from Sinai. In Exodus xvi., we read concerning the manna, "To-morrow is the rest of the holy sabbath unto the Lord." Again, "Moses said, Eat that to-day; for to-day is a sabbath unto the Lord: to-day ye shall not find it in the field, six days ye shall gather it; but on the seventh day, which is the sabbath, in it there shall be none." And once more, "See, too, that the Lord hath given you the sabbath, therefore He giveth you on the sixth day the bread of two days; abide ye every man in his place, let no man go out of his place on the seventh day. So the people rested on the seventh day." Thus the promulgation from Sinai was only the republication, and confirming by more solemn sanction, of that which existed already. It should be observed, however, that the appointment of the Sabbath and the institution of the week are two different things; the week might be, and perhaps originally was, a merely secular division of time, like the month and the year; what was done by the teaching connected with the manna, and subsequently more explicitly by the fourth commandment, was to take one day out of the seven and impress a peculiar character upon it. Man, so to speak, made the week, but God made the Sabbath: the week was secular, the Sabbath was religious. If I may venture so to express myself, the task of Moses in forming his horde of Egyptian slaves into "a holy nation, a peculiar people," was a good deal facilitated by this course of proceeding; if the people when, in God's providence, he first took them in hand had been simple barbarians, having no measure of time but the phases of the moon, it would manifestly have been less easy to secure for rest and for religious purposes each seventh day. Why each seventh day? Why not the fourth or the fourteenth? But if the people had their almanack

ready made, and if they had been accustomed in Egypt to measure the time by weeks and to find each day of the week as weary as the rest under their cruel taskmasters, they would readily accept and rejoice in a law, which made the concluding day of each week a day of rest and rejoicing. And in fact we find in the Deuteronomy version of the fourth commandment this pertinent exhortation: "Remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and the Lord thy God brought thee out thence through a mighty hand, and by a stretched out arm: therefore the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the sabbath day" (Deut. v. 15).

Let us now turn for a moment to this same commandment as we find it in the twentieth chapter of Exodus, and as it is commonly cited. The most remarkable feature in the commandment, as here given, is the reference to the six days work and the seventh day rest of the Almighty Creator. Upon this work of the creative week I shall have more to say hereafter; but at present let me observe that the form of the commandment, beginning "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," seems to imply that previous knowledge of the week and the Sabbath, of which we have already found evidence. It is very unlikely that the notion of a seventh day Sabbath would have been announced for the first time in such fashion; in fact, we have already met with distinct teaching on the subject. Let it be added, however, that it has been supposed, and the supposition is reasonable, that the argument for keeping holy the Sabbath day, founded upon the history of the Creation, which appears in the twentieth chapter of Exodus, does not belong to the original form of the commandment. The fact of its omission in Deuteronomy, and the addition in that version of the commandments of an appendix to the law of the Sabbath day, which does not appear in Exodus, seems to set us free to suppose that both the one addition and the other were made subsequently and did not belong to the commandment when given from Sinai. Indeed, there is much internal probability to recommend the suggestion of Ewald (approved by Canon Cook in the "Speaker's Commentary" as "deserving respect"), that the ten commandments were originally given in the following terse form:—

1. Thou shalt have none other God before me.
2. Thou shalt not make to thee any graven image.
3. Thou shalt not take the name of Jehovah thy God in vain.
4. Thou shalt remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.
5. Thou shalt honour thy father and thy mother.
6. Thou shalt not kill.
7. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
8. Thou shalt not steal.
9. Thou shalt not bear false witness.
10. Thou shalt not covet.

Certainly so far as the fourth commandment is concerned it is highly improbable that in its original promulgation it should have been enforced by an argument depending upon a knowledge of the creative week, contained in a book, of the existence and publication of which at that time there is no kind of evidence.

I lay stress upon this point, because I believe, and desire to suggest to the reader, that the actual history of the week and of the Sabbath is by no means that which the mere reading of the Bible, commencing with the first chapter of Genesis, might suggest to our minds. The book of Genesis describes the first condition of things, and speaks of the Creator as having spent six days in making the universe and as having then rested on the seventh day and having hallowed it: from which description it might seem natural to infer, that we have here the history of the institution of the week and of the Sabbath as the close of it; and there are in fact writers, who suggest that this institution was delivered to Adam and came down from him by tradition to subsequent generations of men. Thus in the "Speaker's Commentary," on the words of Genesis ii. 1, "*God blessed the seventh day*," Bishop Harold Browne remarks, "The natural interpretation of these words is that the blessing of the Sabbath was immediately consequent on that first creation of man, for whom the Sabbath was made." This may be so; but when we endeavour to realize what is meant by the creation of man and the institution of the Sabbath being coeval, it is difficult to express the meaning in intelligible language. The keeping of the seventh day as a day of rest involves the counting of six days, and then the dealing with the seventh day in some manner different from that in which the first six have been dealt with. Can we quite conceive of such a course in the case of the first man? Supposing him to have come into instantaneous existence in all the perfection of his human intelligence—a supposition which is beset with difficulties and is opposed to the belief of almost all who have studied the subject—is it possible to conceive of the newly formed man as at once comprehending the division of days into weeks and the consecration of one day above another? or is it possible to conceive of him as capable of receiving a revelation which should convey this knowledge to his mind? If, as all the phenomena of history and of science indicate, the growth of man in knowledge of all kinds has been slow and gradual, then it must be reckoned as incredible that so refined and comparatively complicated arrangement as the division of time by weeks and the keeping of a sabbath should have been the property of the earliest representative of our race.

So far as Holy Scripture itself is concerned, it will be observed that it is nowhere hinted that Adam had the knowledge imputed to him. The hints of something resembling the knowledge in

patriarchal times have been already noticed, but these may very well be explained by reference to the natural growth of human knowledge, rather than to the hypothesis of a primæval tradition.

Having laid the foundations which are to be found in the previous part of this paper, I now address myself to the consideration of the week as we find it in the opening of the book of Genesis.

I propose to argue that the week did not take its rise from the sacred history, but that contrariwise, the form in which that history was cast depended upon the knowledge possessed by the writer of the division of time by weeks, and of the institution of the Sabbath.

It will probably be admitted by all, that the account of the creation given in the book of Genesis was not the result of scientific investigation. I am not wishing to raise the old question how far the account is consistent with scientific truth—this question does not now concern us—but am only asserting that the creative history cannot be regarded in the same manner as that in which we regard a scientific treatise. It is either a speculation, or a poetical picture, or the record of a vision accorded to some gifted seer. Whichever it be, when the author of the written document which we possess came to put down in words his speculation, or his poem, or his vision, he would have to consider, or rather he would instinctively know, what kind of framework he should adopt in order to convey his thoughts to others. Compare the case of Moses, or the author of the original document which Moses used, with that of St. John the Divine. In the Apocalypse St. John speaks of things which he saw in his vision: there were candlesticks, and thrones, and choirs clothed in white garments, and the city of Jerusalem, and so forth; all these were things with which he was familiar, and so his vision adapted itself to and formed itself upon these familiar things. No one will for one moment maintain the objective existence of these earthly things in that heaven, into which St. John was permitted to peep through the open door: the vision was in fact of necessity to a great extent subjective; it is of the very nature of visions that this should be so. If, therefore, a vision of so absolutely transcendental an event as the creation of the universe be permitted to the mental eye of mortal man, that vision, when imparted to others, must clothe itself in such knowledge as the man himself possesses. And as the man, when he comes to record his vision, will instinctively use his own language—Hebrew, Greek, Latin, whatever it may be—to express himself, so also all other furniture of his mind will be naturally put into requisition in order to describe what he has seen.

This being conceded, let us suppose Moses himself to have been the speculator, poet, or seer, to whom the vision of creation was for the first time vouchsafed, and let us suppose that the division of time by weeks was a matter of familiar knowledge to Moses.

Then, this being so, it is quite intelligible that the successive works of creation, beginning with light and culminating in man, should fit themselves, as it were, into the framework which the division of the week supplied. *Some* framework would manifestly be required, and *this* framework would be ready made.

There would be an advantage in this presentation of the week, which would be analogous to that which belonged to the whole Mosæic cosmogony, as a testimony against idolatry. The tendency, to which the nations almost universally fell victims, was to worship the heavenly bodies; but the story of creation, as given to the ancient church, distinctly asserted the creature character of these bodies, and with great and emphatic distinctiveness man's superiority to them all; the first chapter of Genesis was an eloquent protest against the worship of the host of heaven; and so, if there was a tendency to connect the days of the week with this same kind of false worship, by giving one day to the sun, another to the moon, and so on, nothing could more effectually cure this error than the appropriation of the days as representative of the stages of operation in the creative work of the one supreme God. The days did not belong to the planets, owed no allegiance to them, and were not influenced by them, however it might be true that the method of reckoning them was due to the number of these bodies; they were simply the first, second, third . . . days; all were alike except the seventh, upon which a special character was impressed. And it may be remarked in this connection, that the Israelites never adopted the heathen practice, almost if not quite universal, of designating the days of the week by the names of the planets or of deities; to an Israelite Sunday was the first day of the week, and nothing more; the seventh day was the Sabbath, and the sixth was the day of Preparation, but no taint could be found the whole week through of anything which could be twisted or perverted to idolatrous ends. The Christian Church has not thought it necessary to take so much precaution; bearing in mind that through her Lord the idols have been "utterly abolished," she has not feared to suffer to remain in her nomenclature some of the relics of the heathen past. When the Society of Friends endeavoured to substitute the Jewish system for that which is current in Christendom, it was felt that the effort was unnecessary and unprofitable, and it has consequently failed outside their own body. The mongrel method of denoting the days of the week, which prevails throughout Europe, varying from one country to another, but mongrel in all, cannot be defended upon any except antiquarian principles. but may be acknowledged to be free in common use from all taint of superstition or any danger of bringing in idolatry.

I shall be quite prepared to find that the view which has been

taken in this essay of the relation of the seven days of Genesis to the seven ancient planets will by some be regarded as objectionable, on the ground that it appears to conflict with what appears to such persons to be the literal interpretation of Holy Scripture. It may be said that the sacred writer plainly informs us that God created the universe, the planets included, in six days, and rested on the seventh, and that the number of these days can, therefore, have no dependence on the heavenly bodies which were created upon one of the days. And I quite admit that this kind of difficulty is *primâ facie* very plausible; I have felt it strongly myself; I do not wonder that others should feel it. But it may be observed that when we speak of the "literal interpretation" of this portion of Holy Scripture, we are using language which, when examined, has no definite meaning. The whole history of creation is necessarily supraliteral. "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." What *literal* meaning is there here? "God said let there be light, and there was light." How can this grand description be taken *literally*? "God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." How can we assign to such transcendental language any sense which can properly be called *literal*? And so on throughout the whole creative history. Consequently the literal theory must be simply and completely given up, as in the very nature of things impossible; and the question arises what shall we put in its place. The answer seems to be, that such a picture or sketch of the origin of things was accorded to the sacred writer, and placed at the head of Holy Scripture, as was fitted to the comprehension of man, and fitted to introduce the subsequent portions of the Word of God. The tenacity with which a large number of persons adhere to what they regard as the "literal meaning" of the first chapter of Genesis, proves with what wonderful skill the chapter has been written; but when we come to consider what the literal meaning of the phrase "literal meaning" is, we find that the words are in their nature totally inapplicable to such a composition as that with which we are dealing; and having realized this fact, we may perhaps find that there is another mode of interpretation which is more reasonable, more free from difficulties, and which yet deprives the sacred narrative of no particle of its meaning. To supply such a mode of interpretation is the purpose of this essay: if any of those who read it find that it has thrown light upon a dark subject, and assisted them to see their way through a difficulty connected with Holy Scripture, my purpose in writing it will have been abundantly accomplished.*

H. CARLISLE.

* Nothing that is here said contradicts the principle of St. Augustine's treatise, "*De Genesi ad Litteram*." The *literal* meaning, in St. Augustine's sense, is in antithesis to the *spiritual*, or *allegorical*. I do not think that the great Christian philosopher would have found fault with the views contained in this paper.

WÜRTTEMBERG AN EXAMPLE FOR IRELAND.

THE Report of the Royal Commission on Technical Education has been in the hands of Members of Parliament and the public for more than two years. It contains a vast amount of valuable information upon a highly important subject, and many suggestions for the improvement of our system of education as regards trades and manufactures, which should have commanded immediate and earnest attention; but it has failed to exercise much influence upon the British public, and has received little notice either from statesmen or municipal authorities.

In the hope of reviving an interest in the subject, especially with reference to its important bearing upon the question of Industrial Education, and the development of resources, both human and material, in Ireland, I venture to add a chapter to the Report, founded upon personal investigation in a part of Europe which was scarcely, if at all, visited by the members of the Commission. I allude to the kingdom of Würtemberg. This small State—the population of which does not exceed 2,000,000—enjoys a system of State-aided education in industry, which is, I believe, more complete and far-reaching than any other in Europe. It has grown up in a fragmentary manner during the present century, but was inaugurated on its present basis in 1856, and brought to a state of successful development, under the guidance of the well-known Dr. Von Steinbeis. It has had the liberal support of the State, and the active co-operation of an intelligent and well-educated people.

The system is now complete and successful; it embraces every department of industrial and technical instruction, from the highest forms of scientific and art education to the development of the household duties of the domestic servant-girl, and the training of the

agricultural labourer in the skilful performance of his daily work. It exerts a powerful influence, not only through the great educational institutions of Stuttgart, the capital, but, by means of a well-organized arrangement of "Progressive Schools," in every town and village of importance throughout the country. Württemberg has long had a thoroughly efficient system of elementary education—no child in the country is overlooked or neglected. In the national schools the foundation is laid upon which is raised the structure of progressive schools for trade and agriculture, whilst the edifice is crowned by the polytechnic school, the technical schools, the high art school, and the industrial art school in Stuttgart. This capital has become a great centre for education in all its branches. It swarms with students, not only of German birth, but natives of all parts of Europe and America.

In my recent visit to the country I have had the advantage of the guidance of a gentleman in the Central Department of Industry, and, by his introductions, have had access to the schools and factories in many provincial towns seldom visited by English tourists. I had paid a previous visit in 1869, when Dr. Von Steinbeis was implanting the system, and under his guidance I saw some of the places which I have now revisited, and am able to judge of the progress which has been made.

The government of the industrial system is of a paternal character. The central department in Stuttgart is composed of a president, with administrative and technical officers, who conduct the general business. They are assisted, when occasion requires, by a larger body, composed of the teachers in various institutions, and by representative counsellors—merchants, manufacturers, &c.—chosen every four years by the Chambers of Commerce in the provincial centres.

The jurisdiction of this central authority extends over the whole of the industrial schools and classes throughout the country. It is active, enterprising, and intelligent. It neglects no opportunity to extend its influence among the trades of the country, by encouragement to those which are prosperous, and by help and advice to those which are flagging or unsuccessful. It does not matter whether the industries are great or small, useful or ornamental. Personal advice and instruction are cheerfully given and willingly received. The municipalities and local boards do their part by means of committees of management, and by devoting funds from their resources to an extent at least equal to the Government grants. Private enterprise assists the public benefactions. The master traders insist upon the attendance of their workmen and apprentices at the schools, and youths of every trade and industry flock to them for instruction. Local exhibitions are frequently held in which comparisons of

manufactures can be studied; and museums, both agricultural and industrial, are encouraged and eagerly made use of by workmen desirous for improvement. The department acts upon the principle that more is to be gained by practical assistance in the management of an industry than by theoretical instruction. It superintends the collection and construction of models, the final training of teachers, and sending them out either as travelling instructors or to special schools. It grants subsidies to clever students, who are sent to foreign countries for improvement. The system of apprenticeship and the operations of the trade guilds also come under its supervision.

Among the most useful expedients which have been adopted I may mention travelling teachers. These were obtained by sending skilled workmen abroad, at the expense of the department, to acquire a knowledge of new methods in trade and agriculture, or by securing the services of foreign workmen. They were sent about among the towns and villages to give instruction in new industries, or to improve old ones. Thus, by the introduction of new processes and of machinery from Belfast, the linen trade was rescued from decay; and watch-making was introduced or improved by workmen from Switzerland and Franche-Comté. These are but samples of many industries which were benefited by the introduction of new ideas from foreigners.

Collections of tools and implements were provided in local museums, and libraries stored with works bearing on trades and agriculture were formed. Another useful institution is the *Müster Lager*, or Museum of Samples. These were encouraged by the Central Office, but the principal one in Stuttgart is now conducted by a joint-stock company. The productions of the country can there be seen in a short visit by commercial travellers and tourists. I was much impressed with the novelty and variety of the goods exhibited.

Under the fostering influence of the Central Department, schools, chiefly open in the evening, for various manufactures were started. In most places local enterprise did all that was necessary, but where this was wanting the department stepped in and supplied the need. In the early days of the movement new machinery was introduced by the department, and even workshops for special trades were started where private efforts failed or were wanting. These were soon handed over on easy terms to skilled workmen, and the intervention of the department in this form is no longer needed.

To enumerate the various trades and industries which have been encouraged or created by the action of the department would occupy too much space—suffice it to say, that they cover nearly the whole range of manufacture and hand labour. Whilst some

of these efforts have not proved entirely successful, they have, for the most part, been productive of excellent results, and throughout the country flourishing manufactures have been implanted where formerly agriculture was the only industry. It is, however, principally in the application of art to industry that the results of the system have proved most profitable and improving. These results may be witnessed by any tourist who inspects the goods exhibited in the shop windows of the König Strasse in Stuttgart. The prevalence of skilled labour and artistic development are too apparent to pass unnoticed. It is especially to be observed that the influence of the system of teaching industrial (as distinct from pictorial) art has pervaded the manufactures of the country, from the most expensive work of goldsmiths and jewellers to the commonest articles of adornment and utility.

A few words must be devoted to female education, for this has not been neglected. There are two large institutions for teaching needlework, dressmaking, and embroidery,—one in Stuttgart, the other in Reutlingen. Each of these “*Frauen Arbeit*” schools have about 200 students, many of whom are foreigners. The complete course of teaching extends over two years. The results produced upon the ladies of Württemberg in the proficiency which they attain in these useful arts are evident to any one who mixes with the people. There are numerous smaller schools throughout the country, in which girls of sixteen to eighteen years of age go through a course of instruction which includes plain needlework, domestic usefulness and economy, farm service in all its details, the rules of health and the requirements of sickness, and general knowledge useful to females in the lower stations of life. So marked is the influence of these schools upon the population that you never see a ragged person, male or female. There are plenty of patches ingeniously inserted, but no rags.

There are now in Württemberg 187 *Fortbildung* and *Frauen Arbeit* schools with 14,640 students, of whom 4,488 are females; a college for agriculture, and 906 agricultural schools, evening classes and reading-rooms, with an attendance of 21,000. Of these, 96 are Sunday schools, in which education in agriculture is given to about 2,000 students; 31 evening schools for adults, with an attendance of 864 men; 82 agricultural reading-rooms, with 3,263 members. There are also 1,039 agricultural libraries, with nearly 200,000 members.

I will select two schools which I have visited as examples, one of which is in an important manufacturing centre, the other in a small rural community with a special industry.

The first of these is the town of Gmünd. It has 15,000 inhabitants. The trade is entirely in metal work and jewellery. Here the system of trade teaching may be seen in its highest development. From first

to last the aim is to impart a correct feeling for art along with technical dexterity in working the various metals which are used in the trade. As in all the other towns of Württemberg, drawing is taught in the elementary schools, at which the children remain until they are fourteen years of age. There are several large factories in Gmünd; and, besides the work done in these, a great deal of hand-work—chasing, engraving, and polishing—is done in the houses of the artisans. On leaving the elementary school the boys go to the factories or begin plain work at home. At once they are entered for the Fortbildung School, where for about a year they are taught drawing, with a distinct bearing upon the requirements of the trade. But it is not only drawing which is taught in the Fortbildung School. There are three advanced classes, into one or more of which the boy enters as soon as he shows proficiency in free-hand and outline. Each of these classes is taught by an experienced instructor, and in this school the teachers of each class carry the title of Professor, and, I may say, deserve it. They are men of extraordinary power and ability. It is really gratifying to witness the high talent which is employed in imparting correct principles of art, in its application to trade, in this and many other of the provincial schools in Württemberg.

These men are not only artists, but handicraftsmen; they know thoroughly what is required by the trade and all the difficulties which have to be encountered in working metals and jewels. They therefore teach the youths just what is useful and applicable and nothing else. No value is attached to laborious studies in light and shade. The masters are paid for their knowledge and on their merits, and not, as with us, by the useless multiplication of studies "for results," to be judged by a central tribunal of men who know little of practical work. There is, therefore, a steady aim in all that is done, and no time is wasted by master or pupil.

1st.—Knowledge of geometrical and freehand drawing in its more advanced stages.

2nd.—Careful and correct modelling in wax or clay from well-selected models.

3rd.—Sketching from natural objects and casts, figure drawing from models, ornament, still life, and original design.

4th.—Engraving, chasing, and repoussé work, all in actual materials—copper, brass, and nickel.

These are the four classes through which the students have to pass. The practice in the school thus becomes a constant assistance to the student in his daily work in the factory.

In the school itself is a small museum of well-selected specimens, a few books upon ornament, &c., and a reading-room. It is well-nigh impossible to suggest a more thorough or useful system for imparting trade knowledge in art. Professor Bauer, who teaches the

fourth division, is the designer in one of the largest and best factories in the town. He started this class about eighteen years ago. I saw it in its infancy in 1869, and I have seen it again this year. The progress which has been made is extraordinary, and the effect upon the trade of the town has been most satisfactory.

The school is well looked after by a local committee. It is conducted on the same principles as all the other Fortbildung Schools as regards its finance. The town provides the school-house—a large old building with no pretensions. The expenses are paid, first, by school fees, which are very moderate; second, by the town; third, by the central department; the two latter in equal proportions.

Judicious inspection by the central office is preserved, but it is scarcely needed, the local interest and attention being all that can be desired. In 1865 there were 265 students in attendance. The total expenses were £695; the fees paid by students £116; and the balance, £579, was defrayed by the Municipality and by the Central Department in equal proportions. There is a small endowment by means of which twelve of the best students, under the guidance of a teacher, make annual tours for instruction. A few students are also enabled by the aid of the Central Department to obtain higher teaching in Stuttgart, Munich, Vienna, or Italy. These important facilities are the only prizes awarded.

The second school is at Laichingen, a village situated on an elevated plateau, or Alp, not far from Ulm. This plateau has an unproductive soil, and is subject to severe droughts in summer. It is dotted over with villages, large and small, of which Laichingen is one of the most important, having 2,600 inhabitants. The plodding industry of the people is evidenced in the means which they have adopted for ameliorating the disadvantages from which they suffer. To alleviate the evils of drought, they have bought a disused water mill in the valley far below, and by its means they pump up water to a reservoir at the highest point of the commune, and serve it out with pipes to the farms and houses. They have also established a joint-stock dairy, with 200 members and 600 cows.

But it is to the linen industry that they look for the employment of their spare time in summer and the short days of winter, when little work can be done outside. I had seen samples in Stuttgart of the beautiful tablecloths and other articles in linen which are woven here, and I was greatly interested in seeing the place, and the people who produce them. The work is all done in hand-looms. There are two or three small factories, with some thirty or forty looms in each, but the greater part of the weaving is done in the houses, where the looms are so closely packed that you wonder how the workmen can get in and out of the benches. I visited the school, which is a mixture of a school for art and a weaving factory.

In this school, design, as applied to the special manufacture, is the end aimed at, and it is successfully attained. *There are no attempts to produce pretty landscapes, or groups of figures, or elaborate studies in light and shade ; but the course of teaching is thorough and consistent. The art master comes two days a week from Blaubeiron, a town nine miles away. He is a clever, practical man. I have no doubt he began life as a weaver, and has added art knowledge to his technical attainments. At all events he knows how to teach the whole mystery of the elaborate and intricate designs used in the weaving of tablecloths and other articles of linen manufacture. It is to this class of knowledge, and this alone, that the commercial success of this industry is due.

It is almost impossible to imagine a place under greater natural disadvantages than Laichingen. Far from a railway station, on an elevated plateau, reached by a stiff pull uphill of nine miles, obtaining its yarns from Belgium and Belfast, with an import duty upon them of fifteen per cent, yet this industrious people, by means of their technical knowledge and skill, are producing the most beautiful articles in their trade, not only for the supply of their own country, but for export to America and other foreign lands. It is a clear instance of the triumph of artistic teaching over natural disadvantages, which, to the ordinary mind, would appear to be insurmountable. I saw youths of fifteen to nineteen years of age designing elaborate patterns, and each of them could not only design, but carry them out through every process to completion, except the final bleaching, for which they have to be sent to Blaubeiron, where there is water suitable for the process. Not only are the youths taught all the technical and artistic requirements of the trade, but each one has to work out in the school elaborate calculations of the exact cost of his productions. In addition to the designs made in the school, others (in the form of sketches) are supplied by eminent professors in art at Stuttgart, and are worked out and adapted by the student-weavers. The trade is not limited to the plain white linen to which we are accustomed, but is varied by magnificent designs for coloured borders ; and many of the smaller articles are rendered attractive and saleable by tasteful combinations of varied tints.

The linen industry has existed here and in neighbouring villages for fully a century. Up to the year 1855 only plain and coarse goods were produced. The competition of power-looms in other countries had caused great depression in the trade, which—as in many other places—would no doubt have fallen to decay had no steps from outside been taken to revive it. At this juncture the Central Department came to the rescue. The first step taken was to improve the bleaching works at Blaubeiron. Workmen from the North of Ireland were induced to come over and settle here ; men

from Laichingen were sent to Belfast to study machinery and methods. Until then only hand-spun yarns had been used. These were superseded by machine-made yarns from Ireland and Belgium. The few designs used had been very poor—generally copies from French goods. The Central Department provided a teacher of design and a weaving instructor, and paid the salaries; and a small allowance was made to clever young men as an inducement to remain a longer time than usual under instruction. A joiner was sent from Laichingen to Vienna to learn the manufacture of jacquard looms. The central authorities sent representatives to foreign Exhibitions, where they purchased samples of the best materials and designs, and lent them to the manufacturers. So rapid was the improvement in the trade, that at the Exhibition in London in 1862 the produce was considered equal to the Irish. In 1865-6 the weaving school was established on its present basis. The village authorities provided the building; the Central Department paid the teacher's salary. Merchants in Stuttgart were induced to co-operate. They provided looms and materials, paid the weavers' wages, and took all the produce. By this combined operation great improvements in the trade were effected, and better wages were paid for the higher class of goods produced. In addition to the technical instruction given in direct connection with the trade of the place, there is an evening school for writing, arithmetic, and drawing. The cost of this school is £20 a year, one-half of which is paid by the State.

I shall not soon forget my visit to this remote but interesting village. It certainly presents one of the most striking instances of the powerful influence of technical and art education upon a rural community.

In concluding this notice of education in Württemberg, I may say that there is a general air of moderate prosperity about the people in the provincial towns. There is a marked evenness about the towns and villages, and extremes of wealth or poverty are rare. Very few mansions with extensive domains, and very few signs of poverty or squalor. I was told that the people do not save more money than is necessary for giving their families a good education, nor do they overwork themselves for the sake of high earnings. They work heartily, earn moderate wages, and spend freely in good living and harmless enjoyments. There is no doubt that the Germans are making rapid strides in all trades and industries, and we in England, as well as other countries, have not yet felt the full effects of German competition. The remedy against it becoming more serious is in our own hands; but our position, as regards the lack of art and technical education, has become so far in arrear that strong and earnest measures are necessary to improve it. We must realize the fact that, if the matter is left to private enterprise, we shall make

but slow progress; and it is unfair that the burden should fall upon a few willing shoulders. Both imperial and municipal funds must be employed, and wise direction must frame the methods by which we are to regain the ground which is being cut from under our feet.

The especial object which I have in view in bringing the Würtemberg system under public notice, is to enforce views which I have previously expressed, that a similar system should be adopted in Ireland.

In any measures to be applied to the revival of trade and industries, which, to my mind, is the only real remedy for the poverty of that country, and for the grievances and discontent which it causes—it is absolutely necessary to include a large and comprehensive system of industrial education. The means adopted in Würtemberg suggest those which should be tried in Ireland; but in that country the destitute condition of many of the poorer people, and the lack of elementary teaching among them, render it necessary to extend the work to the lowest stratum of society.*

To effect this, Ireland should have a thorough and complete system of elementary education, reaching the poorest of her people. In the term education I include teaching the hand as well as the brain. I would suggest that elementary education on the lines adopted by the National Board (with a larger admixture of hand work than exists at present in the schools) should be made compulsory, accompanied by an extension of grants from the Treasury, but not to relieve the parents and the localities from a proper contribution, except in districts where the poverty is overwhelming. In these places free schools would be required for a time. The system of school pence is well worked in Ireland, and the priests and other managers of schools may be trusted to assess the families with discretion according to their means. In new schools a large proportion of time should be devoted to hand-work, and, if found necessary, the present number of scholastic subjects in such schools might be reduced.

We now come to a more important step in my programme—viz., progressive industrial education. Any one who has seen the great industrial school at Artane, Dublin, managed by the Christian Brothers, must confess that there exist in Ireland both skilful teachers and apt scholars for industrial training. The boys who pass through this institution (which now has 700 to 800 inmates) are drawn from the lowest class of the Irish poor. They enter at from

* "It is now generally admitted that no scheme to introduce technical education into Ireland can succeed unless it embraces the teaching of skilled industries among the children of the poor. They are now brought up in indolence and inaction of mind and body in many districts of the country. If they were technically educated it might be expected that such children will become useful members of society."—*Report of the Inspector of Reformatory and Industrial Schools, Ireland, 1885.*

eight to twelve years of age, and are sent out at sixteen skilled artisans or labourers in all departments of trade and agriculture, whilst some of the more intelligent are taught to be clerks, decorators, and musicians. The same may be said with regard to the whole of the children under the care of the Industrial School Department. Under the judicious guidance and the untiring zeal of the chief inspector (Sir John Lentaigne) and the never-wearying care of a devoted band of teachers—Catholic and Protestant, male and female,—this department stands out as a bright constellation amid the squalor and poverty of Irish life. With a system entirely denominational, and a management beyond all praise, these schools, sixty-four in number, and containing 6300 destitute children (none of whom are criminals), are conferring untold good upon Ireland. The cost to the State is exactly 5s. per head per week for each inmate, all the buildings and the remainder of the cost being provided by the managers, by local grants, and by the sale of work done by the inmates.*

The managers of these schools, always desirous for more work, are ready to extend their borders, and it would be desirable to augment the Government grant (for a time at least) so that the number of destitutes relieved could be increased by 50 per cent., say to 10,000. This would involve an increase of the grant from £80,000 at present to £120,000 or thereabouts. This arrangement would relieve the unions of a large number of children now in the workhouses.

Having secured by the above means an efficient system for imparting knowledge of a wage-earning character to the poorest classes, it would further be necessary to inaugurate a system of progressive education for young persons of both sexes, desirous to improve their qualifications for industrial pursuits. To do this we should have to imitate the methods employed in Würtemberg and other German States. I allude to the Fortbildung (further progress) schools or classes, to be held in the evenings at the school-houses, or other suitable premises in towns and villages, adapting the teaching in these schools to the wants and industries of the several localities. For instance, fishing and seafaring schools on the coast; manufacturing schools where wool and flax abound; agricultural schools, and schools for domestic industry for young women, almost everywhere, and so on through the range of industrial occupations.

* For further particulars of these schools, see *National Review*, September, 1886: letter on "Irish Industrial Schools."

Since the above was written, Sir John Lentaigne has retired from the post of Chief Inspector, which he has held for thirty-two years. In the concluding sentence of his last Report (1886) he says: "My great aim has been the instruction of the inmates in high-class skilled industries, by which they may be able to earn a living in after-life. . . . It was my earnest wish that some of these schools might eventually develop into technical training colleges for instruction in the higher branches of arts and handicrafts."

I would suggest that in many small places these schools should take the form of model workshops, and that, when once established on a successful basis, they should be handed over, on easy terms, to skilled workmen, where such could be found. I have alluded to this course as having been adopted in Würtemberg. It may also be found expedient, in order to encourage workmen willing to start such establishments, to pay apprentice fees for indigent boys, who would otherwise be a burden on the rates. Of course all these would be under inspection.

The larger towns should be encouraged to organize a higher class of schools for technical education, and for the practical application of art and design to industry, and they should receive guidance and assistance for this purpose.

To effect these measures, which are beyond the scope of existing agencies, a new "Department of Industry" should be established (similar to that which exists in Würtemberg) for promoting industrial, technical, and art education as applied to industry. As it is of little use to teach people to be industrious, and not at the same time to lead them into fields of labour, this department would also have to undertake the much more difficult task of guidance and help, in the industrial development of the natural resources of the country.

It would extend this article to too great a length were I to go thoroughly into this question; but the functions of such a department must be elastic and capable of adaptation to the present and to the increasing requirements of the country. They would embrace some or all of the following subjects: *

The improvement of means of communication. The reclamation and drainage of waste lands. The utilization of peat and other natural resources. The development of mines, quarries of marble, &c. Improved methods of agriculture. Forests and plantations, with a school for forestry. New crops suitable for the soil and climate, and the application of products to trades. The formation of collections of tools and implements both for trades and agriculture, and of ware-rooms for samples of finished goods, similar to the "Müster Lager" of Germany.

My readers will, perhaps, be alarmed at this list of work for a Government department to perform; but it is not so formidable as it looks, and it might be considerably extended and still be within mortal reach. The mission of the department would not be to *do* all these things itself, but to show the people how to do them, and to render assistance to voluntary workers. To obtain information from other countries and to teach its application in Ireland. The great aim should be to develop local and individual energy. To

* Some of these would more properly be undertaken by the Board of Works.

extend counsel and advice when and where required, and to afford assistance towards or to conduct experimental efforts.

The work and results of such a system as I propose I have already described as in full operation in the kingdom of Württemberg, a country at least as badly off as Ireland in natural resources, and far worse off as regards its total want of seaboard, and inland water communications.

I have shown in the account of what has been done in Württemberg that they obtained a great deal of useful knowledge from Ireland. Why should not Ireland take payment of the debt by importing some of the clever handicraftsmen of that country (who are now far too numerous to find full remunerative employment at home) for the purpose of restoring her defunct, or expiring, industries?

I am informed that these are to be had if asked for—young men who can teach modelling, design, carving in wood, &c., embossers and chasers of metals, leather workers, and other trades—and that there are many who have added a knowledge of the English language to their other acquirements.

Our principle of action as regards Irish industries has been to leave the country to its own unaided resources, and when famine and poverty have asserted their sway, we have pointed to America as the proper home for a pauperized and disaffected people. The result is that an indignant, but now prosperous, crowd of emigrants conduct the campaign against us, and supply the sinews of war for our discomfiture.

What Ireland needs is not separation from, but a closer union with, Great Britain—a union to be cemented by wise legislation and consistent rule, under which her industries can be made to flourish, and commerce and the arts of peace to be conducted with security.

Many small agencies exist in Ireland for the promotion of local industries. They are, however, weak, and depend upon the precarious exertions of self-denying individuals. They seldom if ever fail from the want of aptitude in the people for industrial pursuits, but they expire for lack of funds, or of a back-bone of support which can always be relied on.

If the threads of this voluntarism could be gathered and united in a common centre, from which direction and help could be obtained, an immediate commencement of industrial instruction could be made. It is almost hopeless to expect that this concentration of effort will be made in Ireland, either by local co-operation or voluntary subscriptions. The materials for such a combination do not at present exist in Irish society. The motive power, the funds, and the direction, must, in the first instance, proceed from Government: but the chief effort of such a "Department of Industry"

as I have suggested, should be directed to the development of local influences, and the encouragement of voluntary zeal.

I believe that no measure would more surely promote the growth of material prosperity, and the consequent pacification of Ireland, than one which had for its object the removal of poverty and ignorance from the people, by an intelligent and kindly effort to assist them in the development of the natural resources of the country, to teach habits of industry and perseverance to the young, and thus to draw away from entire dependence upon agriculture the already overcrowded ranks of pauperized labour.

In conclusion, I would emphasize the following considerations:—

That, in order to revive profitable industries in Ireland, it is necessary to combine with the development of the natural resources of the country, a complete and practical system of industrial teaching.

That municipal and local co-operation, for both purposes, must be everywhere sought and made use of. Voluntary zeal must be impressed into the service and encouraged by the Central Department. The work to be accomplished is great and difficult. The aid of all classes is necessary, and no narrow prejudice should exclude the help of any skilled persons who are willing to assist. The capitalist, the merchant, and the workman are all required. Scientific experts, architects, and engineers must be asked to lend their aid. Ladies and skilled female workers of all classes of society will also have their part to perform in this great movement.

Finally, whilst the useful arts and handicrafts must at first claim a large share of attention as wage-earning occupations for the masses, this should not prevent the adoption of a high standard of artistic and scientific attainment for those who may be qualified by industry or ability. The aim should be to develop to their full extent the faculties of invention and originality which have existed, but now lie almost dormant, in the Celtic race; and to restore that culture and skill which formerly existed in Ireland, and which in a long-forgotten past drew this graceful tribute from a Florentine visitor to the country: *

"Insula dives opum, gemmarum, vestis et auri,
Commoda corporibus aere, sole, solo;
Melle fluit, pulchris et lacteis Scotia campis;
Vestibus atque armis, frugibus, arte, viris;
In quâ Scotorum gentes habitare merentur,
Indclyta gens hominum milite, pace, fide." †

ALFRED HARRIS.

* Donatus, Bishop of Fiesole; died anno 873.

† Gems, raiment, work of gold, the Island's wealth,
Air, sun, and soil bless human life with health;
With milk and honey flow the Scotian fields,
Arms, fruits, and arts to men the country yields.
There (a deserving race) her people dwell,
In Faith, in War, in Peace, alike excel.

MR. SAMUEL MORLEY—IN MEMORIAM:

DEATH is a revealer: the character which has been slowly sculptured by the fine-edged trials of life seems to be fully disclosed by death, and is set forth to be judged by men. Death strikes a keen penetrative light upon the past career of Life, and gathers into one clear image myriad memories of scenes and words and deeds that unite, as in a focus, to show the spirit and habit of him who is gone. It is thus that, for many, Mr. Morley stands to-day, after his death, more fully known, more truly understood, more reverently honoured than during his life. The serenity of death has given clearer and truer vision than was possible amid the multifarious distractions of the living world in which he played such a prominent and zealous part.

We too, who have been associated with Mr. Morley on this Review have recalled in vivid and grateful memory years of intercourse with him, in which many of his most noble and expressive traits of character were constantly displayed. We attempt briefly to portray some of these elements of his character, that we may help to make him better known, and that his memory may continue for us and others to be in many respects, as his life has been, a model and inspiration.

In business, Mr. Morley accepted the conditions on which alone in our time business can be successfully conducted. He believed that other economic conditions will arise hereafter in society. He promoted "co-operation" among working-men, and persistently urged upon them the formation of those habits of thrift, self-culture, and mutual reliance that would enable them to associate in industrial and commercial societies of various kinds. But successful business to-day he saw must be administered autocratically. And the merit

of the supreme direction of business which he undertook consisted in the spirit of emulation and enterprise which he infused into each department of his business, and the high integrity and prompt exactitude with which he required its duties to be fulfilled. He carefully studied the relations of capital and labour, and he strove to obtain, in the only way open to him, the best material and moral results from their alliance. He regarded the use of capital to involve not only the employment of labour, but its organization and effective generalship; both in the production and distribution of wealth. Thus men were trained in his service for business as good generals train their officers and soldiers. No breach of discipline, no indolence or irregularity, were tolerated. And, consequently, he achieved for himself and his thousands of employes the benefits of a splendid and continuous success in business. But if his administration of business was autocratic, and his commands were quick and absolute, he was equally quick to redress a wrong unwittingly done any one in his employment. None of them, if afflicted or in want, failed to find in him a friend. The best workmen sought his service: and many of his workmen—and of a certain class all—who had spent their strength for him received a liberal pension from him in their old age. It is hard to inweave with the severe conditions on which alone a large business can efficiently be conducted, the charities, and even the equities, by which personal sympathy enriches and sweetens all human relationships. But Mr. Morley, who felt this difficulty, sought earnestly to solve it. To him, wealth was only good for noble use. And the first use of it, to him, was the well-being of those with whom he earned it. The devotion of his workpeople is evidence that this object was to a large extent fulfilled.

Mr. Morley acquired by his great gifts a large fortune. And it is probably his munificent generosity in the disposition of money that made his name to be so widely known and universally honoured. But there were certain characteristics in his distribution of money which are less known, and should be more honoured, than his munificence. It is true that he regarded the possession of his large fortune as a sacred trust, which he held for the good of men. And the discharge of that trust was to him a *business* requiring higher gifts than the acquisition of money. Hence the amount of time and thought which he devoted to this "*business*" of his life. He rigorously reserved from his other vocations the leisure necessary for this supreme duty and joy. To him it seemed culpable folly to amass money for highest ends, and then to give little heed to the wisest use of that money—so as to further these ends effectively. Thus he investigated personally or through friends the numberless applications made to him for help from individuals in want or

difficulty. In biblical language, Mr. Morley might have truly said, "The cause that I knew not, I searched out." This involved immense labour: but it was a principle with Mr. Morley to test and realize the need that sought his bounty. And when satisfied, with his bounty he always gave expression to the sympathy he felt, and often gave counsel and encouragement that availed for more than money. The gift of money came warm from the hand of Helpful love. In those who received, it quickened hope and effort. In him who gave, it exercised and more deeply inbreathed the soul of a charity wise to do good. Few men have more profoundly learnt the secret taught by Mr. Lowell in his "Vision of Sir Launfal":

"The Holy Supper is kept indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need,
Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare.
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungry neighbour, and me."

In like manner, Mr. Morley not only scrutinized the methods and objects of the numerous societies and institutions which he liberally supported, but he gave *himself* with his money. As he often phrased it, "I give my money to be a partner in the concern." It was his stake, pledging his personal interest; his investment, which his business judgment and his philanthropic zeal would aid to make profitable. Thus, of the great company that met at his funeral—the active leaders of so many societies, the representatives of so many institutions, from all parts of the country—not one but felt not only that his cause had lost a generous subscriber, but that he himself had lost a strong and faithful ally.

Mr. Morley's service to the cause of humanity, accordingly, is not to be reckoned by the money he gave, but by his abounding personal labours, by the sympathy and stimulus he imparted, by the example he showed. During the most active years of his City life, when he carried alone the responsibilities of his business, he secured time for arduous work on behalf of both the State and the Church. In those years he took an active part in organizing the Administrative Reform Association, and in carrying out the urgent reforms it demanded; and he visited every county in England to stir up Christian churches, by his appeal and promise of monetary help, to more active evangelistic labour. Of late years, when freer from the burden of commercial responsibility, he did not use that freedom for his own pleasure, but spent his time and strength the more abundantly in public service. And the last winter was perhaps the busiest in his life. What his hand found to do to promote the good of men, he did it with his might.

No enthusiasm could have sufficed for such a continuous, unwearying life of well-doing that had not its springs in a religion

that made the elevation and redemption of his fellow-men the chief end of life and an essential part of the worship of God. Such, in Mr. Morley's mind, was the religion of Christ. He was a profoundly Christian man. He has been called a Puritan. And he was a Puritan, in so far that he believed the roots of human evil to lie deep in human nature, and that the regenerative powers of an Infinite Love, spending itself in service and sacrifice for man, alone will avail for the purifying and perfect restoration of that nature. Such Puritanism is, however, as catholic as Christianity itself. If in some minor points his faith had an ancient accent, he understood and he revealed, as few other men, that conception of Christianity which in our days is happily gaining transcendent influence. The Christian religion, to Mr. Morley, was a religion for Society as for the Individual. He abhorred the selfish "individualism" which is sometimes, and wrongly, associated with the idea of Evangelical Christianity. He could not understand how such a dark shadow had fallen on the souls of men from the "Evangelical faith," which teaches men a "gracious Love," full of sympathy and healing grace, stooping unto death that the undeserving might live; and which calls men to receive that love as their own spirit of life. He accepted, with a fervour which no Positivist has equalled, the redemption of humanity from evil as the object of his religion. And in working for that redemption he had, as a Christian man, three mighty forces which the Positivist has not—a Righteous Authoritative Law, a Divine Leader, and a Love fired with the ardours of the Cross.

Mr. Morley recognized the vastness and complexity of the work of human redemption to which he consecrated his life. And hence the multitudinous variety of the Christian service in which he engaged, political and social and religious. In the words of Wichern, the founder of the Inner Mission in Germany, he believed that in the work of Christ and His Church "we must unite together, in a vital and necessary connection, all outward and inward, material and moral, intellectual and spiritual, help—so that the former of these, the outward and material, shall lead to and prepare for the latter, and that the latter, the inward and spiritual, shall be recognized and felt to be the true power that enables men rightly to acquire and use the former." How many memories arise, too, of instances where that "grace" which is recognized to be the peculiar and richest fruit of Christian culture shone radiantly in Mr. Morley's conduct! One only we quote. Mr. Morley was unseated, after his first election as member of Parliament, because of irregular proceedings attributed to one or two of his over-zealous supporters. No wrong could have wounded more bitterly his spirit. The blazon of his pure name was sullied. It was his

first experience in the fierce arena of electoral contests. His humiliation was great, his sorrow keen. And the revenge he sought wherewith to comfort himself and repay the wrong done to him was this: he asked the Rev. Canon Morse, of Nottingham, and another, to confer with him, and advise him in what ways he could do most for the good of a town where this great wrong had been done him.

Mr. Morley did not personally engage in the theological controversies of his day, and he did not allow them to trouble his own steadfast faith. He modestly confessed that he had not the scholarship or the mental training to take profitable part in these controversies, therefore he eschewed them altogether. And he felt that the Faith in which he had been nurtured yielded him the inspiration and the guidance for the very noblest style of life which his heart could conceive or desire. With it, therefore, in its simple catholic verities, he was sublimely content. No higher idea of God or ideal of life was possible, as he conceived, than he found in this Faith. But Mr. Morley, whilst holding this assurance of faith, had no narrow dogmatism of spirit. He desired the controversies in which he himself could take no part to be bravely and generously fought. He believed in the high integrity of many leading opponents of the Christian Faith, and he believed that only good would follow their challenge and criticism of the Faith, if it were fairly and earnestly met. He accepted the old Greek adage: Πόλεμος πατὴρ ἀληθείας.

It was from this conviction that he associated with others in the support of *THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, which, in words which he approved, "opens its pages freely to serious and high-minded writers of every school, believing that it is only by open and honourable controversy that truth can be vindicated and harmonized."

J. B. PATON.

AN ACADEMY CATECHISM.

DURING the past month there has been a considerable discussion, in which the present writer has taken some part, as to the necessity of reforming the Royal Academy. It has been pointed out that neither the character of the exhibition, the instruction of the schools, the election of the members, nor the recognition shown to the various fine arts is in a satisfactory state. And it has been asserted, and scarcely if at all denied, that the majority of artists do not benefit from the large revenues of, and the great public interest shown in, the Royal Academy, but that in the main the members conduct this public institution as if it were a private club for their own special benefit.

In the following pages I endeavour to give some suggestions of the evidence in favour of the existence of these defects in the Royal Academy, as at present constituted, and I maintain that unless the majority of my assertions can be proved erroneous, an overwhelming case in favour of immediate reform is proved. One word more; I have banished from my arguments almost entirely all those instances of personal favouritism, known to myself and others, and thereby considerably weakened my case; but it appears to me, that even on the general grounds here given only one conclusion is possible, and to the consideration of my readers I submit this "Catechism" concerning the Royal Academy and its administration at the present time, maintaining that the defects therein asserted are of such a character as to necessitate examination, and if proved to be true must be held to call for a thorough re-adjustment of the system under which such things have been possible?

The charges against the administration of the Royal Academy may be conveniently arranged under the following headings:—

1. Neglect of the interests of the fine arts, generally speaking.
2. Neglect of the interests of the public and the outside artists, through favouritism, narrow-mindedness, jealousy, or other causes.
3. Failure to institute and direct competent schools of fine art, in which painters, sculptors, &c. &c., should be able to learn their business in a thorough, adequate, and above all, *consistent* manner.

Into one or another of these divisions almost every duty of an Academy of Fine Arts necessarily falls, and if the authorities can be proved to have shown themselves incompetent or unfair in the majority of these respects, the case against their management is irrefutable.

For the sake of brevity, I propose to put the words I have to say upon each of these three divisions, into the form of question and answer, thus :—

Q. How have the Royal Academy neglected the interests of the fine arts ?

A. By neglecting all but one department.

Q. Particularize any branches which they have neglected.

A. (1) Water-colours, (2) Etching, (3) Wood-cutting, (4) Sculpture and Architecture, and (5) *all* the arts commonly called Decorative—Wall-decoration, Stained Glass, Tapestry and Paper Designing, Pottery, &c. &c.

Q. How do you prove they have neglected any of these ?

A. Water-colours—by never having elected a single associate from the ranks of the water-colour painters, though some of the greatest artists England ever had worked in this medium ; by giving no instruction in water-colour painting in their schools ; by recognizing in no way the existence of the great water-colour societies ; by having only one small room for the exhibition of water-colour work—by, in fact, treating it as a matter entirely inferior to oil painting. Etching and Wood-cutting—by showing no public recognition of the artists engaged in them, by having no department for their exhibition, or in its schools for instruction in these arts. Sculpture—by having (till quite recently) but one small dark room for its reception, by providing no adequate school for its cultivation, by neglecting the men who most deserve to have been recognized as good workmen—such, for instance, as the late Alfred Stevens, the designer of the Wellington Memorial, and, as a matter of detail, the author of the scheme for the decorative treatment of the interior of St. Paul's dome, upon which Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., and Mr. Poynter, R.A., are at present engaged.* The treatment of the decorative arts mentioned in the question, may be summed up very

* This sculptor was, perhaps, the only artist of great native genius of whom England has been able to boast this last half-century. He was entirely neglected by the Academy to the end of his life, and spent the greater part of it in struggles for a bare livelihood, designing fire-grates and decorative sculpture for the manufacturers.

briefly as follows :—Those working in them have been ignored ; no instruction is given in their processes or principles, no reward or recognition of any kind has been bestowed upon first-rate work in these branches. Burne-Jones' stained glass, Morris' designs and dyes and tapestry manufactures, De Morgan's lustred pottery, Tinworth's decorative sculpture—such are a few of the products in decoration which have been carried out independently of the Academy.

Q. But I notice you have omitted architecture from your list. Surely the Academy have shown a zealous care for the interests of this the most important of our domestic fine arts ?

A. I have omitted it only because the proofs on this point are so numerous and so overwhelming that I scarcely know which to select.

Q. Tell me first whether the best architects have not been invariably students of the Academy.

A. No ; the rule is rather the other way. Amongst others, Barry, Gilbert Scott, Burges, Street, Waterhouse, and others received their education elsewhere. When they became members of the Academy, if at all, was when their fame had come no longer to be denied : they owed nothing to the Academy, but the Academy much to them.

Q. But is there not a professorship of architecture at the Academy ?

A. Yes ; but the chair has not been filled for some years.

Q. But perspective and geometry are taught, according to the foundation decree of the Academy, by a professor specially appointed from amongst the Royal Academicians.

A. Yes, it is so decreed ; but it is asserted—and I have seen no denial of the fact—that “for twenty-six years there has not been found one Academician willing or fit to perform this part of the trust—a part which in the higher schools of the Continent is regarded as essential to the teaching, not only of architecture, but of all the arts of design.” *

Q. Then do our architects for the most part learn their business privately, outside of the Academy ?

A. Certainly. Since the year of the foundation of the Royal Academy in 1769 there have been twenty-eight architects only admitted to membership, and of these ten only received instruction in the Academy schools.

Q. But is not the Academy justified in thinking that architecture is scarcely a matter of sufficient importance to demand cultivation by their body ?

A. It has hardly been considered in former years to be an inferior

* *Vide* the “British Architect,” letter by Mr. White, quoted in *Pall Mall Gazette*, Sept. 10, 1886.

art; indeed, many of us think that painting and sculpture were in their origin little more than the handmaids of architecture. Moreover, at the present day the estimation of this art on the Continent is such as to place it in the most important position. One of the most celebrated French architects, for instance, is this year the President of the *Academie des Beaux Arts*. In this instance,* as in so many others, our Academy acts contrary not only to the universal practice of other nations, but to all the traditions of the fine arts, which they ignore except with reference to the one division of painting in oil colours.

Q. But even if one branch of fine art only is cultivated—i.e., painting—is it not true that art owes very much to Academic help and instruction, and justifies its conduct?

A. No, it is not true.

Q. Give reasons for your answer.

A. It is not true, because the most important kinds of painting—i.e., the religious, the heroic, the historical—by no means flourish in the Academy, and have even decreased greatly of late years.

Q. How do you prove that the Academy are responsible for this?

A. Very simply; because they not only elect as associates and academicians those whose art is most opposed to such work, but they even keep out entirely the most famous artists who do paint pictures of this description.

Q. Give instances of this.*

A. As an instance of a religious painter, Mr. Holman Hunt, the artist of "The Light of the World" and "The Shadow of Death;" as an historical painter, Mr. Madox Brown, the designer of the great historical series of Frescoes at the Town Hall, Manchester, and an artist whose first historical picture was painted more than forty years ago.†

Q. But if they omit painters of these subjects, is it not because such pictures are unsuited for popular exhibition and Academic sanction, and do they not foster carefully all other kinds of poetical art?

A. The very reverse is the case, as great religious and historical works are practically the very matters which should receive academic support, since they are most desirable in the service of the nation; since their attraction to the more frivolous class of the public is not so immediate; since the time and labour required for their production, must almost always be in excess of any pecuniary return. Recogni-

* I omit, for the reason given at the beginning of this article, the names of those painters who have been elected whose work is opposed in character to art of a religious, poetical, heroic, or historic kind. Their names are unfortunately, however, too well known to make the omission of much consequence, for these artists form the largest class in the Academy—i.e., the class of costume painters.

† He was the instructor of Rossetti and Holman Hunt, amongst other claims to distinction, and the painter about thirty years ago of one of the finest purely Pre-Raphaelite pictures in the world—the picture called "Work."

tion of such work should be one of the most carefully exercised of academic privileges.

Q. But you do not answer my question as to poetical art ; is not this much encouraged by the Academy ?

A. Again I must reply that quite the contrary is the case.

Q. Prove this.

A. It might be taken as a proof to notice the class of works exhibited by the Members of the Academy, and mark the absence therefrom of any art of this description ; but it may perhaps be proved more simply by the fact that the whole of the poetic group of painters, known as the Pre-Raphaelites, and those of their school, were violently abused and scorned by the Royal Academicians, with the single exception of Millais ; and it is a strange fact, that no sooner did this last-mentioned painter come within the focus of the Royal Academy, than his pictures began to lose little by little their poetic qualities and subjects.*

Q. If then, the Academy do not encourage religious, historical or poetic paintings, what kind is it which they do foster ?

A. A species of subject and treatment which it is difficult shortly to describe, but which may be roughly labelled, the costume-picture : sentimental, dramatic, or comic.

Q. What reason can you give for their selecting this ?

A. The plain one that it is pictures of this kind which find a most ready sale, since they can be understood by every one, being in fact simply coloured illustrations of trivial subjects.

Q. Do you mean then to assert that the Academy, as a body, test the quality of fine art, by its likelihood of finding purchasers, and do not seek to encourage painting of the highest aims ?

A. Such is indeed the case.

Q. Can you give me any proof of this ?

A. Yes ; since the portraiture of the dressed-up baby is one of the most frequently chosen subjects, and this is the one which finds a most ready sale.

Q. Why should that be the case ?

A. Partly because the great majority of visitors to the Academy (as to all our other picture galleries) are women, partly because such pictures obtain ready purchasers in the proprietors of weekly newspapers, who find they form attractive subjects for reproducing in colour printing for Christmas and Holiday subjects.

Q. But would not the best Dutch art come under a somewhat similar

* On this point Mr. Holman Hunt's opinion is a valuable one ; here it is, as expressed in a letter to the *Times* of August 18, 1886 : " There has been but one principle adopted by the Academy during the whole of my experience. Over respectable nonentities there is no fighting : why should there be ? These are assiduous admirers, and are not dangerous. But towards young men of original force, of whatever form, everything is done by the Academy and its friends to make the struggle an impossible one."

description (as costume art), and are not our best traditions of painting derived from Holland?

A. Yes; but the domestic art of the Dutch, and that of which I am speaking, have nothing in common in subject, any more than method; though in the earlier years of this century, there was considerable resemblance.

Q. Can you explain shortly what you mean?

A. The Dutch sought above all things for perfection of *chiaroscuro*, and attained it by marvellous precision and dexterity of workmanship; but though they seemed to care little for their subject, it may be noticed that it was always one distinctively evidencing the national life, either of the home or the State. We have changed all this: in the Academic pictures, there is little if anything that can be felt to be distinctively English; there is no attempt at telling faithfully the little stories of home, still less is there any general endeavour to lift them into beauty by perfection of workmanship. These pictures, of which the majority of the Academic contributions are composed, are smart, half-foreign renderings of any trivial fancy on which a pretty costume may be hung, or a taking title affixed. It is not that they refer to *little* things so much as that they do not refer to any true life at all; they have, so to speak, no existence out of the studio.

Q. But supposing this to be so, are the Academy responsible?

A. Yes; they are doubly responsible, for the manner of regarding and of executing such subjects, since they chiefly elect the painters who choose such subjects, and who treat them in such a manner.

Q. But if all this be true of the figure-painting in the Academy, is not the art of landscape at least greatly improved and honoured by the authorities, and all its best professors elected?

A. It is grievous to state that the recognition shown to landscape painters is even more reprehensible in its partiality, and erroneous in its direction, than that of which I have been speaking.

Q. How is this?

A. In the first place, the Academy have always considered landscape painting very inferior to figure; there have rarely been more than five or six pure landscape painters amongst the whole body of Academicians and Associates*—and the best English landscape painters have generally not been elected to the Academy at all—as for instance, in the old days, De Wint, David Cox, William Barrett and Linnell; and in the present time, Alfred Hunt, George Fripp North, William Davis (of Liverpool), Thomas Collier, and Albert Goodwin, all landscape painters of exquisite ability. And in the second place, the landscape painters who are elected, are for the most part men who belong to the so-called realistic Scotch school of painters, which

* If I except animal painters there are not at present even so many.

though possessing considerable merit for its rough fidelity of impression, can hardly be considered as being a school of landscape *painting* at all, since its method is almost wholly opposed to all the traditions of the great masters. Such work is adapted for conveying what may be called the cheap melodrama of Nature, its lurid sunsets, its drifting mists, the flashes of sunset on a hill side, and similar effects; but it is incapable, by its coarseness, lack of subtlety and detail, its deficiency in all the traditions of great painting, of giving us work of permanent value, and it has this fatal drawback, that its qualities are such as to deaden all our perceptions to landscape art of really fine quality. It is above all others, for this reason, painting to which an Academy should steel its heart, and close its portals, since if it prevails, it will stamp out all the finer and more delicate renderings of Nature; the more inevitably, as it is above all others the painting which looks well in an exhibition.

Q. Then you assert that religious, historical and poetic art are neglected, that architecture is despised, that costume art of a trivial and un-national kind is encouraged, that landscape painters are considered inferior generally, and that those who are admitted, are not the best men, and that while this is the case with oil painting, all other kinds of fine art are unjustly overlooked, and there is provided neither proper teaching of their processes, nor recognition of their results?

A. Yes; I assert that this is to the best of my belief an absolutely accurate state of the case as regards the neglect of the interests of fine-art shown by the authorities at Burlington House.

Q. But you do not show that, even if the above is true, the Academy deserve blame, since it may be urged that they are but members of a private society, and as such have a right to make such rules as seem to them fitting, and for those who do not like them—they may go elsewhere—

A. That is just the point, that word “elsewhere,” for that is practically where the outside artist cannot go. He is bound to the Academy, simply because it has gradually usurped all authority in art matters, and owing to its enormous influence, not to be exhibited there, is considered by the public, and above all, by the picture dealers, as a great misfortune, if not crime. Moreover, it is the outside artist’s best, almost his only chance, of getting his work seen and sold; its exhibitions are the very life-blood of large numbers of the artistic world, so far as sale and reputation are concerned.

Q. Still that does not prove it is not a private society.

A. No; but it proves that it can only be a private society in name, for a body which affects directly the livelihood of a whole profession, which receives protection and encouragement by a special Royal Charter, which has a very important site freely granted for its exhibitions

and schools, which derives large sums of money from the exhibition or outside work, and which always takes upon itself to represent the art of the whole country, cannot be considered private in any real sense of the word.

Q. Would you then interfere with the action of this society so long as it did nothing contrary to law?

A. Certainly, if it can be shown that it has gradually acquired enormous extension of influence, has become practically a great public institution, and has used that influence unwisely and selfishly, and in neglect of the interests of the public and the outside artists.

Q. But how would you attempt to prove this?

A. I would prove it partly by the facts that I have already adduced as to its conduct towards every branch of art but one, and its neglect of all the best divisions of even that one branch. And I would prove it by pointing out that its system affords no recognition to the younger members of the profession, who, if not elected associates may (and do) paint excellently for years, swelling all the time by the interest of their works the profits of the Academy Exhibition, and receive not even the reward of acknowledgment, or the certainty that their works would be even hung the next year. I would point out men whose works have been not for one or two, but *twenty years* admittedly attractive features of the annual exhibition, who have never received, and very likely never will receive, academic notice, though by all the rest of the world around them, their merits are well known. I would point out inferior men, who have received and will receive such reward—I would give the names of artists, whose quality is well known, whose pictures are hung on the line one year and rejected or skidded the next—and I would show that the market value of the inferior work was directly affected by election to the Academy, to the detriment of the public and good art. I would even point to many of the greatest men in English art, both living and dead, the works of whom never received academic distinction.

Q. In Heaven's name stop; there seems to be no end to your answers on this head.

A. In truth, I have not yet enumerated half the reasons; but pass to another point, and I will do my best to satisfy you.

Q. You have spoken of favouritism; it is an easy charge to make, and a hard one to deny; can you show clearly that there has been any undue amount of that failing?

A. I think I can show it clearly even without making personal allusions, though of course the great majority of such incidents relate to special men and circumstances, and must therefore be omitted. Thus, I would quote the favouritism shown to the Scotch school of landscape painting; the exclusion of poetic and historic art, in comparison with the space given to costume pictures of slight

domestic or sentimental interest; the exclusion of water-colour painters and decorative artists of all kinds from the Academic ranks, and the fact that approved exhibitors are frequently rejected without any reason being assigned. I would point to the works of art purchased for the nation by the Academy with the Chantrey fund money, and inquire how it happens that so many of them are by Academicians and friends of Academicians, and whether the majority can be said to fulfil the terms of the bequest, that they should be the "works of the highest merit that can be obtained." I would show too, that the works of great foreign artists, sculptors, or painters, suffer, as in the present exhibition, when the work of one of the best known French sculptors was rejected, and one of the most splendid of Carolus Duran's portraits hung up above the line, while in a place of honour, almost beneath it, hung a picture by one of his pupils.

I could show, moreover, that even of those good artists whom the Academy did eventually elect, the best were kept waiting for years, and only admitted grudgingly when their continued exclusion had become too flagrant an exercise of partiality.

Amongst such men would be John Brett and Henry Moore, the two best sea-painters in England, each only admitted after about fifteen years' waiting; Burne-Jones, admitted after five-and-twenty-years'; Albert Moore, not yet admitted, after nearly twenty years' exhibition; Alfred Hunt, and Albert Goodwin, the most delicate and thoughtful, and the most imaginative landscape painter in England, neither of whom are in the list of Associates. And perhaps to these names I might add two of even greater, or at all events more world-wide repute, since they are those of the two most daring and highest-aimed of all living English artists—Mr. Madox Brown, the historical, and Mr. Holman Hunt, the religious painter. Both of these are old men, and men who have been great for more than a quarter of a century, and both as utterly neglected by the Academy as if they had never lived.

Q. But do the Academy not deny that the men of whom you speak, and others who have received like treatment, are worthy of public recognition, and so justify their conduct, no matter how mistaken?

A. No; for they say nothing at all as a rule, and generally towards the close of an artist's career, if he be one whose reputation has, in spite of their neglect, become established, they offer him election.* Sometimes even when he dies without recognition, as

* This charge seems almost incredible, but it is completely borne out by facts: *vide supra*. This offer of election is a difficult matter to substantiate, since it is rarely actually made in specific terms—for obvious reasons. The artist, however, is "sounded" on the subject, and if found agreeable, is elected. As an instance of this, the following extract from a letter of Mr. Madox Brown's is interesting: "Fifteen years since, Mr. Holman Hunt called at my studio to ask my advice whether he should accept overtures made to him with a view to entering the Academy."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, August 23, 1886.

with Linnell and Rossetti, they exhibit his works in their galleries, and so make money out of the artist dead, whom they had despised and ignored living.

Q. But do artists and their friends submit to such elections at the end of life, and such collections of works being made after death?

A. Yes; because the influence of the Academy is so great that few artists are able to bear its enmity in the first case; and in the second, friends and relations sacrifice their own feelings for the sake of the honour (?) shown to the deceased artist. Within a very short time the lifelong (or nearly lifelong) neglect is forgotten by the public, and when Brown or Jones is spoken of in future years, he is claimed as a member of the Academy; a proof of how wide are their sympathies—how impartial their actions!

Q. Let us pass to another subject since you will not abate your charges on this point. How can you justify your complaint as to the Academy Schools?

A. I judge them by the narrowness of their scope, the lack of consistency in their teaching, the absence of encouragement and recognition to the student directly he has completed his course, and by the poorness of the results shown.

Q. Give me some ground for believing you on these points.

A. Certainly; their narrowness of scope is proved at once by their having but small provision made for the art of sculpture; none (to the best of my belief) for water-colours; no schools of decorative art, etching, or engraving. The lack of consistent teaching is shown in many ways, chiefly the fact that the instruction in painting is given by two Academicians who are changed every month or two; above all, by the poorness of the result upon the student; for whereas, if a student goes to Antwerp, Düsseldorf, Paris, or Rome, he is taught in one systematic manner, and comes out from the school able, *after his method*, to paint; when he leaves our Academy, he is generally at but the beginning of his instruction in painting, and most frequently, if he can afford it, goes to a foreign school to learn his business. And if he can't afford it, and begins painting at home, he generally muddles away some years in search of a systematic method of work, and goes in the end abroad, instead of at first, and learns his business at thirty, instead of at fifteen.

Q. Have you ever known such things to happen?

A. Yes; and to my personal friends. At the present moment there is, in a great French painter's studio, learning to paint, one whose pictures have been hung frequently on the line at the Academy. Like a wise man, he discovered one day that he didn't know his trade (though the Academy thought he did), and so went off and began again. Besides this, the majority of well-known English artists at the present time have been trained abroad—and this even includes the best of the Royal Academicians.

Q. But do you tell me that after the student has been taught at the Academy, no help or recognition is afforded him?

A. By the Academy as a body, none whatever. An Academician may perhaps take a fancy to him, and see that his pictures receive favourable consideration when they are sent in for exhibition, but there is absolutely no provision for helping him, or making his merit known to the public at large. He is kicked out, a very young bear, into the world, to sink or swim as best he may.

Q. Then you consider the Academy Schools teach too little, teach that little badly, and leave off their teaching and their help at the very moment when it is most needful?

A. That is exactly my opinion.*

Q. I must say that if the facts are as you have stated them, you have made out a strong case against the late administration of the Academy; but do not all or most of the matters you blame, belong to bygone times, and is not the present administration doing its best to remedy all deficiencies?

A. No doubt there is a party, and one of considerable strength in the Academy itself, in favour of reform, and it consists of some of the strongest members, headed by the President; but it is numerically weak, and there is no chance of any radical alteration, such as is necessary, being made even by that party. So long ago as 1863 a Royal Commission of inquiry was held into the state of the Academy, which recommended amongst many other things the restriction of the members to the exhibition of four instead of eight pictures, and a few weeks ago, twenty-three years afterwards, a motion to the same effect having been brought forward it was rejected by a large majority.† Except under pressure from without, there is no reason to believe that the Academicians will abate a jot of their present privileges, or exercise them in a more generous manner.

Q. What then is to be done?

A. Apply that pressure most assuredly, in the interests of the public and twenty thousand suffering artists.

Q. Do you consider, then, that the Royal Academy is entirely responsible for all the defects you have enumerated?

A. By no means, for these defects could never have existed had it not been for the culpable indifference of the public, the want of resolute and continued action on the part of the outside artists, and, above all, the deplorable ignorance and partiality shown by the public press.

Q. How have the press been to blame in this matter?

* There are many vital defects in the Academy Schools which I here omit for sake of brevity.

† Several other recommendations of this Commission were assented to by the Royal Academy at that time when they were desirous to gain the site of Burlington House, but I do not know that one of them has been carried out.

A. Chiefly in the ignorance they have shown, and the indifference with which they have discharged, or rather not discharged, their function of criticism. Till within the last few years the art critic of a newspaper was simply an ordinary journalist, who combined that office with his other writings, and picked up such knowledge of his subject as was absolutely necessary as he went along.

Q. But such a practice surely does not obtain now ?

A. More than you would think ; in many of the minor papers, magazines and reviews, it is still in full force, and even on some of those of the first rank.*

Q. But how is it that the editors permit this ?

A. The editors not only permit but prefer it. "Notice" (of art matters) as opposed to "criticism," is what they choose, and for a very simple reason : "notice," makes friends ; criticism, makes enemies. Besides, the measure of the public interest is, and necessarily, the measure of the editor's indifference or concern, and it is believed by editors, and rightly (as regards the past), that the public don't care much about art, and that consequently any serious and adequate treatment of its examples or its professors is unneeded. Besides this, there are other, and I grieve to say more unworthy, reasons, though I do not mean to assert they are generally present.

The Academicians and Associates and their friends are a powerful body, and can in many indirect ways make themselves pleasant to the art scribe—sometimes even to his editor, if he is pleasant to them—and, more directly than these, the art publisher's influence is considerable in the same way. Let me give a rather curious instance—for the truth of which I can vouch—of a frank attempt to buy criticism with a dinner. One day a critic received an invitation to a "literary dinner," which, being young and comparatively innocent, puzzled him extremely, for it came from a firm of picture dealers, &c., of whom he knew nothing whatever. Wondering what the occasion could be, he resolved to go, and went. The dinner was eaten—a very elaborate one, at the "Bristol"—and after it some eulogistic speeches about the giver of the feast were made, in the midst of which the critic in question departed. Shortly afterwards he happened to be passing the gallery where these publishers were exhibiting some pictures, and went in to see them. They were a small and very indifferent collection of paintings. Rather disgusted, he was leaving the gallery, when he was stopped at the door by one of the proprietors. "Good morning, Mr. Blank ; I have not yet seen that notice in the 'Thunderer.'"
"Good morning, Mr. Dash ; I have not the least

* Not only the ignorance, but the impudence of some of these journalistic critics is extraordinary. A few days ago one of them asserted that it was a positive drawback to an art critic to know how to paint—it would be likely to give him a "professional bias !"

intention of writing about your gallery." And so exeunt, in a vile frame of mind, both dealer and critic. The "nobbling" of critics, however, is too large a subject to enter upon here, and is moreover, a practice for which no remedy can be found, save that of employing men whose position puts them beyond such temptations. The worst of it is that young writers are apt to believe that the little tributes sent to them by dealer, publisher, or artist, are not *quid pro quo*, but what they profess to be, recognitions of the critic's intelligence and compliments to his artistic knowledge; and the awakening comes too late —when the dinner is eaten, for instance. The only way is to decline everything of the kind. I found, personally, that after writing one or two letters to fine-art publishers, saying I would not accept prints, etchings, &c., I was troubled no longer by their presentation.*

Q. Then what do you consider the remedy for this deficiency of knowledge and impartiality in press criticism.

A. The same as it is in every other department, to employ only competent men who are experts in their subjects; to pay them an adequate salary, and not to interfere with them as long as the work is honestly done. The truth is, that so far from the part of an art critic being easy, it is perhaps the most difficult of all the departments of journalism, and the hardest to fill satisfactorily.†

Q. Precisely, but I think you are somewhat wandering from our subject, which was, if I mistake not, the necessity of reform in the Royal Academy. Tell me now in what direction you would make your reform; what alterations are most imperative, and should be most immediately instituted?

A. I can do little more than briefly name these, nor do I wish to state them as the best that can be devised; but as alterations which would certainly effect a vast improvement, and which are practically possible.

1. That "Royal Academician" should be a chief title of honour, only given to those who, in the opinion of the whole artistic community, deserved it by their services to art.

2. The Associates should be increased (doubled) in number, and should only hold their post for a short number of years (five would be sufficient), so as to give place in their turn to other artists. Old Associates should have the right to exhibit pictures the same as those then in office, and should be capable of re-election after a certain interval.

3. Election to the post of Royal Academician should be by

* Unfortunately, this makes many enemies.

† I do not wish to be misunderstood on this point. A great, very great improvement has been effected of late years, but very much still remains to be done. Art criticism is one of those matters which had better not be done at all than done by an incompetent person.

the whole body of Associates, past and present, and all regular exhibitors at the Academy, and the candidates should be chosen only from among the Associates who have been re-elected at least once.

4. Professors of *all* branches of the fine arts, should be capable of election as either Associates or Academicians. A certain proportion of sculptors and architects should be always members of the Academy, in order that the interests of those arts should be properly looked after: the decorators should also be represented on the governing body.

5. A system of reward by medal and diploma, should be instituted for the service of the younger artists, and to have gained at least one of these medals, should be a necessary preliminary to Associateship.

6. These medals should be given, not only for painting, but for sculpture and the decorative arts.

7. The number of pictures exhibited by Associates should be limited to two, that by Academicians, to four.

8. Artists whose pictures have been hung three successive years, should have a prior right of selection, and medallists should have the right to show one picture, for at least three years from the date of their medal.

9. Adequate Schools of Sculpture and the Decorative Arts should be instituted and administered by the Associates and Academicians, and every encouragement should be given to the pupils in these to compete for medals after the termination of their studentship.*

10. Advanced studios should be instituted, in which students, after completing their academic course, should study under the occasional supervision of an Associate or Academician, in his peculiar style. This system has long been at work in France, and answers admirably. The students are visited by their master but once a week, sometimes once a fortnight, for an hour or two. In that hour or two he goes round to each pupil, tells him clearly how he is going on, frequently takes a canvas and puts in a right beginning for him, "now you start fair, go on with that." There is little conception in England of the advance which students make in this way, by continuing in a definite style, under a master *they have themselves selected*. A kind of personal as well as artistic enthusiasm grows up at once; a definite, is substituted for an indefinite aim, and the only danger is that the style is adopted too exclusively; that, however, in after years rights itself if the

* Such schools need not necessarily be immediately administered by the Academicians, but should be affiliated to the Academy, and recognized by it in its rewards, elections, &c.

artist has any individuality, and if not, he may just as well work in one style, as in any other—or none at all.

Q. You seem to attach great importance to this last provision?

A. I confess that I attach the greatest importance to it. I believe it is the very mainspring of the French excellent handicraft, for it continues the student's instruction at precisely the very moment when it is most needed; it at once humbles and invigorates him, and it binds together the old and the young artists, as they should be bound, in a brotherhood of mutual esteem and mutual help. For, note, that it is by no means only the young man who gains hereby. The instructor secures for himself a band of young disciples eager in his praise, and ready and willing to extend his principles and practice to the utmost. And this, moreover, is one of those reforms which could be carried out without injuring any one; and which, if I know anything of his character, the President, Sir Frederick Leighton himself, would be the first to approve and help.

Q. Have you any more alterations to suggest?

A. Many in connection with the yearly exhibition, but they are too much in the nature of detail to enter upon at present; besides, my throat is somewhat dry with answering your questions, and I think a——

Q. "Brandy and soda?"

A. Thank you.

HARRY QUILTER.

THE BISHOPS AND PUBLIC PATRONAGE.

THE Bishop of Peterborough at the commencement of this year wrote as follows on the subject of the source of patronage :—

“I confess to the desire to see one more source of patronage added to those in existence, in the shape of Patronage Boards, on which both the diocese and the parish, the clergy and the laity, should be represented, and should have the power to acquire, by purchase or by voluntary cession, advowsons from private patrons willing so to dispose of them. To such a Board, when constituted in my own diocese, I would gladly hand over all that episcopal patronage which I am popularly supposed to reserve for the endowment of my ‘relatives and toadics.’”

If this proposition of the Bishop of Peterborough were initiated by the bishops generally, and Patronage Boards, representative of the clergy and laity of a diocese, were established in every diocese, a reform second to none in influence for the welfare and development of the Church, and the well-being of the clergy, would be immediately inaugurated.

Two systems equally extensive exist at the present time in the Church, private and public patronage. Private patronage is that which has been inherited, either from original private endowment, or obtained through purchase. Public patronage, on the other hand, is attached to certain offices : it has neither been inherited by the patron of the time being, nor has it become his by the right of purchase. Private patronage, whether the patronage be inherited or purchased, represents an original gift of land, of tithe, or of money. No private patron can be asked to give up, without compensation, a right which his ancestors created through their own beneficence, and without which neither Church nor patronage would have existed in the locality. Such patronage can only justly be restored to the Church by the Church substantially indemnifying such private patrons. If the Church asks for the patronage, let it shift also to its own shoulders the burden of the endowment.

In the case of public patronage, on the other hand, to which we purpose solely to refer, the Church is in no way indebted to the public patron or patrons of the time being, individually or by inheritance. Neither they, nor any ancestors of theirs, have contributed of their own substance to the patronage of the churches to which they present. The patronage which they possess has sprung from the beneficence of churchmen generally.

The very great and far-reaching importance of this branch of patronage will be seen, when we consider the livings which are in the hands of public patrons. Under the head of public patrons we may enumerate Archbishops, Bishops, the Crown and Chancellor, Cathedral Chapters, Vicars of Mother Churches, Universities and Archdeacons.

The following is a summary of the patronage in the hands of public patrons :—

Episcopal	2,657
Crown and Chancellor	1,077
Chapters	926
Vicars of Mother Churches	905
Universities	697
Archdeacons	50

Total 6,312

In round numbers, 6,000 out of 13,538 livings in England are in public patronage. Consequently, really half the livings of the Church are in the hands of individuals, or of corporations, who have never themselves expended, nor did their ancestors expend, a fraction in the endowment of the livings to which they present.* No plea therefore of any injustice towards those patrons could be raised, if the patronage of those livings, which the Church generally has created and endowed, were by the Church diverted for the benefit of the Church from the individual to the Church itself.

The bishops have, as is well known, been the first to point out the grievous anomalies which exist in the present state of private patronage, but anomalies equally grievous exist in the present state of public patronage, and are equally detrimental to the development of the Church.

Many public patrons are absentees, who have neither local connection, nor local knowledge, nor interest in the parishes connected with the livings to which they present. Such absentee patrons are notably the Crown and Chancellor, the Dean and Chapters, and the patrons of college livings.

Again, we find as public patrons the vicars of what are called mother churches. The possession of their patronage by the vicars of mother churches is usually limited to their own immediate neighbourhood. Churches, however, in their own immediate neigh-

* The colleges at the Universities have inherited, and stand therefore in a different relation to the original donors than all the other public patrons mentioned.

bourhood are the very last to which the vicars of mother churches should present. For most of the livings in the gift of vicars of mother churches are now found in our large towns and populous neighbourhoods. Here it is particularly important that the Church should have able and independent men, and should not be reduced to one shade of theological opinion. This uniformity of theological opinion is undoubtedly, as a matter of courtesy, in some degree secured under the present system. But such uniformity, even if desirable, which we question, does not necessarily produce unanimity in the town or neighbourhood, but rather the opposite; and the vicar of the district parish church, from the very fact of being the nominee of a brother clergyman in the immediate vicinity, loses, as long as his nominator lives, a large amount of independence, which it is very undesirable that he should lose.

This possession of patronage of adjacent livings by the vicar of the mother church originated in the great difficulty which existed in former days in obtaining the consent of the Vicars of old parishes to the cutting off of portions of their parishes for separate ecclesiastical districts. In past days such abstraction of parishioners meant abstraction of fees from the pocket of the vicar, and an abstraction of rates from the support of the mother church. Consequently, the vicar of past days might perhaps reasonably object to such abstraction, unless the patronage of the district church were guaranteed to himself. But these necessarily reasonable claims of the vicar of the mother church of past days do not exist for the vicars of the mother churches of the present day.

But not only is revision needed in the above instances of public patronage, but there is a growing conviction in the minds of churchmen that the system of episcopal patronage requires complete revision. The exercise of episcopal patronage is not in any way primitive. It is of comparatively recent origin. The exercise of the episcopal office, and the exercise of the episcopal patronage are not, nor were they in the primitive Church, in any way necessarily, associated. Bishop Stillingfleet in his "Irenicon" asserts that the plea of divine right for diocesan episcopacy was never heard of in the primitive Church. Yet it was through this diocesan power that patronage came into the possession of the episcopate.*

In the Life of the late Bishop Wilberforce, it is recorded with what successful results the persevering and continuous efforts of a bishop to obtain advowsons may be crowned. When Wilberforce was appointed Bishop of Oxford, only seventeen livings were in the

* Stillingfleet does not at all question episcopacy itself, nor even the divine right of episcopacy. His questioning refers only to those modern divisions and boundaries of episcopal right which have as little to do with the Scriptural claim of episcopacy as the division of the chapters of the New Testament have to do with the inspiration of the sacred writings themselves.

gift of the bishop. During the twenty-four years of his episcopate, from 1845 to 1869, he added one hundred and four livings to the patronage of the episcopate of that diocese.*

If ancient and primitive right be taken into account, it must be admitted that the claims of the laity on patronage are infinitely older than those of the bishops. The very fact that there are so many lay patrons in the Church is an indication of the ancient origin of the claims of the laity. This share of the laity in the appointment of their clergy is in fact one of the distinctive features of the primitive Church. It dates back to even the sub-apostolic fathers. St. Clement, in his letter to the Corinthian Church, gives us to distinctly understand that the appointments of their clergy were made "with the common consent and approval of the whole church." (συνενδοκησάσης τῆς ἐκκλησίας πάσης. Clement. ad Corinth. xliv.)

At a recent meeting of the Diocesan Conference of the Liverpool Diocese, Canon Lefroy expressed himself strongly upon this subject. "He offered," said the Canon, "his heartiest congratulations to the bishop of the diocese that he had so little patronage to bestow. He believed that it saved endless heartburnings.

On this question of patronage, the opinions of many others of both clergy and laity have on recent occasions been most distinctly expressed. At a recent diocesan conference at St. Albans, where patronage was discussed, Mr. H. H. Gibbs said: "It is indeed unadvisable that patronage should be taken from individual laymen and placed in the hands of either Crown or bishop. It is much better for the Church that the patronage of livings should be widely exercised by laymen."

Dean Oakley, in a letter to the *Guardian*, writes: "Give the parish by representation some voice in the appointment of its pastor: protect the bishop and parish by an *elected* diocesan council for its purposes of patronage, and both episcopal, and Crown, and private patronage will soon be freed from many of their existing blemishes."

The Bishop of Carlisle has on more than one recent occasion spoken to the same effect. "It would of course have to be defined," the Bishop said at his diocesan conference, "what effectual representation should be, before it could be introduced into any piece of legislation; but as regarded himself, he had always identified himself with the general principle that *congregations should have a voice* in the selection of their minister, in order to avoid the abuse of patronage."

In seeking for that "effectual representation" of which the Bishop of Carlisle speaks, it is well to instance for consideration the system of patronage which has been established in our colonies, and in the disestablished Church of Ireland. We shall there find the institutions which unestablished churches have, of absolute

* "Life of Bishop Wilberforce," p. 381. The list of the livings is there given.

necessity, been compelled to adopt for the development and vitality of their Church.

In the diocese of Christchurch, New Zealand, three different elements—parochial, diocesan, and episcopal—are at work in the exercise of patronage.

In any case the bishop may elect or reject the nominee of the Board of diocesan nominators. The rejected nominee, or the nominators, may then appeal to the bench of bishops. The decision of the bench of bishops is final.

The regulations for the exercise of patronage in the diocese of Tasmania shall be given in the words of the Bishop of Tasmania himself:—"In Tasmania, as in New Zealand, the council of patronage consists of three elements, representing three distinct interests—parochial, diocesan, episcopal. One element is elected by the parishioners; a second by the diocesan synod, as the governing body of the Church; the third in the bishop, representing the interests of the whole diocese." "It is but fair," the Bishop adds, "that the synod and the parish should have a voice in the nomination of the incumbent, as long as they both contribute, as they do in the Colonial Church, to the stipend. Exceptions to this plan are made in behalf of churches that have been wholly endowed by private beneficence. In such instances the patronage is placed for one or more nominations in the hands of the person who endows."

In the Church of Ireland, for the formation of the patronage Board, the diocesan synod elects one layman and two clergymen, as the representatives of the diocese for the purpose of nomination. The Easter vestry once in three years chooses three parochial nominators; they are elected for three years. The bishop has the casting vote, and in addition he has his ordinary vote as well.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, at the Manchester Conference in 1883, speaking of the Irish Church system of patronage, said: "Theoretically, he thought that no better system could be devised. While, on the one hand, care is taken to get the voice of the parishioners on religious subjects, yet the controlling power in making the appointment is vested in a body which has interests beyond those of the parish, and which would regard not local prejudices and fancies alone, but the merits of the candidates for the livings, for the best service of the particular church, and for the good of the Church at large."

Such are the outlines of the representative systems which the Episcopal Church in our chief colonies and in the disestablished Church of Ireland has found it absolutely necessary to establish in order to carry on effectively the work of the Church. "It was found by experience that the interest of the laity in the support of the clergy could not otherwise be elicited.

If such a change is to be realized in the Church of England

whilst it is an Established Church, it can only be effected through a concession on the part of the bishops, similar to that so liberally tendered by the Bishop of Peterborough. The bishops also alone can initiate in their respective dioceses purely representative assemblies. Without diocesan assemblies distinctly representative, and in which representatives alone sit, the true mind of the diocese can never be ascertained. Nor can it be expected that any Patronage Board elected by assemblies otherwise constituted will receive the confidence of the Church. The late Bishop of Salisbury was an earnest advocate of representation, as calling out the power and interest of a diocese, and he strongly deprecated the introduction of officialism into the conferences. "The conferences," he said, "where such a system has been introduced, are greatly deficient in that thoroughly representative character which is essential; they are destitute of that fundamental strength which alone qualifies them for an enduring organization."

The introduction of such a diocesan and local lay interest into a share in the exercise of patronage would tend much to ameliorate, not only other branches of the work of the Church, but also the miserable condition of clerical incomes. A deeper interest in the work of the Church would be aroused by such a trust among the leading laity of every parish, and this would lead to the gradual, if not the immediate, augmentation of the poorer livings. This augmentation of the poorer livings, the desirability of which is so universally acknowledged, would result especially in the larger manufacturing towns and the richer manufacturing districts.

The beneficial influence of such a change in the exercise of patronage may be illustrated from such a town as Halifax. The vicar of the mother church of Halifax has in his gift thirty-one livings. These livings are either in the town, or in its immediate neighbourhood. They comprise a population of 145,000 people. The livings are notoriously poor. A very different interest in the Church would be created in that town and neighbourhood if three churchmen in each of these thirty-one parishes were elected as parochial nominators. There would at once be created ninety-three different centres, the heads and leaders in parochial matters. Such an accession of interest would be a powerful factor in Church work. Not only those actually nominated, but others who might look forward to such a position, would become interested in their parish churches. Every churchman of any social standing whatever in a parish would feel that he might become at some future day a nominator to his parish church. This would necessarily tend to create a deeper personal interest in their own parish church on the part of leading laymen living in it. We are not speaking of that higher aspect of interest in the Church, which we may call especially religious or devotional. We cannot, as practical men, ignore the fact of another kind of interest, but which if rightly guided may ultimately become

a deepened religious interest. We mean that sort of interest in the outer fabric of the church and of its ministers, which not only cushions in scarlet the pew of the rich dissenting manufacturer himself, but also tends to spread his beneficial influence all over his chapel. Such a man, among the dissenters, feels it as a sort of personal reproach that any part of the chapel in which he worships should be left in an unseemly state of disrepair. He also feels a certain kindly responsibility as to the comfort of the minister whom he "sits under," and of the house which his minister's family inhabits. The same interest, with certain obvious and desirable modifications (which a diocesan constitution would bestow), might be brought to bear beneficially on the financial condition of the Church. It may be said that this is a low view to take of matters, but still it is a true view of a state of things which actually exists. The old central church of a manufacturing or county town is often well maintained, while the district churches, which minister to by far the larger proportion of the population of that town, are too frequently left to languish and to struggle on without any adequate support from the richer laity. These richer laymen are not encouraged by the existing regulations as to patronage to take any unselfish interest in their own parish churches.

The importance of the creation of such local interest in the affairs of the Church may be still further illustrated from the diocese of Ripon. In this diocese, where the towns have very rapidly increased and the churches have been multiplied, the patronage has been retained too exclusively in the hands of the vicars of the mother churches. We select for our illustration the ten vicars of the diocese of Ripon, who have in their gift the most important patronage. These vicars are the following :—

Vicar of the Mother Church of	With Patronage of Livings					Population of
Halifax	31	145,629
Leeds	14	76,548
Bradford	12	74,427
Almondbury . . .	11	34,904
Dewsbury	8	38,195
Huddersfield . .	7	32,006
Batley	7	38,648
Kirkburton . . .	6	14,836
Birstall	5	31,814
Calverley	3	21,035
	<hr/>					
	104					508,042

The population of the diocese of Ripon is 1,578,582.

The livings, which comprise a third of the population of one of the largest and most important dioceses of England, and which livings contain over half a million of population, are in the gift of *ten* patrons. If undeniable statistics did not prove such a state of

things, it would be scarcely possible to credit it. Not one of these ten patrons have laid out anything towards the building or endowment of these churches or livings. Neither they, nor their ancestors, have in any way been such benefactors to the Church as to entitle them to such enormous patronage. To divert such patronage, say at the next avoidance of each mother church, can be no injustice to any one. To have in these very important towns 312 laymen of position, influence, and means, as sharers in the bestowal of such patronage, would give an incalculable impetus to the work, and to the stability, of the Church. It is obvious that if 312 laymen, resident in their respective parishes, of presumably larger means, more varied influence, and representing personally a greater variety of Church views, were substituted for the ten vicar patrons, an enormous additional power and energy would be immediately introduced into the Church. It is in these larger towns and cities that the future destiny of the Church of England is now being determined.

If to the livings enumerated above there is added the population of the fifty-seven livings to which the bishop of that diocese solely presents, and half the population of the livings (twenty-six in number) to which the bishop presents alternately with the Crown, there is added a further population of 273,418. Thus in the patronage of *eleven* patrons (ten clergymen and the bishop) there are churches representing a population of 781,460, or exactly half of the population of the diocese of Ripon.

But in addition to the 173 livings with the above-mentioned population in the patronage of eleven persons, there are also 140 other livings in the diocese in public patronage. These are in the gift of the Crown, Chancellor, the chapters, vicars and colleges. These raise the population of the diocese of Ripon in public patronage to 1,120,000. Thus, of this vast population in one of the most important and influential divisions of England—the West Riding of Yorkshire—781,460 are found to be in the hands of eleven clergymen, and 338,540 in the hands of other public patrons, who have no immediate interest in the locality, and who for the most part are non-resident in the parishes to which they in their corporate character present. It would indeed be contrary to the commonest human experience, if dissent did not flourish under conditions which are so adverse to any active co-operative interest on the part of the laity in the working of the Church.*

* It is noticeable that in Wales (where the patronage of the episcopate is even more excessive) the influence of the Church is sunk to its lowest level. This, though not the only cause, is at least one powerfully contributory cause to that result.

In Bangor, the Bishop's patronage exceeds one half—75 livings out of 144.

In St. Asaph, the Bishop's patronage is three-fourths of all—144 out of 204.

In Llandaff, Bishop's patronage 75, Dean and Chapter 26—101 out of 224.

In St. David's, 142 out of 405.

It is not to be wondered that the Church of the Principality should languish under such circumstances.

The entire patronage of the diocese of Ripon is represented in the following Table :—

	Public.	Trustees	Not Public.
Bishop	57		48
Ditto, alternate with Crown	26	Private	142
Vicars	180		
Chancellor and Crown . .	18		
College	16		
Dean and Chapters . . .	16		
Total	313	Total .	190

In our analysis hitherto we have limited our observations to a single diocese—the diocese of Ripon. An equally unsatisfactory condition is found in the archdioceses of Canterbury and York, as well as in many other dioceses, especially those of Manchester, Durham, Lichfield, Winchester, and Peterborough.

But without analysing again any particular diocese, we select

	No. of Livings in each town.	No. in Pub. Pat. in the same.	No. in Pat. of Bishops.	No. in Dean and Chapter.	No. in Pat. of Vic. of Mother Church.	Crown and Chancellor.	Population in the towns, which are in Pub. Pat. in each town.	Diocese in which town is situated.
Auckland, Bp.	17	15	12	—	1	2	55,237	Durham
Blackburn . .	33	27	7	—	20	—	141,411*	Manchester
Brighton . .	23	16	3	—	13	—	101,001	Chichester
Bury	21	16	4	—	11	1	80,001	Manchester
Canterbury . .	10	9	5	3	—	1	20,242	Canterbury
Carlisle . . .	10	8	2	6	—	—	31,866	Carlisle
Exeter	23	18	3	13	—	2	31,009	Exeter
Gateshead . .	9	7	7	—	—	—	63,873	Durham
Gloucester . .	15	13	10	1	—	2	35,070	Gloucester
Kendal	18	15	—	2	13	—	17,012	Carlisle
Leicester . . .	17	15	15	—	—	—	106,301	Peterborough
Lincoln . . .	13	13	10	3	—	—	37,312	Lincoln
Lancaster . .	12	11	8	—	—	3	39,200	Durham
Manchester . .	21	14	4	9	—	1	85,208	Manchester
Middlesboro'. .	5	5	5	—	—	—	54,500	York
Maidstone . .	9	8	7	—	—	1	29,260	Canterbury
Newcastle-on-Tyne . .	20	14	5	—	6	3	105,000	Newcastle
Norwich . . .	32	23	5	15	1	2	58,530	Norwich
Portsea . . .	15	11	4	1	6	—	102,000	Winchester
Prestwich . .	26	18	7	—	8	3	134,016	Manchester
Rochdale . . .	28	24	16	—	7	1	124,137	Manchester
Shields . . .	10	10	2	6	—	2	60,149	Newcastle
Southampton .	16	15	11	—	2	2	60,000	Winchester
Walsall . . .	9	7	1	—	6	—	42,144	Lichfield
Wigan	17	11	—	—	11	—	78,000	Liverpool
Winchester . .	12	10	5	1	—	4	17,400	Winchester
Worcester . .	13	13	6	—	7	—	33,953	Worcester
Wearmouth, Bishop . .	13	12	10	—	2	—	84,000	Durham
Yarmouth, Gt. .	6	5	—	1	4	—	35,000	Norwich
York	28	22	14	6	—	2	46,000	York
	501	405	188	67†	113	32	1,908,991	

* In a few of the towns above, as Blackburn, Bury, &c., the area of patronage extends beyond the municipal borough.

† Under the heading of Dean and Chapter nine livings are placed, which are in the gift of Archdeacons, &c.

thirty large and important towns in England. We find that in these most important centres of mining, manufacturing, and mercantile enterprise, the patronage is equally injurious to the development and stability of the Church. The patronage of four-fifths of the livings of these important towns is either in the hands of a very few public patrons, who have, as we noticed before, not contributed anything towards the endowment of the livings: or in the hands of corporate bodies, the members of which reside at a distance from the livings.

The population of the towns above consists of 2,250,000. The public patronage embraces 1,908,900 of that population. The towns are situated in sixteen dioceses. We consequently find from the Table that sixteen bishops, fourteen vicars, and ten chapters present to 373 livings in those thirty towns alone, and that no layman has any voice whatever in the patronage to the 373 livings, embracing a population of 1,750,000. The Crown and Chancellor are the other public patrons, so that not a single *local* layman has a voice in presenting to livings in these towns, which livings embrace a population of nearly 2,000,000 people.

A great change would result, if in these thirty large towns the 405 livings in public patronage had each three local laymen connected with the parish, appointed as nominators. There would be in these thirty towns alone 1,212 influential men officially recognized and permanently interested in the well-being of their respective parishes, and also in the wellbeing of their clergy. No one cognizant of the work of the Church in any towns of a similar kind, can question the expediency of such a relation of the laymen to their own parish churches.

The miserable stipends, which are attached to the livings in the above-mentioned towns, are a sufficient indication of the importance of the latter consideration. In the towns above instanced, the average income of the clergy in the whole of the 405 livings is only £275. Even this general average is raised to that amount by the averages of the five towns of Bishop Wearmouth, Bishop Auckland, Shields, Blackburn, and Wigan. The endowments in these towns have been raised by the claim which the districts have upon the fund of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The average income of the livings in public patronage of the following towns in the list is—

Winchester, £226	Canterbury, £209	Lincoln, £204
York, 203	Great Yarmouth, 202	Exeter, 191
Norwich, 163	Kendal, 160	

In the case of the ten towns mentioned above in the diocese of Ripon, the average incomes attached to the livings in the gift of the vicars of each mother church, are as follows. In the gift of the—

Vicar of Leeds,	£310	Vicar of Bradford,	£301
Vicar of Calverley,	276	Vicar of Birstall,	267
Vicar of Halifax,	263	Vicar of Huddersfield,	254
Vicar of Dewsbury,	240	Vicar of Batley,	236
Vicar of Kirkburton,	233	Vicar of Almondbury,	207

On such incomes our clergy are expected not only to subsist, but to keep up the appearances of gentleness in personal apparel, and as to their households, to find suitable education for their sons and daughters, to contribute something to the manifold necessities of the poor to whom they minister, and to lay by a suitable provision for their widows! Such stipends are found, to the shame of our Church organizations, in numberless other towns besides those mentioned, and such stipends account for the vast number of clerical charities. From these public charities necessitous and distressed clergymen receive their pitiful doles. "A system which combines the opposite evils of deliberately impoverishing, and then gratuitously pauperizing, might be justly reckoned the *summum malum* of any organization."

Nor need we take upon ourselves to deprive the clerical profession, any more than the secular professions, of the hope of earthly reward by any specious plea that the clergy might thereby be tempted to work from interested motives. The "man-with-the-muckrake," who under the existing state of patronage, works, so to speak, with his eyes on the ground, would continue to work from interested motives, whether the hope of the earthly crown were more or less definite. The man who, under existing circumstances, is enabled to look "first" to the "heavenly crown" would none the less "seek first" that "crown," if the Church were to "add unto it" such needful provision, as, to her shame, the majority of our clergy too often, under the present circumstances lack for themselves and for their families.

We are not to offer unto the Lord "the maimed, the halt, and the blind"—the men "who seek for heaven because earth's grapes are sour." In no sense, we take it, are we "to make priests of the lowest of the people." Let the Church beware that she does not by her own act so grind the faces of the clergy, that from the ranks of the lowest of the people only, intellectually and socially at any rate, shall she be able to hope for her recruits. Unless some better, more definite, and more honourable provision than the average livings, if livings they may be called, supplemented *in extremis* by the Poor Clergy Relief Fund, be provided for the majority of the clergy, this will certainly result. A man with a genius for martyrdom may deliberately brave for himself the sordid conditions of a life whose privations he would shrink from inflicting on a wife and children. The Crawleys of Hogglestock are, alas! a much more numerous tribe than is even dreamed of by many of their lay cousins—more numerous, and perhaps painted with even a greater realism, than it

had entered into the heart of our kindly satirist-novelist himself to conceive.

At the present time the laity are supremely indifferent to the incomes which the clergy are receiving. It could scarcely be expected to be otherwise. The laity have no incentive given them to increase the endowments. They have been excluded from exercising any influence in the appointment of the clergy who minister to them. They do not know who will be chosen for them as their next clergyman. They only know that they themselves will neither be consulted nor will they have any voice in his selection. If this condition of things were changed, if the chief parishioners had some voice in the selection of the clergy, then they would naturally be interested to make the living of such a value that it might be offered to an able man, and that it might be worthy of his acceptance. The laity at the present time very reasonably say: "Why should we tax ourselves to enhance the value of another man's patronage? Let the patron raise the living himself: the patron may appoint some one out of harmony with our views, and one to whom we may even have a positive repugnance."

The dioceses at the present time are so enormous that numbers of the clergy are necessarily unknown to the bishops. But if such a change were introduced, there would be few parishes in public patronage, where each earnest clergyman might not hope, if his hardworking "life" deserved promotion, but that he might at some time obtain it from "those who witnessed it."

Canon Farrar has drawn for us a picture which in itself is a protest against the existing condition of things in the Church:

"There is a suffering," he writes, "which is silent, resigned, unobtrusive: clergy there are who drain to the dregs the bitter cup of poverty, and die, and are not known. They have held on bravely to the end; they have kept up respectable appearances; they have put their children in the way of earning their own bread; and though the iron has entered into their souls, no murmur has escaped their lips. And when the vicar dies, and the house is broken up, and the little he might have saved is absorbed, his widow and his children leave in still deeper penury the scene."

The present Bishop of Manchester, at the first public meeting that he spoke at in his new diocese of Manchester, drew especial attention to the subject of the great deficiency in clerical incomes:

"I am told that one-fifth of the livings of the diocese of Manchester are actually under £200 a year. I know what it is to try to administer a large town parish on a small income. I did it for six years, and of all the parts of my active life those were the most sad. I could not do my work. I could not relieve the distress around me. I know what it was not to have the means; and could they suppose that a man on less than £200 a year, placed in a large town population, necessarily containing many poor, and some destitute, could live himself and maintain a family, if God gave him one, on so inadequate a sum as that? It was impossible. I do wish I could get all the rich laymen of the diocese of Manchester in this hall, and 'stick them up,'

as they used to say in Australia, on that question. Do you think it possible for a man—a gentleman—who must appear as a gentleman wherever he went, or the people would say that he was disgracing his cloth—to go about, however plain his living, however strong his instinct of self-denial, and do his work and pay his way on £200 a year? Yet one-fifth of the livings are less than that."

If the bishop would "stick up" the laymen, as he desires, by giving them a local lay interest in the exercise of patronage, he would soon "stick up" also the clerical incomes. If the bishops generally (after the spirit expressed by the Bishop of Peterborough), in whose patronage there are 2,657 livings, would call in this lay-help, and place these livings under the administration of diocesan boards, and also require all their own nominees on their own appointment to do the same, more than 4,000 livings would be influenced, and thus more than 4,000 beneficed clergymen would have a better chance of serving the Church without being distracted by the sordid cares of an inadequate income.

The rapidity with which a great change could be effected may be seen by the changes which actually take place in the holding of livings in a single year.

We will take the year 1883 in illustration. In that year 863 livings were vacated and re-appointed to. The patronage, under which these 863 livings were held, is as follows:—

In Public Patronage.		In other than Public Patronage.	
Bishops	193	Parishioners	1
Vicars	74	Haberdashers' Company . .	1
Crown and Chancellor . .	74	Trustees	64
Chapters	49	Private	358
Universities	42		
Archdeacons	5		
Eton College	2		

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The late Bishop of Manchester said in his last charge (Nov. 1884) that during his episcopate of only fourteen years, out of 492 incumbents in his diocese, 328, or 66 per cent., had been admitted to these cures by himself.

The very deficient incomes of the larger proportion of the clergy in the town livings have a very prejudicial effect also upon the work of the Church. The large towns should be represented in their various livings by the ablest of the English clergy. Dissent places its ablest ministers in these localities, and offers at the same time greater pecuniary inducements. The Church, on the other hand, holds out no extra inducement to her ablest clergy to accept the toil, and hardship, and unceasing strain of the cure of these larger parishes. Her influence, where it ought to be strongest, is too frequently weakest.

The great need of the Church is to give the members of the Church a just share in her government, without introducing too much of the democratical spirit; to give the people a thorough interest in, and sympathy with, the working of the Church. The Church cannot secure the sympathy of the people unless it will act with and through them, as well as for them. The religious sympathies of a very large portion of the English middle class are essentially of the self-governing character. If they raise money for advancing the religious work of the community to which they adhere, they also require, and perhaps not unreasonably, a hand in its spending. They give full consideration to superior education and position, and to the things which accompany them, but very little recognition to merely official claims.*

The Church may learn a lesson from an analogous crisis to her own in the history of Rome.

"Hannibal proximus urbi," says a recent writer (Mr. Horton) of a History of the Romans, "is one of those spectacles which has always arrested the attention of men. The 'might have been' seems so nearly realized. Only the mound of Servius between Hannibal and his lifelong purpose to sack the city. But the appearance is a little deceptive. Behind the mound of Servius is the constitution of Servius, that firm, compact, immovable, framework which is the true greatness of Rome. Against this no military genius could prevail."

And so, we might say, the adverse attitude of political dissent, and the special religious indifference of thousands of the working classes, liable to be fanned by any reckless demagogue into unreasoning and furious hostility, stands at this moment "*proximus urbi*," or rather "*proximus ecclesiæ*," like Hannibal at the gates of Rome. But here, alas! the analogy fails. Where is that firm, compact, immovable, constitution of the Church, to resist the incursion from without, as the Servian constitution of old resisted the incursion of Hannibal?

EDWARD BELL.

* The constitution of the "Council of Presentations," in the proposed Bill of the Archbishop of Canterbury, is very defective. The parishes which would come under its operations, are to have no voice in the appointments made. The churchwardens of such parishes are only to receive notice that the above Council is ready "to receive and consider any representation or information, which they may submit, with reference to the presentation of a fit and proper person." This is an arrangement eminently provocative of complaints. It is proposed also that the clerical members of it should consist of the bishop, archdeacon, a member of the chapter, and an elected clergyman. Thus, two out of the three clergy are nominees (unless it were understood that the dean is always selected for the chapter). The election of all the clerical members should be left solely to the clergy.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN TURKEY.

A YEAR ago, in an article written a week before the outbreak at Philippopolis, it was necessary for me to explain and justify the assertion that Turkish life and thought centred in the Balkan Peninsula. Before that article was printed in the October CONTEMPORARY events had occurred which rendered all such justification unnecessary; and to-day the world would consider it absurd, in an article on Turkey, to speak of anything but the Balkan States. In this judgment the world is quite right. The fate of Turkey is to be decided in Bulgaria.

The extraordinary crime committed a few weeks ago at Sofia has strongly excited the imagination of Europe, and made Prince Alexander the hero of the day. It was not possible at first to write or think of these events with calmness, but if we are to understand their real significance we must consider them fairly and without excitement or prejudice. After listening to statements of those directly concerned on both sides I believe that, in brief, what happened at Sofia was this:

A conspiracy was secretly formed against the Prince, three or four months ago, by certain officers in the army who had personal grievances. The leaders were Major Gruëff, the Director of the Military School, and Captain Benderell, of the War Department, both of whom had failed to receive exactly the rewards which they coveted after the Servian war. They were encouraged and aided by the Russian Consulate and by Mr. Zankoff and Bishop Clement, who have long been known to be in the pay of Russia, and who had engaged in similar conspiracies last year. Russian money was freely used, and the most liberal promises made to officers who were solicited to join the conspiracy. Of these, some refused, others hesitated, and quite a number—at least fifty—joined the conspirators. When everything was ready, the Prince's regiment was sent to Slivnitsa, and a regiment from Kustdenil, which had been gained over, was marched in the night to Sofia. It disarmed the few troops left at the camp outside the city, and then surrounded the palace and the houses of the leading friends of the Prince. No officers slept in the palace, which was guarded only by a few sentries, and occupied only by

the Prince, his younger brother, and the servants. As soon as the officers had entered the palace the soldiers began to fire regular volleys; the Prince and his brother were roused, and two or three guards prepared to resist. The Prince, however, saw that resistance was useless, and surrendered at once to the officers, who presented their revolvers at his head. Some of these same officers had dined with him in the evening, and left him only a few hours before. He was taken to the Ministry of War from the palace, and there, in the presence of about forty of his officers, he was treated with much indignity, and forced to sign his abdication. I understand that this paper, such as it was, was found on the person of Major Grueff when he was captured, and returned to the Prince.

Before daylight the Prince was sent under escort to Rahova, put on board his yacht, and taken to Reni, in Russia, a small village on the Danube, just below Galatz. On this journey the Prince was treated like a criminal by most of the officers in charge. Of his treatment in Russia the world knows too much already. Should the Czar ever know the truth of this story, he will no doubt feel that he himself was dishonoured by the conduct of his officers. So far we have nothing but a case of the kidnapping of a Prince by a number of his own subjects, aided and directed by Russian officials. It was a new thing in the history of the world, but it was well planned, and there is nothing surprising in the fact that it was successful.

Having disposed of the Prince, neither the rebels nor their Russian associates appeared to have known exactly what to do next. For a day or two, as they controlled the telegraphs, they managed to deceive the people and the army as to what had actually occurred, but they utterly failed to constitute a Government with any life in it. They apparently waited for the arrival of a representative of the Czar to assume the government. They received a telegram from him assuring them that he took Bulgaria under his protection—that he would secure their immediate union with Eastern Roumelia and send his representative to Sofia. I have not seen this telegram, but I make this statement on the authority of a leading conspirator, a Russian officer.

This delay and hesitation was fatal to the cause. The friends of the Prince at Sofia recovered from their surprise, the facts became known in the country, and after two days Colonel Popoff escaped from confinement, and with the troops from Slivnitza took possession of Sofia without firing a shot: the army everywhere declared for the Prince, and the people repudiated the action of the conspirators. For a few days there was some confusion, and one regency was formed in the name of the Prince at Sofia by M. Caraveloff, while another was formed at Tirnova by M. Stambouloff, the President of the National Assembly; and Colonel Mutkuroff marched from Philippopolis with 12,000 troops to Sofia, in the name of the Prince. There was confusion, but there was unanimity in their determination to reinstate Prince Alexander.

The Prince had meanwhile reached Lemberg, in Austria, where he was received with the greatest honour and enthusiasm, both official and unofficial. He arrived there, utterly exhausted by what he had gone through, to learn that he was still Prince of Bulgaria, and that the people demanded his immediate return. The next day he was on his way back, and in Bulgaria he met with such a reception as he had

never had before. The whole nation came to do him honour. Never was enthusiasm more genuine or joy more sincere than that caused by his return. But on his arrival at Sofia he made known his intention of abdicating. He took such measures as he could to harmonize the different parties and secure peace and tranquillity in the country, and then departed amidst such scenes of sorrow and affection on the part of the army and the people as will never be forgotten.

Such is in brief the story of the startling events of the last few weeks, the details of which have furnished sensational news for all the papers of Europe and subjects for innumerable editorials.

The whole story will be ancient history before this article can be published, but the consequences of these events will be so momentous that they are worthy of a careful study.

WHAT LED TO THIS CRISIS.

Those acquainted with the course of things in Bulgaria may have been startled at the dramatic form of the crisis, but they saw plainly enough that it must come in some form before this year was over. The Prince himself can have had but little doubt, on this point. He must have foreseen that a new effort would be made to drive him out of the country. The first serious attempt was made three years ago by the Russian generals in the Bulgarian Ministry, somewhat on the plan adopted this year. It was frustrated by the officers of the army, and M. Zankoff, and the generals had to leave the country. A second attempt was planned last summer, with this same M. Zankoff as one of the chief conspirators. This was postponed by the revolution in Eastern Roumelia, but came to a head at the time of the Servian invasion, and failed, on account of the victory at Slivnitza. No one was punished.

At the close of the Conference of Constantinople the people were generally loyal, and Russian influence was at a lower ebb than ever before. It was well understood that but for Russia the union would have been completed, and that through English influence the Turks were inclined to allow the practical consummation of this union under Prince Alexander, in spite of Russian opposition.

Had England maintained her influence at Constantinople, or had the Turks felt strong enough to act for their own interest, the catastrophe of Sofia would not have happened; but when Sir William White left Constantinople both Turks and Bulgarians believed that England, under Gladstone, had abandoned the policy of Lord Salisbury. There was no such change of policy, but it happened that one of the first acts of the Gladstone Government was the recall of Sir William White and the sending to Constantinople of a man worthy of all honour and respect, but utterly ignorant of the East, and unable, with the best intentions, to exert any influence here. It was a blunder which can never be undone: a lost opportunity which will never come back.

Russia saw her chance, and improved it at once. Nelidoff was again supreme at Constantinople, and the Russian propaganda was pushed in Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia with new vigour. The plan of operations was very simple. The object was to convince the people that, in spite of all their sacrifices, they had accomplished nothing towards the

union ; that so long as Prince Alexander remained nothing could be accomplished, but that Russia could give them the complete union at once. It was hoped that this would lead either to a revolution or to anarchy.

The Turks were induced to press their claims for a separate organization of Eastern Roumelia, and to insist upon the immediate meeting of the mixed Commission to revise the Organic Statute. They did their part of the work so well that it was generally believed that their Commissioner, Gadbau Effendi had sold himself to Russia. The general attitude of the Porte towards the Prince was hostile.

In Bulgaria, Russia found her tools among two classes of men—the army officers who were discontented because they had not received the rank and honour to which they considered themselves entitled after the Servian war ; and the ex-officials who had been turned out of office by Caraveloff and by the revolution in Eastern Roumelia. These last were very numerous, and nothing was done to conciliate them or furnish them with the means of support. To these classes must be added a few others who had personal grievances, real or imaginary, against the existing Government, and a few of the clergy, who were either in Russian pay or influenced by their relations with the Russian Church.

These agents were furnished with large sums of money, which was used very freely, and were stimulated by the most extravagant promises as to the future—which they will very likely have a chance to reflect upon in Siberia.

The apparent result of the agitation carried on by the Russian consulates and these agents, as seen a few weeks before the attack upon the Prince, was this :

The mass of the people, even of those who had accepted Russian money, was thoroughly loyal to the Prince. They loved him and trusted him. On the other hand, they felt no active hostility towards Russia. They were grateful, and wished to live at peace with the people, so many of whom had died in their behalf, and whose graves were scattered over their land. They did not comprehend the hostility of the present Czar to the Prince given to them by his father, nor did they understand how they could be called upon to chose between the two.

In the towns it was different. There were in these two extreme parties, one strongly anti-Russian, and the other boldly and openly advocating revolution, denouncing the Prince and demanding the intervention of Russia, ready for anarchy or anything else to accomplish their purposes. Between these two parties was to be found the greater part of the intelligent men who desired to sustain the Prince, to be at peace with Russia, and to develop the Bulgarian nation as an independent power. They were patriotic men, opposed to all Russian interference in Bulgaria, but they were disheartened. They generally distrusted the party leaders, feared the results of the Russian propaganda and the hostility of the Turks, and felt that the Prince could not stand alone against the Czar. They felt that the situation was extremely critical, that there was danger of anarchy, and they did not know what to do.

I suspect that the Prince himself was in very much the same state of mind. He trusted the army and most of his officers ; he knew that he had the sympathy of the people ; but he knew also that any day a few

Russian regiments landed at Varna might put an end to his government. They would march to Sofia unopposed. This state of things could not last long. But the hope of the friends of Bulgaria was that these Russian regiments would not be sent, and the Bulgarians, left to themselves for a few months longer, would see the folly of destroying each other in the interest of Russia, and that the sober sense and loyalty of the people would in the end prevail. The Russians also probably saw that this would be the result, and they put their carefully planned plot against the Prince in execution. It was well-timed; it was successful; but it was so base and despicable that it roused the indignation of the whole nation, and they made their choice between the Prince and the Czar at once. Had a Russian regiment landed two weeks ago at Varna it would have had to fight its way, step by step, through the country. As the Czar, when he had the opportunity, expressed no regret at the treatment of the Prince, we are forced, against our inclination, to suppose that he knew what was to be done, and approved it. It is almost incredible.

In brief, the situation as seen by outsiders was this: It was known that Russia was more hostile than ever and more active in her war against the Prince. It was seen that Turkey also had changed her friendly policy. It was obvious that the people generally were disappointed and discouraged at the result of the revolution. Parties were multiplied and party spirit was more bitter than ever before. The Russian party was bold and blatant, denouncing the Prince and foretelling his immediate overthrow. The Prince himself was discouraged and in doubt as to who could be trusted.

In view of all this it was plain that unless some improvement took place in the public mind the Prince could not maintain his position. Still the loyalty of the masses was a ground of hope, and I did not anticipate any attack upon the person of the Prince.

THE RETURN OF THE PRINCE.

When the Prince reached Lemberg he was called upon to decide at once whether he would listen to the call of his people and return to Bulgaria. It was probably the most trying hour of his life, and it seems to me that his decision was the most self-denying and heroic act in his career. It should be said here at the outset, that he made this decision without the intervention of any European Government, and that he did not make it with any intention of abdicating on his arrival at Sofia. He had the advice of his family; he knew that the result would be doubtful, but he felt bound in honour to make one more effort to save the nation to whose welfare his life had been consecrated.

The official papers of Vienna and Berlin had mildly condemned the Bulgarians for their ingratitude, but they had made no secret of their gratification at the downfall of the Prince. They had said in so many words that his disappearance from the scene was a great relief to Europe, and a guarantee of peace. They said it so unanimously and so immediately that one of the best known ambassadors in Europe (not in Constantinople) expressed to me the opinion that the whole plot had been agreed upon beforehand by the three empires. However this may be, it must have been evident to the Prince at Lemberg that both Austria and

Germany had agreed to allow Russia full freedom of action in Bulgaria. He was supported by public opinion in Europe, and might hope that this would have some weight; but when did Bismarck ever respect public opinion. He knew that he had the sympathy of England, but the English press did not encourage him to hope for anything more. They said plainly that England had no interests to fight for in Bulgaria. How could he decide to return under these circumstances? He had been subjected to every possible insult by the officers of his army and by officials in Russia. He had had little food and no change of clothing, and was in a state of physical prostration. But the people called him. There was a chance that he might save the nation, and the certainty that if he went at once he could prevent anarchy and civil war.

He went, and on reaching Bulgaria he made the one sacrifice which was left for him to make in the interest of Bulgaria—perhaps the hardest of all. He made a last appeal to the honour of his imperial cousin the Czar. No one who understands the political situation can doubt that in making this appeal he acted wisely, and acted solely in the interest of the Bulgarian people. No doubt it would have been more agreeable to him and to his friends if he had been able to ignore the Czar, but even Bismarck dare not do this. No doubt it would have been more in accordance with the treaty of Berlin if he had appealed for aid to the Sultan; but the Sultan had already declined to interfere, and was certainly not less under the influence of the Czar than Austria and Germany. It was a painful necessity, but had the Czar replied in a friendly spirit, had he been touched by the pathos of the situation, it would have been the end of all difficulties in Bulgaria, and a message of peace to all the world. The St. Petersburg papers characterize the Prince's appeal as hypocritical. What shall we say of the reply of the Czar in view of the fact that there has not been a difficulty of any kind in Bulgaria since the arrival of the Prince which has not been directly or indirectly caused by Russian agents? I will not accuse him of hypocrisy. I will simply say, what I have no doubt is true, that the Czar has been deceived, and is absolutely ignorant of the real state of things in Bulgaria.

The Prince did well to return to Bulgaria, and he did well to make a last appeal to the Czar, but when he reached Sofia he found himself and his loyal people standing alone, confronted by an implacable enemy, and without a friend in the world to lift a hand in their defence. The Prince knows, and every sober-minded Bulgarian knows, that Bulgaria cannot stand alone against Russia. If Europe decrees that Russia shall be supreme in Bulgaria, there is nothing more to be said, and the Prince could do nothing but abdicate. He and the Bulgarian people have saved their own honour. They have vindicated themselves before the world. They are not called upon to resist the decrees of Europe. They must submit as best they can. Had the Prince remained in spite of the brutal decree of the Czar, his position would have been far more difficult than before. After the excitement had passed away, the sober sense of the people would have realized the hopelessness of the conflict with Russia. He could not have put to death all the conspirators. Too many were more or less implicated, and they would have recommenced their work at once. There are not many Bulgarians who could be induced to murder their Prince, but there are plenty of foreign

vagabonds in Bulgaria who could have been hired by Russian agents to assassinate him. His life would have been in constant danger.

He might have braved this danger, but there was a still greater difficulty. He did not know to whom he could trust the commands of the army and the government of the country. With the friendship or neutrality of Russia it would have been difficult, in view of the personal animosities of leading men, the bitterness of party spirit, and the treason of so many officials. With the open hostility of Russia, and of Austria and Germany as well, it was impossible.

THE POLITICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THESE EVENTS.

The question whether Prince Alexander, or some other prince, shall rule in Bulgaria, is in itself of little consequence to the world. It chiefly concerns the Bulgarians. But this question has come up in such a way that the fate of all Europe is involved in it. Nothing else can be thought of at Constantinople. One thing is obvious at first sight: all the people of the East, Turks and Christians, have learned a lesson. The only Power that can seriously help or harm them is Russia. It is a lesson which will not soon be forgotten, and it will bear fruit beyond the borders of the Ottoman Empire. It may not be true, but it will be believed. No one in this part of the world is simple enough to believe that Austria, or Germany, or England, can desire to see Russia established in Bulgaria, and then, as a necessary consequence, in Constantinople. If this should happen, it would be simply because these Powers were not strong enough to prevent it. When people here read the ingenious articles in the *Spectator* and *Nineteenth Century*, proving that England would be rather pleased to see Russia in Constantinople, they simply smile and raise their chin in derision, and the Sultan hastens to write an autograph letter to the Czar, to thank him for the brotherly interest which he has taken in the pacification of the Balkan Peninsula, while at the same time he is spending every penny that he can borrow on increased armaments.

I do not know the mind of Prince Bismarck, and I doubt whether any one else does. I only know the fact that he has brutally sacrificed Prince Alexander and given Bulgaria over to the Czar. We may account for this fact on various theories. We are told, for example, that Germany, Austria, and Russia have agreed upon a division of territory: Russia is to have Bulgaria, Thrace, and Constantinople; Austria is to go to Salonica, and Germany to Trieste; Italy is to have the Tyrol.

I do not hesitate to affirm that no serious statesman in Europe has ever thought of such an arrangement. It would be the end of the Austrian Empire and would give Russia absolute supremacy in Europe. It would be in direct opposition to all the traditions of Europe—traditions which form the basis of all the mutual relations of the great Powers. It would be an absolute and unconditional surrender to Russia, without any genuine compensation. The idea of such a transaction is too absurd to waste time in the discussion of it.

Another theory is that Austria and Germany have consented to allow Russia to control Bulgaria on the express condition that she shall go no further. Such a condition would be illusory. I remember that an Austrian statesman once said to me: "So long as Bulgaria is a Russian

outpost at our back door, we can never have peace; sooner or later we must drive her out." If Russia is in Bulgaria, who is to keep her out of Macedonia? who is to defend Roumania? who is to block the way to Constantinople? If any such agreement has been made, it has been made with a full knowledge on the part of all that it is temporary and deceptive.

Another theory, not complimentary to Bismarck, is that he has determined to sacrifice the future to the present, that he will yield everything to Russia to prevent a Russo-French alliance against Germany, that he will keep the peace and save German unity while he lives: *après moi le deluge*. Bismarck is no doubt something of a cynic, but there is little in his past life to justify such a theory as this. It is not a theory which is believed in Russia. It is rather an Austrian idea, where he is always suspected of sacrificing Austrian interests to his own. All statesmen are to a certain extent opportunists, and all diplomacy is a system of compromises and temporary expedients, without much regard to the future; but no great statesman ever deliberately sacrifices the future of his country to his present convenience. He may draw back, he may temporarily sacrifice certain interests; but it is with the full purpose of striking a more vigorous blow when his time comes.

I suspect that this is the true explanation of the action of Germany and Austria in Bulgaria. They have sacrificed Prince Alexander and the Bulgarians for the moment; they have yielded to Russia for the hour; but with a full appreciation of the fact that this only postpones for a little the inevitable conflict which is at hand. If Russia wins in this great struggle which is just before us, she will go to the Adriatic and rule the old Eastern Empire; if she is beaten, her influence in the Balkan Peninsula will be at an end—she will have neither Bulgaria nor Constantinople. This war must come: it cannot be much longer postponed by Bismarck or any other statesman. It is expected in Russia, in Austria, in Germany, and in Turkey. Six weeks ago, before the conference at Gastein, it was believed by some of the best-informed men in Vienna that it would come within two months. Now they look forward to the coming spring.

The real question is, whether, in view of this impending and inevitable conflict, it was wise for Austria and Germany to sacrifice Bulgaria to Russia for the moment. Had there been no counter-revolution, had the Prince refused to return, I can see that there would have been an apparent advantage to Austria in allowing events to take their course for the moment. But when the question took its present form it was a mistake to yield to Russia. Had Austria and Germany supported the Prince, England would have joined them, Turkey would have taken courage and thrown off the yoke of Russia. If war had followed, Austria would have had nothing to fear on this side. Roumania and Bulgaria would have been neutral, if not allies.

If Russia has her way, as now seems probable, all these advantages are lost. The war may be postponed, but when it comes the Bulgarians will form the advance-guard of the Russian army, and it is probable that Turkey will remain neutral. The whole East will stand in awe of Russia as never before. The Turks have of late been inclined to look to Germany as a defence against Russia; they think now that Germany and Austria together are too weak even to defend their own interests.

For us here this is not a question of Prince Alexander, but of Russian supremacy. If England cannot, and Austria and Germany cannot or will not, do anything to limit it, what can we or the Bulgarians do but submit to it with the best grace possible, until our fate is finally settled in a great European war. I do not mean that the Turks will not fight if Russia invades their territory; they will fight to the death; but in the light of present events, up to that hour of actual invasion they will yield everything.

THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE OF BULGARIA.

I do not anticipate a Russian occupation of Bulgaria, or any serious and immediate change in the government of the country. It will no doubt be the aim of Russia simply to restore the state of things which existed four years ago, when the army was officered by Russians and counted as a division of the Russian army, when the leading Ministers were Russians, and the Russian Consul at Sofia was a practical dictator, the *alter ego* of the Czar, from whom the Prince received his orders. The union of Eastern Roumelia will be consummated, and the propaganda in Macedonia pushed with new vigour and zeal. Bulgaria will also become the basis of Russian intrigues in Servia, and all possible preparation will be made for the coming war with Austria.

The Bulgarians themselves will be made to realize that they are under Russian rule again. Their army officers will be sent to Russia, and anti-Russians expelled from the country. There will be no attempt made for any length of time to conciliate the people. They will be ruled by force, and be taught by Russian agents to forget the remnants of their gratitude, and to hate Russia as the Poles do. This may not be the plan of the Czar, but it will be simply a continuation of the work of the Bulgarian Commission at St. Petersburg, which is a branch of the Asiatic section, and controls Bulgarian affairs in its own way. The history of Russian influence in Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia is worthy of the attention of the Czar himself. At the close of the Russo-Turkish war every Bulgarian was enthusiastically pro-Russian and full of gratitude. The portrait of the Czar was in every house. No foreign influence has been exerted to modify this state of feeling, but little by little it has disappeared, and Russia has come to be regarded as an enemy. The people regret it. They still desire to be in sympathy with Russia. They are naturally grateful, and although Russian writers and Russian agents have told them a thousand times that Russia fought the last war for her own interests and not for theirs, they are loth to believe it.

But the Russian agents in Bulgaria, civil and military, with some honourable exceptions, have treated the Government and the people as if they were Turkomans. They have taken no pains to understand or conciliate them. They have trampled on their rights and outraged their feelings. They have encouraged anarchy and done what they could to hinder the progress of the nation. They have descended to every kind of petty intrigue and annoyance. It is not the fault of Prince Alexander or of England, but of the Russians themselves, that they no longer rule the hearts of the people. Possibly they might still be won back to their old allegiance; but there is no chance of it. The Russians will not trouble themselves to attempt it. They will quietly submit to their fate; but

they will not be Russianized. Five hundred years of Turkish rule did not destroy their love of their own nationality, and even if they are annexed to Russia, they will remain Bulgarians still.

I do not envy the man who may be chosen to fill the place of Prince Alexander: he will have a hard and thankless task. If he attempts to rule in the interest of Bulgaria, he will be subjected to every insult and thwarted at every step. If he is simply a Russian satrap, he will be hated by the people, and forced to make war upon the national life. But whatever he may be, it is to be hoped that he will not delay his coming. Any Government is better than none, and the overthrow of Prince Alexander has developed an amount of bitter feeling which will make it difficult for any Bulgarian to keep the peace in the country.

If Russia is defeated in the coming war, Bulgaria may still become a nation, and fulfil the destiny for which she is fitted by the character of her people, and Prince Alexander may again return to his place at Sofia. When that day comes it is to be hoped that the Bulgarians will remember that if they had been patient, united, and loyal—if they had all loved their country better than office and rank—they would have escaped the calamities of the past year. It was Russia which inspired the revolution, but it was Bulgarian party spirit, disloyalty, and treason that overthrew the Prince. The people have nobly repudiated it, but it was too late.

ENGLISH POLICY IN THE EAST.

I dismiss as absurd the idea that England can ever desire to see Russia in possession of Constantinople. It is true that she does not want it herself. I can understand the truth of what the late Mr. Forster once said to me: "If it were a question of giving Constantinople and Asia Minor to Russia, or of our taking it ourselves, I would give it to Russia." But Mr. Forster did not mean that he could see with equanimity any such enormous aggrandizement of Russia, or that he would not resist it. He simply meant to state in the strongest terms the impossibility of England's desiring any such extension of her responsibility.

Russia has chosen to be the enemy of England, and although there is no necessary antagonism between these two countries, England could never tolerate such an extension of Russia in Europe as would make her an irresistible foe; she is quite strong enough already, and when the time comes England will certainly fight for Constantinople. Her present policy is to maintain the Turks here until it can be transferred to some other hands than those of Russia. The policy of England is in full accord with the sympathies of her people. It is to encourage and develop the various nationalities of what was once European Turkey as friendly and allied independent States. She can do this only by opposing the progress of Russia, and maintaining the Turks at Constantinople until something better can be done. This policy does not grow out of any desire to attack Russia, or any wish to control this part of the world. It is purely a defensive policy, but it is none the less essential to the safety of England and of Europe. We may hate Austria *historically* as much as Mr. Freeman does, but England cannot afford to see that empire subjected to the Czar. It would be better to fight for it.

It will not be easy to win back a controlling influence at Constantinople, to induce the Turks to govern wisely and justly, or to persuade them to resist the demands of Russia; they have seen too much of the power of Russia during the last few weeks; but the effort must be made and pressed with firmness and wisdom.

In regard to the immediate questions raised by events in Bulgaria, England will wish to act in the interest of the Bulgarians without passion or prejudice. I believe it will be her true policy to continue to favour the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, and not to throw any obstacles in the way of the choice of a new Prince. It is expected here that the opposite course will be taken, but I can see no advantage in it either for England, Bulgaria, or Turkey. The sooner Bulgaria is quiet the better it will be for all concerned. If England had maintained her position here, and induced Turkey to allow the union to be consummated quietly, Prince Alexander might have been saved. It is too late now to do anything for him, and a united Russian Bulgaria is not what England desired; but the union will still be an advantage to the Bulgarians, and less open to dangerous intrigues than under the present arrangement. If Russia, Austria, and Germany agree upon a Prince, there can be no possible advantage in any opposition on the part of England.

There will be no English intrigues in Bulgaria itself against Russian influence. This is a business to which Englishmen are not adapted, and they would fail if they attempted it. They will not attempt it. Russia has now the game in Bulgaria, and there is nothing for England to do but to hold her hand until the blunders of Russia or a European war reopen this question. Then England may even fight for Bulgaria.

We are just now in the midst of the great feast of Courban Beiram. It was at the time of this feast last year that we were startled by the news of the revolution at Philippopolis. It has been a year of constant excitement and as trying to the Turkish Government as a year of actual war.

We look forward to the new year as likely to be more trying still. The crisis for which we have been waiting for almost two hundred years seems to be approaching. The people anticipate it, fear it, and think of but little else. It need not be said that under these circumstances Constantinople is no longer a very bright and cheerful place to live in. The Courban Beiram this year is but a melancholy feast.

AN OLD RESIDENT.

CONSTANTINOPLE, September 11, 1886.

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS.

I.—OLD TESTAMENT LITERATURE.

DAS Buch des Propheten Ezechiel, herausgegeben von Lic. Dr. Carl Heinrich Cornill" (Professor at Marburg), is a singularly thorough and masterly work. The editor prints a revised Hebrew text, together with a complete synopsis of various readings from MSS. and Ancient Versions, a German translation, and prolegomena. The latter (pp. 1-175), consisting of a practically exhaustive account of the principal Ancient Versions, form perhaps the most remarkable part of the volume. The Septuagint, with the versions more or less dependent upon it (the Itala, Ethiopic, Arabic, &c.), the versions of Aquila, Symmachus, Theodotion, the Targum, Peshitto, and Vulgate, are successively reviewed, the principal manuscripts containing them described (in important cases collated), their characteristics noted, their value for the criticism of the text estimated. So high is the standard which the author sets himself, that nothing, however subordinate it may seem to be, is neglected by him. Thus, from the Arabic version printed in Le Jay's polyglott (Paris, 1629-45) a few verses were missing; in the reprint of the Paris text published by Walton (1657) these were supplied from a MS. at Oxford. Prof. Cornill is careful to point out that they are derived from a different source; that while the Paris MS., namely, is a translation from the Septuagint, that of the Oxford MS. is translated from the Peshitto. The author's investigations are always fruitful, and lead not unfrequently to interesting results. Naturally he has collated throughout (p. 8) the Hebrew MS., the oldest known (916 A.D.), exhibiting the Oriental recension of the text, and now at St. Petersburg (published in facsimile by Strack). The result of his collation was to confirm what was already known of the character of the MS.: "in a book containing forty-eight long chapters, the text of which is notoriously in a bad condition, it exhibits but sixteen variations affecting the sense (and that but slightly) from the text printed in an ordinary Bible!" Clearly a restoration of the prophets' autographs is not to be looked for from a comparison of existing Hebrew MSS. We have not space to follow Prof. Cornill in all that he says about the Septuagint and its recensions. He has devoted much attention to the Ethiopic version, and speaking of the older recension of this (the later has been corrected from the Hebrew*), he shows that it rests "upon a text of the LXX. belonging to the best extant, and ranking for excellence and originality with the oldest and choicest MSS." (p. 42). He has also a word to say on certain celebrated MSS. Thus he confirms the opinion (which had been expressed

* Comp. Dillmann in Herzog (ed. 2), i. p. 205.

before) that the Cod. Amiatinus of the Vulgate is some centuries later than is commonly supposed (pp. 158 sq.), and that the Ambrosian MS. of the Peshitto, which was deemed important enough to be published in facsimile by Ceriani, contains in fact a text which has been corrected to accord with the Hebrew (p. 145). And with reference to the Vatican MS. of the Septuagint (B.) he writes (p. 81): "My investigations have led me to the conclusion that it is an excerpt, made in Casarea, from the Hexapla of Origen, with the object of restoring the original form of the LXX. by the omission of whatever was marked as not belonging to it by the asterisk." Professor Cornill, it may be added, is generous towards his predecessors; and the services to Biblical literature of Hitzig in Germany, and of Dr. Field (in his edition of Origen's Hexapla) in this country receive alike cordial recognition at his hands.

Professor Cornill's text is substantially a reconstruction of that presumed to have been followed by the translators of the Septuagint. Not, of course, that he follows the Septuagint blindly in its deviations from the Hebrew; its variations are considered upon their own merits, and not unfrequently rejected. The other versions also contribute their assistance; and conjecture, too, has at times to be resorted to; but still, as a whole, his text reproduces, as far as possible, the features of the oldest known authority, the Septuagint. The text of Ezekiel has long been recognized to be in places corrupt. How could an author who shows abundantly that he can command a lucid and flowing style write such extraordinary Hebrew as meets us, for instance, more than once in chap. xxi.? It appears, moreover, to be in places over-full; in other words, to have been glossed. There is no doubt that the Ancient Versions, and especially the Septuagint, represent in many places a purer and more original text. There is no doubt, also, that in other places the text had suffered corruption even before the date at which these versions were made; and in such cases the only remedy—though a remedy not always successful—is conjecture. The opinion sometimes expressed, that the ancient versions are of no value for the correction of the Hebrew text, that their deviations from it are arbitrary or due to the ignorance of the translators, will not bear examination, and is generally based upon an insufficient knowledge of the facts. Naturally, a certain allowance must be made for looseness of rendering or paraphrase: how much this should be will vary in different books, and must be determined in each case by special preliminary examination: but when this has been done there will be found always to remain a residuum of difference which cannot reasonably be accounted for by the causes alleged, and which quite clearly presupposes a *divergent and, as a rule, readily determinable Hebrew original*. Using the ancient versions in this way, we can recover a recension (or recensions) differing more or less widely from that represented by the traditional Hebrew text, and demonstrably of much greater antiquity. Different recensions of the Hebrew text existed in antiquity—those represented by the Ancient Versions, and that which was the parent of the existing Hebrew text: it does not, of course, follow that the superiority uniformly or even generally lies on the side of the former; but their readings may be compared with those of the traditional text, and a selection made by principles similar to those employed in deciding

between the rival readings of two actually existing MSS. That in particular cases the Ancient Versions preserve readings intrinsically preferable to those of the existing Hebrew text can be shown without difficulty to the satisfaction of any competent Hebrew scholar. Some well-chosen examples were referred to by Prof. Kirkpatrick in his paper read at the Church Congress last year. Two lines are now open to us: We may adhere to the existing Hebrew text whenever possible, only admitting a deviation from it where grammar or sense imperatively demands it. The *minimum* of deviations required on these grounds is represented by the variations from the versions quoted on the margin of the new Revised Version; most modern Hebraists of moderate views would consider that the number ought to be considerably increased. But we may also adopt a different line. We may suppose that the recension underlying the Ancient Version represented most nearly the original autograph: we may therefore strive to reproduce that as far as practicable, deviating from the Massoretic text, not only where sense or grammar requires it, but even in points which are (upon these grounds) indifferent. This is what, speaking generally, is done by Prof. Cornill. The Septuagint brings us greatly nearer to Ezekiel's own time than the oldest known Hebrew MS. (A.D. 916); in numerous cases its readings are confessedly superior; its greater terseness and force constitute to many minds further evidence of its originality; hence Dr. Cornill is disposed to adopt it as his main guide. It must not of course be thought that his text differs essentially from that printed in our Hebrew Bibles; the differences are largely verbal, consisting in the choice of one synonym for another, the substitution of a different pronoun, or the omission of tautological clauses. Dr. Cornill has carried out his principle with consistency and ability; his scholarship is sound, and his text is eminently readable. In very many passages his corrections appear to us to be certainly right; in others to be highly probable (not to specify those based on the versions, we would point in particular to the clever and convincing emendations in xiii. 20, xxxviii. 13); yet we cannot avoid thinking that elsewhere he shows himself too ready not merely to follow the authority of the versions, but to suspect corruption in cases where the versions have no deviation from the received Hebrew text. In altering persons and numbers, for instance, he seems to us to have not sufficiently estimated the peculiarities of Hebrew style (apparent also in other books of the Old Testament), or made allowance for the temptation in such cases for an ancient translator to assimilate. And in a writer like Ezekiel, a little repetition, even though it may strike our ears as tautological, may after all be original. So again, to take a particular instance, the expression *I wrought* in xx. 9, 14, 22, is doubtless a little singular; but it occurs three times, and it is precarious to emend *I spared* on the strength of the Syriac version alone (the other versions agreeing with the Hebrew). But whatever the view which may ultimately be taken of Prof. Cornill's text as a whole, his prolegomena and notes (which, it should be added, contribute often materially to the elucidation as well as to the criticism of the text) are of permanent value, and justify us in ranking his volume among the most important contributions of modern times to the textual criticism of the Old Testament, and as one which no future commentator upon Ezekiel can afford to neglect.

A volume entitled "Biblical Essays, or Exegetical Studies" (T. & T. Clark) comes to us from the pen of Dr. C. H. H. Wright, of Dublin. Three of the essays deal with the Old Testament and two with the New. In the essay on the Book of Jonah, the view that the narrative is intended as an allegory is thoughtfully and attractively worked out. The style of the book is of course abundantly sufficient to show, in spite of what is affirmed in some commentaries to the contrary, that it is no work of Jonah himself, but is of much later origin. This fact removes a ground of objection to the allegorical interpretation which many would otherwise feel. Dr. Wright exhibits the difficulties (other than those arising out of the wonders related in it) which lie in the way of understanding the narrative literally, while showing at the same time how significantly Jonah is adapted to be a type or symbol of Israel—Israel, with a mission to the nations, yet often too ready to shrink from her work; Israel "swallowed up" (Jer. li. 34, 44) in exile, but afterwards restored; Israel culminating in its ideal representative, Christ. Another study of not less interest is on Ezekiel's prophecy of Gog and Magog (chaps. xxxviii. xxxix.). In dealing with this, Dr. Wright discusses the sense in which the prophecy is really predictive, and is justly severe upon the view which, strange to say, has been seriously propounded in modern times, that it relates to the growth of the Russian power, or to a triumph—happily yet future—of the Anglo-Saxon race, when the continental nations are swept away with the besom of destruction (!). He points out that Ezekiel's imagery is borrowed from the circumstances of his time, especially from the invasions of Scythian hordes, which had then recently desolated Western Asia, and whose aim is represented as being, not hostility to the people of God as such, but rapine and conquest, and shows that the prophet's object is to present a picture of the ultimate ruin and overthrow of all those enemies who, at whatever time, seek for the sake of greed and gain to destroy the people of Jehovah. Ezekiel does not speak of any yet future restoration of Israel to the Land of Promise; yet "his prophecy is not unfulfilled. It has had many a fulfilment in the oppression used against the poor Jew, and in the vengeance that by Divine Providence has fallen upon his oppressors. There are no grounds to expect a more full accomplishment in the future" (p. 136). We hope that the learned author may be induced at some future time to publish further studies on the prophets, which are often much misunderstood: one on Isaiah xix., for instance, could not fail to be well timed. The other essays in the present volume are on the Book of Job, a sketch of the argument and scope of the book; "The Spirits in Prison," a criticism of Dean Plumptre's view, expressed in his work on the same subject; and the "Key to the Apocalypse" (the man-child in xii. 5 identified with the Messiah).

On a previous occasion (Feb. 1885) allusion was made to Ed. König's "*Hauptprobleme der altisraelitischen Religionsgeschichte*," and the interest attaching to it from the fact that the author, while rejecting the most characteristic theological principles of the critical school, nevertheless acquiesced in many of their historical conclusions. A translation of this work * lies before us (T. & T. Clark), of which it is dis-

* Under the title, "The Religion of Israel."

appointing to be obliged to say that its only value consists in the demonstration which it affords of the translator's imperfect acquaintance with the German language. In his very first sentence he succeeds in misrepresenting the scope of his author's book; on the same page (to say nothing of other absurdities) he shows himself to be unfamiliar with one of the commonest of German idioms: he translates "das Erscheinen eines Kuenen'schen Buches"—which of course simply means the appearance of a book by Kuenen—"the appearance of such a book—*inspired as it is with Kuenen's spirit*" (!). On p. 14 is a passage (too long to quote, besides being nonsense) which shows him to be innocent of the distinction in German between the indicative and subjunctive moods: indeed, throughout the book it is impossible for the reader to make out whether it is the author's own opinion that is being stated, or one which he is combating! An inversion of the author's meaning is quite an ordinary occurrence. Thus (p. 20) we read: "It also does not in reality affirm," &c.; the author's words being: "It makes the assertion, which in reality also is not to be gainsaid," &c.; (p. 30) "Now it cannot be considered as settled," for "the opinion cannot be given up;" (p. 83) "they none the less recognize the apparent yet comprehensible superiority," &c., for "they mistake the *à priori* altogether self-apparent superiority" (!) &c. &c. The commonest words are continually misrendered. The following are two or three gems: (P. 69) "In the answer given to this question on the part of those adhering to the development theories, it has been regarded as a matter of secondary consideration. * This, however, was in earlier times. Now it has been raised from this low position of secondary interest to one of chief importance." König's actual words are: "In answering this question, a point of secondary moment has, in my opinion, been more rightly determined than was formerly the case on the part of the adherents to the development theory; but it has at the same time been elevated (unduly) to a position of primary importance." (P. 70) "And because it must have been given to the pious in Israel to recall the erring around them, and that not in any uncertain manner," &c. Read: "And because the pious in Israel must have felt the importance of not confirming their erring compatriots in their apostacy by any more or less inexact forms of expression," &c. (the rest of the sentence is, if possible, worse). (P. 107) "And, lastly, the attitude assumed by idolatry towards the Mosaic Law seems to testify to a prohibition of the same." Read: "And finally, he [the author alluded to, not König] argues that the later freedom of image-worship testifies against the Mosaic origin of its prohibition." Further quotations are needless. We have opened the book in many places, and found the same confusion reigning everywhere. It is impossible for the English reader to learn from it, even approximately, the line of the author's argument or his opinions.

The series of manuals known as the "*Porta Linguarum Orientalium*," commenced in the last generation by Prof. Petermann, and now appearing in a revised and improved form under the editorship of Prof. H. L. Strack of Berlin, ought to be of value to many students of these languages in this country. To render the series more generally available, the plan has been adopted of publishing the volumes simultaneously in Latin or English as well as in German. We have before us an introductory Hebrew Grammar by Prof. Strack (2nd ed.

1886), one of Arabic by Prof. Socin (1885), both in English; a Samaritan Grammar in Latin by Prof. Petermann (1873); and in German an introduction to the language of the Mishnah ("Lehrbuch der Neuhebräischen Sprache"), the joint work of Profs. Strack and Siegfried (1884). Others are in preparation: the "Grammatica Aethiopica," by Prof. Prätorius, will, we believe, appear shortly. All (except the "Neuhebräisches Lehrbuch") are provided with short chrestomathies and glossaries; a further distinctive and useful feature is the account of the literature (historical, philological, &c.—specially full in the two Hebrew manuals) appended to each. Prof. Strack's Introduction to Hebrew is wonderfully compact and exact; and the volume on the later Hebrew of the Mishnah supplies a much-needed desideratum (the *Laut-* and *Formenlehre* are as complete as possible: may the hope be expressed that in a future edition space will be found for a brief *Satzlehre*?). The Arabic and Ethiopic manuals are naturally not designed to supersede the elaborate treatises of Prof. Wright in this country, and of Dillmann in Germany; but they ought to be serviceable in facilitating the study of those languages—both important members of the Semitic group—to many who are at present deterred from it by the size, or language, of the larger work. Messrs. Williams and Norgate are the publishers of the series in England.

Two German professors have made recently a renewed examination of the "Moabite Stone" now in the Louvre; and there reaches us from Freiburg a cheap and convenient facsimile of the inscription, with an account of their investigations and of the new readings which they have established ("Die Inschrift des Königs Mesa von Moab usw. von Rudolf Smend und Albert Socin"). This stone, our readers will remember, was found at Dibon, in Moab, seventeen years ago, and is a contemporary record narrating the details of the revolt of Moab from Israel, alluded to in the single verse 2 Kings i. 1 (—iii. 5), and written in a dialect and style closely resembling the Hebrew of the Old Testament. The facsimile contains several new readings, which, though not all fixed now for the first time, are not, we believe, generally known in England. One of the most curious of these is the mention of the *ar'el*—apparently the rare word found in Ezek. xliii. 15, 16—or altar-hearth, which appears to have been treated by the conqueror as a species *spolia opima*; for in line twelve Mesha specially narrates how he had secured the *ar'el* of Dodo—seemingly the name of a deity—and dragged it before his own god Chemosh; and in lines seventeen and eighteen that he did the same with those dedicated to Jehovah in a sanctuary (as we must suppose) in the town of Nebo. For an account of the history and philology of the inscription, and its bearing on the Old Testament, readers in this country will still turn to the article in the *North British Review* for October 1870. Is it too much to expect that the eminent scholar to whom that article is attributed—resident, if report speak truly, no great distance from Cambridge—may reprint it in a separate form, accommodating it, where necessary, to the improved readings?*

S. R. DRIVER.

* * The reading *ar'el* in line twelve, though quite certain, was not known in 1870; but it is not given even in Prof. Sayce's "Fresh Light from the Ancient Monuments," who (p. 92, line 7) reads merely "all the spoil." Since the above was written, a fuller account of the new readings than we have here space for, has appeared, from the competent hand of Dr. Neubauer, in the *Athenæum* for September 25, where a different explanation of the word *ar'el* is also proposed.

II.—MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

THOUGH not appearing in book-form, Mr. Ward's article on "Psychology" in the last volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is probably the most important contribution to the theory of the subject recently made in England. Extending to nearly fifty of the "Encyclopædia" pages, it has already the dimensions of a treatise; and though some parts of it bear the marks of haste, interfering with the sense of proportion and with due elaboration in parts, it takes rank, even in its present form, as the best and, it may be said without exaggeration, the only advanced treatise on psychology which we possess. Mr. Sully's valuable "Outlines," being written primarily as a handbook for students, could do little more than offer notes and suggestions from time to time for dealing with the more difficult and unsettled points of the science; and the author was obliged to leave almost on one side what may be called the general theory of the subject—that is to say, the precise determination of the sphere of psychology, and the relation of its facts and conclusions to questions of philosophy or metaphysics. In the latter respect, Mr. Ward's introductory discussions (in which he has utilized previous articles of his own in *Mind*) are especially valuable as supplying a philosophically coherent view of the science as a whole. Coming next to an analysis of the ultimate constituents of mind, Mr. Ward successfully refutes the attempt frequently made by English psychologists to start without an Ego or Subject in the hope of afterwards developing it out of its own states. He also exposes the equivocation which gives colour to the assertion that feeling is the primordial form of consciousness, from which knowledge or cognition is a subsequent development. When this assertion is made, "more is usually included under feeling than pure pleasure and pain—viz., some characteristic or quality by which one pleasurable or painful sensation is distinguished from another. No doubt, as we go downwards in the chain of life, the qualitative or objective elements in the so-called sensations become less and less definite; and at the same time organisms with well-developed sense-organs give place to others without any clearly differentiated organs at all. But there is no ground for supposing even the *amœba* itself to be affected in all respects the same, whether by changes of temperature or of pressure, or by changes in its internal fluids. . . . The simplest form of psychical life involves, therefore, not only a subject feeling, but a subject having qualitatively distinguishable presentations which are the occasion of its feeling." It is plain from the above extract that Mr. Ward does not confine himself to the introspective examination of the human subject after the manner of the older psychologists; his work is penetrated throughout by the idea of evolution, and he presses all the most recent results of the theory into his service. In this respect, however, seeing that he is writing from the point of view of theoretical psychology, and not as an anthropologist or historian, he employs the apt fiction of "a psychological individual" advancing in its own history from the beginning of psychical life to our present stage of mental development. "The life-history of such an imaginary individual would

correspond with all that could be called evolution or development in a series of individuals, each of whom advanced a certain stage in mental differentiation. On the other hand, from this history would be omitted that inherited reproduction of ancestral experience, or tendency to its reproduction, by which alone, under the actual conditions of existence, progress is possible." "If an assumption of this kind," he adds, "had been explicitly avowed by the psychologists who have discussed the growth of experience in accordance with the evolution hypothesis, not a few of the difficulties in the way of that hypothesis might have been removed." Besides the influence of the idea of evolution from the side of science, Mr. Ward has apparently been chiefly indebted to Herbart and the Herbartian psychologists. It would be impossible here to criticize, or even to mention, the various suggestive theories developed in the article on points of greater detail, but attention ought at least to be called to the luminous theory of consciousness as a gradually differentiated continuum rather than a succession of atomically separate states, to the theory of pleasure as depending upon the effective exercise of attention, and the theory of the origin of voluntary or purposive action. The last may be profitably compared with the corresponding theories of Bain and Spencer, of which it is, in fact, an acute criticism.

M. Bernard Perez has followed up his interesting sketch of the "First Three Years of Childhood," recently translated into English, by a similar monograph on "*L'Enfant de trois à sept ans*."* As before, he utilizes the observations of others as well as his own, but it may be questioned whether the later period is as well adapted for separate treatment as the former. Less concentration and definiteness is possible, and there is a tendency to diverge into the commonplaces of general psychology. This temptation is strongest in the early and more general chapters on memory, association, imagination, and attention, and M. Perez becomes more concrete as he proceeds. His book is clearly and brightly written, and will not fail to interest any one who takes it up.

Dr. McCosh has published the first part of his college lectures on Psychology, dealing with "The Cognitive Powers."† The work is throughout elementary in character, and is intended by the author to be used as a text-book. It is also intended to show that the "honest and careful study of the human mind in an inductive manner undermines the prevailing philosophic errors of this age—saves us from Idealism on the one hand and Agnosticism on the other;" but the chief effect of Dr. McCosh's dogmatic assertions of Natural Realism is to confuse the boundaries of psychology and philosophy. The *résumés* of facts in certain parts of the book quite justify the author's modest claim "to have advanced with the times," but it would be affectation to deny that an antique flavour is sometimes perceptible.

In turning to Ethics, there is first to be noted the publication in book-form ("Outlines of the History of Ethics"‡) by Professor

* "*L'Enfant de trois à sept ans*." Par Bernard Perez. Paris: Felix Alcan. 1886.

† "Psychology: the Cognitive Powers." By James McCosh, D.D., LL.D., President of Princeton College. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

‡ "Outlines of the History of Ethics, for English Readers." By Henry Sidgwick, Knightbridge Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

Sidgwick of his valuable article on Ethics in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." To the student who has hitherto had to choose between Mackintosh's dissertation and Professor Bain's repellent, if useful, summaries, the boon is one which cannot easily be overrated. At several points Mr. Sidgwick has enlarged his sketch so as to make it a more complete review of the subject, and he has furnished it with a short introduction, which is useful as pointing out the chief landmarks in a somewhat intricate historical development. It is almost needless to add, though Mr. Sidgwick takes the trouble to assure us, that the sketch is written with "the greatest possible impartiality and objectivity of treatment." In the interests of impartiality, the author has continued to refrain from a discussion of contemporary modes of ethical thought, though a brief account is here given of recent evolutionary and transcendental ethics as represented by Mr. Herbert Spencer and the late Professor Green. The treatment of modern ethics continues, as in the "Encyclopædia" article, to be substantially restricted to England.

The greater part of the "Principles of Morals,"* by the late and the present President of Corpus, is also historical in character, the "Review of the Earlier English Moralists" in chapter iii. constituting nearly three-fourths of the whole book. This Review is written with an admirable lucidity of style, and, being frequently fuller, will form a useful complement to Mr. Sidgwick's outline. The remainder of the book (which represents only the introductory chapters of a comprehensive work on the Principles of Morals planned by Professors Wilson and Fowler many years ago) does not call for special notice. The standpoint is the same moderate evolutionary utilitarianism to which Professor Fowler has on other occasions signified his adhesion; and the attitude of the writers is sufficiently characterized by their use of the terms "metaphysical and transcendental" as equivalent to "purely fanciful" (p. 12). It is rather surprising to be told in a treatise on Morals that the question of the nature of moral obligation is one "of subsidiary importance" (p. 115), and, a few pages farther on, that it is merely "incidental to the subject" (p. 119). Surely this is the central problem of a Science of Ethics as distinguished from what might be called in old-fashioned phraseology the Psychology of the Active Powers.

Mr. Courtney's "Constructive Ethics,"† written from a very different standpoint, is also largely historical. The author explains his somewhat misleading title by announcing in the Preface that the present book is intended to be a first volume introductory to a second and fuller, which will really contain the System of Ethics of which this is the promise. Mr. Courtney's historical review often traverses well-trodden ground, especially where he treats of the English schools, and, as he is obliged to be sketchy, it is questionable whether it was wise to swell the book with the details of so many theories. It is clearly and agreeably written, but its effectiveness would probably have been increased by a little judicious concentration.

* "Principles of Morals (Introductory Chapters)." By J. M. Wilson, B.D., and Thomas Fowler, M.A. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1886.

† "Constructive Ethics: a Review of Modern Moral Philosophy." By W. L. Courtney, M.A., LL.D., Fellow of New College, Oxford. London: Chapman & Hall, 1886.

Mr. Courtney divides his historical sketch into the three periods or stages of Interpretation, Criticism, and Reconstruction. Under the first head he includes all the earlier or, as they might be called, Dogmatic theories, whether founded on Egoism, on the Moral Sentiment, on Conscience, or on an appeal to Reason and the fitness of things. By Criticism he understands mainly Utilitarianism, while the Idealism of Kant and his successors, the scientific theories of Mr. Spencer and Mr. Leslie Stephen, and the Pessimism of Schopenhauer and von Hartmann are treated together as attempts at reconstruction. Mr. Courtney has ably insisted on the close connection of ethics with metaphysics; the end for man cannot be separated from the absolute end, and, unless we can point to some end of the universe as a whole, we must fail to find a satisfactory foundation for ethics. Hence, as the author contends, some form of Absolute Idealism is, as it were, postulated by the moral consciousness.

The second volume of the late Professor Green's *Philosophical Works** deals in part both with Absolute Idealism and Ethics. Its contents, however, are varied, and, as they are all now published for the first time, this volume is of much greater interest than its predecessor. It is made up of selections from Green's lectures in Oxford, falling into three main divisions, the first dealing with the Kantian philosophy, the second with logic, and the third being entitled "*Lectures on the Principles of Political Obligation.*" The part on Kant is not a continuous or exhaustive account of his system, but a mingling of exposition and criticism, in which prominent points of the Kantian theory are selected for treatment. These sections are likely to be very useful to the student of Kant, helping to the vital points of his author and opportunely breaking the slavery of the letter which is apt to grow upon the unassisted reader of Kant's multitudinous distinctions. They have, in addition, a biographical interest, for they show us the process of criticism by which Green reached his own philosophical positions. There is possibly room for the complaint that this constructive development of Kant's positions—the Hegelianizing of Kant, it might be called—is not sufficiently distinguished by Green from the Kantian theory as formulated and believed by Kant himself. But in that case the student has the opportunity of comparing Green's exposition with that of Dr. Stirling, and judging for himself. It is a further element of value in the book that Green's candour and straightforwardness in facing difficulties suggest of themselves to a thoughtful reader those points of the Hegelian theory that most require a careful testing. While himself occupying the standpoint of Absolute Idealism, he does not disguise the difficulties that beset every attempt definitely to prove the position. The sections on Kant's Ethics are closely connected with the discussions of the author's "*Prolegomena to Ethics.*" The logical part of the volume is mainly taken up with a criticism of different doctrines advanced in Mill's "*Logic*," but, after Green's manner, the discussion does not always keep close to its special text, but shows a tendency to diverge into the discussion of fundamental philosophical differences. The third and

* "*Works of Thomas Hill Green, late Whyte's Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Oxford.*" Edited by R. L. Nettleship, Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. Vol. II.—*Philosophical Works.* London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1886.

longest division of the book treats, in the author's own words, of the moral grounds upon which the State is based and upon which obedience to the law of the State is justified. After a historico-critical survey of the theories of Hobbes, Spinoza, Locke, and Rousseau, Green expounds his own theory of the State as founded, not on force, but on will, and discusses in detail the rights of the individual as against the State and the rights of the State over the individual. Green, it is well known, was a keen politician and practical reformer, and the concrete interest of the subject here treated was specially calculated to stimulate his powers. As he can hardly be said to have touched the subject before, many will turn to this as the freshest part of the volume.

In "Problems in Philosophy" * Mr. Bascom discusses with acuteness and breadth several fundamental philosophical questions. In his introductory essay, on "Methods in Philosophy," he lays down with much clearness the necessary limitations to which all philosophizing must submit, and traces several philosophic errors to a vain attempt to overleap these bounds. The essay which follows, on "The Relativity of Knowledge," and which is perhaps the most exhaustive in its treatment, partly works out the same thesis, and forms a very thorough criticism of the doctrine in question. He states an old thought in a new and, perhaps it may be added, characteristically American form when he says, "A reason that will not accept its own paper is hopelessly bankrupt." Fundamental conceptions and fundamental antitheses of experience, the author contends, must be accepted, any attempt to explain them away leading simply to illusion. The dualism of space and consciousness is one great datum not to be transcended by us, though ultimately resolvable, he seems to say, in terms of a spiritual monism. Mr. Bascom does not altogether escape the danger which besets the Intuitive school, of taking things too easily for granted, and so rendering philosophy altogether superfluous, but his criticism is frequently very much to the point.

Dr. Ray's "Textbook of Deductive Logic," † the second edition of which is published, is a compact and practical little book. By contrasting, and if possible reconciling, the conflicting views of the chief authorities, the author has increased the usefulness of his work for students, and the inclusion of chapters on "The Theory of Predication," on "The Functions and Value of the Syllogism," and on "Probable Reasoning" was well advised. In his exposition of the ordinary logical subject-matter, the part on Immediate Inferences is especially to be commended for its fullness.

In spite of the existence of Schwegler's "Handbook of the History of Philosophy," there can be no doubt that there was room for such an outline as Mr. Bax has attempted.‡ The task of writing such a handbook is one of the most difficult which a man could set himself, and it would be mere flattery to say that the one which Mr. Bax has

* "Problems in Philosophy." By John Bascom, Author of "Science of Mind," "Growth and Grades of Intelligence," &c. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1885.

† "Textbook of Deductive Logic, for the Use of Students." By P. K. Ray, D.Sc., Professor of Logic and Philosophy, Dacca College. Second Edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

‡ "Handbook to the History of Philosophy, for the Use of Students." By Ernest Belfort Bax, Editor of Kant's "Prolegomena," &c. London: George Bell & Sons. 1886.

produced is in all respects satisfactory. But it is the work of one who writes with full knowledge of what philosophy is, as well as with an enthusiasm for his subject, and the result is a very interesting sketch. If the distinction be allowable, the book (whatever may have been the author's intention) is less of a handbook for students than an outline which will be read with appreciation and profit by those who turn to philosophy disinterestedly on its own account. The fact that nearly half of the book is devoted to "Kant and the Post-Kantians," and "Recent and Current Philosophy"—a proportion which would be out of place in a textbook—must enhance the interest of the sketch to such readers, and they will find Mr. Bax a bright and well-informed guide over these regions.

Professor Zeller's "Outlines of the History of Greek Philosophy" * is a model, in the fulness and compactness of its information, of what a student's handbook should be; but, unless supplemented by other reading or teaching, it will be found, it is to be feared, rather dry and lifeless. It is essentially a summary and book of reference, and could not be recommended to the general reader. The author's primary object was, he says, "to provide students with a help for academical lectures which would facilitate preparation, and save the time wasted in writing down facts, without interfering with the lecturer's work or imposing any fetters upon it." It will fulfil this purpose admirably in the hands of a judicious teacher. Students of Greek philosophy will learn with regret that Miss Alleyne, to whom they are indebted for the English version of so much of Zeller's History, died in 1884 while she was engaged on this translation. It is to be hoped that some one will be found to carry out her intention of translating the last volume of Dr. Zeller's larger work, as well as the volume on Aristotle once announced as in preparation, but never carried into execution.

Several other translations call for notice. The second volume of Rosmini's "Psychology" † has been published by his faithful editors. It is to be feared that the exceedingly unmodern and scholastic look of the exposition will act as a deterrent to the majority of readers; but, as remarked in connection with the first volume, there is a considerable amount of sound and suggestive metaphysics underlying it.—Mr. Hastie has translated Hegel's Introduction to his lectures on Aristotle and Michelet's summary of Hegel's "Philosophy of Art." ‡ They make an interesting little book.—The handsome English edition of Schopenhauer's chief work § is now complete. Messrs. Haldane and Kemp are to be congratulated on the successful accomplishment of a very arduous task. An abstract of Schopenhauer's early "Essay on the Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason" forms a useful appendix for the philosophical reader. But the volumes are so full of general interest that they will have many readers beyond professed students of philosophy.

ANDREW SETH.

* "Outlines of the History of Greek Philosophy." By Dr. Eduard Zeller. Translated by Sarah Frances Alleyne and Evelyn Abbott. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1886.

† "Psychology." By Antonio Rosmini Serbati. Vol. II. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1885.

‡ "The Philosophy of Art: an Introduction to the Scientific Study of Aesthetics, by Hegel and C. L. Michelet." Translated by W. Hastie, B.D. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd. 1886.

§ "The World as Will and Idea." By Arthur Schopenhauer. Translated by R. B. Haldane, M.A., and J. Kemp, M.A. Vols. II. and III. London: Trübner & Co. 1886.

III.—GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE press is still teeming with works on Ireland. Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet, "The Irish Question,"* is written in self-defence. He will not have it said that he either conceived the intention of Home Rule precipitately or concealed it unduly, and he certainly produces evidence to prove, if not that he ever showed any special love for Home Rule, yet—what can be said by few other Liberals—that he had repeatedly spoken of it without aversion, if due safeguards were established. He admits that his action on the subject after the election of 1885 was taken suddenly in consequence of an incident of a vital character, which neither he nor any one else had foreseen—viz., that the Irish Nationalist members should at the opening of Parliament have preferred so moderate and reasonable a demand; but then this, he says, is promptitude, not precipitancy. So far his defence must seem complete enough: the question was ripening outside, and naturally the statesman's relation to it changed somewhat at every stage of the process, and especially at the very decisive turn given it by the election of 1885.—An admirable discussion and defence of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Bill will be found in Mr. David Mabelan's "Home Rule and Imperial Unity."† The objections that have been made to the Bill are answered with great acuteness and mastery of constitutional principles. Sir C. Gavan Duffy's "League of North and South"‡ is a very interesting and well-written history of the tenant-right movement of 1850–54. The Tenant League was established to promote the precise scheme of tenant-right which the Parnellites have been able to see carried; it anticipated the Parnellites also in adopting the parliamentary tactics of an independent opposition, and it excelled them in being able to unite the North and the South of Ireland in the common cause. And Sir Gavan Duffy, who was one of its originators, naturally enough complains—and we believe justly—that the present Irish party, instead of recognizing as they ought the labours of their predecessors, are prone to depreciate them, and have even called them "the party of Sadleir and Keogh," though Sadleir and Keogh never belonged to the League at all. Sir Gavan accordingly performs a much-needed task in describing the earlier tenant-right movement, and he has performed it with great literary skill. Mr. J. A. Partridge's "The Making of the Irish Nation"§ is a somewhat heated but stimulating and readable account of Irish politics since the Union, written under a strong enthusiasm for Irish autonomy, and the idea of beneficial federation. Mr. C. P. Deane's "Short History of Ireland,"|| on the other hand, is markedly calm and judicious. It is a summary of Irish history, making no pretensions to being anything more than a compilation; but it is very good work of its kind: a plain, straightforward, well-balanced narrative, from which one can without any difficulty obtain a clear and good idea of the history of Ireland.—Under the head of "Struggles for Life"¶ a large number of

* London: John Murray. † London: Isbister & Co. ‡ London: Chapman & Hall.

§ London: Fisher Unwin.

|| London: Elliot Stock.

¶ "Struggles for Life." By William Knighton, LL.D.; London and Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate.

historical facts are brought together without any very immediate connection or systematic order. Evolution, politics, persecution, plague, fashion, war, constitute a few of the divisions under which the author discusses the various natural, social, and religious obstructions against which men have had to contend; and as his illustrations are drawn from almost every period and nationality, there is practically no limit to the theme. It is perhaps natural, therefore, to find a certain casual rapidity of arrangement, and some crudeness in the matter of details. But a subject so wide of course admits of very much that is exceedingly interesting, and the author's style is bright and vivid. His account of the heroic struggle of the Suliotes is given very graphically; and there is much good sense in his chapters on "Social Struggles" and on the "Destiny of England," in which the influence of English women upon the lower classes is, in the author's opinion, to play a high part. A great deal of the book is rather revolting in its matter, and the writer seems to give more care to the description of brutalities than is absolutely necessary for purposes of reformation.—The extensive literature of Seismology has received an important addition in the shape of a volume contributed by Mr. Milne* to the International Scientific Series. The book is not a collection of past records and observations, but the materials have been drawn largely from personal experiments made during a residence of eight years in Japan, where the author has had the happiness of recording one earthquake a week. Besides being of great scientific interest, as giving the latest results of observation regarding the amplitude, direction, and period of motions, the book should be of practical value for the instruction it offers on the subject of measures to be adopted in the choice of building-sites and the construction of houses in districts subject to earthquakes. Not so much help can be afforded by definite rule for the prediction of shocks, owing to the fact that merely endogenous phenomena have far the greatest effect in producing earthquakes. Cicero's words, however, in the "De Divinatione," "Non Deus prævidet tantum, sed et divini ingenii viri," are accepted by the author as meaning that "God has not predicted so much as the divine intelligence of man;" which, in whatever way regarded, is a sufficiently bold rendering.—"A History of Music"† is able, interesting, and well on line with the latest findings of philosophy and science. It discusses, on the Darwin and Spencer platform of evolution, the origin and progress of music through prehistoric times, and through the older civilizations of the Egyptians, Assyrians, Hebrews, and Chinese. There is no unscientific use made of the theory of development; its real purpose as a guiding line through the labyrinths of the past being soundly appreciated. The writer's doctrine is, that the drum stage is man's earliest attempt to elicit the rhythm which is in Nature; that the practice of the pipe is next, both these stages being sensuous and closely akin to the various physical impulses of dancing; and that the lyre, with its representative the piano, is the crown of achievement, as representing the relative subordination of the sensuous to the thoughtful. His discussion of races in this light has as much ethnological as musical

* "Earthquakes." By John Milne. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

† "A History of Music." By John Frederick Rowbotham. In three volumes. London: Trübner & Co. 1885.

value, and in particular may be mentioned extraordinary insight into the social condition of Egypt's helpless millions as victims, after the present London manner, to a high civilization, while he has the clearest criticism of the religious virtues and artistic failings of the Hebrews. It is rare to meet with a volume of such fresh, honest, and enlightened thought.—“*A History of Greek Literature*,” * by J. B. Jevons, M.A., forms a counterpart to Mr. Cruttwell's well-known “*History of Roman Literature*.” A special feature of the book is the examination of the different causes, political and social, which determined the development of Greek literature—causes the operation of which is more easily traced in Greek literature than in any other, owing to the absence of external influence, and the factors of the problem being simpler and less obscured. Mr. Jevons brings his sketch to an end with the death of Demosthenes. With the loss of freedom, he considers, classical Greek literature ceased to exist. Aristotle, therefore, Theocritus, Menander, the Stoics, the Epicureans, and the Alexandrian School find no place in his book. We cannot but think this a mistake; Greek literature, when it became cosmopolitan, was none the less Greek; the consciousness of a broad humanity, which it then developed, goes hand in hand with the conquests of Alexander and the spread of Greek civilization in the East; neither the triumphs of Aristotle's genius, nor those of his illustrious pupil's sword, can with justice be excluded from Greek history. For the rest, Mr. Jevons' work—especially the critical work—is carefully done: it is up to date, even to such a detail as the spelling of Clytemnestra's name, and the book supplies a real want.—The marks of labour in the bulky work, “*Good Queen Anne*,” * are abundant. Though it has not really risen above the point of being a compilation, there is much in it that is readable, more especially with respect to the drama and literature of the so-called Augustan age of England. Some curious information is also given of the musicians of Queen Anne's reign; but the chapters on her soldiers and sailors are wooden and fragmentary, because of the confined space which the plan of the book allows. The second volume, which is taken up with the authors of the period, has many bright pages, and does not suffer from too much condensation. Repetitions could not be totally avoided on the biographical system followed, but it must be said that they appear so often and so unnecessarily as to damage the author's reputation for anything like finish of even a good working style. To those who value substance rather than form, there is a considerable feast of facts spread in the volumes of Mr. Davenport Adams. The epoch of Pope, Swift, Addison, Marlborough, Defoe, and many another notable, is run over in an interesting though disjointed way, rather than digested into permanent literature.

* London: Charles Griffin & Co.

† “*Good Queen Anne*; or, Men and Manners, Life and Letters, in England's Augustan Age.” By W. H. Davenport Adams. In two volumes. London: Remington & Co.

. THE SITUATION IN THE EAST.

WHY can foretell what will result from a situation so complicated and so grave as that which we see in the Balkan Peninsula? It is always perilous to play the part of prophet in matters of foreign policy, especially when the final decision must proceed from an autocrat who lives apart from the world, and who can with a single word set in motion at his own will a million of soldiers. *Apropos* of the impossibility of foreseeing events, Prince Bismarck, in one of those long evenings at Versailles during the siege of Paris, told a story which Herr Busch has reported for us in his curious book, "Bismarck und seine Leute." At the moment when the quarrel between Prussia and Switzerland about Neuchâtel seemed likely to lead to war, Bismarck, who was then Prussian representative at the Diet at Frankfort, called on Rothschild and instructed him to sell some stock which he thought would fall if the war broke out. "They are good securities," said Rothschild; "it is a mistake to sell them." "I know what I know," answered Bismarck: "sell." As we know, the Emperor Napoleon intervened, and the question was amicably settled; Bismarck, who thought himself so well informed, sold his stock, and lost on the bargain. "It is the only financial speculation I ever made," he added; "I was a diplomatist, not more stupid than other diplomatists; I thought I was admirably informed, and yet my forecast was entirely contradicted by the event."

So I will not try to predict what the near future may have in store for us. The only task that can be attempted is to disentangle the interests of the different States which are involved in this Eastern imbroglío. First, let us take the Bulgarians. I think I may assert that the good things which I said of them in my book on the Balkan Peninsula have been entirely justified by their conduct

in the face of the stern and terrible trials through which they have just passed. Taken at unawares by a detestable piece of treachery, worthy only of the brigands who infest Macedonia, they rallied round the Prince who had been their leader, and proved their affection and gratitude to him by unmistakeable signs. Left to themselves by the forced departure of their Sovereign, they met the intrigues, the threats, and the violence of the Russian agents with firmness, dignity, and prudence. In spite of all the efforts of General Kaulbars to provoke disturbance, order has been maintained down to this moment. The Regency, in strict obedience to the Constitution, has issued orders for elections to the National Assembly, and has replied to the unjustifiable demands and accusations of Russia by notes as dignified as they were unanswerable. We may well hope that the whole Bulgarian people, and especially the officers, will have dignity and patriotism enough to resist all foreign interference and rally to the Government which legitimately represents their country. Both the people and the army showed so much courage and devotion in repelling the Servian invasion that it is reasonable to expect from them similar heroism in opposing any Russian columns which may seek to occupy Bulgaria in the teeth alike of treaty rights and of international law. No doubt they must be beaten in the end. But the Russian troops would have to go by sea; their commissariat would not be an easy matter; and the Bulgarian army might, by purely defensive movements and guerilla warfare, keep up its resistance long enough for some Power to come to its relief. Let us hope that we may be spared the spectacle of this fratricidal struggle.

The policy of Russia has been as clumsy as it possibly could be, and in its later stages it has become absolutely odious. It is to Russia that Roumania, Servia, and Bulgaria are indebted for their freedom; and yet Russia, by her haughty and violent proceedings, has brought it about that all these young States, which owe to her their very existence, have become hostile to her. From 1820 to 1840 Russia acted in Servia precisely as she is acting in Bulgaria to-day, and with the same result. Having forced from Turkey the concession of the semi-independence of Servia, she tried to govern the country according to her own liking, by means of the Ministry and the Prince. The Russian consul gave his orders and the Government had only to obey. But the Servians got tired of being the mere instruments of the foreigner, and opposition soon sprang up, which Russia tried to overcome by all possible methods—by gaining over influential senators to her side, stirring up popular movements, and even compelling the Prince to abdicate and quit Bulgaria. Nothing came of it: the national sentiment proved quite unmanageable. Servia escaped from Russian influence, and in spite of the fact that the recent aggrandisement

of the Principality is due to the generous devotion of the Russian volunteers and soldiers who shed their blood in the valley of the Timok, it is not to St. Petersburg that Prince Milan looks for his instructions.

In the Russian intervention in Bulgarian affairs we see the same inconsistency and the same lack of foresight. Having given to the Bulgarian people their freedom and provided them with a Constitution as liberal as that of Belgium, and more democratic, presently she finds that they prefer to use their newly acquired liberty for the purpose of governing themselves according to their own wishes and needs, and not for the purpose of obeying the commands of the Czar. Forthwith she urges the Prince to a *coup-d'état*, which was effected on the 27th of May, 1881, scarcely two years after the Constitution of Tirnova was promulgated, and before its working could possibly be judged of. The Prince demanded of the Extraordinary Assembly full powers for seven years, and also the right of proposing a revision of the Constitution. The Russian General, Ehrenroott, who was made Minister, managed by means of gendarmes and special commissioners to suppress completely all electoral freedom. The Liberals, hunted like wild beasts, abstained from the polls. The Consul-General of Russia announced the approval of the Czar. Nevertheless, some Liberal deputies were elected; amongst others, M. Balabanoff was returned for Sofia. They were excluded by the President of the Legislative Assembly, the Sobranje. The *régime* which followed was a reproduction of that of December 2 in France—a real despotism hidden under a slight varnish of constitutionalism.

It is a fact very honourable to the Bulgarian character that the superior officials headed the remonstrance, just as was the case in Hesse, at the time of Hassenpflug. Thus, at Sofia, fifty-five of the higher employes, including the President of the Court of Accounts and almost all the heads of Ministerial Departments, members of the Court of Appeal, and Municipal Councillors, signed a petition to the Council of State asking for guarantees against the arbitrary power of the Government. This act of patriotic courage cannot be too much admired.

To ensure the success of the Ministerial candidates at the coming elections, it was necessary to call in the Generals. The Czar saw that the situation had become very embarrassing, and he sent two very able officers—Generals Kaulbars and Soboleff. The elections, again controlled by the military, were everywhere favourable to the Conservatives, the Liberals being compelled to keep away. But Natchovitch, Grecoff, and the Prince himself, soon began a secret contest against the Russian Generals. I have heard many piquant details on this subject. At the Prince's dinners the

Generals came with their aides-de-camp, without waiting for invitations, and at the soirées the Prince pretended not to see them. He was irritated by his Russian Ministers, who considered him as under their protection. They acted like masters, and tried to manage everything in their own way. The Conservative Ministers endeavoured to force them to retreat by exciting opposition against them in the Chamber. It was intimated from St. Petersburg that the mission of Generals Soboleff and Kaulbars would not be completed until MM. Natchovitch and Grecoff had retired.

Much exasperated, these two Ministers pursued the struggle with more bitterness than ever; they even went so far as to join with the Liberals in their effort to compel the Russian Generals to leave the country; whilst the Prince steadfastly refused to receive the latter. Russia, finding that she had made a mistake in favouring the reaction, ordered M. Yonine, the Russian Consul, to compel the Prince to re-establish the Constitution of Tirnova (August, 1883). The Conservatives, seeing that there was no hope of success, did everything to obtain the support of the Liberals. M. Zankoff, but lately proscribed, became the master of the situation. He accepted the power offered to him by Prince Alexander on condition that the Constitution should be obeyed. The Russian Generals, Kaulbars and Soboleff, being left without support, sent in their resignation and left Sofia. The Conservatives, who had brought them, openly rejoiced over their departure, whilst the Radicals showed them the warmest sympathy.

Russia, evicted, manifested her displeasure by recalling two of the Prince's aides-de-camp, without even giving him notice. Deeply wounded, the Prince sent back all the Russian officers of his suite, and recalled the thirty-one Bulgarian officers who were studying in Russia. This was open hostility. M. Balabanoff, the best man to fairly represent Bulgaria, was sent as a delegate to the Czar. He was well received at St. Petersburg, and peace was made. The Emperor recalled Kaulbars, and it was decided that for the future Russian officers in Bulgaria should give their attention exclusively to military matters. To sum up, the result obtained was important. Bulgaria, like Western Roumelia, had definitely escaped from the guardianship of Russia.

Nevertheless, when I visited Bulgaria three years ago the feeling of gratitude towards "Le Czar Libérateur" was still very strong. In the cottages, in the *hans*, in all the public buildings, the portrait of the Emperor hung side by side with that of Prince Alexander, and generally in the more important place. But the attitude taken by Russia upon the question of the union of Bulgaria and Roumelia has estranged all hearts from her. It fills one with surprise and

melancholy to see* with what asperity the Russian Ambassador, at the Conference of Constantinople, opposed the union of the two Bulgarias, a measure unanimously desired by the people, justified by historical, ethnical, geographical and commercial considerations, and admitted in principle from the very outset by Count Kálnoky. Russia alone, to her disgrace, urged Turkey to send troops to occupy Roumelia, at the risk of renewing the Bulgarian atrocities—a step so extreme that it shocked all the Powers, even Turkey herself. Whence came this opposition to a manifestation of the popular will, aiming at the establishment, in part, of that very Bulgaria which Russia had herself mapped out in the Treaty of San Stefano, and had at one moment been prepared to defend even at the risk of a general war? It was an attitude so contrary to the traditional policy of Russia, that the Russians at Philippopolis, at first, and before they had received their instructions, showed themselves favourable to the union movement.

The apologists of Russia—and, amongst them, Madame de Novikoff, one of her most convinced and most eloquent apologists—plead that the Czar was bound to act as he did, lest he should appear in the eyes of Europe as an accomplice in a revolution contrary both to the Treaty of Berlin and to the views which he had recently expressed to his Imperial allies. But it appears from the Blue-Book which I have already quoted† that Count Kálnoky told Sir A. Paget that the Czar was as much taken by surprise by the course of events at Philippopolis as Prince Alexander himself. So that there was no need for the Czar to urge the Turks to re-occupy Roumelia in order to prove that he had not favoured or excited the Roumelian movement, which indeed no well-informed person suspected him of. The truth is, that he was influenced by two feelings, both egoistic, and not easily to be justified.

In the first place, he was profoundly vexed with Prince Alexander because he neither would nor could play the part of a Russian proconsul, yielding passive obedience to the Generals sent to him from St. Petersburg. Secondly, he was beginning to understand that Great Bulgaria, recognized by Europe, supported at last even by the Porte, and now sure of future prosperity and freedom, would certainly escape from the exclusive influence of Russia.

In giving way to these narrow jealousies, the Czar was taking up a policy even less adroit than before. He proved, in contradiction to all the fine speeches of the Moscow Slavophiles about their brethren in the Peninsula, that what Russia had had in view was only to constitute a group of vassal principalities, and not to foster the enfranchisement and autonomous development of the Serbs and

* Blue-Book, Turkey; No. 1, 1886.

† September 22, 1885: 6-19.

Bulgarians. He admitted, by implication, that in creating the Great Bulgaria of the Treaty of San Stefano he had made an enormous blunder, and shown the most palpable want of foresight; for clearly that Bulgaria, being much more powerful, and possessing in a much higher degree the elements of prosperity, would have offered a far more prompt and vigorous resistance to the encroachments of Russia than the Bulgaria of the Treaty of Berlin. And lastly, what was more important, he roused against himself the patriotic feeling of the Bulgarians, and provoked the distrust of Servia, Roumania, and all the Slav peoples of the Peninsula, by showing them that the true object of Russia was simply to subject them to her irresistible will, pending the moment when she should think fit to annex them.

And now what shall I say of recent events; of the conspiracy of Sofia, openly paid for by Russia; of the banishment of the young Prince whose courage and skill were the admiration of Europe; above all, of the mission of General Kaulbars, disputing with the crowd at public meetings, urging the military men and officials to rise against the lawful government of their country, stirring up troops of peasants in order to invalidate the elections on the pretext of disturbances and riots, and returning from his fruitless tour, everywhere bowed out and avoided? No words can adequately depict the series of foolish proceedings of this tragi-comedy, in which the hateful and the ridiculous dispute the supremacy. The net result is that Russia has united against her all parties in Europe—the friends of freedom, because she infringes the liberties of a peaceful, sensible, and industrious people who have won the esteem of every one; the Conservatives, because she has been fomenting insurrections and pronunciamientos; and the partisans of law, because she has taken under her protection the authors of the kidnapping affair at Sofia, men much more guilty than the Russian Nihilists, who, though they resort to abominable methods, are at least striving, at the peril of their own lives, to emancipate their country, while the conspirators who made a night raid on Prince Alexander not only broke their military oath, but betrayed their country for a foreign bribe. Bulgaria has had the splendid advantage, such as also fell to the fortune of Belgium, of having a prince at one with his people, who had led them to victory, and was then in a position to found a national dynasty. In order to satisfy a contemptible spite, Russia has destroyed this element of peace and pledge of a happy future, and, so far as in her lies, has left this young State which she herself created a prey to the unknown, to anarchy, and, it may be, to a crisis which may endanger its very existence.

What will Russia do now? Who can foretell the decree of a ruler, ignorant, unintelligent, ill-informed, as we can only too well.

see, and rendered almost imbecile by the voluntary imprisonment to which he is condemned by the incessant conspiracies of his subjects, who are driven to despair by his outrageous severity? The most sensible thing to do would obviously be to draw from General Kaulbars' mission the sound conclusion that the Bulgarians mean to govern themselves, and not to obey orders from St. Petersburg, and to accept this fact, which every one can see. If she is determined to impose her will, she must despatch the Cossacks—a step which might have the gravest consequences. Is she sure that Berlin, which maintains so absolute a reserve, would consent? Would not the Russian army of occupation, which must cross the Black Sea, find its communications cut by the Turkish fleet and the English ironclads? Would it not very soon come into contact with "the Austro-Hungarian sentinel, mounting guard over the Balkans," of whom Lord Salisbury, and, still more recently, Lord Randolph Churchill, has spoken? Besides, the position of Russia in Bulgaria, deprived of the right of sending supplies through Roumania, would be very difficult. She would have to reckon from the outset with the passionate hostility of the country occupied. The Bulgarians, like the Servians, have the instinct of liberty and independence, and it will be long before they are willing to be led like serfs.

Let us consider what would be the probable attitude of the Powers in presence of such an event. There has been much talk lately about the understanding which seemed to be established between Turkey and Russia. The Porte, conscious of the dangers which threaten it on every side, refuses to offend any Power, and will take no step without the concurrence of the States which were parties to the Treaty of Berlin; but it would probably resist a Russian occupation if assured of sufficient support, and for two reasons—first, for fear of losing a province which was on the way to become an ally, as Prince Alexander had proposed; and next, because Russia, well planted at Philippopolis, would be practically master of Constantinople. I do not believe that any promise of *baksh* *in* would bring the Sultan voluntarily to submit to such a solution.

As to Austria-Hungary, her policy has been already explained in M. Tisza's remarkable speech to the Hungarian Parliament. She covets no extension of territory in the Balkan Peninsula; she cannot allow any other Power to exercise preponderating influence there; she favours the autonomy of the young States which have so recently sprung up, and would willingly see them federated. This attitude is apparently hostile to the entry of the Russians into Bulgaria. One would have thought that an agreement might have been come to between the two empires which dispute the hegemony of the Balkan Peninsula, the one taking the west, as far as Salonica, and the other the east, as far as Constantinople. But I fancy that the Hungarians,

who are very clear-sighted, would never consent to such a partition. For, first, it would immeasurably increase the Slav element in the dual empire; and secondly, the position of Austria at Salonica would be untenable with Russia at Constantinople, Great Bulgaria on one flank and Montenegro on the other. Austria cannot extend her occupation from Bosnia and Novi-Bazar to the Egean, unless Russia remains within her present frontiers. One of the most eminent of Russian military writers, General Fadéeff, has said that the road from Moscow to Constantinople lay through Vienna; and he was right. Austria must be reduced to impotence before she could allow the Russians to establish themselves permanently on the shores of the Bosphorus.

And, England, what would she do? You are better able to judge than I. But it seems to me that she would support Austria, because it is for her interest to do so. At least that is what Lord Randolph Churchill said very lately; but was he speaking of moral support or of the effective support of the British fleet? I think that England would be drawn into active hostilities, because it would be better worth her while to fight Russia in company with allies on the Continent and on the Black Sea, than to have to attack the Muscovite Colossus alone in the deserts of Central Asia, or the valleys of Afghanistan, as she was ready to do the other day under the Gladstone Cabinet. It has lately been maintained that England might look on a Russian occupation of Constantinople without regret or fear, and even with satisfaction. It is an illusion or a dream. It is the same question as that of Egypt. If England could give up her interest in India, turn her attention to her internal development, and resolve to allow the Suez Canal to pass into the hands of France or Russia, that would be a complete scheme, and would best make for the happiness of the English people. But as in the present state of opinion this policy, however desirable on economic grounds, has not the slightest chance of acceptance, the Government, of whatever complexion, will be compelled to defend the passage from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. The Russians at Constantinople would be masters of the Suez Canal, for having the Black Sea all to themselves and the Bosphorus for a base of operations they could despatch to Egypt by land such an army as the English could not stop. If therefore England can find allies, she will prevent the Russians from occupying Bulgaria in permanence, and this is the more probable that Liberal opinion is unanimous in favour of the Bulgarians, and of the idea of a Balkan Federation, which Mr. Gladstone has always put forward.

Italy would probably incline to the cause of the liberty of peoples, defended by England and Austria; but no one would, I imagine, expect any military action from her. There remains to be questioned

the formidable Sphynx of Berlin. Every one acknowledges that the final decision depends on him. If he decidedly opposes the occupation of Bulgaria, it will not take place; for unless at least the Czar has lost all power of forecast, he will not go so far as to risk the quadruple alliance of Turkey, Austria, Germany and England. Some say Bismarck will not veto the occupation, because he does not want war. But, on the contrary, would not his veto be peace? And if he does not forbid, is it not because a conflict between Russia and Austria would not be disagreeable to him? Three years ago, when I travelled along the banks of the Danube and through the Palkan Peninsula, every one thought that this terrible duel was about to come off because Prince Bismarck desired it.

I will not venture to solve this awful enigma; but we may call to mind some remarks of the great Chancellor on this subject, which afford matter for reflection. In June 1883, Prince Bismarck, in the Prussian Parliament, addressing one of the heads of the Liberal opposition, spoke as follows:—

“The honourable deputy Richter is for economy in the budget, and so am I; but in what departments shall we economize? No doubt he refers to the military expenditure; it is only there that reduction is possible. But does not Herr Richter know that Germany is a pole towards which all the bayonets in Europe may point? Does he forget that ever since 1875 I have not paused for one moment in my efforts to prevent the formation of a triple alliance against us. Be sure of this, that on the day which shall see us weak and disarmed that alliance will be made.”

It was to prevent that triple alliance that Prince Bismarck, in 1879, entered into the very closest relations with Austria. The Austrian alliance is the pivot of his policy. He is threatened by the ever possible alliance of France and Russia. “Such an alliance,” he once said, “is so natural that we may consider it as already in existence.” When, in 1870, Bishop Strossmayer asked of the Russian ambassador at Vienna that the Czar should come to the relief of France, he was answered: “It would be an act of folly on our part. We shall now have an ally on whom we can always reckon in case of need.” May not Bismarck, knowing himself menaced both from East and West, think it wise to rid himself of one of his two enemies, while he is still sure of having Austria with him; or rather, may he not be very willing to see a struggle between Russia and Austria, in which he might, by supporting his ally, reduce one of his enemies to impotence for a long time to come? He may, perhaps, think the moment opportune. Germany has still with her Moltke and the other military leaders who fought the campaign of 1870; she has at her head the Iron Chancellor himself, the ablest politician of his age; while France has no general of reputation and no great strategist. It is certain that in 1875 Bismarck wanted—and if necessary, by force—to prevent the

French from reconstituting their army and their defences, and as he was hindered from doing so by the Emperor of Russia and Gortchakoff he must have thought of weakening that obstacle. The Eastern Question, by rendering the rivalry of Russia and Austria more acute, may some day furnish him with the means of accomplishing his object.

The Austro-German alliance rests upon common interests so obvious, that we may believe Count Taaffe's recent declaration that it remains unshaken. Austria, supported by Germany, is in truth mistress of the East. She only can speak the decisive word. Her influence in Serbia is supreme. Bosnia and Herzegovina, under the skilful administration of Baron Kallay, are on the way to become completely assimilated to her. By protecting Bulgarian autonomy, and supporting, under the plea of the rights of nationalities, the idea of a Balkan Federation, she will, thanks to the inexplicable mistakes of Russia, see the whole Peninsula turn towards her, and accept her commercial and economic supremacy. There is no disguising the fact that since she has been able to dispose of the sword of Germany, she has grown from a weak and threatened Power into the arbiter of European politics. Germany, on her side, finds in the support of Austria security, and the certainty of being able to face both the East and the West at once. We may therefore conclude, that if Austria thinks she ought at one stroke to prevent Russia from occupying Bulgaria, and so being, by railway, at the very gates of Constantinople, Germany will support her. Prince Bismarck has often said that the German Empire has no direct interests in the East; and one can see from the Blue-Books (Turkey, I. and II.) that he comes to no decision without consulting Austria; but he has an overwhelming interest in holding the friendship of Austria, and this will determine his true position.

If the Czar, carried away by his anger, his resentments, and his embarrassments, should take the plunge, and brave the hostility of Austria, could he count on the support of France? Who will dare to say yes? No doubt the idea of the "Revanche" has not faded out of the French mind. On the contrary, it has been gaining strength for some time past. To satisfy oneself of this it is only necessary to read the French newspapers, or to note that a writer so cautious as M. Cherbuliez closes his recent article on Bulgarian affairs with the following words:—"France has no course to propose, but is it her duty to hold off from those who would speak with her, and can she prevent people from knowing where she lives?" (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, October 1, 1886). We must believe that France would choose her own time, and that she would not mingle in the fray, unless she saw Germany obliged to carry off a portion of her army to the East to cover the flank of Austria.

Whatever may be said, France has at her disposal very formidable military forces, animated by an ardent patriotism and an insatiable thirst for vengeance; her territory and her capital are now surrounded by a ring of detached forts and entrenched camps, so well planted that an invasion like that of 1870 has become impossible. But, on the other hand, she has no generalissimo who would, from the first start, be universally accepted—an indispensable condition of successful warfare in an epoch like ours, when the engagements of the first fortnight decide the campaign; and besides it would be very difficult for the French to get past the enormous fortifications of Strasbourg and Metz into the interior of Germany. They would therefore be obliged to invade by the valley of the Meuse, and endeavour to turn Cologne—a very dangerous plan of attack, according to the strategic authorities. Would these obvious difficulties be enough to prevent her from seizing the opportunity apparently offered by a war between Germany and Russia? At all events there would be for the French people a moment of cruel anxiety and perhaps of irresistible impulse.

Happily, at the moment at which I pen the concluding lines of this article, the danger which seemed imminent tends to recede. The Czar seems to be coming to understand that the road he was taking leads to disaster. We may hope that a very clear and marked understanding between England, Germany and Austria will always avail to stop him; and if this strange and mysterious journey of Lord Randolph Churchill has contributed to that end, the friends of humanity will owe him their best thanks.

I am not unaware that the English Liberals are very loth to see their country deeply involved—and especially by means of alliances—in the complications of continental politics. But circumstances may arise in which this may be the best way of preserving peace. If England were to decide to defend only her own shores, and to leave the rest of her Empire to the attacks of her rivals, she would rightly pursue a policy of absolute isolation. But if it be necessary to keep in view the moment when she may be compelled to appeal to arms, whether to defend Constantinople or India, would it not be worth her while to escape so terrible a necessity, even at the price of continental alliances, provided that they had for their object the rights and liberties of nations, and the maintenance of international law? It is not enough to desire and to resolve on peace, we must also make up our minds to do all that is needful to secure it.

ÉMILE DE LAVELEYE.

ECONOMIC SOCIALISM.

OBSERVERS of the current drift of political thought and practice, however widely they may diverge in their judgments of its tendencies, appear to be generally agreed upon one point—viz., that Socialism is flowing in upon us with a full tide. Whether, like M. de Laveleye, they regard this phenomenon complacently as a “good time coming,” or whether, with Mr. Spencer, they hold that what is coming is “slavery,” they seem to have no doubt that the political signs are pointing to a great extension of governmental interference in the affairs of private members of the community. And a second point on which they appear to agree is that this socialistic movement—as it is often called—is altogether opposed to “orthodox political economy”; that the orthodox political economist teaches us to restrict the intervention of Government on all the lines on which the socialistic movement aims at extending it. The object of the present paper is not to argue directly for or against any proposed governmental interference, but to reduce to its proper limits the supposed opposition between orthodox political economy and what is vaguely called socialistic, or semi-socialistic, legislation. I admit that the opposition really exists to some extent; and, so far as it exists, I am—for the most part—on the side of orthodox political economy; but I think that the opposition has been dangerously and misleadingly exaggerated for want of a proper distinction of the different grounds on which different kinds of governmental interference are reasonably based.

I will begin by stating briefly the general argument by which orthodox political economy seeks to show that wealth tends to be produced most amply and economically in a society where Government leaves industry alone;—that is, where Government confines

itself to the protection of person, property, and reputation, and the enforcement of contracts not obtained by force or fraud, leaving individuals free to produce and transfer to others whatever utilities they may choose, on any terms that may be freely arranged. The argument is briefly that—assuming that the conduct of individuals is generally characterized by a fairly intelligent and alert pursuit of their private interests—regard for self-interest on the part of consumers will lead to the effectual demand for the commodities that are most useful to society, and regard for self-interest on the part of producers will lead to the production of such commodities at the least cost. If any material part of the ordinary supply of any commodity *A* were generally estimated as less adapted for the satisfaction of social needs than the quantity of another commodity *B* that could be produced at the same cost, the demand of consumers would be diverted from *A* to *B*, so that *A* would fall in market value and *B* rise; and this change in values would cause a diversion of the efforts of producers from *A* to *B* to the extent required. On the other hand, the self-interest of producers will tend to the production of everything at the least possible cost; because the self-interest of employers will lead them to purchase services most cheaply, taking account of quality, and the self-interest of labourers will make them endeavour to supply the best paid—and therefore most useful—services for which they are adapted. Thus the only thing required of Government is to secure that every one shall be really free to buy the utility he most wants, and to sell what he can best furnish.

If the actual results of the mainly spontaneous organization by which the vast fabric of modern industry has been constructed do not altogether realize the economic ideal above delineated, they at any rate exhibit, on the whole, a very impressive approximation to it. The motive of self-interest does, I hold, work powerfully and continually in the complex manner above described; and I am convinced that no adequate substitute for it, either as an impulsive or as a regulating force, has as yet been found by any socialistic reformer. Still, the universal practice of modern civilized societies has admitted numerous exceptions to the broad rule of *laissez faire* with which the argument above given concludes; and it seems worth while to classify these exceptions, distinguishing as clearly as possible the principles on which they are based, in order that, in any novel or doubtful case, we may at least apply the appropriate general considerations for determining the legitimacy of the exception, and not be misled by false analogies.

Let us begin by marking off a class of exceptions with which political economy, as I conceive it, is only indirectly or partially concerned;—exceptions which are due to the manifest limitations under which abstract economic theory is necessarily applied in the art of

government. Thus, in the first place, the human beings with whom economic science is primarily concerned,—who, in the general argument for *laissez faire*, are assumed to be capable of a sufficiently alert and careful regard for their private interests,—are independent adults. The extremest advocate of *laissez faire* does not extend this assumption to children; hence the need of governmental interference to regulate the education and employment of children has to be discussed on principles essentially different from those on which we determine the propriety of interfering with the industry of adults. It is, no doubt, a very tenable proposition that parents are the best guardians of their children's interests, but it is quite a different proposition from that on which the general economic argument for industrial non-interference is based—viz., that every one is the best guardian of his own interests; and the limitations within which experience leads us to restrict the practical application of the two principles respectively differ to an important extent.

But secondly, what the political economist is primarily concerned with is the effect on the *wealth* * of the community caused by interference or non-interference; but we all agree that from the statesman's point of view considerations of wealth are not decisive; they are to be subordinated to conditions of physical or moral well-being. If we regard a man merely as a means of producing wealth, it might pay to allow a needle-grinder to work himself to death in a dozen years, as it was said to pay some American sugar-planters to work their slaves to death in six or eight; but a civilized community cannot take this view of its members; and the fact that a man will deliberately choose to work himself to death in a dozen years for an extra dozen shillings a week is not a decisive reason for allowing him to make the sacrifice unchecked. In this and similar cases we interfere on other than economic grounds: and it is by such extra-economic considerations that we justify the whole mass of sanitary regulations; restrictions on the sale of opium, brandy, and other intoxicants; prohibitions of lotteries, regulation of places of amusement; and similar measures. It is, no doubt, the business of the political economist to investigate the effects of such interference; and, if he finds it in any case excessively costly, or likely to be frustrated by a tenacious and evasive pursuit of private interest on the part of persons whose industry or trade is interfered with, he must direct attention to these drawbacks; but the principles on which the interference is based carry him beyond the scope of his special method of reasoning, which is concerned primarily with effects on wealth.

This last phrase, however, suggests another fundamental distinction.

* I use the term *wealth* for brevity; but I should include along with *wealth* all purchased utilities—whether “embodied in matter” or not—so far as they are estimated merely at their value in the market.

tion to which attention must be drawn. We have to distinguish effects in the *production* of wealth from effects on its *distribution*. The argument for *laissez faire*, as given above, dealt solely with its tendency to promote the most economical and effective production of wealth : it did not aim at showing that the wealth so produced tends to be distributed among the different classes that have co-operated in producing it in strict accordance with their respective deserts. On this latter point there has, I think, always been a marked difference between the general tone of English political economists and the general tone of leading continental advocates of *laissez faire*, of whom Bastiat may be taken as a type. Bastiat and his school do boldly attempt to show that the existing distribution of wealth—or rather that which would exist if Government would only keep its hands off—is “conformable to that which ought to be” ; and that every worker tends to get what he deserves under the economic order of unmodified competition. But the English disciples of Adam Smith have rarely ventured on these daring flights of optimistic demonstration : when (*e.g.*) Ricardo talked of “natural wages,” he had no intention of stamping the share of produce so designated as divinely ordered and therefore just ; on the contrary, a market-price of labour above the natural price is characteristic, in Ricardo’s view, of an “improving society.” And, generally speaking, English political economists, however “orthodox,” have never thought of denying that the remuneration of workers tends to be very largely determined by causes independent of their deserts—*e.g.*, by fluctuations in supply and demand, from the effects of which they are quite unable to protect themselves. If our economists have opposed—as they doubtless have always opposed—any suggestion that Government should interfere directly to redress such inequalities in distribution, their argument has not been that the inequalities were merited ; they have rather urged that any good such interference might do in the way of more equitable distribution would be more than outweighed by the harm it would do to production, through impairing the motives to energetic self-help ; since no Government could discriminate adequately between losses altogether inevitable and losses that might be at least largely reduced either by foresight or by promptitude and energy in meeting unforeseen changes. If, however, we can find a mode of intervention which will reduce inequalities of distribution without materially diminishing motives to self-help, this kind of intervention is not, I conceive, essentially opposed to the teaching even of orthodox political economy—according to the English standard of orthodoxy ; for orthodox economy is quite ready to admit that the poverty and depression of any industrial class is liable to render its members less productive from want of physical vigour and restricted industrial opportunities. Now, an

important part of the recent, and the proposed, enlargement of governmental functions, which is vaguely attacked as socialistic, certainly aims at benefiting the poor in such a way as to make them more self-helpful instead of less so, and thus seeks to mitigate inequalities in distribution without giving offence to the orthodox economist. This is the case (*e.g.*) with the main part of governmental provision for education, and the provision of instruments of knowledge, by libraries, &c., for adults. I do not say that all the money spent in this way is well spent; but merely that the principle on which a great part of it is spent is one defensible even in the court of old-fashioned political economy; so far as it aims at equalizing, not the advantages that should be earned by labour, but the opportunities of earning them.

At this point it will probably be objected that the means of equalizing opportunities in the way proposed can only be raised by taxation, and that it cannot be economically sound to tax one class for the benefit of another. If, however, the result sought is really beneficial to the production of the community as a whole, it may, I conceive, be argued—on the premises of the most orthodox political economy—that the expense of it may be legitimately thrown on the community as a whole—*i.e.*, may be raised by taxation equitably distributed. In order to make this plain, it will be convenient to pass to the general consideration of a kind of exceptions to *laissez faire* differing fundamentally in principle from those which we have so far considered; cases in which it may be shown *à priori* that *laissez faire* would not tend to the most economic production of wealth or other utilities, even in a community whose members were as intelligent and alert in seeking and guarding their private interests as any human beings can reasonably be expected to be. I do not argue that in all such cases Government ought to interfere: in human affairs we have often only a choice of evils, and even where private industry fails to bring about a satisfactory result, it is possible that governmental interference might on the whole make matters worse. All I here maintain is that in such cases the general economic presumption in favour of leaving social needs to be supplied by private enterprise is absent, or is balanced by strictly economic considerations on the opposite side.

To give a complete systematic account of these exceptional cases would carry me beyond the limits of an article: my present object is merely to illustrate the general conception of them by a few leading examples, in choosing which I shall try as far as possible to avoid matters of practical controversy.

We may begin by noticing that there are certain kinds of utility—which are or may be economically very important to individuals—

which government, in a well-organized modern community, is peculiarly adapted to provide. Complete security for savings is one of these. I do not of course claim that it is an attribute of governments, always and everywhere, that they are less likely to go bankrupt, or defraud their creditors, than private individuals or companies. History would at once refute the daring pretension. I merely mean that this is likely to be an attribute of governments in the ideal society that orthodox political economy contemplates. Of this we may find evidence in the fact that even now, though loaded with war debts and in danger of increasing the load, the English Government can borrow more cheaply than the most prosperous private company. We may say, therefore, that government is theoretically fit to be the keeper of savings for which special security is required. So again—without entering dangerously into the burning question of currency—we may at least say that if *stability* in the value of the medium of exchange can be attained at all, without sacrifices and risks outweighing its advantages, it must be by the intervention of government: a voluntary combination powerful enough to produce the result is practically out of the question.

In other cases, again, where *uniformity* of action or abstinence on the part of a whole class of producers is required for the most economical production of a certain utility, the intervention of government is likely to be the most effective way of attaining the result. It should be observed that it is not the mere need of an extensive combination of producers which establishes an exception to the rule of *laissez faire*, for such need can often be adequately met by voluntary association: the case for governmental interference arises when the utility at which the combination aims will be lost or seriously impaired if even one or two of the persons concerned stand aloof from the combination. Certain cases of protection of land below the sea-level against floods, and the protection of useful animals and plants against infectious diseases, exemplify this condition. In a perfectly ideal community, indeed, we might perhaps assume that all the persons concerned would take the requisite precautions; but in any community of human beings that we can expect to see, the most that we can hope is that the great majority of any industrial class will be adequately enlightened, vigilant, and careful in protecting their own interest; and in the cases just mentioned, the efforts and sacrifices of a great majority might easily be rendered almost useless by the neglect of one or two individuals.

But the case for governmental interference is still stronger where the very fact of a combination among the great majority of a certain industrial class to attain a certain result materially increases the inducement for individuals to stand aloof from the combination.

Take, for instance, the case of certain fisheries, where it is clearly for the general interest that the fish should not be caught at certain times, or in certain places, or with certain instruments; because the increase of actual supply obtained by such captures is much overbalanced by the detriment it causes to prospective supply. We may fairly assume that the great majority of possible fishermen would enter into a voluntary agreement to observe the required rules of abstinence; but it is obvious that the larger the number that thus voluntarily abstain, the stronger inducement is offered to the remaining few to pursue their fishing in the objectionable times, places, and ways, so long as they are under no legal coercion to abstain.

So far I have spoken of cases where it is difficult to render a voluntary association as complete as the common interest requires. But we have also to consider cases where such a combination may be too complete for the public interest, since it may give the combiners a monopoly of the article in which they deal. This is, perhaps, the most important of all the theoretical exceptions to the general rule of *laissez faire*. It is sometimes overlooked in the general argument for leaving private enterprise unfettered, through a tacit assumption that enlightened self-interest will lead to open competition; but abstract reasoning and experience equally show that under certain circumstances enlightened self-interest may prompt to a close combination of the dealers in any commodity: and that the private interest of such a combination, so far as it is able to secure a monopoly of the commodity, may be opposed to the general interest. Observe that my objection to monopoly—whether resulting from combination or otherwise—is not that the monopolist may make too large a profit: that is a question of distribution with which I am not now concerned. My objection is that a monopolist may often increase his profit, or make an equal profit more easily, by giving a smaller supply at higher prices of the commodity in which he deals rather than a larger supply at lower prices, and so rendering less service to the community in return for his profit. Wherever, from technical or other reasons, the whole of any industry or trade in a certain district tends to fall under the condition of monopoly, I do not say that there ought to be governmental interference, but at any rate the chief economic objection to such interference is absent.

A familiar instance of this is the provision of lighting and water in towns. Experience has amply shown—what might have been inferred *a priori*—that in cases such as these it is impossible to obtain the ordinary advantages from competition. Competition invariably involves an uneconomical outlay on works, for which the consumers have ultimately to pay when the competing companies—necessarily few—have seen their way to combination.

And it is to be observed that the same progress of civilization which tends to make competition more real and effective, when the circumstances of industry favour competition, also increase the facilities and tendencies to combination when the circumstances favour combination.

But again; *laissez faire* may fail to furnish an adequate supply of some important utility for a reason opposite to that just considered, not because the possible producer has too much control over his product, but because he has too little. I mean that a particular employment of labour or capital may be most useful to the community, and yet the conditions of its employment may be such that the labourer or capitalist cannot remunerate himself in the ordinary way, by free exchange of his commodity, because he cannot appropriate his beneficial results sufficiently to sell them profitably. Contrast, for instance, the case of docks and lighthouses. In an enlightened community, the making of docks might be left to private industry, because the ships that use them could always be made to pay for them; but the remuneration for the service rendered by a lighthouse cannot be similarly secured. Or, to take a very different instance, contrast scientific discoveries and technical inventions. A technical invention may be patented; but, though a scientific discovery may be the source of many new inventions, you cannot remunerate that by a patent; it cannot be made a marketable article. In other cases, again, where it is quite possible to remunerate labour by selling its product, experience shows that the process of sale is uneconomical from the cost and waste of trouble involved. This, for instance, is why an advanced industrial community gets rid of tolls on roads and bridges.

It is under this last head that a portion at least of the expenditure of government on education, and the provision of the means of knowledge for adults, may, I think, be defended in accordance with the general assumptions on which "orthodox political economy" proceeds; so far as this outlay tends to increase the productive efficiency of the persons who profit by it to an extent that more than repays the outlay. For it will not be denied (1) that the poverty of large classes of the community, if left without aid, would practically prevent them from obtaining this increment of productive efficiency; and (2) that even when it is clearly worth paying for, from the point of view of the community, the business of providing it could not be remuneratively undertaken by private enterprise. So far, therefore, there is a *prima facie* case for governmental interference on strictly economic grounds.

I do not, however, contend that this defence is applicable to the whole of the expenditure of the funds actually raised, by compulsory taxation, for educational purposes; still less that it is applicable to

the whole of the expense that eager educational reformers are urging upon us. Nor do I mean to suggest that the economic reason just given is that which actually weighs most with such reformers. I should rather suppose that their strongest motive usually is a desire to enable the mass of the community to partake effectively in that culture, which—though not perhaps the most generally valued advantage which the rich obtain from their wealth—is at any rate the advantage to which the impartial philanthropist sincerely attaches most importance. Is this desire, then, one that may legitimately be gratified through the agency of government? “No,” say Mr. Spencer and his disciples; “let the philanthropist diffuse knowledge at his own expense as much as he likes; to provide for its diffusion out of the taxes is a palpable infringement of the natural rights of the taxpayers.” “Yes,” say the semi-Socialists—if I may so call them—taking the same ground of natural right, “the equalization of opportunities by education, the free communication of culture, are simple acts of reparative justice which society owes to the classes that lie crushed at the base of our great industrial pyramid.”

Now this whole discussion of natural rights is one from which, as a mere empirical utilitarian, I should prefer to stand aloof. But when it is asserted that the prevalent semi-socialistic movement implies at once a revolt from orthodox political economy, and a rejection of Kant's and Mr. Spencer's fundamental political principle, that the coercive action of government should simply aim at securing equal freedom to all, I feel impelled to suggest a very different interpretation of the movement. I think that it may be more truly conceived as an attempt to realize natural justice as taught by Mr. Spencer, under the established conditions of society, with as much conformity as possible to the teachings of orthodox English* political economy. For what, according to Mr. Spencer, is the foundation of the right of property? It rests on the natural right of a man to the free exercise of his faculties, and therefore to the results of his labour; but this can clearly give no right to exclude others from the use of the bounties of Nature: hence the obvious inference is that the price which—as Ricardo and his disciples teach—is increasingly paid, as society progresses, for the use of the “natural and original powers of the soil,” must belong, by natural right, to the human community as a whole; it can only be through usurpation that it has fallen into the hands of private individuals. Mr. Spencer himself, in his “Social Statics,” has drawn this conclusion in the most emphatic terms. That “equity does not admit property in land;” that “the right of mankind at large to the earth's surface is still valid, all

* I say “English” because Bastiat and other continental writers have partly, I think, been led to reject the Ricardian theory of rent by their desire to avoid the obvious inference that the payment of rent was opposed to natural justice.

deeds, customs, and laws notwithstanding;" that "the right of private possession of the soil is no right at all;" that "no amount of labour bestowed by an individual upon a part of the earth's surface can nullify the title of society to that part;" that, finally, "to deprive others of their rights to the use of the earth is a crime inferior only in wickedness to the crime of taking away their lives or personal liberties;"—these conclusions are enforced by Mr. Spencer with an emphasis that makes Mr. Henry George appear a plagiarist. Perhaps it will be replied that this argument only affects land: that it doubtless leads us to confiscate land "with as little injury to the landed class as may be"—giving them, I suppose, the same sort of compensation that was given to slave-owners when we abolished slavery—but that it cannot justify taxation of capitalists. But a little reflection will show that this distinction between owners of land and owners of other property cannot be maintained. In the first place, on Mr. Spencer's principles, the rights of both classes to the actual things they now legally own are equally invalid. For, obviously, the original and indefeasible right of all men to the free exercise of their faculties on their material environment must—if valid at all—extend to the whole of the environment; property in the raw material of moveables must be as much a usurpation as property in land. As Mr. Spencer says, "the reasoning used to prove that no amount of labour bestowed by an individual upon a part of the earth's surface can nullify the title of society to that part," might be similarly employed to show that no one can, "by the labour he expends in catching or gathering," supersede "the just claims of other men" to "the thing caught or gathered." If it be replied that technically this is true, but that substantially the value of what the capitalist owns is derived from labour, whereas the value of what the landlord owns is largely not so derived, the answer is that this can only affect the respective claims of the two classes to receive compensation when the rest of the community enforce their indefeasible rights to the free use of their material environment; and that, in fact, these different claims have now got inextricably mixed up by the complicated series of exchanges between land and movables that has taken place since the original appropriation of the former. To quote Mr. Spencer again, "most of our present landowners are men who have, either mediately or immediately, given for their estates equivalents of honestly earned wealth"—at least as honestly earned as any other wealth—so that if they are to be expropriated in order to restore the free use of the land to the human race, the loss entailed on them must be equitably distributed among all other owners of wealth.

But is the expropriation of landlords a measure economically sound? We turn to the orthodox economists, who answer, almost

unanimously,* that it is not: that, not to speak of the financial difficulty of arranging compensation, the business of owning and letting land is, on various grounds, not adapted for governmental management; and that a decidedly greater quantum of utility is likely to be obtained from the land, under the stimulus given by complete ownership, than could be obtained under a system of leasehold tenure. What then is to be done? The only way that is left of reconciling the Spencerian doctrine of natural right with the teachings of orthodox political economy, seems to be just that "doctrine of ransom" which the semi-socialists have more or less explicitly put forward. Let the rich, landowners and capitalists alike, keep their property, but let them ransom the flaw in their titles by compensating the other human beings residing in their country for that free use of their material environment which has been withdrawn from them; only let this compensation be given in such a way as not to impair the mainsprings of energetic and self-helpful industry. We cannot restore to the poor their original share in the spontaneous bounties of Nature; but we can give them instead a fuller share than they could acquire unaided of the more communicable advantages of social progress, and a fairer start in the inevitable race for the less communicable advantages; and "reparative justice" demands that we should give them this much.

That it is not an easy matter to manage this compensation with due regard to the interests of all concerned, I readily grant; and also that the details of the legislation which this semi-socialistic movement has prompted, and is prompting, are often justly open to criticism, both from the point of view of Mr. Spencer and from that of orthodox economists; but, when these authorities combine to attack its general drift, it seems worth while to point out how deeply their combined doctrines are concerned in its parentage.

At this point the reader may perhaps wonder where I find the real indisputable opposition, which I began by admitting, between orthodox political economy and the prevalent movement in our legislation. The most obvious example of it is to be found in the kind of governmental interference, against which the request for *laissez faire* was originally directed, and which is perhaps more appropriately called "paternal" than "socialistic": legislation which aims at regulating the business arrangements of any industrial class, not on account of any apprehended conflict between the private interests, properly understood, of the persons concerned, and the public interest, but on account of their supposed incapacity to take due care of their own business interests. The most noteworthy recent instance of this in England is the interference in contracts

* J. S. Mill is, so far as I know, the only important exception; and his orthodoxy on questions of this kind is somewhat dubious.

between (English) agricultural tenants and their landlords in respect of "compensation for improvements;" since no attempt, so far as I know, was made by those who urged this interference to show that the properly understood interests of landlords and tenants combined would not lead them to arrange for such treatment of the land as was under their existing circumstances economically best.

A more important species of unorthodox legislation consists of measures that attempt to determine directly, by some method other than free competition, the share of the appropriated product of industry allotted to some particular industrial class. The old legal restrictions on interest, old and new popular demands for "fair" wages, recent Irish legislation to secure "fair" rents, all come under this head. Any such legislation is an attempt to introduce into a social order constructed on a competitive basis a fundamentally incompatible principle; the attempt in most cases fails from its inevitable incompleteness, and where it succeeds, its success inevitably removes or weakens the normal motives to industry and thrift. You can make it illegal for a man to pay more than a certain price for the use of money, but you cannot thus secure him the use of the money he wants at the legal rate; so that, if his wants are urgent, he will pay the usurer more than he would otherwise have done to compensate him for the risk of the unlawful loan. Similarly, you can make it illegal to employ a man under a certain rate of wages, but you cannot secure his employment at that rate, unless the community will undertake to provide for an indefinite number of claimants work remunerated at more than its market value; in which case its action will tend to remove, to a continually increasing extent, the ordinary motives to vigorous and efficient labour. So again, you can ensure that a tenant does not pay the full competitive rent to his landlord, but—unless you prohibit the sale of the rights that you have thus given him in the produce of the land—you cannot ensure that his successor in title shall not pay the full competitive price for the use of the land in rent *plus* interest on the cost of the tenant-right; and, in any case, if you try by a "fair rent" to secure to the tenant a share of produce on which he can "live and thrive," you inevitably deprive him of the ordinary motives—both attractive and deterrent—prompting to energetic self-help and self-improvement. I do not say dogmatically that no measures of this kind ought ever, under any circumstances, to be adopted, but merely that a heavy burden of proof is thrown on any one who advocates them, by the valid objections of orthodox political economy; and that, in the arguments used in support of recent legislation of this kind, this burden does not appear to me to have been adequately taken up.

H. SIDGWICK.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

THREE hundred years ago to-day (October 1, 1886) the hope of England was lying in the house of Mrs. Grutthuissens in Arnhem. He had everything about him which he had once proposed to exchange for sleep—

" Sweet pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light,
A rosy garland, and a weary head"—

and now sleep also had consented to come in long refreshing intervals, which gladdened the loving, anxious hearts that thronged about him. The head, however, grew no less weary, and on the 1st of October, 1586, Sidney himself had become persuaded of what none of his physicians believed, and what couriers were despatched over Europe to deny, that the end was certain to be fatal. The desperate retreat from the misty trenches of Zutphen had happened on the afternoon of the 22nd of September. The famous refusal of the draught of water, the feverish volubility that alarmed Leicester when, after riding a mile and a half with his broken thigh, Sidney "ceased not to speak still of her Majesty"—these were incidents of that same evening. Next day, from the discomforts of the camp, he was taken up the Yssel, from Deventer to Arnhem, in his uncle's barge, and brought into the house of a wealthy Protestant lady, where his best friends hurried to watch over him. After the prolonged pain and excitement, the greatest danger seemed at first to be for the brain; during four days he got no natural sleep. At last, on the 27th, he fell into a long, sound slumber, and when he waked he ate with appetite. The surgeons assured the Earl of Leicester that the worst was over, and that it was now only a question of slow recovery. There was but one person who was not of that opinion, and that was Sidney.

The whole affair of Zutphen had been what we with our modern prudence call foolhardy. Leicester held all the upper waters of the Yssel, but he was intercepted from the Zuyder Zee by the important fortress of Zutphen. For nine days before the battle, the English had been investing this place, while Palma had been trying to relieve it. On the 22nd, Sidney advanced eastwards from the camp, apparently not, as has been supposed, to attack the fortress—which, with such a minute force, he could hardly dream of doing—but to watch the river for Palma's convoy of provisions. In any case, a dull Dutch fog hung over the polders, and, when it suddenly lifted, the English troopers found themselves much nearer to Zutphen, than they had expected, and in the very midst of a body of the enemy five times as numerous as themselves. Sidney's little troop fought extremely well, and managed, after an hour and a half, to get back to camp, not without having very severely punished the enemy. But Sidney himself fell a victim to his own Quixotism. He had started in full armour, as befitted the enterprise he had undertaken: "his cuishes on his thigh, gallantly armed," like young Harry. But he met the Lord Marshal on the way, and, perceiving that he was without armour, Sidney took the steel plates off his own thighs to be no better armed than he. This act of vanity, or generosity, whichever we choose to call it, was his destruction. In the beginning of the fight he lost his mount by falling into an ambuscade and having his horse killed under him; he himself contrived to escape unwounded, and, finding another horse, he returned to the charge. Then it was that he received the wound in his unprotected thigh. A ball struck him in the slope of the leg, just three inches above the knee, splintered the bone, and then was lost inwards and upwards. The soldiers about him declared that they never knew a musket-shot, not in a vital place, do so much damage. It was probably from the first an extremely critical wound, but it was rendered ten times worse from the fact that the victim had to carry the shot rankling in his inflamed flesh for a mile and a half upon a plunging horse. Add to this that the best surgery of the day was clumsy and empirical, and we have no difficulty in perceiving that Sidney was a lost man.

Something must have told him the truth on the last day of September, for his gaiety, with which he had sustained the sinking spirits of those who attended him, gave way to a great gravity. As he was brought to Arnhem, then perhaps half delirious, he had been overheard thanking God for giving him time for setting his spiritual house in order. These thoughts now returned to him, and he summoned the Rev. George Gifford, who seems to have been attending him as his chaplain, to prepare him for eternity. Gifford wrote down an account of the interview, but unfortunately it is in the hopelessly turbid style of the ordinary divine of that period, and gives

us nothing but spiritual commonplaces. There is perhaps one touch of Nature in his report of Sidney's frequent complaint that "his mind was dull in prayer." When the interview was over, and the clergyman had sufficiently roused the patient to "violent gestures" and "increased mortification" of spirit, Sidney made his will. Next day the Earl of Leicester wrote to Walsingham to inform the Queen that Sir Philip Sidney was making good progress towards recovery, and bulletins of the same hopeful nature were forwarded to various parts of Europe. Meanwhile, Sidney occupied the dreadful tedium of his condition by inditing a poem on his own accident. It is described to us as "*La Cuisse Rompue*," but it does not seem to be recorded in what language it was written. It was a strange conceit to compose such a work; stranger still to have it set to music and sung at his bedside. We may perhaps not regret that "*The Broken Thigh*" is a lost masterpiece of literature.

By this time all his friends who could contrive to leave their posts were with him. His wife had come from Flushing, his brother from Rammekins; Leicester, singularly moved, could not quit the house; and Hohenlo, in a maudlin fury of distress, was threatening the surgeons, exactly as Bombardinian does in Carey's most tragical tragedy. Imperious messages from England announced that the patient's life must be saved. Meanwhile, on the 8th of October, a dreadful symptom revealed the worst to Sidney himself, and he wrote off the last and most pathetic of his charming letters. It was addressed to the famous physician at Cleves, Johann Wier, the author of the "*De Dæmonum Præstigiis*," an old man over seventy, at that time perhaps the greatest medical authority in Europe. Sidney's last chance was to have an opinion from Wier. He wrote: "My Wier, come, come! I am in danger of my life, and I long for you. Neither living, nor dead, shall I be ungrateful. I can no more, but with all my strength I pray you to make haste. Farewell! Thy Ph. Sidney."

But the old doctor did not reach him in time. At daybreak on the 17th of October, Sidney called Gifford to his bedside. He had not slept that night, and he knew that he had not many hours to live. All day the bed was thronged by loving and despairing faces, and to each one he had some word to say which, as Fulk Greville puts it in his exquisite way, "gave witness to the world that those sweet and large, even when dying, affections in him could no more be contracted with the narrowness of pain, grief, or sickness than any sparkle of our immortality can be buried in the shadow of death." His last words were spoken to his brother, Sir Robert Sidney; "Love my memory," he said; "cherish my friends; their faith to me may assure you they are honest." We need not prolong the narrative of a scene which, after three centuries, cannot be contemplated without emotion. At two o'clock in the afternoon, with his hands clasped on

his breast in the attitude of prayer, he ceased to breathe, without a struggle. He had lived only thirty-one years and eleven months.

Perhaps no other Englishman was ever so famous at so early an age as Sidney was when he died. Byron, who naturally occurs to the memory, was certainly less widely interesting to the world at large in 1820. Among his own contemporaries, the most illustrious, Raleigh, was an obscure though rising courtier, and unheard of outside a private circle, in his thirty-second year. But the death of Sidney, though it certainly is rather difficult to see why, was an event of universal interest. For some reason or other, he had attracted the notice and awakened the hopes of Reformed Europe. From Tunis to Cracow it was felt that if any one could stem the tide of the triumph of Philip II. it was this slim and maidenly young gentleman from Penshurst. When Sidney was only five and twenty, Antonio of Portugal thought it desirable to secure his sympathy in a letter such as a king usually writes only to a king. It was even whispered that Sidney might have been a monarch himself—that, when Henry III. fled to Paris, the crown of Poland was his for the asking. Among the familiar friends of this English youth were Rudolph II. and William of Orange, princes in politics like William of Hesse and John of Austria, princes in art like Veronese and Tintoretto. William of Orange, no every-day giver of unasked testimonials, thought, though it was a great mistake, that Elizabeth undervalued this treasure of her Court, and actually called her attention to the fact that in Philip Sidney “her Majesty had one of the ripest and greatest councillors of State at that time in Europe.” There is no doubt that Palma thought the loss of Axel and Doesburg richly paid for in the death of so dangerous and brilliant an enemy. The Governor of Flushing had proved himself no less a warrior than he was a diplomatist.

The accounts of the mode in which Sidney's death was received in England seem almost fabulous. Elizabeth, who did not need the eulogies of William the Silent to teach her what her men were worth, broke out into one of the rages which passed for sorrow in this leonine woman. She had tormented Sidney with her caprices; she had let loose the bolts of her temper upon him when, with signal courage, he had solemnly reproved her; she had even spited him in the person of his family, and driven him from her Court; but she knew his value. Whether she ever liked him as she personally liked Raleigh or Essex is more than doubtful; but she was exceedingly proud of him. She spoke of him, now he was dead, as “that inconsiderate fellow,” and for weeks she was dangerous to approach. Meanwhile, by slow degrees, the precious body was brought to England, the States of Holland being flatly refused the privilege of keeping it. After a week, during which I suppose that it was embalmed, it left for Flushing; after another week, it was

sent to London, and from the 5th of November, 1586, to the 16th of February, 1587, it lay unburied, in a sort of pomp, in a house in the Minories. The vessel that carried it was painted black, with sails and cordage of the same colour. It was met in the Thames with military honours, as though it bore some great general or admiral killed in the wars.

All this solemn prolongation of the national grief was nicely calculated to heighten the sense of national loss. The legend of Sir Philip Sidney took fabulous proportions. It was represented that Mars and Mercury had contested for the glory of his horoscope, and it was boldly hinted that he was of more than mortal generation. King James VI. summoned Minerva and Apollo, with all the Muses, to mourn one in whom all their arts had been divinely mingled. Camden, usually so sane and calm a thinker, cried out that Providence had only sent Sir Philip Sidney as a model of the virtues, and properly had snatched him back to heaven from an earth that was never worthy of him, and that now had seen him long enough to learn the lesson. Meanwhile, the slow period of public mourning, and the long-drawn funeral, gave the poets an unequalled opportunity. Oxford and Cambridge each produced a volume or garland of elegiac verse, and the sorrows of New College, Oxford, could not be confined within the conventional channel, but overflowed into a special "*Peplus Sidnei*" of their own. Any confusion of metaphor which the reader may detect in this description is strictly in accordance with the species of fancy expended on the occasion. At last, on the 16th of February, 1587, when enthusiasm and anguish were risen past all bounds, there followed the funeral in St. Paul's, of which Mr. Fox Bourne from a unique pamphlet has extracted so astonishing an account. The youth dragging the "*Semper eadem*" in the dust to the soft playing of fifes; the page leading the dead poet's war-horse, with a broken lance that trailed upon the ground; the endless pomp and indescribable splendour of the pageant that followed these sad emblems; the Lord Mayor, in purple robes, walking after, at the head of the City Guilds—all this gives but a faint notion of a ceremonial the contemporary picture of which occupies thirty plates, designed to be fastened together in one long roll, in emulation, probably, of those Teutonic wood-engravings of entertainments produced half a century earlier by Hans Sebald Beham and his friends.

When the funeral was over, the tide of panegyric did not ebb. It flowed, on the contrary, till it rose to the extraordinary height marked by the publication of "*Astrophel*." And now the student of this curious mass of literature begins to notice a strange circumstance. Except in the perfectly sane and human utterances of Fulk Greville, the adoration of Sidney has, by 1588, passed altogether out

of the category of the praises of a real man. It seems as though a fresh miracle of Assumption had taken place. The poets approached the tomb, but there was no body of Sidney there, only a perfume of roses. The process of beatification was complete, and the relics, which were no longer genuine relics, or human objects at all, were exposed for the veneration of all good Englishmen. As an example of this singular craze or passion, let us examine what it is that the greatest poet of the day, himself the friend of the man he celebrates, has to tell us about him. Spenser, then, describes Sidney as a poor Arcadian shepherd, brought up on the banks of Hæmony. He is a slender swain of comely shape, who seems made for merriment (Sidney being notorious for want of humour), and who is famous among the shepherds at shearing-time for piping, dancing, and sweet carolling. Many maidens wooed this swain, and so did wood-goddesses; but he fell in love with Stella, "the fair, the fairest star in sky," an astronomical deity, and scorned all these other nymphs. Wandering in a "forest wide and waste," driven thither by the desire of killing "savage beasts" in Stella's honour, a boar ran out of a thicket, and so gored him that he was like to bleed to death. But "a sort of shepherds" finding him, stanching his wounds and brought him to Stella, who had come down to earth for love of him. They fainted into one another's arms, and, as they lay there in the field, the gods transformed them "into one flower that is both red and blue." This herb is considered medicinal, and the poet recommends any one who meets with it to "pluck it softly." What could be more unreal, what could falsify history more, what could be more deplorably Byzantine in taste? It was left, however, for one Matthew Roydon to express the belief that Sidney was really the Arabian Phoenix in disguise, settled "on a cedar in this coast." Within two years Sir Philip Sidney had become a vague and splendid fable to the very men who had known and loved him.

It is, therefore, I think, not inexcusable that, after about a century of worship, some reaction should have begun to express itself in relation to the mythical hero. Horace Walpole could not understand Sidney at all; the accounts which he found of his person and character struck him as revolting to common-sense, and he expressed himself on the subject with scandalous flippancy. "No man," says Walpole, "seems to me so astonishing an object of temporary admiration;" and he goes on with dreadful justice to describe the "Arcadia" as "a tedious, lamentable, pedantic, pastoral romance, which the patience of a young virgin in love cannot wade through now." With one of those superficial flashes of judgment which served him like an instinct, Walpole saw that the figure of Sidney himself had been merged in that of his heroes, as though the Governor of Flushing had been a Musidorus or a Pyrocles. Walpole, having made this discovery,

cared to go no further, but we, with other information at our hands, cannot leave our poet thus among the gryphons and heraldic monsters. We know that he was a human being, and therefore entirely unlike the portrait that his fanciful contemporaries left of him. Is it possible to strip off the fable, and see the actual Philip Sidney as he breathed and talked?

Much has been done in this direction by Mr. Fox Bourne in the pleasant *Life of Sidney*, which he published in 1862. But there is something left to do, and we anticipate with pleasure the monograph which we are promised from the genial and learned pen of Mr. J. A. Symonds. He will doubtless have much that is interesting and new to tell us about Sidney's relations with Italy and Germany, and we cannot doubt that he will be found to have searched more diligently than any previous biographer of Sidney in the correspondence of Hubert Languet. In the meantime, I would essay a few words on the character and genius of this wonderful man. Our modern estimate of him, I suppose, is mainly summed up in Shelley's words:—

“Sidney as he fought
And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,
Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot.”*

This is very charming, but it borders not only upon the fabulous, but even upon the namby-pamby. I do not like “sublimely mild.” Almost the first thing that dawns upon the student of Sidney's character is that he had a quick temper. He was far from being sublimely mild when he wrote the letter in which he told Mr. Molineux that if he ever again read one of the private letters Sidney addressed to his father, “I will thrust my dagger into you; and trust to it, for I speak in earnest.” He was even less mild, he was positively injudicious, when, in the Italian inn, he accused his friend Coningsby of stealing money that was really in the pocket of mine host. The famous letter to Queen Elizabeth was sublime, but not at all mild, and we must drop this epithet, even in the peculiar sense in which Shelley may have used it, as equivalent to benignantly unperturbed. Sidney was prompt and rapid in mental movement; he formed opinions and translated them into action with great alacrity. In the very typical case of his quarrel with Lord Oxford we find him keeping his head when most men would have lost it from sheer rage; but it was all that the Queen and the Privy Council could do to prevent him from having the Earl's blood. Unquestionably he looked mild; he had a girlish face of pink and white; and Oxford, no doubt, did not know his man when he dared to bully him.

* Has it ever been suggested that the Sidney intended is Algernon Sidney, the republican, to whom, from Shelley's point of view, the words would be almost as applicable?

But there was wiry fibre in Sidney's mind and body, and we may be sure that, in those fighting days, no mere carpet-knight would have impressed himself on the popular mind as a hero.

His extraordinary ability in all the diplomatic arts is quite beyond dispute. To be a diplomatist, a man must possess sympathy, and have a rare judgment in the use of it. The ideal diplomatist, like the ideal poet, is a man in whom the masculine and feminine qualities of the intellect balance one another with absolute harmony, each supplying the wants of the other side of the character. What is related of Sidney tends to prove that he possessed this equilibrium to a very extraordinary degree, and I take it to have been the secret of his charm and of his power. Spenser tells us how *the vulgar Gosson*, pushing his wares into the unwilling hands of Sidney, "*was for his labour scorned*;" but he instantly feels that the word is incongruous as applied to Sidney, and hastens to say, "*if at least it lay in the goodness of that nature to scorn.*" In the same sense, we may note the perspicuous patience with which he held Greville at bay, and watched the countenance of Admiral Drake during the extremely trying circumstances of his visit to Plymouth in 1585. His manner of dealing with men is clear enough from a great many fragments of evidence. He gave his full attention, very gravely, to what any individual said to him; his sympathy, which, as we have seen, was very quick, enabled him to fathom easily what was in the mind of a nervous or embarrassed applicant, and no one seems to have ever left his presence without an enthusiastic personal feeling of regard. With a temperament of this exceptional kind, and with equally exceptional opportunities and facilities, such a man as Sidney has only to see enough people to become the most beloved of men; and the sole difficulty which we can legitimately find in the story of his popularity is to conceive how, in so few years, and without the leverage of wealth or rank, he contrived to influence so many individuals.

He possessed all the personal advantages which make a primrose path of life. His delicate beauty, almost feminine in character, was in itself a passport in an age which set an extravagant value on good looks, and preferred that they should not be too massive. But this maidenly aspect, in Sidney as in Milton, belied a very vigorous and manly temper, as Pyrocles was concealed under the garb of Zelmane. Nor did Sidney ever allow himself to be browbeaten on account of the bloom of his complexion. When he was only two-and-twenty, Elizabeth sent him as ambassador to Don John of Austria, who received him with condescension, as being somewhat startled that the Queen of England should send such a boy to Philip II.'s generalissimo. But Sidney contrived to show him his mistake, and soon after we find him not knowing what tribute to pay to this "extraordinary

planet," and proving his appreciation of Sidney by treating him with more honour and respect than any of the ambassadors of other States. It was the same everywhere. There is no doubt at all that he was marvellously fitted to fill the most precarious posts in the world of diplomacy. And it is noticeable that where cool judgment was needed, while Raleigh always failed, Sidney always succeeded. It does not seem that he took any interest in politics. His prognostics of events in his letters are as incorrect as they could possibly be. His strength lay in personal intercourse with men who held the reins of power. He knew how to please them and secure their confidence, and even when they were the enemies of England he did not seem able to help leaving them Sidney's friends. It was not like Elizabeth's usual cleverness to distract the possessor of this extraordinary gift to other fields. The man who had more tact than all the rest of her Court should have been restrained, against his own preference, from becoming a soldier.

Of late years people of a nice morality, not very familiar with manners in the reign of Elizabeth, have been very much scandalized with regard to Penelope Rich. A critic who has lately passed away, of whom I desire never to speak without respect, wished that "Astrophel and Stella" had never been written, as soon as he discovered that Stella was a married woman. But we must speak frankly and think clearly on a point like this, and, obscure as the circumstances of this celebrated love-affair are, we must judge them impartially, and by the standard of the times. To his contemporaries the sonnets written to Penelope Rich only increased their respect for Sidney's character. In the most grave and public estimates of his career, this passion is openly mentioned as one of the most interesting of its events. A severe moralist in 1591 summed up the cycle of sonnets as a work of which "the argument is cruel chastity, the prologue hope, the epilogue despair." It is impossible to put the matter more neatly in a nutshell. Penelope Devereux was twelve and Sidney twenty when first they met, and there is something almost ridiculous in the poet's apology for his stupidity in not falling in love at first sight. "I saw and liked," he says; "I liked, but loved not." But the Earl of Essex had not only determined on a match, but I think a hint on this subject had been given to Languet, who begins in the autumn of 1575 to urge marriage on Philip Sidney in almost the very terms which Shakespeare uses in his opening sonnets. But we find Sidney almost restive in reply; he has no thought of marriage, or even of betrothal; and Penelope probably did not cross his thoughts until, in September, 1576, her father, in dying, desired that she and Sidney should be matched. Sidney seems to have acquiesced, with indifference; in December their betrothal is still only talked about. In March, 1580,

nearly four years later, we begin to hear of Lord Robert Rich as a suitor to Penelope Devereux. Six months pass, and Sidney makes no sign; in September, 1580, she becomes Penelope Rich. At that time Sidney was at Wilton, composing the "Arcadia," and there is no evidence to show that he was in the least perturbed in spirit. Mr. Fox Bourne, indeed, and all general writers in following him, say, "To Sidney the news of the marriage was terrible;" but they base this statement on expressions in certain poems the dates of which are matters of mere conjecture. Early in 1581 Sidney came up to London again, after his long retirement, as a member of Parliament, and my own belief is that it was then, and not until then, that he heard of Stella's miserable existence with her worthless husband. His first expression would be, perhaps, the scoffing sonnet, "Rich fools there be." He would then meet Penelope Rich, for the first time since many years, and would find the child of twelve developed into the very beautiful woman of eighteen. Then he would realize what it was that he had lost, and the "Astrophel and Stella" would be the record of a turbulent emotion, in which pique and disappointment would have no small part. This record would occupy, perhaps, the remainder of 1581. The incident was closed, I cannot doubt, before Sidney went to the Netherlands early in 1582. A few months later he was married to the wife with whom he lived quietly and in whose arms he died. It is evident that several elements besides infatuated passion were mingled with the worship of Stella. If it be not unkind to say so, the desire of rivalling Petrarch in his praise of Laura, and still more Surrey in his praise of Geraldine, was a very considerable bellows to the flame. As a piece of history, there seems all reason to believe that the facts are summed up in this stanza from the eleventh song:—

"Stella. Peace. I think that some give ear;
Come no more lest I get anger!
Astrophel. Bliss, I will my bliss forbear,
Fearing, Sweet, you to endanger;
But my soul shall harbour there."

If to say that it does not appear that *l'éternel féminin* took any great part in Sidney's busy life be a paradox, it is none the less in accordance with evidence. We are quaintly told that many noble ladies "ventured, so far as modesty would permit, to signify their affections unto him," but their advances were courteously declined. He married at twenty-eight, and was a husband, as one of his earliest biographers tells us, "exemplary to all gentlemen." It was, indeed, in the ranks of friendship much rather than in those of love that Sidney, despite his sonnets, seems to have been eminent. He had an extraordinary power of attracting, and, what is not always found in the same nature, of returning affection. As an example of the former, the correspondence of Hubert Languet remains to us. Languet

was one of the most interesting map of the day, a veteran of Protestant polemic, trained at the feet of Melancthon, and now one of the secret centres of North European politics. At the age of fifty-four he met Sidney, just eighteen, at Frankfort, and a friendship began between them which lasted until Languet died. Languet's letters to Sidney are like none that I remember except those of Gray to Bonstetten; the relation between the men was somewhat analogous—the worn and weary student of life and books watching the young and brilliant creature which has swum into his ken, and guarding it with an almost motherly anxiety. Sidney in his replies is always respectful, affectionate, assiduous, but, as usual in such cases, the strong feeling is all with the older man. It was a more equal emotion which presided over his friendship with those noble henchmen of his, Fulk Greville and Edward Dyer. There is no such touching trinity in all the annals of comradeship. From childhood to the grave of Sidney, where the survivors bore the pall above his body, these three held together without a single flaw in their loyalty, through all the vicissitudes of life.

“ Welcome my two to me,
The number best beloved;
Within my heart you be
In friendship unremovèd.
Join heart and hand, so let it be;
Make but one mind in bodies three.”

So he says, and, for fear there should be any doubt about the three, his autograph of the poem bears the initials in the margin, E. D., F. G., P. S. Over and over he repeats this declaration of fidelity; and the two who outlived him repaid him with their fullest loyalty.

As is well known, Edward Dyer and Fulk Greville were poets like himself, and almost the only reference to the famous Areopagus includes their names. He says:—

“ Well was I, while under shade
Oaten reeds me music made;
Striving with my mates in song,
Mixing truth our songs among.”

and presently the margin says, “ Sir Ed. D. and Mr. F. G.” The Areopagus finds its niche in every handbook of literature, but it is noticeable that we know extremely little about it. Dean Church speaks of it as a club of country poets, suddenly electrified into action by advice from Gabriel Harvey. I do not think, myself, that Harvey possessed so much influence. In his letter to Spenser, October 23, 1579, Harvey says: “ Your newly founded ἀρειοπαγῶν I honour more than you will or can suppose; and make greater account of the two worthy gentlemen than of the two hundred Dionisii Areopagitæ. . . . Your English Trimetra I like better than perhaps you will easily believe.” This, I think, seems to point to a

society for reforming English versification, founded by Sidney and Dyer, into which Spenser had already been admitted (Spenser's words are: "Master Sidney and Master Dyer have me, I thank them, in some use of familiarity"), and into which Gabriel Harvey was extremely anxious to enter. His poem of extravagant laudation of Sidney had been pronounced at Saffron Walden in the summer of 1578, and probably formed his introduction to Sidney. A year later Spenser had passed within the desired precincts of Sidney's intimacy, while it seems probable that Harvey never enjoyed more than the privilege of being a university referee to advise the young Areopagites whether their English hexameters and tribrachs scanned or no.

The years 1578 and 1579 were quiet ones in Sidney's career, and they mark his first serious attention to literature. His masque of "The Lady of the May" belongs to May, 1578, and is even below what men like Gascoigne and Churchyard had been producing. The moment was a critical one in English poetry. The hour was darkest just before the dawn, and, though England was full of boys of genius, there was only one living poet of recognized position—namely, Sackville, who had long ceased to write. Everything seemed dead; Spenser, writing to Cambridge from London, could hear of no new books except "The School of Abuse." For some reason or another, all lovers of literature, all the young men who desired to excel and had not found a voice, looked to Sidney as the pioneer who should open a way into the kingdom of poetry. This is the secret of Sidney's extraordinary interest to the poetical student; he is the leader of the Elizabethan chorus, elected by popular acclaim to point the way for Spenser and Marlowe and Shakespeare. Very hard things have been said about the affectation of his earliest efforts, and the lovers of Sidney have tried, as we have seen, to evade the facts as regards his leadership of the Areopagus. But something may be said to justify action the responsibility of which must remain on his head. The English verse which he saw about him was the verse of Turberville and Churchyard, of Tusser and of the block-and-thunder translators, the verse which he himself attempted in "The Lady of the May." There was no structural vigour in English versification, no knowledge of prosody, no ambition for a fine style. Gascoigne had feebly and tamely hinted at better things; and, now Gascoigne was gone, and Whetstone had celebrated him in the old dreadful manner, Sidney and Dyer determined upon the "general surceasing and silence of bald rimers," and the adoption of fixed rules for quantitative metre. It could not be achieved, the genius of the language being opposed to it, but it did the poets no harm to try. They learned from these experiments a great deal about the value of syllables and the general ductility of the language which no other apprenticeship would have given them.

In the very midst of the *Areopagus* period there appeared "The Shepherd's Calendar," with its pretty, timid triplets of dedication to Sidney. All through 1580 Spenser, as much the greater poet as Sidney was the greater man, was breaking away from the bondage of his friend, while Sidney was still pursuing the vain attempt, as the asclepiads and anacreontics of the "*Arcadia*" are enough to prove. But, indeed, that famous pastoral is, in a certain sense, one of the most interesting books that ever were published; in the eyes of the literary historian it is a belvedere from which he looks up and down the whole range of English literature. It is the great transitional or probationary book, in which the old is passing away and the new is coming in. In verse it contains specimens of all the styles then fashionable, or defunct, or about to come into vogue. There are the quantitative failures of the *Areopagus*,* there are long swinging pieces in the Golding or Turberville manner, there are sextains and sonnets in the new Italian fashion, there are rhyming dialogues, octosyllabics in the form that Greene and his friends were to adopt, all meeting in the verse-divisions of the "*Arcadia*." The prose bears the same transitional character, except that it leans more to one model, and is less original. I am afraid that the "*Arcadia*" would never have been written, in the style that now characterizes it at least, if Lyly's "*Euphues*" had not preceded it by a year. There seems to me to have been a distinct effort made by Sidney's numerous admirers to assert his originality in opposition to that of Spenser in poetry and Lyly in prose. It is difficult to see what else Nash meant by his diatribe against Lyly's "miserable horn-pipes" in his Preface to the first edition of "*Astrophel and Stella*." Into this question, or into any critical consideration of the romance of the "*Arcadia*," it is impossible to go within such space as is here at my command. I would only venture to indicate it as deserving more patient attention than has yet been given to it, both in its relation to Spanish and Italian pastoral, and in its position as a precursor of the romantic tragi-comical drama in England ten or fifteen years later.

If the "*Astrophel and Stella*" belongs entirely to 1581, as I suppose, and as has been generally admitted until lately, it marks a further advance in Sidney's power. Very little of the verse in the "*Arcadia*" is even tolerable; Mrs. T. H. Ward, who is the latest and the most indulgent of the critics of Sidney's poetry, admits that here he is "undeniably dry and artificial." There is in this fact an important element of internal evidence to rebut the notion that much

* It is no use to make the *Areopagus* out worse than it was. It is not, perhaps, surprising that ordinary compilers should be unable to scan Spenser's *iambicum trimetrum*, but it is strange that Dean Church should first mangle and then ridicule the measure. The second and third lines should, of course, read:—

"Make thyself fluttering wings of thy fast flying thought,
And fly forth unto my Love wheresoever she be."

of "Astrophel and Stella" belongs to a period earlier than Lady Penelope Rich's marriage. If it had been so, there would have been a sensible incongruity between the style of the various sonnets, as there is between that of the earlier and later sections of the verse in the "Arcadia." But no such incongruity can be discovered. The sonnets of the "Astrophel and Stella" differ very singularly in merit, but they are written in the same mode. Mrs. Ward has claimed that the cycle is second as a series of sonnets only to Shakespeare's. She speaks, of course, of Elizabethan competitors only; but it is no very great praise to say that the "Astrophel and Stella" is better than "Delia" or "Idea" or "Fidessa." The Elizabethans loved to compose cycles of sonnets, repertoires of affected and often very careless work, in which only one or two pieces possess lasting merit. Sidney did better than this; of his one hundred and ten there are perhaps fifteen that are very good. Charles Lamb admitted twelve into his selection of the best; Mrs. Ward quotes twenty-three, but amongst her favourites there are several which evidently owe their admission only to a happy phrase or a touch of natural feeling. By far the best are the two most famous—the one to the Moon, and the other to Sleep. It is strange that Lamb did not happen to light on the following sonnet, one which admirably exemplifies the qualities he claims for Sidney's poetry, the swift and gallant run of the verses, the full, material, and circumstantial colour:—

"I might! unhappy word—O me, I might,
And then would not, or could not, see my bliss;
Till now wrapped in a most infernal night,
I find how heavenly day, wretch! I did miss.
Heart, rend thyself, thou dost thyself but right;
No lovely Paris made thy Helen his;
No force, no fraud rob'd thee of thy delight,
Nor fortune of thy tortune author is;
But to myself myself did give the blow,
While too much wit, forsooth, so troubled me,
That I respects for both our sakes must show;
And yet could not, by rising morn, foresee
How fair a day was near; O punish my eyes,
That I had been more foolish or more wise."

This is astonishingly like Shakespeare, and it was written when Shakespeare was a lad of seventeen.

Still better than any but the very best passages in the "Astrophel and Stella" are the occasional verses first printed in 1598 as an appendix to the "Arcadia." These are doubtless mainly later than the Stella cycle; and here we have Sidney at his highest as a poet. They contain the lovely ode or madrigal entitled "Philomela;" and "The Dirge," Sidney's finest lyric, isolated from the rest of his verse as strangely as Raleigh's "Pilgrimage" is from the rest of his. In the same category I would place the two pastorals addressed to Dyer and

Greville, and the very charming allegorical "Child-Song," or Lullaby, which I may be permitted to quote here:—

" 'Sleep, Baby mine !' Desire's nurse, Beauty, singeth ;
 Thy cries, O Baby, set mine head on aching.
 The babe cries, 'Way, thy love doth keep me waking.'
 Lully, lully, my Babe ! Hope cradle bringeth,
 Unto my children always good rest taking.
 The babe cries, 'Way, thy love doth keep me waking.'
 'Since, Baby mine, from me thy watching springeth,
 Sleep then a little ! pap Content is making !'
 The babe cries, 'Nay, for that abide I waking.' "

It is difficult, however, to date any of Sidney's poems later than 1582, and during the last four years of his short life he seems to have been silent. He died as a poet at twenty-eight, younger than Shelley or Collins. He was eminently an "inheritor of unfulfilled renown," and yet it is very hard to tell whether he would ever have come back to literature from diplomacy and sword-craft. His poetry was but an accident of his leisure. So universally gifted a man, in that age, was bound to write verses, and, being Sidney, we may say, was bound to write them well. But we have only to compare his work with that of Spenser to see the difference between the most brilliant amateur and the artist who made verse the sole business of his life.

To us, perhaps, in summing up, Sidney is most interesting as a radiating centre of sympathy, intelligence, brightness. He was singularly modern, a little ahead of every one else about him, full of ideas and wishes, which he strewed around to fructify when he himself was dead. As a great author, surely, we must never venture to regard him. The positive merit of the bulk of his writings is almost pathetically inadequate to any excess of praise. Even Lamb perhaps, in his generous indulgence, says a little too much. Yet it would be an error to overlook the original flavour or perfume which gives a charm to his work, even where it is a little thin and uninteresting. There is always to be found in it the "Sidneian sweetness," the purity, the grace of thought. In the beautiful "Apology for Poetry" we see these qualities at their best, clarified from their author's occasional affectation and triviality ; and this essay seems to hold a middle position between his verse and prose. After three hundred years, however, Sir Philip Sidney has become more important to us than his poetry. We perceive that he was one of the most gifted and engaging persons that ever lived, and we admit that he was a very pleasant poet also.

EDMUND GOSSE.

TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION IN ENGLAND AND ELSEWHERE.

OF all the questions which attract public attention at present, none is of greater practical importance, and none of greater practical difficulty, than that of legislating satisfactorily in regard to the traffic in drink. As Parliament has been endeavouring to repress the evil of intemperance for the last three hundred years, it might have been hoped that we should by this time have accumulated a mass of experience which would at least help us to see the best methods on which to proceed. There have been besides, in recent times, a number of different expedients tried by local authorities, while the matter has attracted attention, and called forth earnest efforts in the United States and the Colonies. Surely it may be thought such a mass of varied experience as this would, if it were properly examined and digested, afford us definite maxims on which to proceed in the difficulty to-day.

One might indeed endeavour to draw information from a still wider field, as Temperance Legislation is not a monopoly of the Anglo-Saxon race. The Gothenburg system attracted a great deal of attention in England some ten years ago: more recently an effort has been made in Denmark to put some restrictions on the sale of intoxicants. There is an active teetotal party there, but all that has been done so far is to levy a tax, the exact amount of which is fixed by each community for itself, and which is never onerous. But the greatest struggle on the subject has occurred in Switzerland, where a plebiscite was taken last November by which it was decided to restore to the Cantons the right of Local Option of which they were deprived in 1874. A heavy duty is also to be levied on the import and distillation of spirits, and the proceeds are to be devoted to the relief of Local Taxation. At the same time there have been

so many conflicting elements at work in producing this result that it is a little difficult to see how far the population are really influenced by zeal for temperance. Absinthe is specially excluded from the proposed tax, out of deference to the views of the Neuchâtel manufacturers; and there is little in the new measure to affect the consumption of wine, beer, or cider. There can be no doubt that the twelve years of free trade in intoxicants has brought about an enormous increase in drinking, but it is too soon to say how far the recent attempt at regulation can be considered a success.

In regard to these countries, too, there are differences of habit and taste which render it exceedingly difficult to draw a useful comparison. In England, the Colonies, and the States, the efforts of the legislators have been directed to reducing the consumption of all alcoholic liquors, while on the Continent attention has been chiefly given to ardent spirits; so that the English practice affects the class of moderate drinkers, which the continental reformers hardly attack at all. But there is also a striking difference between men of English stock and the inhabitants of many other parts of Europe, in the extent to which they are accustomed to brook Government interference, and the possibility of enforcing regulations which are not supported by public opinion; in England, and the nation and colonies which she has planted, there is a similar unwillingness to accept "grandmotherly" legislation, while the machinery which passes, and executes the laws is also of a somewhat similar type. The question of the moderate drinker, and of enforcing legal restrictions, are the great crux of temperance legislation in England, America, and the colonies; and on these continental practice throws little light, while foreign attempts at temperance legislation have not continued long enough to add greatly to the mass of information which may be got from the experience of English-speaking peoples.

There is, however, a great difficulty in reading experience aright even from this more limited area. There are so many combining causes and so many intermingled effects in any instance where intemperance has decreased, that it is exceedingly difficult to say positively how far a noticeable improvement has been due to some particular regulation or to the action of other causes which synchronized with the introduction of the change. Even in those rare cases where, instead of trying to analyze an effect and trace out its causes, we are able to note a definite experiment, and to follow out the result of a definite piece of policy, we find that competent observers are unable to agree. The Edinburgh magistrates, a few years ago, effected a considerable reduction in the number of public-houses; but opinion seems to be divided as to how far this change affected intemperance in the city. In Liverpool, an exactly opposite

policy was tried, in the hope that the competition of numbers of publicans would affect the attractiveness of the houses; but the experiment was not continued long enough to convince the supporters of the plan that they had failed, or to induce its opponents to change their views. Taken together, the two cases offer an experiment which is as nearly crucial as we can hope for in the region of social phenomena; and yet we are left altogether in the dark on the very simple question, as it seems, as to how far the number of public-houses affects the existence of intemperance. We are forced to suspect that the question must be put in another form if a definite answer is to be given, and that we must ask, what sort of excess, among what classes, is affected by the reduction of the number of houses? It would seem probable that women, who may gossip about their doors, but are not perhaps likely to walk deliberately very far from their houses, would be less tempted to fall into intemperate habits if there was no public-house in their immediate neighbourhood.

In spite, however, of these difficulties in reading experience and the farther difficulty of applying it, we cannot suppose that the lessons of the past and of other lands are wholly thrown away. There has been a gradual formation of opinion on this subject; the public mind has not accepted any scheme as demonstrably wise and right, but it has assimilated something from the discussions which have been so constantly kept up, and has formed some fairly clear convictions on the subject. It may be worth while to try and take stock of the state of public opinion on this matter, and this can be most clearly done by endeavouring to draw up a few non-contentious propositions, which, if they do not command universal assent, are yet so generally and so strongly held, that a proposed measure which set any one of them at defiance would have but little chance of becoming an effective law.

I. *Bad drink is a bad thing.* This simple proposition would probably command the assent of all honest and sensible men. Of course, those who have made their fortunes by the sale of bad beer or worse whisky, may feel that these things are not wholly an evil; but their opinions may be neglected. There may also be vehement teetotalers who would take exception, on the ground that two negatives make an affirmative: that since drink is bad in itself, it is not really worse from being bad of its kind. Is it worse to drink a bottle of champagne with comfort and satisfaction, or to have a pint of gooseberry and wake up with a headache? The teetotaler might certainly argue that the man who enjoyed his bottle was in much more parlous case, like the young gambler who wins. But a more common feeling would be one of indignation against the vendor of bad "champagne," and the proposition with which we have started

would to most minds seem a mere truism. It embodies the opinion of all respectable members of the trade, who are perhaps inclined to overrate the ill effects of bad, as distinguished from sound, alcoholic drinks, in causing intemperance; the mutual recriminations of Scotch and Irish distillers, some years ago, may be fresh in our minds. Even the Liberty and Property Defence League would apparently approve of State intervention to check the adulteration of liquor: and the friends of temperance must be specially opposed to the sale of alcoholic drinks which do not allay, but create, a thirst.

II. From this proposition it almost follows as a practical consequence that *the liquor traffic must be to some extent controlled, and by local authorities*. Where an offence is so easily committed, it is well that a ready and easily accessible remedy should be provided for the offence. There is, indeed, no need to argue on this matter, for from time immemorial Englishmen have preferred to live under supervision on this matter. Ale-conners and ale-tasters are officials who date from very early times; they had a place in the early townships, and figure all through our mediæval history. They had doubtless been enforcing the local customs for centuries before Henry III. issued an assize of ale for the whole kingdom; but they continued to enforce it, as is shown in the records of every manorial court. It is true perhaps that the English public at that time were chiefly concerned in seeing that the ale was cheap and sufficiently strong. Ale-tasters were not exactly a temperance institution, but they give us an immemorial precedent of local control.

In the early days of the temperance movement—long before the wise men of Preston saw the light—the experiment was tried of partially centralizing the duty of supervision. For various reasons the parish authorities could not be trusted; the evidence which comes from a slightly later date may be taken as illustrating the nature of the abuses at which they were tempted to connive. “The constables,” we are told by Lupton, “will visit an ale-house under colour of search, but their desire is to get beer of the company. Having got their desire they depart with this compliment, ‘Well, if our business were not extraordinary, we should have stayed; but we must search other places upon suspicion. It is, gentlemen, for the king,’ and so depart with amazement of the honest company, and laughter to themselves.”* Besides, the fines were so high that the offenders could not pay them, nor even “beare their own charges of conveying them to gaol,” while they left their wives and children on the parish, so that the constables were “much discouraged” from presenting them.† Similar difficulties in the execution of the law gave an excuse for the attempt which was made under James I.

* “Harleian Miscellany,” ix. 329, 330.

† 3 C. I. c. 4.

to centralize the duty of controlling inns and hostelries. But if the constables and justices had done their work badly, the patentees to whom King James granted the sole control of alehouses soon attained an unenviable notoriety. A committee of the House of Lords reported in regard to the abuses in the execution of this patent, that "Sir Giles Mompesson affronted the Justices of the Peace, and threatened several of them with the Council Table. And because there were certificates sent him from time to time of those ale-house keepers who were suppressed for ill-behaviour, he made this use of it to make them innkeepers. That he granted licences to diverse base fellows to keep inns." * Altogether this centralization gave rise to a conflict of authorities and offered opportunities for corruption which rendered it a source of new evils; and local supervision, with all its difficulties, has been preferred ever since.

III. *Alcoholic drinks afford a convenient source for raising revenues.* More exception may, perhaps, be taken to this statement; there are extreme free-traders who object to all indirect taxation; there are extreme teetotalers who object to the State profiting by the vices of the people; and there may be some who still sympathize with Dr. Johnson in his hatred of the "low wretches" who conduct the business of excise. The Parliamentarians, following the example of the Dutch, introduced the system as a means of meeting the expenses of the Civil War; it was bitterly opposed by the advocates of a "free breakfast table" who then desired that only light taxes should be laid on the "fundamentals, as I may term them, of man's life—namely, flesh, bread, salt, small beer, &c." † Though the system received Parliamentary sanction under Charles II., it has never lost its unpopularity; however convenient it may be to the revenue officers and the taxpayers alike, it cannot be effectively levied without the occasional exercise of powers of search, which are offensive to English instincts.

The taxation of imported alcoholic drinks has on the other hand been a popular measure from the first, and the "prise" of wines was an old royal right. Apparently the price was so high that wine-drinking to excess was not sufficiently common to attract the attention of the Legislature till the time of James I., when taverns became subject to the regulations which had been already imposed on ale-houses. But when French brandy began to be more commonly used, patriotism was roused at once to recall our countrymen to the virtue of temperance, and the use of strong ale. We find the following in a pamphlet of 1673:—

"The prohibition of brandy would be otherwise advantageous to this kingdom, and prevent the destruction of his Majesty's subjects. How many

* "Parliamentary History," v. 366.

† "Harleian Miscellany," ix. 116.

instances have we had of men dying suddenly after drinking of brandy? . . . Before brandy (which is now common, and sold in every little ale-house), came over into England in such quantities as it now doth, we drank good strong beer and ale; and all laborious people (which are the far greater part of the kingdom) their bodies requiring, after hard labour, some strong drink to refresh them, did therefore, every morning and evening, used to drink a pot of ale, or a flagon of strong beer, which greatly promoted the consumption of our own grain, and did them no great prejudice; it hindered not their work, neither did it take away their senses nor cost them much money. But now this sort of people, since brandy is become so common, and sold in every little house (a small quantity costing them threepence) do sometimes spend their day's wages in this sort of liquor before they get home of an evening, and thereby impoverish their families."*

The sanitary value of our national beverage was also asserted.

"And should the Almighty, being provoked by our sins, afflict these parts with the infection of the plague, in what a deplorable condition would the poor of this city and the suburbs be, if they should be deprived of the comfortable fruition of good strong beer and ale? Although meat should prove more scarce and dear; yet, if it please God in mercy to send plenty of corn for bread and beer, we shall not hear the cry of the poor complaining of want, so long as for a small matter they can send for so much good bread and beer as will suffice their whole families; which is not only a sustenance against hunger, but a preservative against sickness."

From the seventeenth century onwards the taxation of imported wines and spirits has generally been the most popular, as the excise has been the least popular of all modern forms of raising a revenue.

IV. *It is an evil to pass laws which cannot be enforced.* Public opinion is so strong in this country that no law can be executed effectively which has not the support of public opinion. Either the penalties for a breach of the law are made merely nominal, and have no real deterrent effect, or the public sympathy is aroused on behalf of the misdemeanants. When this is the case, so much odium begins to attach to the execution of the law that the authorities of all sorts are unwilling to enforce it unless they are forced to do so. The evil which was specially under consideration is unaffected, while the general respect for the authority of law is seriously diminished. The stock instance in regard to this matter is that of smuggling, which was directly connected with the heavy duties on foreign spirits, to which reference has been just made.

Hence it is not possible to effect much of a social reform by passing a very stringent law; it may be impossible to enforce such a law, and the latter end may be worse than the beginning. Reform can only be accomplished by passing a law which shall be so far supported by public opinion that it can be effectively enforced, and not become a mere dead-letter. Such a law, even though its provisions may seem most meagre, will really do an immense amount of good by educating public feeling; it puts a stop to some

* "Harleian Miscellany," viii. 559.

of the more glaring evils, and gives subsequent reformers a firm basis to work from in attempting to carry out further improvements.

The most stringent laws we have had passed in this country were those of James I., which may almost be called the first piece of temperance legislation; for, though the Act of Edward VI. gave power to the justices to suppress unnecessary tippling-houses, it was chiefly directed against using unlawful games, and bound the licensed victuallers to keep good order in their houses. The Act in the first year of James was intended to restrain the inordinate haunting and tippling in inns and ale-houses; it declares the "true use of ale-houses" to be for the relief of wayfarers, and not for the "entertainment of lewde and idle people." There was to be a penalty of ten shillings for permitting "unlawful drinking," and all drinking was unlawful except by *bond fide* travellers, by the guests of travellers, and by artisans and labourers during their dinner hour. The public-house was only to be open to residents in the locality for one hour in the day, for the consumption of liquor on the premises. This Act was made perpetual, with some modifications intended to render conviction more easy, in the last Parliament of James. In the first of Charles the penalties were somewhat relaxed; but the law could not be enforced, and under these stringent laws drunkenness increased apace. It had reached an extraordinary pitch in 1659, when a French Protestant wrote from London:

"There is within this city, and in all the towns of England which I have passed through, so prodigious a number of houses where they sell a certain drink called ale, that I think a good half of the inhabitants may be denominated ale-house keepers. . . . But what is most deplorable where gentlemen sit and spend much of their time drinking a muddy kind of beverage, and tobacco, which has universally besotted the nation, and at which I hear they have consumed many noble estates. . . . And that nothing may be wanting to the height of luxury and impiety of this abomination, they have translated the organs out of the churches* to set them up in taverns, chanting their dithyrambics and bestial bacchanalias to the tune of those instruments which were wont to assist them in the celebration of God's praises, and regulate the voices of the worst singers in the world, which are the English in their churches at present." †

Very similar testimony is given in 1647 in the "Brewer's Plea," which paints a fancy portrait of the victualler, and strongly complains of magisterial negligence in enforcing the law. It urges the

"suppressing of unlicensed ale-houses, which are the only receptacles of drunkards, and the severe punishing those lewd livers who frequent those disorderly houses which only dare harbour them; because, having no licenses, they are in danger of the loss thereof, and being accustomed to their evil courses,

* "Thursday, May 9, 1644.—The Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament the better to accomplish the blessed reformation so happily begun, and to remove all offences and things illegal in the worship of God, do ordain . . . that all organs and the frames or cases wherein they stand, in all churches and chapels aforesaid, shall be taken away and utterly defaced."

† "Harleian Miscellany," x. 193.

both they that keep such houses and they that frequent them (regardless of their reputation by reason of continual impunity) grow impudent and fearless either of God or the magistrates : which causes scandalous aspersions to be cast on those who offend not. . . . This brutish sin, drunkenness, may be called a sin of sins, the fruitful mother of a numerous brood, hateful even among the heathens. . . . The consideration of which, doubtless, will move the hearts of the pious magistracy of these times, to have a more vigilant eye over those irregular unlicensed private houses, which hitherto have been the more secure, because so little suspected, that not only the drunkards, but also the places of drunkenness may be punished ; whereby the good creatures may be delivered from those servile uses, or rather freed from those base abuses, which they are exposed unto, by unworthy, intemperate persons. And also, whereby those who deal in these creatures may the more cheerfully go on in their lawful callings, and the more assuredly expect a blessing from the Almighty upon their careful endeavours ; that so the Company of Brewers may be looked upon as supporters and relievers of a great part of the poor of this city and suburbs, and be had in such respect and enjoy such privileges, as a brother company and members of this City of London, according to that admonition of the Apostle, 'The body is not one member, but many.'

If our French Protestant is right, the Puritan magistrates were not very successful in advancing the cause of temperance during the next twelve years ; their efforts may have been partly foiled by the example of those Puritan ministers who made "the great pains they had taken in preaching" an excuse for drinking and smoking in the vestry ;* but the very stringency of the laws of James I. and Charles I. was probably the chief reason of their failure.

There is a further conclusion which seems to follow irresistibly. If a law which cannot be enforced is a positive evil, a measure which can only be effectually taken here and there, is a very doubtful good ; such partial efforts can have very little educational influence ; to punish here what is permitted in an adjoining district appears to be arbitrary. It becomes obvious that the regulation is a mere rule for mutual convenience among neighbours, not an attempt to punish something wrong in itself, since the question whether some conduct shall be punishable or not is determined, not by legislation, but by the wishes of the residents in the locality. To have one law for one place and another for another may be an evil, as in the days of the old poor-law—from the concentrating of vicious or pauperized characters in places where the system is lax. But it certainly is mischievous, in so far as it weakens the moral influence of the law, by teaching people to regard offences, not as crimes punishable throughout the country, but as mere branches of a discipline arranged by a convention in the neighbourhood.

V. *Drinking to excess is wrong*: So far we are all agreed, but a difference of opinion emerges so soon as we come to consider in what drinking to excess really consists. The licensed victualler of to-day, like his brother in the seventeenth century, is very bitter against

* Scrivener, "Treatise against Drunkenness," 83.

drunkenness : he does not like disturbances in his house, the chance of his name appearing in the police reports, and the remote probability of his license being endorsed ; and the drunken man may involve him in any of these evil consequences. But he has no objection to the excessive drinking of the man who can carry his liquor—such men are his best customers, and he is continually guilty of harbouring “idle people to spend and consume their money and their time.” But to the advocate of temperance this excessive consumption of money and time is almost the greater evil of the two. Occasional bouts of drunkenness may be a terrible evil, but they are obviously an evil—as the drunkard would himself admit. But it is by constant tipping that a man keeps his family in poverty, it is this that really degrades them, while it is almost certain to end in misery and crime, since it is indeed the “fruitful mother of a hateful brood ;” and hence the energies of the temperance party have been and are chiefly directed against “excessive tipping.” There are, however, great difficulties in the way ; if it is hard to prove that a man is drunk, it is far harder to say positively that he drinks too much without getting drunk ; the offence is most difficult to define : however strongly one may feel that excessive tipping is wrong, it would be almost impossible to form an enactment which would render it punishable. This is the real crux in regard to all temperance legislation : it cannot be so framed as to punish a crime, but only to insist on measures which may be expected to limit the occurrence of the crime. Prevention may be better than cure, and is certainly much better than punishment so far as crime is concerned : but the aim of temperance legislation is so different from that of most legislation that the matter is beset with enormous difficulties. Other laws are intended to punish crime or enforce duty : it is wrong to steal at midday as at midnight : but temperance legislation carries out some restriction which it is hoped will limit the opportunities of excessive drinking, and makes it wrong to do at midnight what it is not wrong to do at midday, or wrong to do in a village what it is not wrong to do in town. The temperance movement is a great moral movement ; but by the very nature of the case temperance legislation is entirely devoid of any moral principle ; it is a mere tissue of expediencies which vary enormously according to the circumstances of different countries. The mere fact that Local Option is such a favourite expedient with the teetotal party shows how entirely this is the case ; we have no local option as to the punishment of other crimes, or enforcing of other duties, as to the working of factory acts, as to the question whether our children shall be educated or not. Local option can only be fairly urged in regard to carrying out a measure which does not punish any wrong, but insists on some arrangement for mutual convenience, as a police regulation.

It is not impossible, however, to indicate the principal maxims of prudence which have been accepted in different places as the best expedients for checking excessive drinking.

1. *Prohibiting the habitual use of alcohol altogether.* The Maine Law, as amended in 1877, provides for the appointment of agents to sell alcohol "for medicinal, mechanical, manufacturing purposes," and no other, and holds him bound in two sureties of 600 dollars to conform to the terms of this appointment. No person shall be a common seller of intoxicating liquors, or keep a drinking house; magistrates may issue a warrant of search for intoxicating liquors on the information of a single complainant, and there are of course penalties against manufacturing for sale. Neither the appointed agents nor the State derive revenue from the lawful sale of alcohol—an important contrast with the High License policy discussed below.

In New Hampshire and in Vermont too this prohibitory policy is carried out; drinking shops of all kinds are declared to be common nuisances kept in violation of the law; though it seems to be admitted that the law is not at present satisfactorily enforced in the latter State.

In these cases there appears to be no provision for granting licenses for the common sale of intoxicants in any part of the State; in New Jersey, on the other hand, where there is a license law, prohibition has been carried out in several counties and townships through the agency of Option powers conferred in Local Acts, according to which the majority of qualified voters at the annual town meeting can by voting No License prevent the issue of any license till a contrary decision is given at a later meeting. The earliest of these was the township of Chatham, in the county of Morris, and it is of interest, as it has served as a test case in regard to the constitutional character of Local Option in the United States. The judgment which affirmed that the Act was constitutional is worth quoting at some length:

"The Local Option law is alleged to be in conflict with that Article of our constitution which provides that the legislative power shall be vested in the Senate and General Assembly.

"The test will be, whether this enactment when it passed from the hands of the law-giver had taken the form of a complete law. . . . It left to the popular vote to determine not whether it be lawful to sell without license, but whether the contingency should arise under which license might be granted. . . . The right of the Legislature to grant the power of local government to municipalities is conceded, and it is immaterial whether the enactment conferring it is regarded as a declaration of the supreme legislative will and strictly a law, or merely as a concession of a grant by the Legislature, as the representative of the sovereignty of the people.

"While alcoholic stimulants are recognized as property, and entitled to the

protection of the law, ownership of them is subject to such restraints as are demanded by the highest considerations of public expediency. Such enactments are regarded as police regulations, established for the prevention of pauperism and crime, for the abatement of nuisances, and the promotion of public health and safety. They are a just restraint of an injurious use of property which the Legislature has authority to impose, and the extent to which such interference may be carried must rest exclusively on legislative wisdom, where it is not controlled by fundamental law. It is a settled principle, essential to the rights of self-preservation in every organized community, that, however absolute may be the owner's title to property he holds it under the implied condition 'that its use shall not work injury to the equal enjoyment and safety of others who have an equal right to the enjoyment of their property, nor be injurious to the community.'

"Rights of property are subject to such limitations as are demanded by the common welfare of society, and it is within the range and scope of legislative action to declare what general regulations may be deemed expedient.

"If therefore, the Legislature shall consider the retail of ardent spirits injurious to citizens or productive of idleness and vice it may provide for its total suppression. Such prohibition is justified only as a police regulation, and its legality has been recognized in well considered cases.

"It necessarily results that municipal corporations may derive the power to interdict the sale of intoxicating liquors, from the same source to which they owe their authority to regulate it."

Partly, perhaps, in consequence of this judgment, Local Option powers were acquired by several other towns in New Jersey, and have been adopted in North and South Carolina. But it has not gained quite steadily in public favour, as the Local Option system was discarded in 1875 by the State of Pennsylvania, and a licensing law of a more ordinary type was re-established.

In Canada, however, the principle of Local Option is in high favour. In 1861, the Dunkin Act gave each municipal council the power of passing a prohibitory by-law, while the initiative in regard to prohibition might also be taken by the people themselves, who might demand that a special popular vote should be taken on the subject. In the Act of 1883, which has raised an interesting constitutional point as to the respective powers of the Dominion Parliament and the authorities of the several Provinces, the direct popular veto has been much extended, as it can now be imposed in the smallest organized area, instead of being brought into play throughout the whole of a county. A three-fifths majority is required to introduce the prohibition. The differentiation of comparatively small districts in this way may render it more easy to carry the proposal, but must render it much harder to work it.

It may, however, be safely said that there must be grave doubts as to how far such a law could be enforced in this country. One would like to know more about the failure in Pennsylvania, and about the character of the districts where the prohibition is in vogue. A county of small farmers who can each brew a little beer, or make some cider, for themselves, may be treated very differently from a large

urban population; and one would like to know how far it has been possible to enforce the law successfully in any large town with a crowded population. Till there is clearer evidence on this point, we must be in doubt as to whether a stringent prohibitory law or prohibitory local regulations would be an evil or a good. This is the real point to be considered in regard to Local Option; the common objection to local legislation seems to be met by the judgment already quoted; but the question, how far is prohibition effective in Maine, and what probability is there that it could be even as effectually enforced in the somewhat different circumstances of this country, ought to be well examined. There are, of course, crimes which escape detection in all countries; we are told that murder will out, but many murderers escape detection; but it is difficult to believe that the Maine Law is enforced with nearly as much success as the criminal law. But a prohibitory law that is not enforced is a great evil, both because of the effect on the public mind, and because of the uncertainty as to the nature and amount of punishment to which offenders may become liable. General laxity, tempered by occasional raids and severities, is likely to result from a badly enforced prohibitory law.

This view is confirmed by the experience of Newfoundland, the only other part of the world where prohibition has had a trial, though it has just been introduced in Queensland. It was provided by the Act of 1873 that "if two-thirds of the qualified electors of any electoral district who shall vote at a poll declare themselves in favour of a prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors, the Governor can, by proclamation, prevent the sale of such, and put in force this Act." Considering how large the requisite majority was, one would suppose that where the measure was adopted it would be well backed up by public opinion, and therefore well enforced; but in 1881 Sir F. B. T. Carter reported that "it was put in operation in two districts only, Brigus and Busin, for a period some time elapsed, and since then has been practically a dead-letter. In the districts referred to, the general opinion was that the Act occasioned more mischief from clandestine sale than had existed under the General Licensing Act."*

2. In cases where absolute prohibition cannot be attempted, the experiment has been tried of *prohibiting the sale of 'intoxicants at special times*. The limitation of hours of sale is practically universal in all places where there has been any effort at temperance legislation; but the expedient has been carried farther in the Forbes Mackenzie Act for Scotland, and the Sunday closing movement, as it has shown itself in Ireland, Wales, and Durham. In the State of New York there has been another attempt at occasional prohibition.

* "Correspondence respecting the Impositions on the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors in the Colonies [c—3224] 1882."

Not only is there to be no sale on Sundays, but none on "any day of a general or special election or town meeting." As the prohibition is directed against those who give away intoxicating liquors as well as those who sell them, it aims a very severe blow at the practice of treating. Not a few candidates in recent elections here might prefer to live under such a law, rather than to be exposed to the expense of a petition from the unwise zeal of an indiscreet friend.

3. There are also cases where *the sale to particular persons is prohibited*. The New York publican is prohibited from selling to paupers, and he cannot recover payment for liquor supplied on credit to those who are not lodging in his house; he may not supply drink to any "Indian or apprentice" without the consent of his master or mistress, nor to any minor under eighteen years of age without the consent of his father, mother, or guardian. A similar regulation in Ohio renders it unlawful to sell liquor to persons who are "in the habit of getting intoxicated."

4. There are also cases where *the sale at particular places is prohibited*. It is unlawful in New Jersey for the under-sheriff or jailor to sell wine, gin, whisky, or any other intoxicant, in a court-house or jail. But the most remarkable provision of this type is in regard to schools and colleges. The Americans do not desire to follow the Spartan practice, or rely on the deterrent effect which the sight of a drunkard may produce on the young. In Tennessee there is a four-mile law, which renders it unlawful for any person to "sell or tippie any intoxicating beverage within four miles of an incorporated institution of learning." It may be worth while to mention in this connexion that temperance instruction is carried on in a good many of the American schools. In Vermont, and Michigan, there is always to be instruction in physiology and hygiene, with special reference to the effects of stimulants and narcotics; and a similar course may be taken in any district in Connecticut. This was first provided in 1881 in Michigan, so that there has been little time to judge of its working; but it appears on the face of it, that the scheme is extremely limited, as nothing seems to be said about the evils of stimulating diet, or the ways in which indulgence of this kind creates a craving for intoxicants. Temperance education can make little progress so long as it is confined to demonstrating the evils of particular stimulants, as it is only too likely to result in the substitution of one form of self-indulgence for another.

While the policy of prohibition, either total or occasional, is impracticable, attempts have been made to reduce the evil of excessive drinking by limitation.

1. The simplest form is that of trying to *limit the number of houses according to the population*. This was carried out in the

strongly temperance Province of Ontario in 1876, and has since (1883) been extended to the whole of the Dominion. The licenses there are not to be in excess of the following limitations:—"In cities, towns, and incorporated villages respectively, according to the following scale, that is to say, one for each full two hundred and fifty of the first one thousand of the population, and one for each full five hundred over one thousand of the population."

But this limitation of numbers may conceivably be giving a valuable monopoly to those who are fortunate enough to hold them, and there are many people who believe that the profits of this monopoly should go to the community as a whole rather than to the licensed victualler. The attempt to carry this out is known as a High Licence Law.

2. The *High Licence system* has been adopted in Nebraska, and more recently in Illinois. It empowers the county boards to issue licenses to respectable applicants who pay a sum which the board shall determine, but which shall not be less than 500 dollars for each license. By this means the county treasury comes to share in the profits of the trade, and the position of the licensed retailer of beer and spirits ceases to be one of very profitable monopoly.

It does not seem to have been tried in any British possession. In New Zealand, and most of the Australian colonies, licenses of several different classes are issued, and the fees charged are fairly heavy, but they do not approximate to the High Licence standard. In Illinois the minimum for a licence is 500 dollars; in New Zealand the country publican only pays £25, which can hardly be supposed to be a serious deterrent from attempting to start in the trade.

The High Licence system is, however, strongly advocated in many parts of the States. It is bitterly opposed by those who approve of total prohibition, like Dr. De Witt Talmage, whose sermons preached in Brooklyn, on "The Red Dragon," and "The Monopoly of Abomination," are said to be among the "most ringing blasts on the question that have yet been sounded." But the High License plan strikes at the root of many of the evils connected with dealings in drink, for it cuts down the profits of the trade; it does not attempt to stamp it out, but it does much to keep it from being unduly remunerative. To some prohibitionists the trade seems an abomination which should be stamped out; they hold that the State is contaminated by having anything to do with such ill-gotten gain. This view can only be maintained on the supposition that to take any alcohol—except from sheer necessity—is positively wrong, and that every dealer in it is an accessory to the wickedness of touching strong drink. But the exaggeration which regards strong drink as in itself evil, and not only a thing which is good or evil, according as it is

rightly used or not, needs no exposure. It is to be feared that Dr. De Witt Talmage may fall into the heresy of the Manichæans.

To reap part of the gain which comes from the sale of intoxicants does not involve the State in any complicity in the evil of excessive drinking: if this system proves successful in limiting the opportunities of drinking, and at the same time is rendering the trade less profitable, it may prove an effective practical measure in cases where prohibition could not be attempted.

In most of the American States where this method of limitation has been tried, as in the Gothenburg system and in Switzerland, the profits go to the Local Government: and this seems to be fair, in so far as the expenses connected with excessive drinking fall on the Local Government. But in any country where judicial expenses, prisons and so forth, are defrayed out of the resources of the Central Government, there would be a fair claim that the receipt from the payments for licenses should go to the nation rather than to the district. There may conceivably be a danger of the Government reaping such a profit by its fees for licenses as to be tempted to push the drink business, and grant unnecessary licenses: it is not clear that the Local Authorities would be more tempted to sin in this way than the Central Government, though it might be more possible for a ring of publicans to get the control of affairs in the more limited area. And if the administration cannot be trusted to do its best to check excessive drinking, any system must prove inoperative.

It is hard to summarize the conclusions which seem to follow fairly from this survey; but one thing is plain—that we must beware of heroic legislation. For absolute prohibition it is hard to find a moral justification; to enforce local prohibition must be very difficult, and the attempt might be productive of positive evils if it were unaccompanied by a clause protecting the non-prohibiting districts and fixing the maximum of licenses to be anywhere granted according to a scale of population. If the direct complicity of the State in the trade is an evil, it is better that the Government should sell licenses to respectable applicants, rather than undertake the work directly and appoint its own agents. On the whole the High License system seems to have a great deal in its favour, since it attempts to limit the sale, not to prohibit it, and thus avoids all the difficulty which arises from passing laws to punish conduct that is not generally recognized as criminal.

It may, of course, be contended by prohibitionists that one of the great merits of their system is that it educates public opinion, and teaches men to regard the use of intoxicants as wrong; this is a very doubtful boon, for public opinion is apt to be formed on somewhat different lines, and to regard the use of alcohol as low

rather than as wicked. It appears that American teetotalers have succeeded in dissociating drinking from eating in respectable society,* and those who wish for some stimulant do not take it with their food, but go to a bar or saloon for a drink at some other time—a practice which is distinctly deleterious, physically and morally. He who could devise some expedient for enabling the British public to have beer at their meals, but should hinder them from inordinate tipping at other times, would have gone a long way to solve the problem of temperance legislation as it appeared to James I., and as we have to face it to-day. And perhaps he would pay more attention than either magistrates or reformers do to the kind of premises to which licenses are given; he would wish to see more facilities provided for cooking and for eating, but he would look with doubt at the bars where men can only stand and drink, or at the places of amusement where they can be supplied with liquor while playing or watching a game. Reducing the number of licenses and the farther limitation of hours matter far less than measures which tend to dissociate drinking from amusement, and induce the ordinary citizen to take what liquor he wants with his meals.

W. CUNNINGHAM.

* At the interesting Temperance Congress held on July 14, 15 and 16, in Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, one of the New Brunswick delegates remarked that in his opinion there was "more restraint shown by the young men of the upper classes in England than by young men of the upper classes in Canada and the United States." (*Temperance Record*, July 22, 1886.)

THE FUTURE OF JOURNALISM.

THE future of journalism is a large subject. It is but a thing of yesterday, but already it overshadows the world. The rustle of its myriad sheets, unfolded afresh every morning and folded for ever at night, supplies a realistic fulfilment of one part of the old Norse saga of the Ash-tree Ygdrasil, whose roots were watered by the Norns, and on whose leaves were written the scenes of the life of man. It has part of the necessary garniture of the civilized man. The North-country pitman said "He felt quite naked-like without his dog." A man without a newspaper is half-clad, and imperfectly furnished for the battle of life. From being persecuted and then contemptuously tolerated, it has become the rival of organized governments. Will it become their superior?

The future of journalism depends entirely upon the journalist. All that can be said is, that it offers opportunities and possibilities, of which a capable man can take advantage, superior to that of any other institution or profession known among men.

But everything depends upon the individual—the person. Impersonal journalism is effete. To influence men you must be a man, not a mock-uttering oracle. The democracy is under no awe of the mystic "We." Who is "We"? they ask; and they are right. For all power should be associated with responsibility, and a leader of the people, if a journalist, needs a neck capable of being stretched quite as much as if he is a Prime Minister. For the proper development of a newspaper the personal element is indispensable. There must be loyalty to the chief far beyond the precincts of the editorial sanctum. Besides, as I shall presently explain, the personality of the editor is the essential centre-point of my whole idea of the true journalism of the governing and guiding order, as distinguished

from journalism of the mere critical or paragraph-quilting species. Where there is the combination of the two elements, the distinct personality of a competent editor and the varied interests and influences of an ably conducted paper, it is not difficult to see that such an editor might, if he wished it, become far the most permanently influential Englishman in the Empire.

He would not govern the Empire, but his voice would be the most potent among all those whose counsels guide the holders of our Imperial sceptre; he might not "wield at will the fierce democratic," but he would be the most authoritative interpreter of its wishes, and his influence, both upon the governed and the governors, would be incomparably greater than that of any other living man.

And how would he attain this dizzy pre-eminence? He would be more powerful than any, simply because, better than any other, he would know his facts. Even now, with his imperfect knowledge of facts, the journalist wields enormous influence. What would he be if he had so perfected the mechanism of his craft as to be master of the facts—especially of the dominant fact of all, the state of public opinion?

At present the journalistic assumption of uttering the opinion of the public is in most cases a hollow fraud. In the case of most London editors absolutely no attempt is made to ascertain what *Demos* really thinks. Opinions are exchanged in the office, in the club, or in the drawing-room; but any systematic attempt to gauge the opinion even of those whom he meets there is none. As for the opinion of Londoners, outside the limited range of their personal acquaintance, that remains to them, as to every one else, an inscrutable mystery. Outside London, everything of course is shrouded in even denser darkness. How many London editors, I wonder, ever look half-a-dozen times in the year into the sheets of their provincial contemporaries? Yet not one of them will not undertake to pronounce off-hand that public opinion will not tolerate this, or that public opinion insists on that. And all the while they know as much about public opinion as of the private opinion of the Grand Lama. It is about time that imposture should cease.

I am not for a moment advocating the more accurate and scientific gauging of public opinion in order that blind obedience should be paid to its decision, when ascertained. Far from it. The first duty of every true man, if he believes that public opinion is mistaken, is to set himself to change it. But whether we regard public opinion as the supreme authority in faith, morals and politics, or whether we merely regard it as so much force to be directed or absolutely checked, it is obviously of the first importance to know what it is that we have either to obey or to transform.

But at present who is there who studies public opinion—I do

not say scientifically, but even intelligently? Here and there a statesman, a few newspaper men and wire-pullers; but that is all. Nothing was more startling in 1880, and again in 1885, than the utter miscalculations of the *cognoscenti* as to the way in which popular feeling was going. In 1880 nearly all the Tories, whether members or editors, and more than one-half of the Liberals, were quite sure that the General Election would result in a Tory majority. In 1885 every Liberal, and very nearly every Tory, was certain that the country would return an overwhelming Liberal majority over the coalition of Tories and Parnellites. In 1880 Lord Beaconsfield calculated confidently on a majority of thirty-seven. Just before the polls opened in 1885 I received a private expostulation from a well-known Liberal, intimate with the leaders of the party, and one who had proved himself in 1880 a correct and careful reader of the signs of the times. "I cannot understand," he wrote, "how you can think that there is any doubt about our obtaining a majority. I am quite sure of a minimum of fifty over Tories and Parnellites combined; it may be seventy, but would probably have been a hundred if Mr. Chamberlain had taken a sea voyage instead of taking to the stump." Even the ablest provincial editors were utterly at fault; so were Liberal candidates down to the very close of the poll. This would not signify much where the constituency was so evenly divided that the transfer of a hundred votes would turn the scale. But when editors and candidates and wire-pullers were all alike unconscious that their ground had shifted under the feet to the extent of the transfer of several thousand votes to the Tory camp, there is reason indeed to say that other people besides the Peers can be "up in a balloon," when it is most important they should have their feet firmly planted on solid earth.

The first step, therefore, that must be taken is to require touch with the public, and this, fortunately, is by no means difficult, although it requires some painstaking, and the institution of a very simple but effective organization. But surely, when there is hardly a creek or inlet all over the world where soundings are not taken with the utmost care, and the results accurately set down in Admiralty charts, it ought not to be impossible to take the political soundings from time to time in every part of the United Kingdom, in order that the Administration may know when it is floating on a full tide of popularity, or when there is barely sufficient water under the keel to keep her from stranding.

What, then, should be the organization of a newspaper office from this point of view?

In trying to answer this question, I am neither so presumptuous as to attempt to describe the ultimate ideal, nor am I so mendacious as to pretend that anything approaching to such a system of inquiry

exists either on my own paper or on that of any one else. I offer the outline merely as the sketch of the aim which any journalist with a sense of the responsibilities of his position might have in view, and which in time, with patience, he might attain.

First, then, the editor of a newspaper should either be personally acquainted with, or should be surrounded by trustworthy assistants who are personally acquainted with, every one whose opinion has any weight on any subject with which he has to deal. Nor should it be mere acquaintance. There should exist such relations of confidence as to render it possible for the editor to be put in possession of the views of any personage whose opinion he desires to know. This of course is a work of time, and even after many years the most successful editor must be content to know many of the most important personages at second-hand. But it is better to be intimate with the confidant of a Minister than to be merely on friendly terms with the Minister himself. There are some Ministers who never tell anything when their journalistic acquaintances seek for information. Others profess to tell everything, and mislead the inquirer in every direction. Those Ministers are very rare who make a confidant of an editor, and still rarer are those who do not make a thorough-going support the condition of such confidences.

These terms are of course absolutely impossible. No consideration whatever, in the shape of exclusive and official information, can compensate for the loss of the right of individuality, of independence, and of criticism. One Minister who will tell you all he knows is worth a dozen Ministers who dole out information as if it were diamonds, and even then leave out some vital item. All that I contend for is, for instance, that on any given occasion it ought to be possible for an editor to ascertain authentically in twenty-four hours the views of all the Cabinet Ministers and ex-Cabinet Ministers in town—not of course for publication, but for his own guidance and the avoidance of mistakes.

At present that is impossible: first, because Ministers trained in the old school have not yet learned the necessities of the new system; and secondly, because journalists do not as a rule take the trouble to cultivate the acquaintance with Ministers necessary to keep themselves informed. And what is true of Ministers is true to a greater or less degree of ambassadors, judges, generals, and great financiers. Nevertheless, the duty of an editor is absolute. He ought to be able to get at, or know some one who can get at, every one, from the Queen downwards, in order to be able to ascertain what they are thinking about the topic of the day. This is not interviewing. Interviewing is the public, this is the private phase of what, after all, must always be the primary department of journalism—that of interrogation. The least confusing of the two, the case of matter spoken in

private as if it were material for an interview, would be fatal. If the editor cannot be trusted to keep a secret, if he betrays confidence, the whole edifice collapses. Personal confidence is the foundation of the system.

As with the Cabinet, so with every other department of the Government in Church and State. It ought to be known in every newspaper office exactly who ought to be seen upon every subject that crops up, and who is the best man to see him. In that respect the American newspapers are far ahead of those in Europe; although, in justice to the Old World, it ought to be added that American editorials are often as conspicuously weak as their sub-editing is conspicuously strong. In this respect the opportunities of London journalism are unequalled. As you can buy anything in London, so you can find some one who can tell you the best and latest news about anything that happens anywhere, if you only knew where to look for him. But they are not sought for, nor are they picked up even when they pass you in the street. Hungry would-be pressmen come to every newspaper office vending unsaleable wares, asking for work, and all London teeming with subjects for good merchantable copy, if they would but get up live facts from first-hand sources, and give us the opinions of men who know all about the topic of the hour, instead of the musty platitudinizing of third-rate essayists.

Every newspaper ought to have its own whip for parliamentary purposes, and he also must of necessity be in the House of Commons. By whip I mean one who does what the party whips often but perfunctorily perform—ascertain the views and opinions of members on every topic before the public. Nor should he confine himself to either side. The odd idea which many people have of journalism was shown in the resentment occasioned in some quarters by a newspaper circular of inquiry which was issued lately to members on the subject of the late Reform Bill. Many high and mighty gentlemen seemed to regard it as an offence rather than as a compliment, when a newspaper editor asked his counsel as to the best course to be taken in dealing with Franchise and Redistribution. There is, it is true, one difficulty in the way of eliciting opinions from members as to the best course of future policy: so many have none to elicit. After their leader speaks, their opinion is simply ditto. Until he speaks they have none at all. There are, taking it roughly, probably not more than fifty members in the House who have independent opinions of any value; and although in selecting policies and deciding as to rival expedients it is noses which are counted, a very little experience shows that the majority of the noses follow the lead of one or other of the fifty.

Of much more importance than the cultivation of the House of Commons—for, after all, the M.P. is a loudly vocal creature, and

there is not much difficulty in ascertaining his views—the editor should know personally, so as to be able to correspond confidentially, with every one, be he consul, ambassador, governor, resident, high commissioner, or viceroy, whose word stands for England's before the world. Many and many a time such confidential relations, had they existed, might have saved the Empire from disaster, if only because our representative abroad, by such an arrangement, could have made sure that public opinion would be aroused to the importance of a subject which could not be neglected without danger, at the same time the Colonial Office was receiving his report. At present, too often public opinion is asleep, and the Colonial Secretary thinks it is no use, "in the present state of public opinion," attempting to carry out a governor's, or an ambassador's recommendations; whereas public opinion would have been awake enough and eager, if only the public had had the warning which slumbered unheeded in the official pigeon-holes.

And so it should go all down the official hierarchy. Naval officers are forbidden to write for the Press, and it is necessary to get their ideas. So about soldiers. The rules of the Metropolitan Police are absurdly strict in forbidding the imparting of information which in all provincial towns is freely tendered to the Press. As a rule, all voluntary organizations are only too glad to allow the Press to inspect everything they have to show. There is nothing in this demand that in any way supersedes the authority of the official hierarchy. It only gives the public an additional and independent security for the efficiency of the public services.

I need not refer to the development of this system abroad. There is only one Blowitz, and he is confined to one capital. If the *Times* had a soul, and an individual who carried that soul about within his own skin, he might be, and indeed ought to be, on more or less intimate terms with every statesman and sovereign in Europe, and once every year he should make the tour of the capitals, to keep himself in touch with the men whose wills rule Europe. Unfortunately, the direction of the *Times* seems to be distributed among many bodies, and all of them together hardly seem to be able to muster a soul among them.

The ideal of the journalist should be to be universally accessible—to know every one and to hear everything. The old idea of a jealously shrouded impersonality has given way to its exact antithesis. Of course, if the personality of the editor is such as to detract from the usefulness of his writings, he had better stick to the old plan. But if the editor is a real man, who has convictions, and capacity to give them utterance in conversation as well as in print, the more people he sees at first hand the better—always provided that he leaves

his mind room enough in the crowd to turn round on its own ground. All that I have said concerning the London editor applies *mutatis mutandis* to his provincial brother. The provincial editor has one enormous advantage over the Londoner—one among many. He can cover the whole of his field. He can make the personal acquaintance of every leading public man and of all the local leaders in every department of human activity. From the mayor to the bellman, they are all within his compass, and as a rule, if he makes it his business, they are approachable enough. It is difficult, of course, when there is keen sensitiveness on the part of a functionary whom it has been necessary to scourge in your paper, and also in places where the party line is broad and deep. I never found any difficulty, however, in being on excellent terms with my Tory contemporaries in the North, although neither side was accustomed to give or seek quarter in print.

It is a very simple thing, and may be pooh-poohed as a truism, but how much all the papers would be improved, how much more influential they would be, if, before venturing to express the opinion of their respective Pedlingtons, little or big; their readers knew that the writers had at least taken the trouble to ascertain at first hand what any other Pedlingtonians really did think on the subject; and how much more powerful, because how much better informed, if in discussing the topics of the town, the editor was always behind the scenes, the natural confidant and ready helper of all those who are endeavouring to serve the community.

This, however, is the mere *A B C* of the subject: it is so obvious that whoever aspires to lead and guide must take counsel with those who have the daily drudgery of administration to do, that there is no need to labour the point. What is much less generally recognized is that the newspaper ought to be in close and direct touch with either extremity of the social system, and with all intermediate grades. There is something inexpressibly pathetic in the dumbness of the masses of the people. Touch but a hair on the head of the well-to-do, and forthwith you hear his indignant protest in the columns of the *Times*. But the million, who have to suffer the rudest buffets of ill-fortune, the victims of official insolence and the brutality of the better-off, they are as dumb as the horse, which you may scourge to death without its uttering a sound. Newspapers will never really justify their claims to be the tribunes of the people until every victim of injustice—whether it be a harlot run in by a policeman greedy for blackmail, or a ticket-of-leave man hunted down by shadowy detectives, or paupers baulked of their legal allowance of skilly—sends in to the editorial sanctum their complaint of the injustice which they suffer. When men cease to complain of injustice, it is as if they sullenly confessed that God was dead.

When they neglect to lay their wrongs before their fellows, it is as if they had lost all faith in the reality of that collective conscience of society which Milton finely calls "God's secretary." For every appeal to the public is a practical confession of a faith that shuts out despair. When there is prayer there is hope. To give utterance to the inarticulate moan of the voiceless is to let light into a dark place; it is almost equivalent to the enfranchisement of a class. A newspaper in this sense is a daily apostle of fraternity, a messenger who bringeth glad tidings of joy, of a great light that has risen upon those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death. I do not say that the editors of the *Times* and the *Daily News* should be on visiting terms with the thieves of the Seven Dials and the harlots of the New Cut, but they should know those who can tell them what the Dialonians feel and what the outcasts in the New Cut suffer. The Jewish legend which Longfellow has versified tells how Sandalphon the Angel of Glory, Sandalphon the Angel of Prayer, stands at the portals of heaven listening to all the sounds ceaselessly from the crowded earth. All these petitions he collects, and they turn into flowers in his hands as he presents them before the throne of Jehovah. The editor is the Sandalphon of humanity. Into his ear are poured the cries, the protests, the complaints of men who suffer wrong, and it is his mission to present them daily before the conscience of mankind. But to do that, he, or those about him, must be

"A nerve o'er which do creep
The else unfelt oppressions of mankind,"

and he or they must be familiar with the wants, the wrongs, the sorrows of the outcast residue of the human race.

All that, it will be said, is idealistic, visionary, utopian; but it is something to have an inspiring ideal, and it is well to be reminded of the responsibilities that attend upon the power which has come to the journalist as an unexpected heritage from the decay and disappearance of the elder authorities of the bishop and the noble. To be both eye and ear for the community is a great privilege, but power no less than *noblesse oblige*, and much may be done to realize it, if it recognized that the discharge of such responsibilities lie in the day's work of the journalist. It is of course manifestly impossible for over-worked editors and hard-pressed reporters to undertake new duties without being relieved of some of their functions. But in the large papers much might be done by rearranging duties and the substitution of this kind of work for others of a less indispensable description. But I have not yet lost faith in the possibility of some of our great newspaper proprietors who will content himself with a reasonable fortune, and devote the surplus of his gigantic profits to

the development of his newspaper as an engine of social reform and as a means of government. And if it be impossible for those already in the purple to display such public spirit, then it may be that the same spirit which led pious founders in mediæval times to build cathedrals and establish colleges, may lead some man or woman of fortune to devote half a million to found a newspaper for the service, for the education, and for the guidance of the people.

Supposing such a newspaper to be founded, what would be the first step necessary to enable its conductor to gauge and at the same time to influence the opinion of the nation? The necessity for establishing personal relations between the chief of the political, social, and religious leaders of the people in the immediate vicinity of the newspaper office, has already been referred to. But that helps but little towards placing the newspaper in confidential relations with the whole people. What, then, is the best and most effective means of enabling the editor at the centre to keep touch with the people at the circumference? Mere circulation will not avail. There is no London newspaper more circulated among North-country Radicals than the *Daily News*, but the only expression of opinion ever heard up North about the *Daily News* is a groan over its feebleness and lack of grit. Circulation is all very well, and the larger circulation any newspaper has the better for its proprietor; but influence depends not half so much upon quantity as upon the quality of its subscribers. Newspapers with only ten or fifteen thousand circulation have often ten times as much influence as papers with 200,000, the difference being in the character of the readers of the paper. Hence, if the object is to influence the politics of a town, it is better to be read regularly by ten men of the right sort than to circulate a thousand a day among the ordinary newspaper buyers. Democracy has not diminished in the least the power of individuals. It has, indeed, increased their influence by giving them a freer field for the exercise of their power. The secret of influence is to get at the right individuals in every town and village, and to attach them as closely as possible to the newspaper by establishing personal relations between them and the directing staff.

How to attain this end is the great problem. It is an end that cannot be reached at a bound, but by steady, patient, constant growth. There are, however, two methods by which a newspaper can work towards that end: the first is by a system of major-generals, and the second by a system of journalistic travellers.

First, the system of major-generals. When Cromwell was driven to undertake the governing of England he mapped out the towns into districts, and over each district he placed a man after his own heart, responsible to him for the peace and good government of the district under his care. That system *mutatis mutandis* might be

adopted with advantage by a newspaper that wished to keep in hand the affairs of the whole country. A competent, intelligent, sympathetic man or woman, as nearly as possible the *alter ego* of the editor, should be planted in each district, and held responsible for keeping the editor informed of all that is going on within that area that needs attending to, either for encouragement, or for repression, or merely for observation and report.

That, it will be said, is but a development under a new name of the existing system of resident reporters and local correspondents. That is a great recommendation. But the development is immense—so immense, in fact, that there would be the greatest difficulty in securing persons competent for the discharge of the duties of the post. But by themselves they would be helpless. They need to be supplemented by two agencies—one local, the other central.

There is probably in every constituency in the land some one man or woman keenly in sympathy with the governing ideas of the newspaper in question. That may be said concerning any newspaper which has a soul and a creed, and a man at the head of it who is not afraid to say, in clear accents of unmistakable sincerity, "This is the way; walk ye in it." In the newspaper whose organization I am sketching there would be so many points of contact with the average Briton that there would be no doubt at all that there would be many persons sufficiently in sympathy with the direction to feel honoured by being asked to co-operate as voluntary unpaid associates with the editor. It would be the duty of the major-general to select with the utmost care, in each important centre in his district, one such associate, who would undertake to co-operate with the central office in ascertaining facts, in focussing opinion, and generally in assisting the editor to ascertain the direct views of his countrymen. There would be endless varieties among those who would act as associates. It might be a squire, or it might be a cobbler; it might be the clergyman's daughter, or a secularist newsagent, or a Methodist reporter. The one thing indispensable is that they are intelligent, keenly interested in the general policy of the paper, and willing to take some trouble to contribute to its efficiency and to extend its power. To each of these associates there will be posted copies of the paper, in recognition of their position and services, and in order to keep them in touch with the editorial mind. That is to say, from 600 to 1,000 persons scattered all over the United Kingdom would be placed on the free list, on condition they were willing to perform certain simple but very important duties.

The first of these is to reply at once, when inquiry is made from the head office, first as to their own opinion upon any disputed point, and secondly, what they believed to be the general opinion of their neighbours. For instance; suppose that this system was in full

working order in every newspaper office during the general election before last, and Mr. Chamberlain,* after the Liberal reverses in the boroughs, made a speech at Leicester, in which he said in effect that it was all Mr. Gladstone's fault, and that if the battle had been fought on his (Mr. Chamberlain's) programme, there would have been a very different result, next day a brief but conspicuously printed note would have appeared in a prominent position in the newspaper, calling attention to this extraordinary expression of opinion, and inquiring what well-informed persons throughout the country had to say as to the accuracy or otherwise of Mr. Chamberlain's observation. That day copies of that newspaper, with the passage marked with a blue pencil, would be posted in coloured wrapper to every associate resident in a parliamentary borough. Within two days the editor would have on his desk replies from capable and intelligent observers in all parts of the kingdom, verifying or correcting the statement of Mr. Chamberlain. Each of these replies, filled in, for convenience of reference upon a printed form, would state briefly somewhat as follows:—

(1) In the borough of R——, if Liberals had fought on Radical programme, the Tory majority would have been at least 500 higher than it was. About 300 Liberal Churchmen would only vote for their candidate on condition he pledged himself not to vote for Disestablishment. The Radical programme, as it was, has cost hundreds of votes. Its official adoption would have been fatal. The Radicals voted all the same. (2) That is the opinion of the Liberal secretary, the Baptist ministers, and generally of all those to whom I have spoken. Or the reply might be not so clear and precise:—

(1) In the Borough of L——, if the Radical programme had been adopted, it would have put more fight into the Radical ranks.

(2) Have not had an opportunity of talking to many people on the subject. The local papers attribute the defeat to the Irish vote and the clergy.

All these replies would have to be carefully collated, tabulated, and entered up at the head office, so that, in three days at most, the editor could lay his hand on trustworthy local information which would enable him to speak with authority and precision as to the facts in dealing with Mr. Chamberlain's explanation of the Liberal defeat.

Or suppose that the famous three acres and a cow myth had to be cleared up. A headed notice, stating clearly the nature of the charge brought against Liberal candidates, would be inserted, and a request made to correspondents to state (1) whether in their locality they had heard any Liberal candidate or Liberal speaker make such a promise, or any semblance of such a promise, and if so when, where, and how? And (2) had they heard any one say that Liberals in their district had been making such promises, and if so, what was the

accusation? This paragraph being marked, the paper of that day would be sent to all associates in rural divisions in coloured wrappers, and before the end of the week complete returns would be available by which the grain of truth might be sifted out from the mass of fiction with which it was overlaid.

These instances alone will suffice as an illustration of the usefulness of establishing such a network of corresponding associates. The expense would not be considerable. There would be the free list and postages—nothing more.

This, however, is but the first tentative approach to an exhaustive interrogation of public opinion. In time, when the associates become more familiar with their work, and the competent and willing workers are ascertained, to these might be entrusted the further and more delicate duty of collecting the opinions of those who form the public opinion of their locality. Each of these select associates would be expected to communicate directly or indirectly with representatives of all classes in the locality, and to collect their opinion as exhaustively as the editor collects the opinions of the leading politicians in London. In a provincial town, for instance, on a political question—say, whether or not a dissolution on the question of Home Rule would result for or against Mr. Gladstone—it would be necessary to ascertain the opinions of the local editors, of the presidents, secretaries, and moving spirits in all the political associations; of the leaders of trades unions, friendly societies, and working men's clubs; of the sitting member, of the candidate on the other side, of the most active men in tectotal and other social propaganda, of the leading ministers of all denominations, and of the publicans whose taprooms are most frequented by local politicians. Besides these representatives of political forces, it would be well to ascertain the opinions of the mayor, the chairman of the board of guardians and of the school board, of a leading magistrate, of the largest employer of labour, as well as that of cabmen, policemen, and half-a-dozen persons selected at random in the lower social strata. Altogether, in a large town it would be necessary, on a large question like this, to communicate with fifty persons; in a smaller town about twenty. Suppose, then, that it was desired to forecast the possible consequences of such a dissolution, the newspaper would publish an article clearly setting forth the importance to both parties of gauging as closely as possible the state of public opinion on the question, and placing as fully as possible the *pros* and *cons* of the question before the reader. As many copies of these would be sent down by train to each of the select associates as he had names on his list, and by him the papers would be marked, addressed, and sent out, with a circular calling attention to the inquiry, and asking the recipient to fill in and return a brief form of

reply to the questions asked, which would be enclosed, stamped, and addressed. Of course, at first, most of those appealed to would take no notice of the request. They would have to be approached personally through their friends, and even then the response would be very imperfect, but before long the practice would be recognized, and people would answer freely enough. In a fortnight the answers would be in—they would be collated, tabulated, and sent to the central office.* The enormous importance of a system which enabled the editor of a London paper—and of course, on a smaller scale, the editor of a provincial paper—to know at a glance the opinions, say, even of the presidents and secretaries of the political associations throughout the land, are too obvious to be dwelt upon. By degrees, as the returns became more complete, the journalist would speak with an authority far superior to that possessed by any other person; for he would have been the latest to interrogate the democracy—he would have the last word of the leaders of the electors upon the question of the hour; he would, in fact, for the first time be able to say with authority the opinion of the public on this subject is adverse or favourable to the proposed scheme. This is an extreme case, involving the maximum of trouble, and application to the greatest possible number of persons. In most cases the number of such inquiries would be much smaller. The select associate or deputy major-general would have to keep himself well informed as to who were the best authorities on all subjects, and apply to them accordingly. Sometimes there may be only two persons, or one, in a whole town whose opinion is wanted. It will be his duty to send that one a newspaper, marked, and call upon him in due course.

By this co-operation between a newspaper and selected readers, it will be possible to focus the information and experience latent among our people as it has never been done before, and to take an immense stride towards the realization of the conscious government of all by all, in the light of the wisdom of the best informed. The mere fact that in every town a score of persons, from the mayor to the bellman, were certain to be called upon, as a matter of course, to express a deliberate opinion upon social or political problems, before a leading journalist ventured to declare what was the public opinion of the nation, would have an incalculable influence in vivifying our democracy, in compelling thought, and in quickening popular interest and public questions.

That, however, is by no means the only duty that would be required from the hands of the volunteer deputy major-generals. Once or twice a year—sometimes oftener, sometimes not so often—a crisis may arise in which it is urgently necessary that the Cabinet and the House of Commons should be presented with an unmistakable demonstration of what the opinion of the people really is. Such

an occasion arose during the Bulgarian crisis in 1876, and when the Criminal Law Amendment Bill was in danger July before last. Whenever such a time arrived it would be the duty of a deputy major-general to take steps to secure public expression of the popular feeling. He, or it might be she, might not be able to attend a public meeting, much less speak at one. But they could nevertheless set one going by setting the right people in motion. A requisition to the mayor in all cases where opinion is tolerably unanimous—the best method of procedure—could secure a free and open expression of the general feeling. Information explaining the issues before the country could be obtained from the central office, and the question could be freely and fully put before the democracy, and an opportunity afforded it of expressing its convictions on the question of the hour. The weakness of government by public meetings is, that there is so often no one to give the thing a start in the first place, and to keep interest up until the meeting is held, in the second. There is also the difficulty about the expenses, which in all cases should be met by a public collection. The meetings of the democracy should surely be self-supporting. Under the proposed scheme the local deputy would be the live coal which sets the place ablaze, and he would be able to have at command exactly the kind of information needed for the locality.

Just imagine the consequences, under our present system of government, of an arrangement by which a leading newspaper, convinced that the Government was pursuing a policy contrary to the general wishes of the community, was able to issue a three-line whip to its representatives which would secure the holding of a public meeting in every town-hall in the country, in order to express the popular view. For be it noted that this is entirely different from the ordinary notion of getting up meetings by Birmingham wire-pullers or provincial caucuses. The local deputy would have neither funds nor machinery at his disposal with which to force a semblance of popular opinion. He would merely take the indispensable first step to enable local opinion to express itself, and see that those who wished for information had it supplied them freely. No more simple and effective method of educating the democracy in the functions of citizenship could be imagined, and yet how could it possibly be worked so cheaply and so efficiently as from the office of a great daily newspaper?

Each of the major-generals would have a general oversight of all the associates in his division, but the whole organization would be kept together, and the personal sense of a common interest kept up, by the periodical visits of the journalistic traveller. What an irony there is in the care and expense which men go to when all that is involved is the accumulation of a little money, and the

negligence and parsimony which they display when the matter at stake is the direction of the affairs of an empire! There is not a shabby little wholesalc house that sells ribbons in the City which does not send out at least every year its traveller to all the retail houses in the land. These travellers are the indispensable nexus between the manufacturer and the seller. Goods are made or left unmade according to their reports, for they feel the pulse of the buyer. But there is not a newspaper in the land which takes as much trouble to ascertain the social and political fashion in vogue in great centres like Nottingham and Glasgow, that these poor bagmen take to ascertain the pattern and colours of ribbon favoured by the fishwives of Cullercoats or the factory lasses of Oldham. Not until we introduce something of commercial common-sense and the practical method of business into the profession of journalism will we even have begun to fulfil our rôle as exponents of public opinion. The journal, then, which essays to enter into the dominion open to the first comer must engraft the traveller upon its system of organization. It must have at least two constantly on the road, each the perambulating *alter ego*, as far as is possible, of the editor at the centre, filled with his central fire, saturated with his ideas, and with a clear grasp of the system here sketched out.

These peripatetic apostles of the new journalism would make it their duty to visit the associates in every town, to infuse into each a sense of the importance of the common work, and to make every one feel that he or she is an important and indispensable part of the system.

By this means full and accurate knowledge would be secured of each associate: the indifferent could be dropped, suggestions could be interchanged, and, in short, the whole organization made alive and instinct with a common interest and a common enthusiasm.

If this was done—and of course this is merely the crudest and most imperfect outline of what would be necessary—the newspaper that was so worked would be much the most powerful and one of the most useful institutions in the country.

“No doubt,” it will be replied; “but it is all utopian. Where are you going to get your associates and your deputy volunteer major-generals? Your major-generals you may get, and your glorified bagmen, for you will pay them; but the others? And without the others, where is your scheme?”

Now, I freely and fully admit that without the others my scheme is nowhere. But I do not for a moment admit that it is utopian or impracticable to expect the active intelligent voluntary co-operation of at least one capable man or woman in each town, who will do all that I have stated I should require from the associates and the deputy major-generals; and the reason for my confidence is, that I believe it is quite possible to evoke on the part of Englishmen and

Englishwomen at least one-tenth as much self-sacrificing zeal for the welfare of the commonwealth as is now called out as a matter of course in the service of a municipality or in the interest of a sect. I believe that, just as Cromwell found the secret of his new model in enlisting in the Parliamentary men who put a conscience to their work, so it is possible for the editor to enlist in the service of the State a picked body of volunteers, who will work as hard for England in the field of public and corrective action as others do in the service of their sects. It is a new field that is opened up—a new field, and a most tempting one, for it offers to the capable man or woman opportunities of public usefulness at present beyond his utmost dreams, and while apparently making them the humble interrogators of democracy, in reality enrolls them as indispensable members of the greatest spiritual and educational and governing agency which England has yet seen. Such a newspaper would indeed be a great secular or civic church and democratic university, and if wisely directed and energetically worked, would come to be the very soul of our national unity; and its great central idea would be that of the self-sacrifice of the individual for the salvation of the community, the practical realization of the religious idea in national politics and social reform. That we see realized in a thousand ways by the noble and devoted men and women who spend every hour of their leisure in volunteering to save the souls of their fellow-men. Is it a vain hope, now that democracy is fairly established amongst us, and we are beginning to realize how much can be done by collective associated national efforts to assist the individual in toiling up that “infinite ascending spiral traced by the finger of God between the universe and the ideal,” that willing and intelligent workers will be found in every town and every village in the land, who would be eager to devote themselves to the unpaid service the first beginnings of which I have endeavoured imperfectly to outline? It may be that the time has not yet come, although to my eager eye the field is ripe unto the harvest. It may be that the editor is not yet born who is destined thus to organize the new journalism, and take this vast new stride in the direction of intelligent and conscious self-government. But unless our race is destined to decay, both the editor and the occasion are certain to arrive. Parliament has attained its utmost development. There is need of a new representative method, not to supersede but to supplement that which exists—a system which will be more elastic, more simple, more direct, and more closely in contact with the mind of the people. Other than that, the groundwork of which is already supplied by the Press, I see no system, not even a suggestion of a system. And when the time does arrive, and the man and the money are both forthcoming, government by journalism will no longer be a somewhat hyperbolical phrase, but a

solid fact. It may not be the lot of the editor who establishes that system to fulfil Lowell's remark about Cromwell—

"Who lived to make his simple oaken chair
More grandly terrible than throne of England's king
Before or since;"

but if he worthily fulfils the duty of his high office, then nowhere on this planet will there be such a seat of far-extended influence and world-shaping power as the chair from which that editor, in directing the policy of his paper, will influence the destinies of the English race.

*

W. T. STEAD.

THE GASTRONOMIC VALUE OF ODOURS.

TO which of our senses are we most indebted for the pleasures of the table? To name the sense of taste in answer to this question would be quite as incorrect as to assert that we go to the opera to please our eyes. More incorrect, in fact, because many do attend the opera chiefly on account of the spectacle; whereas, in regard to gastronomic delights it is safe to say that at least two-thirds of our enjoyment is due to the sense of smell.

Amusing experiments may be made showing that without this sense it is commonly quite impossible to distinguish between different articles of food and drink. Blindfold a person and make him clasp his nose tightly, then put into his mouth successively small pieces of beef, mutton, veal, and pork, and it is safe to predict that he will not be able to tell one morsel from another. The same results will be obtained with chicken, turkey, and duck; with pieces of almond, walnut, and hazelnut; with slices of apple, peach, and pear; or with different kinds of cheese, if care be taken that such kinds are chosen as do not by their peculiar composition betray their identity through the nerves of touch in the mouth.

To hold an article of food under the nose at table would be justly considered a breach of etiquette, as it might imply a doubt as to the quality of the host's dishes. But there is a second way of smelling, of which most people are quite unconscious—viz., by *exhaling through the nose* while eating and drinking. In the directions often given to children to clasp their nose when taking a nauseous medicine, this process is instinctively recognized; but it has never been made clear, so far as the writer is aware, that on it is based the whole art and science of cookery.

In most treatises on physiology and psychology this mode of

smelling is, in fact, entirely ignored ; while some physiologists have even gone so far as to deny its possibility. This is a point of great importance, for it enables us to explain why people are so apt to disagree in regard to "matters of taste," or of smell, as those who aspire to scientific correctness will have to say in future:

It is well known that only a small portion of the mucous membrane which lines the nostrils is the seat of the endings of the nerves of smell. In ordinary expiration the air does not touch this olfactory region. By a special effort, however, it can be turned into that direction. Now there can be no doubt that in the case of the sceptical physiologists just referred to, and of others in the same predicament, there is some special impediment in the complicated anatomical structure of the nose which makes it difficult or impossible for them to direct the expired air into the olfactory regions. Such persons, of course, are as incapable of enjoying certain dishes, the principal relish of which lies in their aroma, as colour-blind people would be able to appreciate a gorgeous Titian. It is evident too, that, just as the delicacy of sight and hearing can be greatly improved by careful artistic training, so the perception of delicate odours can be made much more distinct and intense by gastronomic practice in guiding an aroma-laden current of air during expiration through that region of the nose where the olfactory nerve-endings are situated.

Most persons, fortunately, need no gastronomic training of this sort. Instinct teaches them while eating to guide the air, impregnated with the fragrance of the food, to a part of the nostrils different from that used during ordinary exhalation. But, being unaccustomed to psychologic analysis of their sensations, they remain quite ignorant and unconscious of this proceeding, and are, indeed, in the habit of confusing their sensations of taste, smell, touch, and temperature in a most absurd manner. Every sensation experienced inside of the mouth is forthwith seized and labelled as a "taste" without further inquiry into its origin.

In trying to ascertain by experiment how far smell, touch, and temperature enter into this compound sensation, popularly known as "taste," it is best to make use of the pungent condiments. The dictionaries define a condiment as "something used to give relish to food and to gratify the sense of taste." As a matter of fact, condiments have no more concern with the "sense of taste" than with the colour blue or the tone of a trombone. What condiments do, is to give relish to food—first, by introducing their own peculiar perfume ; secondly, by developing latent odours in the food ; or, thirdly, as in the case of pepper, by neutralizing disagreeable "high" odours.

Cinnamon, which is supposed to have a strong, pungent, aromatic "taste," does not, so far as taste proper is concerned, differ from

sawdust, except by a faint sweetness. From cloves and other spices it can (except by its shape) be distinguished only by the volatile oils in it which are set free by mastication, and pass with the exhaled air through the nose, where they stimulate the terminal nervous apparatus of touch and smell. Mustard and horse-radish, in the same way, have little or no taste, but reserve their pungent effect for the mucous membrane of the nose during expiration. It is an advantage to know this, for if care is taken to breathe only through the mouth, we need no longer prepare to shed tears every time we help ourselves to the mustard. The pungent quality of mustard, the fiery quality of alcohol and ginger, and the cool sensation in the mouth after eating peppermint, are due to the nerves of touch and temperature, which are commonly classed as one sense, though they are quite as distinct sensations as sight and hearing, or taste and smell. So distinct are they that, whereas it is probable that the sense of sight is a modification or development from the sense of temperature, being an adaptation to faster ether waves; the sense of touch, whose function is the perception of solids, gave rise in successive degrees of refinement to hearing, for the perception of air-waves; to taste, for the discernment of liquid qualities; and to smell, for gaseous qualities.

It follows from the foregoing that what we are in the habit of calling a "taste" is in most cases a compound of smell, taste, temperature, and touch—these four sensations ranking in gastronomic importance in the order in which they are here named.

Temperature seems of greater importance than touch, because we are always anxious to have certain dishes specially hot or cold; while it is a matter of comparative indifference to us whether what we eat is liquid, as soup; semi-solid, as pudding; solid as meat, or hard, as candy. Temperature, moreover, is of great importance indirectly through the well-known tendency of heat to develop odours. As for taste and smell, the world has hitherto attached by far the more importance to the former. But it is the object of the present article to dethrone this insolent pretender and to instate the Sense of Smell as chief in the gastronomic hierarchy.

What strikes one most vividly in looking into this matter, is the extreme poverty of the sense of taste as compared with the infinite variety of gastronomic odours. Even if we include the alkaline and the metallic sensations among tastes proper we have only six—the other four being bitter, sour, sweet, and saline. Of course, the alkaline and the metallic have no gastronomic value whatever. Salt, too, is not relished *per se*, except by cows and African savages. The Irishman's definition of salt as "that which spoils the soup if it isn't put in," is the most that can be said for it. A cook is pronounced a bungler if he makes his dishes taste of salt; and it is only when it sacrifices its individuality and helps to bring out the special flavours

of other substances that salt is appreciated. As for bitter, it requires no scientific argument to convince any one that it plays no very important rôle among the pleasures of the table. The unsophisticated tongue of children dislikes all bitter substances; and if the jaded sense of adults craves a few bitter things, it is chiefly for the sake of contrast, as a musical ear craves discords. Bellini, the composer, used to stimulate his creative faculties by nibbling alternately at *tén-bons* and bitter almonds. How much he preferred the candy to the almonds may be inferred from his abhorrence of discords and the cloying sweetness of his melodies. Pilsner beer is bitter, but it would hardly be so popular were not its taste properly veiled by a delicious aroma (*i.e.* odour) of hops and malt.

This leaves us only sour and sweet as the pleasures of taste proper. Yet even with these sensations it is of importance to note that we care but little for them *unless they are allied with fragrance*. Sour, in fact, is in itself a good example of the composite nature of "tastes," for it is generally made up of sensations of smell and touch, besides taste proper. And what distinguishes one kind of sour from another is not the taste—which varies only in degree of concentration and intensity—but the *accompanying odour*. No one can tell the difference between a lime and a lemon unless some of the fragrance gets into his nose either from within or without. Nothing could be more unappetizing and insipid—*i.e.* unfragrant—than a salad made with ordinary manufactured vinegar, such as most people, in their ignorance, buy of dishonest dealers; whereas if prepared with red-wine vinegar it is delicious, for wine vinegar is fragrant. There are thousands of people who imagine they don't like this most wholesome and succulent dish, who on investigation would find that their aversion is due solely to the unfragrant and injurious "wood" vinegar with which they have been in the habit of dressing their lettuce. All of which goes to show that sour, regarded as a taste merely, has no great gastronomic value.

Our object in cultivating and improving wild cherries, plums, apples, &c., is threefold: (1) to eliminate their bitter qualities; (2) to develop their fragrance; (3) to modify their excessive acidity by accumulating saccharine material in them. Sweetness, in a word, is what is aimed at; for sweetness is the "only original and genuine" pleasure of taste—this overrated sense, which has hitherto been credited with almost all the endless variety of gastronomic delights!

But our indictment does not end here. For great as is the number of sweet things enjoyed by the human palate, even here, in this one stronghold of the sense of taste, does the sense of smell claim at least an equal share of the pleasure. Like sour, sweetness may vary in degree of intensity, but qualitatively, as a taste, it is always one and the same. Between the sweetness of a banana and

a melon, honey or maple-sugar, there is no difference, so far as the sense of taste is concerned. Were taste alone to be considered, confectioners might as well close their shops and leave the sale of sugar to grocers; since for plain sugar—*i.e.*, for taste without fragrance, no one cares much, except children; and even children very soon learn to prefer candy—*i.e.*, sugar perfumed with the aroma of sarsaparilla, wintergreen, vanilla, cloves, cinnamon, strawberries, and other fruit juices, spices, and fragrant herbs.

Among writers on gastronomy, Brillat-Savarin appears to be the only one who had an approximate notion of the very important rôle thus played by the sense of smell. Yet his remarks on the subject, in the "*Physiologie du Goût*," are entirely incorrect. He believed in an infinite variety of *tastes*, and had no idea that, with the exception of bitter, sour, sweet, and their combinations, we owe all our gastronomic pleasures to the olfactory nerves. He even confused the matter still further, by insisting that "every sapid body is necessarily odorous," and that "smell and taste form only one sense, having the mouth as laboratory, with the nose for fire-place or chimney"—two propositions which show that even this high-priest of epicures did not render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.

Yet it is evident that, although he was unable to grasp it definitely, the truth floated vaguely before his mind. And the same is true of several noted psychologists and physiologists. Bain, for instance, remarks that "what we call *relish* is distinct from taste; butter and cooked flesh are relishes; salt and quinine are tastes." Instead of seeing, however, that that which distinguishes a "relish" from a taste is simply its action on the nerves of smell, he tried to find the difference between the two in some peculiar action of relishes on the alimentary canal, owing to its continuity of structure with the tongue.

Pages might be filled with quotations showing that writers, who have made a special study of the senses, are as ignorant as the masses of the gastronomic importance of odours. A few brief references may be cited as specimens. One of the most erudite of modern psychologists, Mr. Sully, speaks, in his latest work, of the "*delicate gustatory sensibility of wine- or tea-tasters*." Horwicz, to whom we owe the best and most complete analysis of the feelings ever made, deliberately speaks of the "taste" of bouillon, milk, coffee, &c., denying that any other sense is concerned in their perception. Mr. Grant Allen, who has been called the "St. Paul of Darwinism," asserts that with man "smell survives with difficulty as an almost functionless relic;" and Darwin himself tell us that "the sense of smell is of extremely slight service" to man. But it remained for the Bishop of Carlisle to cap the climax, only a few months ago, by informing us that with civilized man the sense of smell "has become nearly extinct."

As long as such extraordinary notions prevail among contemporary students of science and specialists, we can hardly blame Kant for having written, a hundred years ago, that smell is the least "grateful" and indispensable of the senses, and that it is not worth while to cultivate it.

A better knowledge of the facts, however, compels us to urge, on the contrary, that it is of the utmost importance that this sense should be cultivated and its gastronomic function universally recognized. Were this done, the average health and happiness of the community would be increased twenty per cent., or more. For it is no exaggeration to say that not one "cook" in a hundred knows how to cook, nor one person in a hundred how to eat.

Cooking and eating are acts in which practice has made few experts. And why? Simply because it has never been pointed out with sufficient definiteness and emphasis, that everything in these arts depends on the sense of smell. A few gifted mortals, known as epicures, have had an instinctive knowledge of the importance of odours, and the same is true of a few original and immortal cooks. But, among the masses, culinary reform has been exceedingly slow, because everybody has been groping in the dark, and even the epicures and chefs just referred to, followed only empirical rules, without understanding the general principle underlying them all, that the proper object of cookery is to preserve and develop the countless delicious perfumes latent in the raw material of food, or to add others, where the food is deficient in natural flavour; and that the object of rational dining is to enjoy these gastronomic perfumes as intensely and as long as possible, on account of the advantages resulting therefrom to health and happiness.

Two obstacles have hitherto stood in the way of culinary reform—the amazing gastronomic indifference of mankind, and the notion that there is something unrefined in the undisguised enjoyment of a meal. Regarding the first point, Sir Henry Thompson rather under- than over-states the case, when he remarks that

"Until a tolerably high standard of civilization is reached, man cares more for quantity than quality, desires little variety, and regards as impertinent an innovation in the shape of a new aliment, expecting the same food at the same hour daily, his enjoyment of which apparently greatly depends on his ability to swallow the portion with great rapidity, that he may apply himself to some other and more important occupation without delay."

The second obstacle, the notion that the indulgence of taste is "an ignoble source of pleasure"—as Mr. Ruskin wrote, in his "*Modern Painters*," though he has lived to regret it—is an echo of mediæval asceticism which still resounds in many households. Perhaps the most amusing illustration of it is the well-known story of young Walter Scott, who one day ventured to express his gratification at

the excellence of his soup, whereupon his stern parent immediately mixed a pint of water with it to take the devil out of it.

A corollary of his superstition is the notion that there is something exquisitely refined and feminine in the absence of a healthy appetite in a girl. To what an extent unscrupulous mistresses of female seminaries have benefited by this criminal notion is as well-known as its consequences in peopling the world with invalid women and their nervous offspring.

These obstacles to gastronomic progress may best be overcome by pointing out in what way an epicurean method of eating benefits our health. For it is well known that genuine epicures are almost invariably hale and manly fellows and jovial companions. The secret of their vitality and vigour lies in this, that they live on the quintessence of food, which escapes most people. In other words they enjoy the full fragrance of every morsel they eat by constantly breathing through the nose. Not that they know this, for even Brillat-Savarin, as we have seen, was ignorant of the true philosophy of the subject. But they do it unconsciously and *invariably*, and to this they owe their buoyant health, their good looks—for a slight *embonpoint* is preferable to leanness—and their intense enjoyment of their meals, each of which becomes a feast.

There are two ways in which the efforts to extract all its fragrance from a morsel of food benefits the epicure. (1) To make the sensation one of "linked sweetness long drawn out," it is necessary to keep the morsel in the mouth as long as possible. Now the habit thus formed of eating very slowly is of the utmost importance if the organs of digestion are to be kept in a healthy condition. If farinaceous articles of food are swallowed before the saliva has had time to act on them, they are little better than so much waste material taken into the system; and if meat is not thoroughly masticated, the stomach is overloaded with work which should have been done by the teeth; the result, in either case, being dyspepsia.

It has been plausibly suggested that Mr. Gladstone owes his remarkable physical vigour to certain rules for chewing food which he adopted in 1848, and to which he has adhered ever since. "Previously to that," we are told, "he had always paid great attention to the requirements of Nature, but at that date he laid down as a rule for his children that thirty-two bites should be given to each mouthful of meat, and a somewhat lesser number to bread, fish, &c.

(2) Besides this indirect advantage resulting from the effort to get at the fragrant odours of food, there is a still more remarkable *direct* advantage. It is one of the most curious psychologic facts that odours exert a strong influence on our system, either exhilarating or depressing. While an unpleasant odour may cause a person to faint, the fumes of the smelling bottle will restore him to consciousness.

The magic and value of gastronomic odours lies in this, that they stimulate the flow of saliva and other alimentary juices, thus making sure that the food eaten will be thoroughly utilized in renovating the system.

This stimulating effect of gastronomic odours also explains the French saying that the appetite comes while eating, as well as our habit of reserving sweetmeats, nuts, cheese, &c. for the end of a meal, when rich odours are needed to brace up the flagging appetite. So great and salubrious is the effect of gastronomic odours in stimulating all the glands and functions of the body, that a dinner of savoury, fragrant courses may produce in the diner a feeling of warmth and exhilaration, resembling the effects of wine, but with none of the depressing after-effects following excessive indulgence in that liquor. And, thus it comes about that the epicure in search of "ignoble pleasure," finds it the source of health and of general contentment with the world.

A few widely prevalent erroneous notions concerning epicures must be corrected in this place. One is that they incline to gluttony and intemperance. But a true epicure would no more dream of taking away the sharp edge of future appetite by over-indulgence than a barber would of opening a tin can with a razor. He weighs his pleasures and pains too nicely to be caught in such vices. Another is that an epicure always needs the choicest delicacies to stimulate his appetite. On the contrary, the art of epicurism consists in the ability to get pleasure out of the most commonplace articles of food, by preparing and eating them properly. Of course, the epicure prefers Chambertin to Maçon, and canvas-back duck to roast goose, for the same reason that he prefers the fragrance of a wood violet to that of a coarse hot-house flower; but, on the other hand, he alone knows what an Oriental rose-garden of magic perfumes may be found in the simplest crust of whole-meal or Graham bread and butter; though ordinary mortals may easily convince themselves of their existence by eating a slice and allowing the exhaled air to pass slowly through the nose.

From an olfactory point of view, it seems, agreeable aliments may be divided into two classes—those which are more fragrant externally, and those which develop superior odours after they are crushed by the teeth or tongue. Strawberries, apples, peaches, have a more refined and flower-like fragrance before they are put in the mouth than after. Cheeses, on the other hand, are not generally regarded as fragrant until they are being eaten. The odour of Limburger is insupportable to many, who, after they have once courageously smuggled it past the nasal fortress, find it very appetizing and good. But the most curious illustration between exoteric and esoteric odours, so to speak, is the tropical fruit called the durian. Exter-

nally it resembles Limburger in having an intensely disagreeable odour, but during mastication it yields "wafts of flavour that call to mind cream-cheese, onion-sauce, brown sherry, and other incongruities," according to Mr. A. R. Wallace, who adds that "the more you eat of it, the less you feel inclined to stop; in fact, to eat durions is a rare sensation worth a voyage to the East to experience." The disagreeable external odour is in this case evidently neutralized by the fragrance that is set free as the fruit is crushed in the mouth.

Any one who will take up a book on the culinary art will be surprised, in the first place, at the frequent references to the odours of the viands; in the second place, at the thought that it has occurred to no one heretofore to generalize and boldly state that the sense of smell plays the first fiddle in the kitchen and the dining-room.

Sir Henry Thompson, for instance, in his admirable work on "Food and Feeding," which should be read in every household, speaks in various places of the "appetizing odours of fresh meat and vegetables," discerned in the national soup of France. He objects to the dried and compressed vegetables, so much used at present, because "all the finest qualities of *scent* and flavour, with some of the fresh juices, are lost in the drying process." In braising, or rational stewing, "the meat becomes impregnated with the odours and flavour of fresh vegetables and sweet herbs." In roasting and broiling the essential thing is to expose the meat to great heat at the very beginning, so as to coagulate the albumen, and prevent the juices and aroma from escaping; then it must be finished under a lower temperature. Frying, too, which is commonly decried as a barbarous method of cooking, because the dishes are apt to be soaked with unpalatable fat, becomes a valuable culinary method if the lard is heated to about 400 degrees, for then the object plunged into it is immediately surrounded with a delicious crust which keeps out the fat, while it keeps in the juice and flavour.

The difference between French and English cookery lies chiefly—so far as meat is concerned,—in the attitude of the cook regarding the inherent flavour and aroma of the viand. The French are greatly addicted to the habit of disguising the natural flavour of meats with adventitious sauces, the reason being that French meat is often deficient in natural flavour. In England, on the other hand, where the five-year old mutton and other kinds of meat have a more agreeable and richer flavour of their own, the *chef* best shows his skill by preserving this flavour, which, after all, is more inviting and appetizing than any sauce ever invented by a culinary genius. The French cook, says Sir Henry, "is too often tempted to extend his art to dark-fleshed game, and, seeking to adorn it with new flavours, destroys the original savour and aroma, in which consists the value of the dish."

In dark meats, it should be added, the natural aroma is always

richer and more delicate than in white meat, which explains why the selfish epicure of the masculine gender gloats with diabolical glee over the silly fashion which decrees that ladies must be helped to the white meat of fowl. It explains also why the professional gourmet prefers game to poultry; for in game *all* the meat is dark and savoury—i.e., fragrant—because birds lead a more active life than domestic fowl, which only have dark meat on those limbs that are actively exercised.

The common notion, however, that all epicures prefer their game in a stage of incipient decomposition is an error. The liking for *haut goût* indicates a morbid condition of the appetite, due to over-indulgence; and no one who excessively pampers his palate can be called a genuine epicure.

There is another kind of *haut goût* which is even more objectionable than that which comes from the microbes in antiquated meats. The great agony endured by deer, &c., that have been hunted until exhaustion overtakes them produces a chemical change in their meat, similar to that produced by decomposition, and which often makes the meat so “gamey” that it becomes unpalatable and unwholesome. Mutton becomes similarly vitiated if the hide is not taken off the animal immediately after it has been killed.

The fact has just been referred to that epicures prefer game to fowl. On the other hand, they are apt to prefer fowl to the meat of mammals. This is illustrated by the three model *menus* which Brillat-Savarin gives for persons with an income respectively of £200, £600, and £1200. The third *menu* includes nothing but fowl, fish, game, vegetables, and dessert. A greater surprise, however, will be found in the first *menu*—“a dish of *sauerkraut*!” What! the king of French gastronomers recommending a dish which, it is commonly supposed, finds favour only in the palate of a beer-drinking Teuton!

This recommendation of a German dish by a Frenchman is not to be regarded as of trifling import; for it suggests a gastronomic law of great importance. Like other great epicures, Brillat-Savarin was not restricted in his tastes by national peculiarities and prejudices, but willing and eager to honour every piquant or savoury dish, no matter whether invented by a Frenchman, a Chinaman, or a Hottentot. Persons whose gastronomic education has been neglected, when travelling, demand exactly the same things they have been accustomed to eat at home. But the foreign cook, not being familiar with those dishes, prepares them badly; so the tourist goes home grumbling at the “wretched foreign cookery.” An epicure, on the other hand, is only too glad to get away from the monotony of domestic cookery, and explore a new world of national flavours. He has the courage to try the dishes peculiar to each country, and

generally finds them palatable and wholesome, because those the foreign cooks do know how to prepare.

It is from the point of view of variety that gastronomes object to vegetarianism. The idea of voluntarily eliminating one-half of the flavours that delight the palate and maintain the vigour of life, seems to them so preposterous, that they are almost ready to agree with Dr. Beard that even cannibalism "is certainly far preferable to a purely vegetable diet." However, epicures are too wise to quarrel with vegetarians. For, like other herbivorous animals, vegetarians are harmless, and rarely aggressive; and as they are constantly endeavouring to alleviate their self-chosen martyrdom by discovering new variety in their own field, the omnivorous epicure actually gains an advantage by their existence.

There is one aspect of the question which is of such extreme importance, that it should have received attention long ago. It is possible to combine vegetable and animal flavours, and thus produce an infinite variety of new flavours. I do not refer to the combinations made in the kitchen—as in stews and vegetable soups—but to far more subtle and delicious combinations in the living animal.

It is well-known that many birds and beasts are unpalatable at certain times of the year, owing to the food they eat. On the other hand, it is proven that the canvas-back duck, the most delicious morsel known to mortal palate, owes its exquisite aroma entirely to the so-called wild celery on which it feeds in the Chesapeake Bay; for if the same bird is killed in the State of New York, or in New Jersey, its flavour is not superior to that of other ducks. Again, the flavour of Congo chickens is described by an African tourist as being of peculiar excellence, and he adds, that these chickens are fed almost exclusively on pine-apples.

Why should not the principle here involved be applied in a systematic manner? By rearing poultry and other animals on food of a special fragrance, this quality might be imparted to their meat; and the producers, like certain wine-growers, might make fortunes by securing an international reputation for the excellence of their special "brands." Such original *nuances* of flavour would not only delight the epicures, but stimulate anew the flagging appetites of invalids, prove a potent weapon in combating the most prevalent of modern disorders—dyspepsia—besides opening a wide field for the exercise of human ingenuity, and *creating a new industry*.

If we now pass from solid food to liquid beverages, we are everywhere confronted with the evidence that drinking becomes a fine art in proportion as we recognize the fact that the gastronomic essence of each liquid is its aroma—or "bouquet," as it is called in wine, with an instinctive perception of the truth. Let us consider

in succession four of our principal beverages—coffee, tea, beer and wine—as illustrations of the gastronomic value of odours.

The commercial value of coffee, an expert tells us, is determined by the amount of the aromatic volatile oil which develops in it in the process of roasting. This aromatic oil is called *cafféone*. But coffee has another active principle, an alkaloid called *cafféine*, which has a strong effect on the vascular and nervous systems, and is used as a medicine. Now the art of making good coffee consists in eliminating, as far as possible, the effects of the *cafféine*, and developing those of the fragrant *cafféone*. To the *cafféine* are due the wakefulness and other disorders resulting from an excessive use of coffee; while the aromatic *cafféone* produces its exhilarating effects by stimulating the nerves of smell, and is therefore not only harmless, but directly beneficial; for it cures headaches, dispels fatigue, and stimulates the torpid nutritive nerves to new life and energy.

The directions given by connoisseurs for the preparation of coffee all bear out the theory that everything depends on the preservation and development of the aroma. Five points are of special importance—(1) Aging:—"By prolonged keeping," says Mr. James Parton, in his excellent article on coffee, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "it is found that the richness of any seeds in this peculiar (aromatic) oil is increased, and with increased aroma the coffee also yields a blander and more mellow beverage." (2) Roasting: "Equally by inefficient and by excessive roasting much of the aroma of the coffee is lost, and its infusion is *neither agreeable to the palate nor exhilarating in its influence*." (3) Grinding: As ground coffee parts rapidly with its odour, "the grinding should only be done when the coffee is about to be prepared;" whereas in many households, to save trouble, it is bought ground, and mixed with mysterious ingredients. (4) Coffee must not be a decoction. "To obtain coffee with a full aroma it must be prepared as an infusion with boiling water." (5) Quantity: Mr. Parton recommends from an ounce to one and a half of coffee to a pint of the infusion.

Another writer thus explains the fact; that in the domestic circle coffee is so often a bitter failure: "Somehow or other, lovely woman will not stoop to the folly of putting in a whole cup of coffee for two people, 'not for any one.' Coffee must be brewed by man for man."

At a public place the only certain way of getting a cup of pure coffee is to follow the example of the traveller who arrived at an inn and asked the hostess to bring him all the chicory in the house. She did so, whereupon he told her to leave it and go and make a cup of coffee for him. Some (economical) people, it is true, assert that they like chicory decoction quite as well as coffee—"a matter of taste," they add. Precisely, of good and bad taste, as usual when this plea is advanced. An Esquimaux who prefers his eggs à la

Schliemann, would probably offer the same apology. Chicory lacks the soul of coffee—its aromatic oil. Those who drink it with any satisfaction owe this entirely to the cream and sugar with which it is flavoured; and there is reason to suspect that their sense of smell is defective—analogueous to colour-blindness and tone-deafness—or at least that it lacks training and sufficient refinement to enable them to appreciate the delicate fragrance of coffee.

Others who *are* able to appreciate real coffee, are too good-natured in accepting anything that is placed before them. In ordering wine or a duck they are particular in specifying what they want; but when it comes to coffee, they allow any one of the thirty-seven known varieties to be placed before them as “Mocha.” If they insisted on getting what they paid for, adulteration would be more severely punished, life would gain an added pleasure, and, greatest of all blessings, old maids would be able to meet in the afternoon and discuss the different qualities and ages of their beverage, just as their brothers and fathers do with their vintages.

Tea, although much more easily made than coffee, is still more difficult to get properly prepared, at least in public places. Not one restaurateur in a hundred seems to know or care what an utter abomination is the opaque, inky fluid, bitter as gall, and devoid of agreeable fragrance, which he sells to unoffending guests. From indolence or ignorance the cook allows the leaves to remain in contact with the hot water for an hour, which is quite as idiotic as it would be to boil them. Tea thus made, instead of being mildly and harmlessly exhilarating, shatters the nervous system, and, if regularly taken, may be as injurious as alcohol in large doses. In making tea the same object is to be aimed at as in making coffee—the elimination of injurious ingredients (theine and tannin), and the preservation of the volatile aromatic oil, on which alone the value of the tea depends. To obtain this aroma, pour the water, just before it begins to boil, on the leaves placed in a heated vessel; let it stand three or four minutes, then pour into the cup and drink it slowly.

As commonly prepared, tea is so bitter and disagreeable that the addition of milk becomes almost necessary to make it palatable. But to put milk or cream into properly prepared tea is to commit an unpardonable gastronomic solecism; not only for the fanciful reason that a chemical compound results from the mixture, resembling the basis of leather, but because the addition of milk disguises the peculiar aroma of the tea, and makes one kind taste almost exactly like another, very much in the same way as French cooks sometimes spoil the natural flavour of fish with their eternal sauces, till you are unable to tell whether you are eating salmon or shark, cat-fish or dog-fish. Sugar, on the other hand, may and should be

added to tea. For it makes the taste of the tea more agreeable without in the least interfering with its fragrance. Milk-and-tea soon becomes very insipid to the senses of those who have once accustomed themselves to drink plain tea. Moreover, there is a special enjoyment to be derived from each kind of tea; and how acutely the sense of *smell* can be educated in the art of discriminating teas is shown in the case of professional tea-tasters, who can distinguish not only the country and the locality where the leaves were grown, but the year and season, and even the ship that brought them across the ocean.

Tea and coffee might be called feminine beverages, inasmuch as the fair sex seem on the whole to be more addicted to their use than men. But for the drink next on our list the female population of most countries does not show such a decided appreciation. The reason commonly given by ladies why they do not like beer is that it is "so bitter;" but the real reason is that women are rarely enabled to drink beer under favourable circumstances. The essence of beer lies in its aromatic gas. If that is allowed to escape the beer tastes stale, flat, and bitter, and gives rise to headaches and indigestion; whereas, with the gas, it is palatable, wholesome, and an aid to digestion. To get it in this state it must be taken from a keg freshly tapped and drunk on the spot without much delay; and since women of the higher classes in this country do not frequent localities where beer is kept on tap, they never have an opportunity to find out how good beer really "tastes," for bottled beer consumed at home is always vastly inferior to keg beer. In Munich, however, which is the paradise of beer-drinkers, women are as fond of beer as the men, because it is considered perfectly proper for the best families to visit the festively illuminated beer-gardens in the evening.

In Munich, too, every mug and glass has a lid to prevent the gas from escaping too rapidly. This gas must not be confounded with the artificial foam which dishonest bar tenders produce in a glass by holding it far below the faucet, a practice which not only compels the guest to pay for half a glass of empty foam, but which allows the real gas to escape prematurely. Every beer glass in Munich has a mark up to which the liquid must reach by a legal enactment, consequently little or no foam is dished up with the beer, and the brewers admit that the best beer has no foam at the top. Waiters, in pouring out bottled beer invariably make the mistake of holding up the bottle as high as possible so as to get a foam.

From wine and most other drinks beer differs in this, that it must be swallowed in large doses to be fully appreciated. The most confirmed beer-drinker is overcome with nausea if he attempts to empty a glass with a spoon; and under no circumstances should a glass serve for more than three or four swallows. The greatest amount of

bliss is apparently vouchsafed to those who can gulp down a whole pint at once. Such magicians are as common as blackberries in Germany; and they often give vent to their satisfaction by a sort of gastronomic grunt—a prolonged *ääh!* The Munich *Fliegende Blätter* once had a picture of an artist sitting in front of a country tavern drinking beer. The host watches him with a look of dissatisfaction, and finally asks: “Don’t you like my beer?” “Certainly,” replied the artist; “it is very good.” “Why, then,” retorted the host, “don’t you say *ääh!* when you finish a glass?”

After all, however, it would be well if the Germans heeded Bismarck’s advice, that wine should become their national drink, instead of beer. Though infinitely preferable to whisky, rum, or gin, as a regular beverage, beer no doubt has a tendency to make its devotees phlegmatic; and in Germany it gives a “beery” or turgid quality to the very style of national literature. Now since, on the other hand, tea is apt to interfere with digestion if taken with meat; and since coffee is, by universal consent, placed at the end of a meal, it follows logically that the proper thing to drink with the dinner is wine. Water might be suggested as an alternative; but water is a fluid which every prudent man must regard with grave suspicion. According to a tradition embodied in a German student song, wine first came into vogue through Father Noah, who objected to drinking of the water in which so many sinful men and beasts had been drowned. Possibly this objection no longer exists in all its primitive force; but modern science is beginning to trace all diseases to the ravages of microscopic organisms which are introduced into our systems in the water we drink. Who knows but that these odious microbes are the very atoms and molecules of the sinful beings that were destroyed during the deluge? Ice does not kill them; on the contrary, it is one of their strongholds; and the daily drinking of ice-water may be the cause of infecting the system with dire disease incurable.

It is to be regretted that the drinking of ice-water is one of the “Americanisms” which are yearly becoming more prevalent in Europe. In America ice-water is always the first thing a waiter places before you at breakfast, lunch and dinner; and thousands use it as the first course, as if their stomachs were intended as refrigerators for the food following. This absurd habit ruins the digestion and constitution of thousands, and probably does more harm than all the alcoholic liquors condemned by the temperance fanatics. If American women would drink a pint of harmless light claret in place of ice-water, there would be less *anæmia* and invalidism among them, fewer pale faces and fragile forms. As for the men, in most countries, the brain-workers, at any rate, often need wine, and are benefited by it. They live under artificial conditions, and therefore need artificial aid, since brain work weakens the stomach—the brain being a sort

of parasite of the body, draining the vital powers and supplying none directly. It is astonishing, by-the-way, that no one has ever pointed out the fallacy of the common argument that wine does not benefit the digestion, which is drawn from the fact that in experiments with artificial digestion alcohol seemed rather to retard than to advance it. This is most peculiar logic. The alcohol, in small quantities, aided by the bouquet of the wine, promotes digestion, not by direct chemical action, but by stimulating the nerves to fresh activity, in the same way as we have seen it to be the case with aromatic solid food. In artificial digestion there are no nerves to stimulate; hence the cases are not comparable.

Mr. Matthew Arnold never made a wiser remark than when he wrote that, "Wine—used in moderation—adds to the agreeableness of life—for adults at any rate—and whatever adds to the agreeableness of life adds to its resources and powers." That is the philosophy of epicurism in a nutshell. Wine, however, should never be taken before work as a stimulus, but only after work, to prevent the brain from morbidly brooding over its problems or troubles, to ensure deep sleep, and to supply the nutritive nerves with extra power.

But the most important thing to remember in drinking wine is, after all, that its essence, its soul, lies in the perfume or "bouquet." On this bouquet the commercial and gastronomic value of wines depend almost entirely. Old wines are as a rule the best, because age mellows their tartness, and intensifies the perfume. Tokay is considered the queen of wines, because, while its percentage of alcohol is smaller, even than that of Bordeaux and Burgundy wines, it has a rich and most exquisite bouquet, which the art of the chemist is as powerless to reproduce as the fragrance of a wild violet.

To know how to drink wine is the thing next in importance. It is an art but little understood by the multitude. Unlike beer, it should always be sipped; and the smaller the quantity taken at a time, the more delicious will be its fragrance. Dealers in genuine wines (*raræ aves*) have a habit of placing before an intending purchaser several samples in small glasses. If he gulps down the whole glass at once, he will in all probability not get the choicest brands; for the dealer justly reasons that would be throwing pearls where they would not be appreciated. Such a drinker is like a tourist, who "does" a whole gallery in the time that should be devoted to a single picture. Epicures allow their Chambertin or Léoville to melt on the tongue, as it were, and roll down the throat slowly, all the while enjoying the fragrance by exhaling through the nose (unconsciously). It should be added, however, that in the case of wine, as of fruit, the external odour is also of much importance. Hence the wider the glass, the larger is the evaporating surface and the more luscious the bouquet.

HENRY T. FINCKS.

MANUAL TRAINING IN SCHOOL EDUCATION.

"Manual labour is the study of the external world."
EMERSON.

THE first object of education being to bring the mind of man into direct relation with its surroundings, and as this communion is only possible through the senses, the importance of the cultivation of the senses is duly insisted upon by all educational authorities. Now, of the several organs through which we obtain a knowledge of the external world, the sense of touch and the muscular sense have a certain prominence as giving us perceptions which are mainly intellectual. For this reason we should expect that the training of the muscular and tactile sensibility of the hand, and the training of the muscular sense generally, as exercised in the determination of size, shape, and resistance, would form an essential factor of education. But so little has this been the case that, until comparatively recent times, the training of the faculties by which we obtain, at first hand, our knowledge of the things about us has been sadly neglected, and education has consisted mainly in storing the memory with words, with the statements and opinions of others, and with inferences therefrom. Apart altogether from the value of the constructive power which manual skill affords, the knowledge of the properties of matter which is obtained in the acquisition of that skill is considerable, and cannot be equally well acquired in any other way. It is this which gives to manual training its value as an educational discipline, and it is mainly for this reason that it is coming to be regarded as an important part of the educational system of nearly every country. "The introduction of manual work into our schools is important," says Sir John Lubbock, "not merely from the advantage which would result to health, but merely from the training of the hand as an instrument, but also from its effect

on the mind itself." * And it is to this effect on the mind that I desire to call especial attention, in this article. *

By manual training one commonly means exercises in the use of the tools employed in working wood and iron.

It cannot be too often repeated that the object of workshop practice, as a part of general education, is not to teach a boy a trade, but to develop his faculties and to give him manual skill; that, although the carpenter's bench and the turner's lathe are employed as instruments of such training, the object of the instruction is not to create carpenters or joiners, but to familiarize the pupil with the properties of such common substances as wood and iron, to teach the hand and eye to work in unison, to accustom the pupil to exact measurements, and to enable him by the use of tools to produce actual things from drawings that represent them. The discipline of workshop instruction may be regarded as supplementary to that of drawing, with which, however, it should always be associated, as teaching a knowledge of *substance* in addition to that of *form*. Moreover, under competent instructors, it may be made an instrument of education similar, in many respects, to practical science. In the workshop, the operations to be performed are less delicate, the measurements are not required to be so exact, the instruments are more easily understood, the substances employed are more ordinary; but the training is very similar, and in so far as the faculties exercised are those of observation rather than of inference, the training, educationally considered, is a fitting introduction to laboratory practice. At the same time, the skill acquired in the workshop is particularly serviceable to the laboratory student in enabling him to make and fit apparatus, and in giving him that adroitness on which progress in scientific work so much depends. But whilst a certain amount of manual training is valuable in the education of all classes of persons—a fact which is already recognized by the head-masters of several of our best secondary schools—the usefulness of this kind of training is much greater in the case of the children of the working classes, whose education is too limited and often too hurried to admit of any practical science teaching, such as older children obtain, and to whom the skill acquired is of real advantage in inducing in them an aptitude and taste for handicrafts, in facilitating the acquisition of a trade, and possibly in shortening the period of apprenticeship, or of that preliminary training which in so many occupations takes the place of it.

An objection is sometimes raised to the introduction of manual training into elementary schools on the ground that, as the children of the working classes necessarily leave school at an early age, and spend their lives for the most part in manual work, such time as

they can give to study should be occupied in other pursuits—in cultivating a taste for reading, and in the acquisition of book knowledge. This objection is due to a misconception of the true objects and aims of education, and to an imperfect knowledge of what is meant by workshop instruction. To assume that the best education can be given through the medium of books only, and cannot be equally well obtained from the study of things, is a survival of the Mediævalism against which nearly all modern educational authorities protest. But there is another and more deeply rooted error in this argument. People often talk and write as if school-time should be utilized for teaching those things which a child is not likely to care to learn in after-life; whereas the real aim of school education should be to create a desire to continue in after-life the pursuit of the knowledge and the skill acquired in school. In other words, the school should be made, as far as possible, a preparation for the whole work of life, and should naturally lead up to it. The endeavour of all educators should be to establish such a relation between school instruction and the occupations of life as to prevent any break of continuity in passing from one to the other. The methods by which we gain information and experience in the busy world should be identical with those adopted in schools.

It is because the opposite theory has so long prevailed, that our school training has proved so inadequate a preparation for the real work of life. This was not the case in former times; and the demand for technical instruction, both in our elementary and in our secondary schools, is a protest against the contrast which has so long existed between the subjects and methods of school teaching and the practical work of every-day life.

We are always justly complaining, that in this country children leave school at too young an age, before they can have had time to properly assimilate the knowledge they have acquired, with the result that they soon forget a great part of the little they have learnt. At the age of fifteen or sixteen, when they begin to feel the want of technical instruction, they are wholly unprepared to avail themselves of the opportunities for obtaining it now brought within their reach. It is to remedy this state of things that Continuation Schools and Recreative Classes are much needed. But there can be little doubt, if elementary education were made more practical, that parents would be more willing, even at some sacrifice, to let their children benefit by it. They are often led to take their children away from school, because they do not see much use in the "schooling." Of course, the desire to secure the child's early earnings operates in very many cases; but I am convinced that it would be easier to persuade parents to forego these earnings, if the school-teaching had more direct reference to the work, in which the children are likely to be subsequently occupied.

Now, in order that manual training may serve the purpose of an intellectual discipline, the methods of instruction must be carefully considered. That the training of the hand and eye, and the development of the mental faculties, are the true objects of the instruction should never be lost sight of. In many respects, the instruction should partake of the character of an ordinary object-lesson. Before the pupil commences to apply his tools to the material in hand, he should learn something of its nature and properties. The teacher, in a few words introductory to each lesson, should explain to his pupils the distinguishing characteristics of different kinds of wood, as met with in the shop and as found in Nature, and also the differences in the structure and properties of wood according to its sections, treatment, &c.* And he should illustrate his lessons by reference to specimens and examples, a collection of which should be found in every school workshop. Something should be said of the countries from which timber is imported, and the conditions under which it is bought and sold, and in this way the material to be manipulated should be made the centre of a series of scientific object-lessons.

Concurrently with the practice in the use of any tool, the pupil should learn its construction, the reason of its shape, and the history of its development from other simpler forms. The saw, the plane, the chisel, and the callipers should each be made the subject of an object-lesson to the pupils. In the same way, the teacher should explain the purposes of the different parts of constructive work, and should have models of tennon, mortice, dovetailing, and other joints to illustrate his explanations.* Fifteen or twenty minutes thus spent might be made the means of stimulating the intelligence and of exercising the observing and reasoning faculties of the children, and of enabling them to fully understand the work they are doing and the instruments they are using.

Further, the children should be taught, from the very first, to work from correct scale drawings, made by themselves from their own rough sketches. How simple soever the object may be which the pupil is to construct, it should exactly correspond with his own drawings. In this way, the workshop instruction supplements and gives a meaning to the drawing lesson, and the school-teaching is made to have a direct bearing upon the subsequent work of the artisan. Dr. Woodward, the instructor of the St. Louis Manual Training School, who has had considerable experience in organizing and superintending workshop instruction, tells us that "the habit of working from drawings and to nice measurements gives to students confidence in themselves altogether new;" and he justly claims "that it is the birthright of every child to be taught the three

* Collections of these models for school purposes are sold by Messrs. Schröder of Darmstadt.

methods of expression—1st, by the written, printed, or spoken word; 2nd, by the pencil and brush, using the various kinds of graphic art; 3rd, through the instrumentality of tools and materials, which enable one to express thought in the concrete.”* The Committee of Council on Education, in their recent report, speaking of the teaching of cooking to girls, say:—“After the three elementary subjects and sewing, no subject is of such importance for the class of girls who attend Public Elementary Schools, and lessons in it; if properly given, will be found to be not only of practical use, but to have the effect of awakening the interest and intelligence of the children.” Surely, what is true of sewing and cooking in the case of girls, is true to a greater extent of drawing and handicrafts in the case of boys.

In many parts of the Continent, manual training has now for some years been associated with elementary instruction. In France, Belgium, Austria, Holland, and Sweden the workshop is a part of the school-building; and in the United States the number of manual training schools of higher grade, somewhat similar to the well-known apprenticeship schools of France, is steadily increasing. Indeed, judging from the published accounts of these schools, and from the writings of some of the most prominent educationists in the United States, an enthusiasm is spreading among Americans in favour of workshop instruction, which is likely to have an important influence on the industrial progress of this eminently practical and inventive people.

In the Report of the Commissioners on Technical Instruction, notices will be found of some of the principal continental schools which are now fitted with workshops. Sir John Lubbock, in the article above quoted, has supplemented this information by reference to the “*Slöjd*” system of manual instruction which is adopted in Sweden. An interesting account of this system has been written by M. Sluys, who is well known to educationists from his connection with the *Ecole Modèle* of Brussels. Since the Report of the Commissioners was published, the movement in favour of workshop teaching in schools has advanced rapidly in France. Nearly every large town has now its higher elementary school (a type of school as yet scarcely to be found in this country), fitted with workshops for wood and iron; and, out of 174 primary schools supported by the City of Paris, 95 are now provided with workshops, 90 for instruction in carpentry and wood-turning, and 5 for metal work. In these schools, the manual teaching has hitherto been given either before or after the ordinary school hours; but the Municipal Council of Paris attaches such importance to this training, that it is proposed to make the workshop instruction a part of the regular school curriculum. This change will necessitate a re-arrangement

* “Proceedings of International Conference on Education,” London, 1884, vol. ii. p. 58.

of the school hours and the provision of workshops in the remaining 79 schools in which they have not yet been fitted. But it is confidently expected that the Municipality of Paris, which has done so much for the technical education of its artisans, will not hesitate to incur this additional expense. The action of the City of Paris gives additional weight to the recommendation of the English Commissioners on this subject.

Experiments of introducing workshops into elementary schools have been tried in this country, with results sufficiently encouraging to justify the extension of the system. In Sheffield, Birmingham, and Glasgow the results have been eminently satisfactory. In London, the experiment has recently been tried on a small scale, and under not the most favourable circumstances, in the Beethoven Street Schools; but the report of Mr. Tate, the energetic head-master, is so encouraging that the School Board of London is very desirous of extending the system of instruction to a large number of the schools under its control. In his report to the Board, Mr. Tate says:—

“This class was started on September 28, 1885, in a shed or workshop built by the Board in a recess in the playground, and the instruction is given by the school-keeper, a carpenter by trade, under the direct supervision of the head-master.

“The boys are chosen mainly from the Seventh Standard, and attendance at the workshop is considered a privilege, and a reward of merit in ordinary school subjects. It is therefore a stimulus and incentive to industry and thoroughness of work. This plan has been so effective that a boy once chosen values the teaching and practice so much that he continues to be chosen each week, and the instruction is therefore continuous, for the class has been virtually the same since it started.

“Boys who have been trained in a good school, and have acquired soundly the rudiments of education, too often when they leave school think that their proper career is a City counting-house, and that to wear black clothes and appear as a gentleman is a fair sum of their ambition. I certainly think that this workshop for upper standard boys will help to dissipate this idea, as it will show boys that, after we have given them the best education which the school offers, we then lead them into the workshop, and so practically show them that the end and aim of our training is to enable them to learn some useful trade and so become good workmen.

“The workshop, I believe, is a valuable training to enable the eye and hand to work in harmony. It is intended to make the school drawing, especially the scale drawing and geometry, apply as much as possible to the work done in the workshop. It is certainly a pleasant relief to ordinary school work. Should a boy not follow a trade when he leaves school, he will at least be able to make his home work comfortable by using the skill and facility which he has acquired in this workshop.”

At the expense of the Rev. S. Barnett and a few of his friends, a workshop has recently been fitted in the school attached to St. Jude's Church, Whitechapel. Arrangements have been made for giving instruction in carpentry and turnery to boys, and in modelling and wood-carving to girls of the upper standards, and the results

of the lessons have fully justified the most sanguine expectations of the advocates of this kind of instruction. Those who have visited these schools have been struck with the cheerful interest shown by the children in their work, and by the effect of the teaching in quickening their perceptive faculties and in stimulating their intelligence. The contrast between the listless and often inattentive attitude of children, occupied with some ordinary class lesson, and the eager eyes and nimble fingers of the same children at the carpenter's or modelling bench is most instructive; and no one who has seen it can have any doubt of the educational value of this kind of training. These results, it must be remembered, have been attained by teachers most of whom have themselves been trying experiments, and have been working by the light of Nature without any well-considered methods. Under properly trained instructors, the results would doubtless have been far more satisfactory.

There is good reason to believe that the stimulating effect of workshop instruction on the intelligence of children will be such that, notwithstanding the loss of the time spent in the shop, their progress in their ordinary studies will be in no way retarded.

Mr. Swire Smith, a member of the late Commission on Technical Instruction, states "that the half-time children of the town of Keighley, numbering from 1500 to 2000, although they receive less than fourteen hours of instruction per week, and are required to attend the factory for twenty-eight hours per week in addition, yet obtain at the examinations a higher percentage of passes than the average of children throughout the whole country receiving double the amount of schooling." This answers the objection so often raised, that the curriculum of elementary schools is already overcrowded. Possibly it may be with literary studies, but not with practical work, and the combination of the two will go far to correct the tendency to overpressure inherent in our system of payment by results.

As a general rule, children should be required to have passed the Fifth Standard before being admitted into the shop. They should receive two lessons a week, and each lesson should be of about two hours' duration. No fixed rule can at present be given as to the number of children who can be taught by one instructor. For convenience of supervision the shop should be fitted for the accommodation of not more than twenty-five children. On starting a class, each pupil requires more individual attention than later on. A class of beginners, therefore, should not consist of the full complement of children. Where the same shop is used for bench work and lathe work, it will be found that a double lathe will occupy four pupils, that eighteen can be accommodated at three carpenters' benches, each of not less than 14 feet 6 inches in length, whilst two may be engaged in sawing. Besides the benches and lathes, the school

should contain a large blackboard, a cupboard, which is better than boxes for holding tools, and a grindstone.

In estimating the expense of adding this subject to our elementary school course, we have to consider the cost—first, of equipping the workshops; second, of the material used; third, of the teaching.

Supposing a shed or some other room to be found, which can be used as a workshop, the cost of equipping the shop with benches and with the necessary tools need not exceed thirty shillings for each pupil's place, and the workshop can be used by different sets of pupils at different times. Moreover, a shop need not be fitted at once with the full complement of benches; for, after a time, the more advanced pupils may be employed in making some of the additional fittings required.

The cost of material is inconsiderable. The children soon learn to construct various articles for their own homes, which, on payment of the cost of the material consumed, become the property of their parents. Some, too, might be employed in making models and other objects, including certain workshop fittings, which might be purchased for the use of other schools. At the same time, care must be taken that the work is always subordinated to the educational purpose of the instruction.

Of the actual cost of the teaching no very exact estimate can as yet be formed. Much depends on the system adopted. If the instruction were given during school hours, it would take the place of some other lesson, and, by a proper arrangement of time-tables, might be given at very little additional expense. In some of the schools in which the experiment has been already tried, special teachers have been appointed, who have received a certain fee for each lesson. But if several schools in the same district combined, one teacher might be engaged, and either the children might be brought to a common centre, as in the case of the cookery classes, or the teacher might go from school to school, as in the case of the science teaching in Birmingham and Liverpool. The latter plan might be more convenient for the schools; but the former plan would be more economical, as enabling one shop and certain tools to be used by several sets of children.

It would be necessary under any circumstances that the instruction should be encouraged by a system of grants, or by some equivalent external aid. A system might be organized of paying grants on the results of the individual work of each pupil; but all the disadvantages of the method of "payment by results" would be emphasized in the case of workshop instruction, and the teaching would lose much of its disciplinary value. The amount of the grant should depend mainly on the average number of children in attendance. A grant of four shillings, as in the case of cookery lessons, and the

recognition of the subject by the Education Department, would afford sufficient encouragement to induce certain School Boards and School Managers to make manual training a part of the curriculum of the schools under their control. The total amount of these grants would be but a slight addition to our education expenses. According to the last report, the whole number of children presented for examination in the Sixth and Seventh Standards was 112,455. Of these, we may assume that about 60,000 are boys. Supposing half this number to elect to receive workshop instruction, the grant would amount to £6000 a year. But even this estimate is excessive as an addition to our present expenditure. For many of the children might take handicrafts in lieu of one of the specific subjects on which grants are now paid.* It may, therefore, I think be asserted that, the workshops being once equipped, the additional cost in grants of introducing handicraft teaching into the curriculum of our elementary schools would not exceed £5000 a year; and for this comparatively small expenditure about 80,000 boys might be annually sent out into the world from our elementary schools endowed with practical skill at their fingers' ends, imbued with a taste and aptitude for the real work of their life, and so educated as to be able to apply to that work the results of scientific teaching and scientific methods.

In organizing a scheme of technical teaching in connection with our Elementary Schools, the difficulty has to be met of obtaining good teachers and competent inspectors. The artisan, who is a skilful workman and nothing more, may succeed in teaching the elements of carpentry and joinery; but he is not the kind of teacher needed. It is of the utmost importance that the instructor should be a good draughtsman, should have some knowledge of physical science, should be an expert workman, and should have studied the art of teaching. To obtain at first such ideal instructors would be impossible; but there is no reason why, gradually, they should not be trained. Two processes suggest themselves. We might take a well-trained elementary teacher, having an aptitude for mechanical arts, and give him a course of instruction in the use of tools, either in a technical school or in an ordinary workshop; or, we might take an intelligent artisan, who had studied science and drawing in some of the excellent evening classes which are now found in almost every town, and give him a short course of lessons on method in relation to workshop instruction.

* It may be well here incidentally to call attention to the relatively small amount of grants earned for specific subjects. Out of 352,860 children, who last year were examined in elementary subjects in the Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Standards, only 64,376 presented themselves in specific subjects, the total amount of grant paid being £14,682 11s. 8d. Of the children on account of whom these grants were earned, Sir John Lubbock tells us, that less than 25,000 were examined in any branch of science.

Good teachers might be obtained by either of these processes. Perhaps the latter is preferable, as it is most important that the teacher who is to inspire confidence should be a good workman to start with and thoroughly familiar with the practice of his trade. For such intelligent and educated artisans there is, I hope, a future of profitable employment. It would be well, however, that in all our technical colleges opportunities should be afforded to teachers in elementary schools of acquiring practice in the use of tools; and that special training classes should be formed for artisans, in the organization of workshops and in the best methods of workshop teaching.

Nearly all educationists have pointed out the many advantages of enabling children at an early age to realize the connection between *knowing* and *doing*. Comenius has well said: "Let those things that have to be done be learnt by doing them." Rousseau has pithily expressed a similar idea in saying: "Souvenez-vous qu'en toute chose vos leçons doivent être plus en actions qu'en discours; car les enfants oublient aisément ce qu'ils ont dit et ce qu'on leur a dit, mais non pas ce qu'ils ont fait et ce qu'on leur a fait." Locke, speaking of the education of a gentleman—for in his day the education of the poorer classes was scarcely thought of—says: "I would have him learn a trade, a manual trade;" and Emerson, in the choice words, "Manual labour is the study of the external world," tersely states the whole aim and purpose of my remarks. Rabelais, Montaigne, Pestalozzi, Fröbel, Combe, Spencer, and others have urged the importance of practical teaching, of studying things before words, of proceeding from the concrete to the abstract. But, as yet, such has been the inertia of school authorities and teachers, and such the force of tradition, that we are only now beginning to employ the methods of instruction that have been advocated for years by the most eminent educational reformers.

In what I have said, I have endeavoured to show that workshop instruction may be made a part of a liberal education; that, as an educational discipline, it serves to train the faculties of observation, to exercise the hand and eye in the estimation of form and size, and the physical properties of common things; that the skill acquired is useful in every occupation of life, and is especially serviceable to those who are likely to become artisans, by inducing taste and aptitude for manual work, by tending to shorten the period of apprenticeship, by enabling the learner to apply to the practice of his trade the correct methods of inquiry which he has learnt at school, and by affording the necessary basis for higher technical education.

Possibly, the latest authoritative expression of opinion on the importance of manual training was a resolution, unanimously agreed to at the International Congress on Commercial and Technical

Education, recently held at Bordeaux, to the effect that it is desirable that manual work should be rendered obligatory in primary schools of all grades.

It is satisfactory to know from a circular* that has recently been sent to school managers, that this important subject is engaging the serious attention of the Royal Commission on Education now sitting, whose labours, it is to be hoped, may result in making our elementary teaching more practical, less mechanical, and better adapted to the future requirements of the working classes.

PHILIP MAGNUS.

* The circular, as published by Lord Brabazon in a letter to the *Times* of October 11, contains the following questions:—

1. Is the course of teaching prescribed by the Code suited to the children of your school?
2. What changes, if any, would you desire in the (Education Acts)? in the code? in the administration?
3. Would you recommend the introduction into your school of practical instruction? A. In any of the industries of the district? or in the use of tools for working in wood or iron? B. (for girls) in the domestic duties of home?

ANDREA DEL SARTO'S CARITÀ.

ANDREA DEL SARTO, "the faultless painter," has been a friend of mine for many years. I met him first, when I was a boy, in the Dresden Gallery, where his picture of "Abraham preparing to sacrifice Isaac" left a lasting impression on my memory. It has been said that Andrea's Isaac reminds us too much of the youngest boy in the Laokoon group; but no chisel could ever, even in the most cunning hand, have produced anything so perfect in outline and so full of life as the little Isaac on that canvas. There was also in the same gallery "The Betrothal of St. Catherine," which exercised a perplexing fascination on my youthful brain. But what made me feel an even more personal interest in this contemporary and rival of Rafael and Michel Angelo was his Biography, by Alfred Reumont. The learned author was a friend of Bunsen, and in Bunsen's house, many years ago, I made his acquaintance, and that of his interesting sketch of Andrea's life, first published in 1835. It is a sad life; on many points a most bewildering life. Browning has tried to solve its riddle in his own way, but much remains dark in the grey twilight which his thoughtful poem has shed over it. Andrea's life is soon told. He was born at Florence in 1488, though, of course, there is doubt about the exact date of his birth, some placing it ten years earlier, in 1478. Brought up to be a goldsmith, he took to painting, became soon known as a rising star of the first magnitude, fell in love with a beautiful woman, married her after her husband's death, and became her slave for life. Called to Paris by Francis I., a brilliant future opened before him, but fondness for his wife made him sacrifice everything. He returned to Florence, broke the solemn promise given to the King to return to Paris, squandered, it would seem, the money entrusted to him by the King, and spent the

last years of his life in the production of the greatest masterpieces of art, but under a dark shadow that never left him again. He died at Florence in the year 1530, forsaken by most of his friends, uncared for, it is said, even by his wife—a great, but a poor and unhappy man.

Rafael, Michel Angelo, and Andrea del Sarto were the three greatest painters of the greatest period in the history of Italian art. What Michel Angelo said of Andrea may be legend, but legends cannot spring up without some foundation of truth. I quote Michel Angelo's words, as interpreted by Browning:—

"For, do you know, Lucrezia, as God lives,
Said one day Angelo, his very self,
To Rafael. . . . I have known it all these years—
Friend, there's a certain sorry little scrub
Goes up and down our Florence, none cares how,
Who, were he set to plan and execute
As you are, pricked on by your popes and kings,
Would bring the sweat into that brow of yours."

Why should Rafael's life have been so bright and joyous, that of Michel Angelo so noble and majestic, and that of Andrea del Sarto so sad and almost ignoble? In spite of all that his own pupil Vasari says against him and against his wife Lucrezia, his sins do not seem to have been so very much greater than those of many of his contemporaries. Vasari, in later editions of his work, withdrew or suppressed some of the charges he had brought against his master, and his anger, even in the first edition of his life of Andrea, is directed far more against his wife than against him. If Andrea's relations with Lucrezia before their marriage were blameworthy, he suffered rightly. But there is no certain evidence of that, and the chief anger of his friends dates from the time when, after her first husband's death, he married her. She seems to have drawn him away from his parents and friends, and to have been considered a vain and cold-hearted woman. But all this does not explain why, particularly in the light buoyant atmosphere of Italian artist life at the time of the Reformation, Andrea del Sarto should have been ostracised, when much more serious faults were forgotten and forgiven, particularly in artists. His behaviour towards Francis I. was inexcusable, but it is not on this breach of faith, not even on the appropriation of the King's money, that Andrea is generally arraigned, but on his infatuation for Lucrezia while still the wife of Carlo di Domenico, and on his marriage with her after her husband's death in 1512.

We know very little, and we shall never know much more, to enable us to gain an insight into Andrea's true self. What we know of him are his pictures, and, taking them all in all, they reveal to us a beautiful soul. In none of them is there anything vulgar, offensive, or unclean. The spirit is good, even though the flesh is some-

times weak. Vasari's testimony against him is not above suspicion. He evidently hated Lucrezia, and could not understand how an artist like Andrea del Sarto could have sacrificed his friends for such a woman. But that she was beautiful even Vasari does not deny, and beauty is a mystery that tells on an artist's soul in many ways undreamt of by the vulgar. "La forza d'un bel volto al ciel mi sprona," so sang Michel Angelo. And why should not Andrea have seen in Lucrezia's face something that drew him away from earth and lifted him up to heaven, there to enjoy a grace seldom granted to mortal man, "grazia ch'ad uom mortal raro si dona." There is hardly a picture of Andrea's over which that face does not shed its luring witchery. Take away that face and you take away the very life out of Andrea's art.

There are men with one ideal in life, and that ideal satisfies all their desires. Why should not the living revelation of the beautiful, even if hidden behind lurid clouds, have satisfied all wishes of Andrea's human heart? Such a devotion deadens all other desires for pleasure, comfort, wealth, and glory. It leaves the one desire of purifying and glorifying the vision that rises from its earthly tomb before the poet's eye. Such seems to have been Andrea's fated devotion. He gave all his work, all the power of his genius, in order to elaborate and to perpetuate the glorious vision of the Beautiful with which his life had once been blessed. That was his call and his apostleship. For that he was willing to leave father and mother, and everything else on earth. To us he seems as if in a trance, as dreaming a dream laden with the memories of a former life and come true once more in the face of Lucrezia, "a mad blind man who sees."

What do we know of the Beautiful, after all that has been written about it? Whence does it come? How does it touch us? Whither is it meant to carry us? It is easy to say that the Beautiful is harmonious like music, bright like the dawn, sweet like violets, pure like snow, innocent like childhood. But is it no more than all that?

Is the Beautiful without us, or is it not rather within us? What we call sweet and bitter is our own sweetness, our own bitterness, for nothing can be sweet or bitter without us. Is it not the same with the Beautiful? The world is like a rich mine, full of precious ore, but each man has to assay the ore for himself, before he knows what is gold and what is not. What then is the touchstone by which we assay the Beautiful? We have a touchstone for discovering the Good. Whatever is unselfish is good. But that applies to moral beings only, to men and women, not to Nature at large. And though nothing can be beautiful, whether in the acts of men or in the works of Nature, except what in some sense or other is good, not

everything that is good is also beautiful. What the ~~is~~ that something which added to the good makes it beautiful, that heavenly grace, that *θεοσεσίνη χάρις* which the gods alone can shed over the head and shoulders of man? The gods may know what it is, man can only see and feel that it is. Some say that what we call beautiful is the Good, as seen through the golden veil of *Mâyâ*; others hold that what we call good is the Beautiful, hidden in the Holy of Holies, but seen by the true priest in the glory of Nature, and heard by the true prophet in the still small voice of the heart. It is a great mystery. It is so to us as it was to Plato. We must have gazed, on the Beautiful somewhere in the dreams of childhood, or, it may be, in a former life, and now we look for it every where, but we can never find it—never at least in all its brightness and fulness again, never as we remember it once as the vision of a half-forgotten dream. Nor do we all remember the same ideal—some poor creatures remember none at all—and where we see glimpses of the Beautiful, they see nothing but what is pleasing and sweet. The ideal therefore of what is beautiful is within us, that is all we know; how it came there we shall never know. It is certainly not of this life, else we could define it; but it underlies this life, else we could not feel it. Sometimes it meets us like a smile of Nature, sometimes like a glance of God; and if anything proves that there is a great past and a great future, a Beyond, a higher world, a hidden life, it is our faith in the Beautiful. Here on earth we can only surmise and divine it, as we surmise the sun behind the golden dawn, and the moon behind silvery clouds; and because we ourselves are the diviners, because what is beautiful in heaven or earth, or in the human face, is our own making, our own remembering, our own believing, therefore we welcome it, love it, and call it lovely, whether loving or loved—therefore we lose ourselves, and find ourselves in it, in contemplation, meditation, and distant worship. But he who sees it once too near, face to face, eye to eye, blest as he may feel in his own soul, soon grows blind to everything else. The world calls him dazed and foolish, and Andrea was one of those blest dazed mortals.

Think of a young painter, called to Paris by Francis I., enjoying the luxuries and revelling in the honours bestowed on him by the most brilliant Court of the time. There was wealth for him as much as he desired. There was sweet flattery from royal lips, smiles from bewitching eyes, a welcome from all that was fair, and gay, and fashionable. And in the midst of all this, Andrea, like a fool, sat reading the letters which his wife sent him to Paris, and the vision of her face and the presentiment of her grace left him no peace. In order not to be unfaithful to the idol which he had learnt to worship, he became unfaithful to everything else, threw away his chances, left the Court, and, still clad in his courtly frippery, appeared before

Lucrezia, to lead henceforth the life of an exile from society, but at the same time the life of a devotee, a devotee to his art and to the beautiful ideal of his heart.

Such has always been my interpretation of Andrea del Sarto. I have known men of a similar temperament, absorbed by one idea, satisfied with one vision, careless of life, of applause, of wealth, of honour, and devoting all their powers to the working out of what they thought their own salvation. For all we know, they may be fools; but, at all events, if the outcome of their folly is something as glorious as Andrea's art, they have a right to our sympathy, nay, to our gratitude.

Florence is full of Andrea's works; the churches, the monasteries, the academies and galleries have preserved magnificent specimens of his art. There is one place, however, where the whole history of the artist may be studied to the greatest advantage, and which is but seldom visited by travellers, I mean the Collegio dello Scalzo. It is troublesome to get admission. One has to find the key and a guide at the Convent of San Marco, and most people have so much to do in Florence that they forget how interesting a collection of Andrea's frescoes is still to be seen in that old quadrangle. I say still to be seen; but, in spite of all that the Government does for the preservation of the antiquities and art-treasures of the country, it cannot do everything, and Andrea's frescoes are perishing by slow decay.

"Wherever a fresco peels and drops,
Wherever an outline weakens and wears,
Till the latest life in the painting stops,
Stands One whom each fainter pulse-tick pains:
One, wishful each scrap should clutch the brick,
Each tinge not wholly escape the plaster,
A lion who dies of an ass's kick,
The wronged great soul of an ancient Master."

These lines express my feelings as I walked last autumn past the sixteen frescoes of Andrea in the Collegio dello Scalzo. The outlines have faded, the fresco peels and drops. Much is lost; and what is left, exposed as it is to wind and weather, will not, I fear, resist much longer. These frescoes were the first great work of Andrea's. They formed the pedestal of his fame at Florence. He was still young, about twenty-two, and had not yet been called upon to perform any great public work, when the Compagnia dello Scalzo—so-called because in their processions the bearer of the Crucifix had to walk barefoot—invited him to cover the walls of their court with frescoes. Their Patron Saint being St. John the Baptist, the frescoes were to represent scenes from his life. Andrea was young, and, though the remuneration offered him was very small, he was glad of the opportunity of showing in a public place what he was capable of. He determined to paint the frescoes in grey or *chiaroscuro*, and the first which he finished represented "St. John the Baptist Preaching,"

Reumont speaks of "The Baptism of Christ" as Andrea's first picture, but that was the work of Francabigio. Andrea was accused of having copied in this picture some of Albrecht Dürer's figures, a charge which to a true artist is almost unintelligible. No doubt Albrecht Dürer's drawings were at that time well known in Italy, and they may have impressed themselves on Andrea's memory. But to accuse him of plagiarism is like accusing Mendelssohn of having copied Handel or Mozart, because, forsooth, he did not suppress every bar in his own compositions that might remind us of those great masters.

The next picture was "St. John Baptising the People." In this, too, similarities have been pointed out between Andrea and Albrecht Dürer, and still more between Andrea and Domenico Ghirlandajo. No doubt they are there, but in my eyes they do not in the least detract from the originality of Andrea's compositions, nor do they in any way affect his honesty as an artist.

These two pictures attracted much attention at Florence, and Andrea found himself at once honoured and courted as a great painter. The walls in the Chiostrò of the Annunziata had to be painted, and Andrea was invited to undertake the work. He accepted; for though the payment was miserable—ten scudi, according to the records of the monastery; ten ducati, according to Vasari, for each picture—it was another opportunity of showing his fellow-citizens that a new painter had risen among them. This was about 1511. Andrea finished five pictures, but, "as the pay was too small for the very great honour," he left off, promising to paint two more at some future time.

At this time Andrea had become acquainted with Lucrezia, and as her husband died in 1512, it is most likely that Andrea married her soon after, say in 1513, when he was twenty-five years of age. It is generally supposed that her portrait appears for the first time in "The Birth of the Virgin Mary," painted in 1514, but we shall see that there may possibly be an earlier and more youthful sketch. This picture of "The Birth of the Virgin Mary" may be seen in the Annunziata, being one of the two which Andrea had promised to finish, and which he did finish sooner than was expected, because the monks had commissioned his colleague Francabigio to carry on the frescoes, which Andrea seemed little inclined to finish. His last contribution to the pictures in the Annunziata was "The Epiphany."

After these works became more widely known, Andrea's success was secured, and his pictures became so popular that the young King of France, Francis I., invited him to Paris in 1518. There he spent some time in the full enjoyment of an artist's life, producing some of his greatest pictures, among the rest the glorious "Carità," now in the Louvre, and establishing his fame as the worthy rival of Rafael.

But the image of Lucrezia, as we saw, left him no rest, and he exchanged luxury, wealth, and the glory of Paris for poverty and contempt at her feet. Poor as he was now again, he had to look out for work, and I believe it is chiefly to his poverty that we owe the continuation of his frescoes of St. John the Baptist, in the Collegio dello Scalzo. During his absence two of these frescoes had been entrusted to Francabigio, "The Meeting of Christ and John" and "Christ Baptized by John." *

Andrea now resumed his work, and soon finished "The Imprisonment of St. John," "The Feast of the Tetrarch with the Daughter of Herodias," "The Beheading of St. John," and "The Presentation of the Head of St. John to Salome."

After this there was a fresh pause, and for several years the cloisters remained unfinished, until about the years 1523 to 1525, when Andrea supplied three more frescoes, one representing "Zacharias in the Temple," the other, "The Meeting of the Virgin Mary and St. Elizabeth," and a third, "The Birth of St. John the Baptist." I am uncertain as to the date of the fourth fresco, "The Blessing of St. John by his Parents," which Reumont ascribes to Francabigio, but which I venture to claim for Andrea del Sarto.

Thus the work of his youth, the great work of his life, seemed finished at last. But Andrea had from the beginning left room for four symbolical figures, representing the divine virtues, Faith, Hope, Justice, and Charity. Their exact date is unknown. The sketches were probably made at an early time, though executed later, after the whole cycle of the larger frescoes had been finished. One of these sketches, Faith, was for a time in the possession of Don Gaspero d'Haro e Guzman, Marchese del Carpio, Spanish Ambassador in Rome; the others seemed to be lost. Ludwig, the King of Bavaria, bought whatever could still be bought in Italy, at the beginning of this century, of Andrea's drawings and sketches, and they may be seen at Munich.

I must now return to my visit to Florence last autumn, when I determined to see what remained of this curious collection of Andrea's frescoes. I found them injured and faded, in some places hopelessly destroyed, still sufficiently clear and visible to give one an idea of what these grey silvery outlines must have been when fresh from the hand of the artist. They ought certainly to be copied carefully before it is too late, and, if well engraved, they would indeed be a treasure. I only possess the engravings by Eredi and Cecchi, Firenze, 1794, and they certainly give one but a poor idea of the originals.

* Reumont ascribes this fresco to Andrea, and "The Blessing of St. John by his Parents" to Francabigio. This must be a mistake, as the latter fully displays Andrea's style, while the two pictures of Francabigio show his usual weakness. In the engravings by Eredi and Cecchi, "The Meeting of Christ and St. John" and "The Baptism of Christ" are rightly ascribed to Francabigio, the rest to Andrea del Sarto.

To me, for various reasons, the most attractive picture was that of the "Carità," clearly, the portrait of Lucrezia, and, so far as I can see, the first, the most youthful and graceful portrait which he has left us of her. The expression of the eyes and mouth together is marvellous. Did Browning mean that expression when he wrote :

"While she looks no one's: very dear, no less."

Yes, that is the true reading of that face. She is no one's, she is hardly of this earth. She is conscious of her beauty, but she seems to submit rather to the admiration which it excites, than to enjoy it. Well might Andrea, while trying to transfer that revelation of beauty on to the paper, while lost between the feelings of the artist and the lover, have exclaimed :—

"With that same perfect brow
And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,
And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird
The foxglove's pipe, and follows to the snare . . ."

No doubt that "Carità," at the Collegio dello Scalzo is the gem of the whole collection, and it was known to be so long ago. Reumont (p. 146), when describing it, says: "One of his most perfect compositions is the "Carità." She is represented as a youthful woman. Her look turns full of love to a charming boy, who lays hold of her hand and smilingly looks up to her. She carries a second boy on her arm, while a third, holding her dress, hides himself behind it. On her head burns the divine flame. With regard to the grouping the picture is superior to the "Carità," which Andrea painted at Paris."

When I left the Collegio dello Scalzo, I tried to carry away a true copy of that face in my memory, for none of the engravers seemed to me to have even guessed its meaning. It was a rainy day, and I lost my way through some of the few old narrow streets which are left at Florence, between the Collegio dello Scalzo and the Lung-Arno. As one passes along, one cannot help looking at the old shops and the hideous pictures which are for sale everywhere, none of them showing a trace of what is beautiful or even careful. Whatever is only tolerable or inoffensive has long been snapped up by Jews or artists. However, while passing one of these shops I saw against the wall, the rain streaming over it, the face of Lucrezia. Yes, silver-grey, placid, and perfect. And there was the boy holding her hand, and the other boy on her arm, and the third hiding behind her dress. It was a copy of the "Carità," and whoever copied it had been able to read Lucrezia's face rightly: "Yes, she looks no one's: very dear, no less." I had no difficulty in buying the picture for a mere nothing, less even than Andrea received for his frescoes. It was so deplorably spoiled that at first I thought I could save nothing of it except the head. But when I came home and examined it more carefully, I was struck by

the perfection of the feet and hands, the fingers and the toes. I went carefully over it, and the more I examined it the more I felt convinced that this was a copy executed by no mean master.

After a time, however, I was startled more and more. It was, no doubt, Andrea's "Carità," but there were strange discrepancies. My copy was the picture of a real woman. In the fresco Andrea had given her a kind of pentagonal glory, with a flame—the divine flame of clarity—issuing from it. Then there were slight discrepancies in the head-dress, in the fingers, in the drapery, and the more I looked the more I felt convinced that no copyist would have dared to take such liberties.

Was it then Andrea's own sketch? Did his right hand really pass over this very picture while the youthful Lucrezia was for the first time sitting to him as his model, turning her eyes away from the artist, an unwilling martyr to her own beauty? I do not like to jump at conclusions, but I confess that thought made me more inquisitive. I examined the back of the picture. It was on paper, on very old paper, not on one large piece (the picture is five feet two-and-a-half inches by two feet ten inches), but on a number of small sheets carefully pasted together. In one place, where it has been patched very roughly, as if by a paper-hanger, the paste had almost obliterated a few words in Italian, written in a hurried hand, and with some effort still legible as "*Abbozzo di Andrea del Sarto*"—the first sketch of Andrea del Sarto. This, of course, would have solved many difficulties. *Abbozzo*, like the French *ébauche*, means the first plan or sketch of an artist. Diez derives it from *bozzo*, a roughly cut stone; while the French *ébauche* is derived from *balco*, *ébaucher*, signifying to set up the *balks* of a building. A copyist would hardly have ventured to leave out the characteristic glory and the *flamma della Carità*. An artist, striving with all his heart to throw the living likeness of Lucrezia on his paper, would shrink from spoiling it by that unnatural pentagonal design which has been added to every one of the four symbolical figures, when transferred to the walls of the *Chiosstro*. Again, the artist when at a later time transferring his cherished *abbozzo* to the fresco, might please himself. No one could blame him for altering, it may be improving, the hair and the riband round Lucrezia's head. If three fingers and half of a fourth seemed to show too much of her left hand, who would prevent the artist from slightly departing from his own *abbozzo*? Besides, if it had been a *copia*, not an *abbozzo*, would not an early copy have been considered far more valuable, as a marketable article, than an *abbozzo*. Why then call it an *abbozzo*? That it is an early drawing, no one who looks at the patched-up paper can doubt. The very handwriting of the words, "*Abbozzo di Andrea del Sarto*," is certainly not of this century. More and more I felt driven to the suspicion that this

was really a genuine relic of Andrea's love and of Lucretia's beauty, and when I began to examine my treasure more keenly, I discovered behind a horrible patch of thick modern paper, another writing: "*Dono d. . . Marchellini, Nel 1848, per ricordo, Carrara.*"

This was puzzling again. Could anybody have given this picture, as an original *abbozzo* of Andrea's, and evidently as a cherished remembrance, to a gentleman at Carrara so late as 1848, and could such a treasure, when known so late as 1848, have found its way, in these times of art-hunger, into a miserable shop at Florence? Besides, the writing is old-fashioned, and almost obliterated. I looked once more, and I saw that the first 8 differed most decidedly from the second, that it was indeed the old 6, only with the left stroke carried a little too far. I should for some reasons have preferred 1848, for this date would have implied a better warrant of the genuineness of the *abbozzo*, coming from a far more critical age. But taking the whole evidence together, I think the friend at Carrara must have written his inscription in 1648.

After that I surrendered. Andrea's pictures were much copied, no doubt, but are there extant any copies of his grey-in-grey frescoes of the "Collegio dello Scalzo?" Certainly there is no *abbozzo* of the "Carità" among Andrea's drawings at Munich. Secondly, supposing it was a copy, why should any copyist in 1648 have degraded his copy to an *abbozzo*, for at that time a careful copy of the original would probably have commanded a higher price than a mere sketch. Thirdly, would any copyist have dared to take such liberties with the original, and yet have been able at the same time to reproduce that indefinable witchery of the original which no one ever understood except the loving artist himself? My mind was made up. I felt as if my old friend himself had sent me this memento as the true key of his mysterious passion. Look at this, he seemed to say, and you will understand my life's frenzy.

I do not profess to be an art critic, and I know so little of the various styles of drawing and painting adopted by Andrea del Sarto during different periods of his career, that I should not venture to assign this "Carità" with any confidence either to his earliest or to his latest period. If connoisseurs who have made a special study of Andrea del Sarto's works should tell me that the *abbozzo* could not come from his hand at all, I should bow to their judgment so far as internal evidence is concerned, but I should call upon them, at the same time, to explain the external evidence, the nature of the paper, the inscription, the date, the style of the writing, and, above all, the discrepancies between the drawing and the fresco. If we take the drawing as a copy of Andrea's fresco, executed before 1648, or even before 1848, we cannot reconcile, as far as I can see, the general faithfulness of the copy with the strange discrepancies between it and

the original. If we take the drawing as an early sketch, carried out at a later time, when Andrea's hand had acquired its full mastery of brush and pencil, all seems to become intelligible, except the strange fatality that such a drawing, marked as an *abbozzo*, in 1648, or even in 1848, should have escaped the lynx eyes of collectors, particularly in such a town as Florence. That the inscription was put where we now see it, on the back of the picture, with perfect good faith, no one who is a judge of handwriting will fail to see. That it was pasted over, and has nearly become invisible, is another proof that the picture has never passed through the hands of dealers or operators. Criticism based entirely on internal evidence has perhaps, of late years, been too much discredited by students of art. If I can tell the age of a MS. by the shape of one letter, why should not an artist, familiar with the works of Andrea del Sarto, be competent to say, with perfect assurance, that the style of the drawing is not Andrea del Sarto's style. But, however willing we may be to listen to internal evidence, external evidence is a stubborn thing. If it could be shown, for instance, that the famous palimpsest of Uranius had been in the hands of Eusebius, we could not have helped ourselves. We should have had to admit, though much against the grain, that the shape of the letter M had changed at an earlier time than had been hitherto supposed.

My cartoon of the "Carità" has been seen by eminent judges, both in Italy and in England. That it is a gem, they all admit; that the evidence of its being Andrea's own handiwork is strong, most admit; that the evidence is irresistible, some deny; but they base their denial on very different grounds.

One of the most trustworthy judges in England holds that the very perfection of the drawing is against its being an *abbozzo*, because great artists never finished their sketches as this is finished. Granted; but was not this an exceptional sketch? This was probably Andrea's first opportunity of fixing Lucrezia's features on paper. Was it not natural that he should have done his very best to please himself, and, even more, to please her who as yet hardly knew what her unknown admirer could achieve? Might he not have said to her, while trying to master her beauty, what Browning makes him say:—

"I can do with my pencil what I know,
What I see, what at the bottom of my heart
I wish for, if I ever wish so deep—
Do easily, too—when I say perfectly,
I do not boast perhaps."

In one word, was not the sketch made *con amore*, and does not that suffice to explain both its life-like truthfulness, unspoiled by any symbolism, and its remarkable finish?

Another artist, however, and an excellent judge of artistic manipula-

tion, declares quite positively that, after carefully examining the drawing and comparing it with a photograph of the fresco, he is convinced that the two cannot have been executed by the same hand. "The drawing," he writes, "is tediously and timidly finished up in a method that no artist of Andrea's capacity would employ. That kind of finish does not constitute perfection of drawing; it is mere neatness and tidiness."

Let it be so, but let us remember how often even more confident critical judgments, based on internal evidence only, have had to yield to one single historical document. If we may trust Vasari, Julio Romano, the pupil of Rafael, would not believe that a copy made by Andrea del Sarto of a picture by Rafael was not the original, till he saw a mark which Andrea himself had put on it. And even then, with the art-critic's usual stubbornness, he declared that Andrea's copy was better than Rafael's original. It is well known how of late years nearly all the catalogues of our greatest galleries have been revolutionized, and this owing, mainly to a more careful study of historical or external evidence.

However, I do not wish to plead; I only wish to state with perfect frankness the opinions that have been advanced for and against the idea that the drawing which I discovered at Florence came from Andrea's own hand. To me personally the belief that this picture stood once between Lucrezia and Andrea—was, it may be, the first confession, as that in the Pitti may have been the last sigh of his love for her—has its value. But that is mere sentiment. It does not add to the beauty of the picture which I saved from certain destruction. Whether copy or *abbozzo*, it is now the only trustworthy record of Andrea's first and last passionate ideal of the Beautiful, and while the fresco at Florence peels and drops, this drawing, I hope, as resuscitated, not restored, by the hand of a true master, will for ever remain the monument of a deep passion unrewarded, it may be never even comprehended—

"For she looks no one's: very dear, no less."

F. MAX MÜLLER.

THE USE OF HIGHER EDUCATION • TO WOMEN.

ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS OF BEDFORD COLLEGE.

ALL of us who are here are probably familiar with the routine of a student's life. We know, either from our own experience or from watching it in others, the sort of discipline it affords—the patience, the daily and hourly repeated effort, the tenacity of purpose, without which success cannot be ensured. We have either felt ourselves or have seen in others the anxious anticipation of the inevitable examination, the delights of success, the anguish of failure—success that only leads to fresh effort, and failure that leads, let us hope, to a cheery determination to try again. All this series of events and emotions makes a student's life a very happy one; there is no dulness in it, there is always an immediate definite object in view to work for; there is a reason on each day and almost on every hour of each day for work which calls out the strength of developing faculties and powers, and this is a source of happiness in itself and proves its own reward. But this state of feeling cannot last for ever. However eager the student may be in her work, the time will almost surely come when the question will force itself upon the mind: What is the good of all this, when the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, engrossingly delightful as it once was, fails to satisfy? The subject is a very familiar one: it has been portrayed in Goethe's *Faust*; it is traced in the words of St. Paul, "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

It is one of those old-world problems that are always new, and are continually receiving fresh embodiment. And I think, if I am not mistaken, there are evidences of its being felt among the girl students of to-day as keenly as it has been felt by their brothers in times gone by. I have noticed at Cambridge, at University College,

and at other educational centres where girls' debating societies exist, that they trouble themselves a good deal about the supposed effect on the character of women of higher education. There is hardly a women's college at which it has not been seriously debated whether or not higher education tends to make women selfish. We laugh when the subject is presented to us in this form; but it really is, I cannot help thinking, a healthy symptom that girls, even in the midst of the engrossing excitements of student life, do not take for granted that the acquisition of knowledge is the be-all and end-all of life. They are looking out to see which way the road tends that they are upon, and will approve or condemn it according as its ultimate goal is or is not a worthy object of pursuit. The question expands itself into another and a wider one. What are the really worthy objects of life? If that question can be answered, then all secondary things, such as learning, health and wealth, fall naturally into their right positions and proportions; they are blessings indeed, and are rightly valued as such; but their value is to be measured by the degree to which they help one in the pursuit of the real object of one's life; they can never take the place of that object.

Dr. Withers Moore, at a recent meeting of the British Medical Association, has lately made an endeavour to popularize the old fallacy that the only proper object in life for women is to become wives and mothers. This object certainly has the recommendation of being attainable with moderate ease; but, after all, it cannot be considered satisfactory as an object in itself. Jezebel was a wife and a mother, so was Lucrezia Borgia. Rather should we look back to an older teacher than Dr. Withers Moore, whom I have already cited, and ask whether that charity or love which St. Paul speaks of is not, in the various embodiments given to it by individual character, the thing which every one of us should endeavour to aim at. We have been so long accustomed to the words that there is danger of their losing some of their significance; but when we think of their inner meaning—love to our fellow-men and women, self-sacrifice and devotion as a necessary consequence of that love—the vagueness disappears, and we see before us a definite task, so to order our lives that others who live with us, and will live after us, may have their chances of living happily increased by our work in the world. This has been the life's work of every great man and woman whom the world has produced; and every one, great and small, may each according to her own capacity pursue the same high end.

To women especially it seems to me that at the present time it is easy to make this object in life very definite and practical. Carlyle spoke, in his rather exaggerated way, in one of his early letters, of his wife's work in life being to lift up the lives of women to a higher level—

"I tell her many times," he writes, "there is much for her to do, if she were trained to it; her whole sex to deliver from the bondage of frivolity, dollhood and imbecility into the freedom of valour and womanhood." There is, perhaps, not much chance of lifting people up if you proceed on the assumption that they are sunk in dollhood and imbecility. An imbecile doll will never make a valiant woman. But, making allowance for the characteristic over-dose of contemptuousness, is there not enough life's work before every young woman at the present moment in the task of building up the self-respect of women, of clearing away the artificial obstructions to the development of the faculties of their minds, of giving them the blessings of civil liberty, and bringing about a more generous view of their rights and duties?

If we leave out the vain and misleading contempt from Carlyle's sentence we may lessen its literary force, but we add, I think, to its practical value. May we not in this form regard it as a message to the young women of the present day? "I tell you many times there is much for you to do if you are trained to it; your whole sex to lift up into the freedom of valour and womanhood." Those of you who have the will to take this as your life's work, may, if you choose, get the training for it, in part at least, from your student life. You will learn that nothing can be done without patient and unwearying endeavour; you will learn the value of taking pains, the value of accuracy, and the necessity for patience in waiting for any definite tangible result. You will know that there is no royal road to the things you are striving for, but that everything worth gaining must be gained by humble, laborious, self-denying effort, daily and hourly repeated.

Voltaire, speaking of Montesquieu, said that "Humanity had lost its title-deeds, and he had recovered them." The title-deeds of half the human race have yet to be engrossed; the task of writing them will, I hope, be the life's work of many among the rising generation of women. Look what an infinite number of branches of work the task presents. There must be some one part of it to suit almost every capacity. The greatest progress we can at present show is in the field of education; but the women who benefit by higher education are numbered by hundreds where they ought to be numbered by thousands. Mrs. Lynn Linton, in a recent article, appears to judge of the value of education too exclusively by its pecuniary results, and assumes that the money spent on a girl's college training is thrown away if it does not result in an increase in her power of earning money. There are people who will always take this view of education. It is not a very high one. In many respects it is an essentially false one; but do not let us waste our strength in getting

angry about it. We will not of course, in our own minds, for an instant, yield to the notion that the value of education is to be tested by its results in *£ s. d.*—that, to cite Mrs. Lynn Linton again, money spent on a girl's education is "of no avail" if she marries. I cannot refrain from quoting here what Hood has said about his own self-education among his books:—

"Infirm health and a natural love of reading," he wrote, "threw me into the society of poets, philosophers and sages, to me good angels and ministers of grace. From these silent instructors, who often do more than fathers, and always more than godfathers, for our temporal and spiritual interests; from these mild monitors, delightful associates, I learned something of the Divine and more of the human religion. They were my interpreters in the House Beautiful of God, and my guides among the Delectable Mountains. These reformed my prejudices, chastened my passions, tempered my heart, purified my taste, elevated my mind, and directed my aspirations. . . . Those bright intelligences called my mental world out of darkness and gave it two great lights—hope and memory—the past for a moon, the future for a sun."

Glib nonsense about "the ultimate uselessness" of education to a married woman sinks to its proper level by contrast with this utterance from a generous and pure-minded nature.

The objection to women's education on the economical ground might, however, be usefully met by opening a greater variety of well-paid professional careers to women. It might also be in some degree met by lessening the cost of women's higher education in the same way as the cost of men's higher education has been lessened, by annual grants made by Parliament. At present there is no public recognition in the shape of a grant from the Exchequer, or in any other form, of the national importance of higher education for women. One only of our great universities has opened its degrees to women. Two women, the other day at Cambridge, were a first class by themselves in the modern languages tripos, no men sharing the honour with them; but while the men, who were second and third class, are admitted to the honour of a degree, the women, who were first class, are still excluded.

In the matter of medical-education much has been done, but much yet remains to do. It is true that there is a medical school for women in London, and that the degrees in medicine of the University of London have been thrown open to them. But look round at the goodly array of the London hospitals, and the immense advantages for study and practice which they afford to medical students who do not happen to be women. In nearly all of them women are jealously excluded, and in none more rigorously than in those which are specially devoted to the diseases of women and children.

Then, if we look at the industrial position of women, we see much that needs redress. We all heard last winter, through the report of the Mansion House Committee, of the very low wages earned by seamstresses in

the East of London, of women earning, for instance, $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ a dozen for making lawn-tennis aprons, elaborately frilled; and more recently it was stated at the British Association, in a paper read by Mr. Westgarth, that the ordinary wages of a seamstress in East London were only 6s. a week. If this is true, it is not easy to exaggerate the terrible misery which it implies, nor the degradation both to body and soul. The direction in which the remedy should be sought is in opening a larger number of employments to women, in paying greater attention to their industrial training, and in developing the principles of co-operation, both as regards production and consumption. At present, however, we are content to think we have scored a victory, not when we have opened a fresh avenue of employment for women, but when we have been able to prevent the Government of the day closing an industry against them. The pit-brow women, to the number of something like 5000, were last summer only saved by the skin of their teeth from having their daily bread taken from them by a Liberal Government. Women have now been employed for many years in large numbers, and with marked success, in various branches of the Postal Service. They make excellent civil servants, and their salaries are only about one-third of what is paid to men who do the same work. The posts are competed for with painful eagerness. On a recent occasion, when 145 additional women were needed, 2500 candidates presented themselves. Yet, notwithstanding the success of the Post Office experiment, and the saving which the employment of women would cause to the public, no movement has ever been made to open other branches of the public service to them.

I do not wish to introduce here anything that savours of disputed political questions; but I think it is rather a curious commentary on the doctrine of Dr. Withers Moore that the end and aim of every woman's existence is to be a wife and a mother, that the legal position of the wife and mother is still so far from what it ought to be. The ideal is that the wife is the friend and sympathizing companion of her husband, the watchful and tender guardian of her children; but the law recognizes no equality in the relationship between husband and wife, and gives the mother absolutely no rights to the guardianship and protection of her children during her husband's life. If a husband happens to be a mechanical genius, and wishes to try the efficacy of his newly invented flying machine on the person of his little boy of eight years old, the mother has no more power in law than any stranger in the street to prevent the father from carrying out his dangerous whim.

If we look abroad to the position of our fellow-subjects the women of India, we shall find much work for women to do in helping them up to a higher social and legal status. Over a great part of India the barbarous custom of infant marriage is sanctioned by the law

and practised by the people. Little girls of five and six years of age are thus married, sometimes to lads only a little older than themselves, and sometimes to men old enough to be their grandfathers. A case of this kind has lately been before the Bombay Courts. The girl in the interval between the marriage ceremony and the time when she was expected to live with her husband had been well educated; the husband had been allowed to grow up entirely without education. He has been described in the *Times* as little better than a coolie, ignorant and uncultivated. When her husband claimed her she refused to recognize the marriage as valid; her case has been heard before three Courts, one of which has given judgment in her favour, and two against her. She has one more appeal, on the success of which the whole of her future hangs. She writes pathetically to an English lady: "As things are standing now, there is very little hope of my success. It is very hard indeed for me to suffer here in India, where nearly all the native peoples are against the rights of women. Is it not strange that our law-givers should grant privileges to men to marry any number of wives, at a time when they will not allow women to get only separation on proper grounds?" Who can picture the misery that lies before this poor woman if her final appeal is unsuccessful? She will be bound for life to a man who claims her as a slave, and between whom and herself the strongest personal repugnance must exist. I could dwell at much greater length on other very melancholy features of the lot of Indian women; the one I have cited is merely a specimen of many others. It is sometimes said that the philanthropy of the English people, especially of English ladies, is never called into genuine activity unless the people on whose behalf it is invoked are black—that the inhabitants of Boorioboōlagha can win sympathy and succour where the inhabitants of Whitechapel would find us as hard as flints. If this sarcasm has any root of truth in it, those who plead in vain for the rights of women in England will plead with greater success the cause of poor Indian women, the victims of laws and customs of singular hardship and cruelty.*

I have mentioned many particulars in which law and custom are unjust to women; but I hope I have not done so in a spirit of bitterness. In the evolution of society the position of women has changed, and is changing. The laws and customs we most complain of are survivals from a state of society which has passed away. But the necessary change cannot be made without patient laborious

* A special correspondent of the *Times*, referring lately to infant marriage and the treatment of child-widows in India, has said that these "are two of the most cruel of the old-world practices which ever afflicted and insulted womanhood." The same paper, commenting on this, doubts whether the abolition of suttee and the suppression of female infanticide has not decreased rather than increased the sum of Hindoo happiness and morality. A speedy death has been exchanged for a life of torture or of shame."—*Times*, October 14, 1886.

effort and self-devotion. It is this task of improving the lot of women, both as regards law and custom, so as to bring it into accord with the needs of the present time, that I invite you to devote yourselves to. If you will take this for your aim in life, all your student life and all your home life, even down to most trivial details, will receive a new meaning and a higher value. You will be relieved at once from the pettiness of personal ambition. All your successes will be consecrated to the cause you have devoted yourselves to. You will value what you acquire in the way of learning or of strength of purpose chiefly because it is a good preparation for the work you have undertaken. To almost every one in the course of her life comes, in some form or another, the message which came to Baruch—"Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not" How happy and blessed are they to whom this message is not borne by the whirlwind of personal misfortune or by the downfall of personal ambition, but who, from the very outset of life, have deliberately chosen the better path of devoting themselves to objects which are not personal, but which aim at lifting up and making fuller and happier the lives of others; who, like Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior"—

"With a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,
Plays in the many games of life that one
Where what he most doth value must be won."

Those of you who have already in silent resolution devoted yourselves to the task I have endeavoured to indicate, will know quite well what I mean when I speak of the interest which it imparts even to trifles. The cause you are working for will be, by your immediate surroundings, judged of in your persons. "I suppose they are geniuses; at least, they have holes in their pinafores," wrote a little girl once of a family with whom she was sent to stay. You must never (metaphorically) have holes in your pinafores; and above all, while seeking to enlarge the interests of women's lives, and to a certain extent to change the type of the ideal woman, let us be very careful to "Hold fast that which is good" in the old ideal of womanhood. Do not let pity and gentleness, purity and compassion, be ousted from their throne. They are not inconsistent with courage and determination. Let your ideal be, in Carlyle's words—"The freedom and valour of womanhood." Indeed, strength is never so strong as when it is united with gentleness and purity. The Poet Laureate has taught us this in the words of Sir Galahad:—

"My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

One sometimes, I am sorry to say, hears of women joining shooting parties, watching a battue, and even stalking deer. Leave the

slaughter of animals for amusement to those who have been condemned to it by tradition and education. Imitate manly virtues as much as you like; there will never be too much courage, honour and diligence in the world. But avoid all foolish imitations of men in mere externals, and worse than foolish imitations of men, in what is least to be admired in them. And next, if you would truly serve the women's cause, appreciate at their high value all the duties that from time immemorial have always, in our own country at least, been regarded as women's special work—the direction of the household, the care of the young and the sick. Let all that falls to your lot in these directions be done zealously, conscientiously and well. The days are happily over when it was supposed that if a woman had learnt mathematics she would not love her children, or that if she could read Greek she would not be able to distinguish between packthread and silk.* It is true that Mrs. Lynn Linton says that women, who, in a few years, will speak as voters to their fellow-electors, will be indifferent to their children's ailments. I have not heard that this result of women's suffrage has been noticed, after six years' experience of it, in the Isle of Man. "There's a deal of human nature in man"—and in woman, too—and a mother's love is not such a weak and precarious growth as Mrs. Lynn Linton has apparently imagined it to be. It is time that it was understood that in these matters we intend to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds—to keep up all the best of our old interests and occupations, although we have the opportunity of acquiring new ones.

While you are students, concentrate yourselves in profiting to the full by the discipline of the student's life. Continued, patient, unwearied effort is what a student learns if she really learns anything. But I think there is no necessity to impress this; my experience of girl students is that there is no danger of their not applying themselves; the danger is all the other way, in the direction of over-work. Like high-mettled horses, they need the curb rather than the spur. Over-work is a real snare and danger at the present time, and nothing gives the enemy so much occasion to blaspheme as a case of breakdown from overwork. The students who really wish, more than for any personal success, to help the women's cause, must anxiously avoid overwork; they must pay due attention to the claims of health, they must rest and play and amuse themselves as well as work with a will while they are at their work. I know how easy it is to talk, and have excellent intentions, and lay down exemplary rules (especially for the guidance of some one else), and how hard it is in practice to take exactly the right course between the too much and the too little. But health, though not a necessary condition of good work in the world, as witness the

* *National Review*, September.

splendid work done by permanent invalids such as Charles Darwin and Florence Nightingale, yet is an enormous advantage to one who means to work. To throw away this advantage by a foolish disregard of the rest and recreation every student requires is a wanton waste, which I hope none among you will be guilty of.

As to the question how and in what definite practical way the work of lifting up the lot of women is to be approached, that is a problem to which there is no ready-made answer to suit all applicants. Each one must find the answer to it herself, and be guided in the search for it by her own special circumstances, opportunities and duties. Quiet work in a private circle often has as high a value as efforts of a more pretentious nature. I think opportunities to serve always come to those who earnestly seek them. If you can do nothing more, you can testify the faith and hope that is in you. But do not be discouraged if no sphere of active work immediately presents itself. "Those also serve who only stand and wait." But do not "stand and wait" when you see work that you can do or an effort that you can make. Remember that it was not till after his blindness that Milton learnt to stand and wait, and that it was during this period of so-called standing and waiting he accomplished the greatest work of his life. Remember, too, how he consoled himself for his blindness by the thought that he had lost his sight "overplied in Liberty's defence, my noble task." Is it not an inspiring thought that this same "noble task," in another field of it, may be ours; that, however humbly and imperfectly, we may work for the same cause that he worked for? For all efforts to free the human spirit from the bondage of superstition and ignorance are nothing else than a continuation of the great struggle for civil and religious liberty which has marked the course of English history. If we would be worthy of our name and race, we must carry on the great traditions that have been handed down to us from the past.

MILLICENT GARRETT FAWCETT.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN FRANCE.

GENERAL BOULANGER and the expulsion of the Princes have furnished the whole staple of political gossip for the last five months. I say the expulsion of the Princes, but I ought to say the expulsion of the Orleans Princes, for, as to that of Prince Napoleon and Prince Victor, nobody has disturbed himself at all about it. Nothing could be more curious than the way in which the Bonapartist faction has melted away and become almost extinct within these two or three years. The fact is, that the Bonapartists generally—beginning with the noisiest of them all, M. Paul de Cassagnac—have lost faith in the restoration of the Napoleonic dynasty, and are trying to keep a way open for rallying round the Orleans Princes. Prince Napoleon, with all his great capacity, long ago disheartened his friends by his alternate manifestations of Republicanism and Caesarism; while Prince Victor has discredited himself by his avowal of clerical predilections which clash with the freedom of his private life, and by accepting a pension from his father's enemies. The Bonapartists, indeed, still present an obstacle, both in the Chambers and in the country, to the formation of a strong Royalist party, since the Orleanists are forced to ally themselves with them under the common head of Conservatives; but they have no longer, for the present at any rate, any serious pretensions to power; they have no popularity, and no visible chance of a future. The only party in whose favour a formidable reaction could possibly take place is the Royalist party.

The law by which we have banished from French soil the heads of all the families which have once reigned in France, and empowered the Government to expel by proclamation the other members of these families, was not in any way demanded by public opinion. Moderate men, for the most part, are still persuaded that it was a mistake in policy; and it is even doubtful whether those who voted for it really wished it. But it must be added that the Comte de Paris did all that lay in his power to diminish the odium of it, to justify it after the fact, and to avert the consequences which might have avenged it. Contrary

to all expectation, the expulsion of the Princes has really weakened the Royalists and strengthened the Republic.

Those who first started the idea of expulsion in the Chamber of Deputies did so in order to embarrass M. de Freycinet, who was known to be opposed to it. After having defeated the measure on its first presentation, M. de Freycinet felt himself unable to oppose it a second time when the question was raised again on the marriage of the Princess Amélie, daughter of the Comte de Paris, to the Duke of Braganza, Crown Prince of Portugal. Nothing could have been hollower than the pretext put forward to justify the step. The Comte de Paris had given a *soirée* at the Hôtel Galliera, and invited the foreign ambassadors. Next day, *Figaro* and some other Royalist journals contained leading articles, ridiculous rather than dangerous, in which they described the affair as a review of the Royalist forces, an assemblage of the Ministers and office-bearers of the coming Restoration. At Lisbon, the Comte de Paris, alone of all the Orleans Princes, had left no card at the French embassy; and why, if not because he was the King? The Government, to be sure, was hardly in a position to find matter of banishment in these proceedings, since it had already, by the mouth of its Minister at Madrid, presented its congratulations to the young couple, and expressed its satisfaction at a union which must strengthen the bonds between France and Portugal. In the Chamber, and especially in the Senate, it was felt by most Republicans that to banish the pretenders was to recognize their pretensions, and in some sort to justify them, while it must assuredly gain them the sympathy which always attaches to the persecuted. As long as they remained in France they practically recognized the Republican Government, they were under easy observation, and they were obliged to keep quiet so as not to bring down upon themselves the suspicions of the police and the severity of the law. In a word, they were hostages for their party in the hands of the Republic. The example of the Comte de Chambord had conclusively demonstrated that a real Pretender could not live in France as a private citizen. By the very fact of being there the Comte de Paris laid aside the character of the heir of Henri V.; to banish him from the country was to give him back that character. What was the good of it? Was it not the glory of the Republic that it was the only Government in Europe that could endure the presence of a Pretender within its own bosom?

• Thus argued, not unreasonably, the majority of the Republican senators and deputies; and the banishment of the princes was sincerely desired only by a few ardent Royalists, who considered their king too passive, and were not sorry that he should be driven to declare himself openly. Yet many of these very senators and deputies said within their hearts, "Much as this measure is to be regretted, the moment it is urged upon us with any insistency we shall have to pass it. You cannot let a question of this kind come up time after time unsettling people's minds. If we do not pass it, they will say it is because we dare not, and we shall weaken the Republic in the eyes of the rural population, who believe in nothing but force." Others, again, saw in this question a chance of overthrowing M. de Freycinet. M. de Freycinet had no idea of relinquishing his portfolio for any such matter. And thus it came to pass that the law of expulsion, after small discussion

either in committee or in Parliament, was accepted by the Government, and passed on the 11th and the 22nd of June, by a majority both in the Chamber and the Senate.

As to the general public, it was, with the exception of some few fanatics, either indifferent or indignant, and mostly indifferent. It rested with the Comte de Paris to turn indifference into indignation, or indignation into indifference. He chose a course which justified, as far as it was possible to justify, the measure of which he was the victim, and alienated the sympathies of all but those who were the mere tools of the monarchical faction.

The Royalist party, properly so called, is composed of two very marked divisions—the Legitimists, who see in the Comte de Paris the natural heir of the Comte de Chambord and the representative of the monarchical and Catholic traditions of ancient France; and the Orleanists, who regard him rather as the grandson of Louis Philippe and the representative of the Liberal and Constitutional monarchy. Now, numerous and influential as are these two divisions taken together, the monarchy, if it is to look to them alone for its re-establishment, will find its hopes illusory indeed. In order to the restoration of the monarchy, it would be necessary that the whole mass of the intelligence of the nation, which has no political passions, but which does care about order, security, and good administration, should have grown weary of the disorders or incapacity of the Republican *régime*, and should turn to the Orleanist monarchy as its only refuge. The whole strength, the whole hope of monarchical restoration, depends on this great body of persons, who deprecate revolution, but who might prefer even revolution to the triumph of Radicalism—who are not royalist by conviction, but who might become so by force of circumstances. In a word, the returning monarchy would command the sympathy and consent of the majority only on the ground of its being, as it is in Belgium, “the best of republics.” Had the Comte de Paris, at the moment when he was leaving the country as an exile, announced in a brief manifesto that, “as a law-abiding citizen, he bowed to the decree which banished him; that he should be happy if he could see the country regain, at his personal cost, a prosperity which the Republic had hitherto failed to bestow on it; and finally that, as a French citizen, he was ever ready to serve his country in such manner as she might be pleased to command,” he would have created an immense movement of sympathy throughout the nation, and he would have kept himself before its eyes, not indeed as a hope, but as a possible resource in case of need. Instead of this, he thought only of gratifying the wishes and passions of the Legitimists—that is to say, of those who are bound to him in any case by conviction and necessity, and to whom he must always seem too tepid in his own cause—just as our Republican Ministers make concessions to the extreme Left, who cannot be anything but Republican, and for whom no radicalism of theirs will ever be radical enough, instead of setting themselves to gain over to the Republic the timid and Conservative masses of the bourgeoisie and the agricultural districts. He has produced a piece of brilliant declamation, in which he invokes the memory of the Comte de Chambord along with that of Louis Philippe, and poses as the representative at once of Divine right and of constitutional sovereignty, as if the two principles were not hope-

lessly incompatible. What made the manifesto all the more unfortunate was the attitude adopted by the opponents of the Bill in Parliament. They all maintained that the Comte de Paris had conducted himself in every way as a private citizen, that he had never by any act committed himself to the position of a Pretender, and that he assiduously respected the laws and the will of the country. By openly avowing "I am the king," the Comte de Paris laid himself and his defenders open to the charge of hypocrisy, and justified the malicious interpretation given to his conduct by his adversaries. The effect was instantaneous. In a single moment, on the appearance of that manifesto, the innumerable sympathies aroused on behalf of the Orleans family by the persecution with which they were threatened vanished as if by enchantment. "The Republicans may have made a mistake," said the impartial public, "but the princes have no right to complain of it now."

Nor did the Comte de Paris content himself with the launching of this unhappy manifesto; he made two or three other blunders which placed his friends in a cruel dilemma and afforded matter of derision to the other side. He had let the hunting in the neighbourhood of the Château d'Eu; but hardly had he arrived in England when he cancelled all his leases, on the ground that he had been deprived of the enjoyment of them by *force majeure*. This, perhaps, was only to be expected; but what was not to be expected was that he should send letters to the mayors of Tréport and Eu, stating that he no longer considered himself bound to pay the sums he had promised towards the completion of the port of Tréport and the church of Eu. It would certainly have been at once more magnanimous and more discreet had he declared that, exiled and persecuted as he was, he was still happy to spend his fortune for the embellishment of the country which exiled him. The course he took was so much the more unlucky, inasmuch as his family have always been accused of parsimony and avarice, and were sharply criticized for the perfectly legitimate claims which they brought against the Treasury after the fall of the Empire. And it was most unlucky of all, because he had actually signed formal documents engaging to pay 30,000 francs for the port and 29,000 francs for the church. The prefect stated to the Council-General that he should sue the Prince for the sums due from him; whereupon the Orleanists on the Council, sorely perplexed, declared that the Prince could never have intended to repudiate his obligations, and that his secretary had evidently misrepresented his meaning; and finally, the Prince had to write a fresh letter promising to pay the money. This incident, contemptible enough in itself, has done not a little to injure his prestige.

The Comte de Paris is clearly not cut out for the rôle projected for him by some of his less prudent friends, and especially by his haughty Spanish wife, who is more ambitious and more masculine than her husband. He has nothing of the Pretender about him. There are Pretenders and Pretenders. You may be a Pretender after the fashion of Monmouth, of Charles Edward, of Napoleon III., or of Don Carlos—an adventurer confident in your star, and ready to attempt the wildest enterprise to maintain your right and force the hand of fortune. Or you may be a Pretender such as Louis XVIII. or Henri V., living in

majestic exile, playing at sovereignty, and patiently waiting till God shall send you the crown. He owes you by some means known only to Himself. You will have in that case to face something worse than death—ridicule; but at least you will be logical and faithful to yourself. But the Comte de Paris is fit for neither the one thing nor the other. He is too sensible, too Liberal, too moderate, to believe in Divine right or to amuse himself with playing king in a sort of *tableau vivant*, with Ministers and a Court and royal etiquette complete. For fifty years he has lived as a private citizen, and he cannot at his age assume a character which must seem to him like a part in a masquerade. He would not, I think, be wanting in the courage to maintain his cause in arms; but he is too conscientious to stir up civil war. The soldier who served under the Republican banner of the United States, the friend of the working classes and of trades unions, the author of so many semi-Republican declarations, the enthusiastic admirer of Coligny, who was subscribing heavily not long ago to the Coligny monument in Paris, the son of the Liberal Duke of Orleans and the Protestant Helen of Mecklenburg, can hardly fail to see that he could never become king unless by a movement of public opinion similar to that which placed his grandfather on the throne. Legitimism is dead with Henri V., but there is nothing to show that the French nation may not some day, for purely practical and political reasons, be inclined to revert to a parliamentary monarchy. For the present, however, the time does not seem very close at hand. The Comte de Paris, with his manifesto and the miserable blunders which followed, has helped to postpone it. If he had any illusions on this point amidst the acclamations of the crowds of people who assembled to witness his departure, and who gave him a magnificent ovation, I am sure he has no such illusions now.

But if the Comte de Paris has made mistakes, the Ministry on their side made one which was very gratuitous. By the last clause of the law of expulsion, the members of the former reigning families of France could hold no public function, civil or military. The meaning of the clause evidently was, that the Princes could hold no office in the army, and could form a part of no elective body; but the Minister of War, going clean beyond the letter of the law, struck them off the Army List altogether—even including Prince Roland Bonaparte, a lieutenant in the Reserve, who, not having the rank of a prince of the blood, ought not even to have been deprived of his employment. Had the step been legal, it would still have been unwise; for it was needless harshness to deprive the men they were removing from their posts of the mere rank which they had gained by their services. According to French law, rank is property. To deprive a man of his rank is confiscation, a penalty which has now no place in our code. If the Council of State deals with the formal remonstrance made by the Princes in the character of a judicial rather than a political body, it is difficult to see how it can refuse to do them justice. As regards the Duc d'Aumale, the erasure of his name from the Army List has had a consequence which might easily have been foreseen. He was a general; he considered that he could no longer live in France with dignity; he addressed to the President of the Republic a letter couched in the most injurious terms, and it was met, as he expected, with an order of expulsion. He then avenged himself for the annoyances to which he had been subjected by an act of truly royal magnanimity.

He published that part of his will by which he bequeaths to the Institute of France the magnificent domain of Chantilly, the inheritance of the Condés, with its archives, its library, its picture gallery, and its collections—a gift which may be valued at from thirty-five to forty million francs; and which will bring the Institute, when all charges of maintenance and custody have been paid, a revenue of more than three hundred thousand francs. This revenue is to be spent in enriching the collections, in encouraging scientific research, and in pensioning aged authors, artists, and men of science. Never did any subject, never did any prince, bestow on his country so magnificent a gift. When Mazarin made France his heir, he had less to leave, and what he left had been acquired at the expense of the State. The gift was worthy of the greatest of the sons of Louis Philippe. It will serve to keep green the memory of a prince who, to the attractive grace of noble breeding and the finest qualities of a soldier, added the talent of a man of letters, the learning of a scholar, and the taste of an artist.

One can hardly help thinking that if the Duc d'Aumale has thus disposed of the nobler half of his fortune in favour of France, it is because he loves the country better than the dynasty, and has more belief in her future than in the chances of the House of Orleans. And it must be admitted that at the present moment those chances seem to be extremely slender. During the sixteen years that the Republic has nominally existed, and especially during the seven years that it has been entirely in Republican hands, the number of those who have an interest in its continuance has become very great. It presents less risk of revolution than any other form of government, because it leaves the possibility of power open to all parties; it has given France sixteen years of such tranquillity as no other country in Europe has enjoyed, and liberties which she has hitherto possessed under no other system, and which no other system could have tolerated. This is too often forgotten, and the Republic does not get all the gratitude it deserves; for custom soon stales the sense of benefits conferred; but a very little reflection is enough to open one's eyes to the immense amount of liberty—liberty of the Press, liberty of association, liberty of public meetings—now enjoyed in France. Even the Catholics, who consider themselves persecuted, benefit by it along with the rest, and their charities, their clubs, their schools, their associations of all sorts, have a scope and freedom of action never allowed them under the Empire. Thanks to this liberty, France is now covered with a network of societies and associations of every kind, workmen's syndicates, societies for production and consumption, shooting clubs, musical clubs, gymnastic clubs; there is a whole world of free, spontaneous life, a development of individual initiative, which brings men into combination, and constitutes in itself a political education; and which perhaps is storing up for the future the collective forces needed to counterbalance the disintegration and excessive individualism brought about by the levelling spirit of democracy. The risk we really are running just now is that of falling, through the momentary triumph of radicalism, into a state of financial disorder, administrative corruption, and political helplessness, which must lead to general uneasiness and discontent. It is easy to foresee what would follow. At the next Parliamentary elections the majority would go over to the Right; and as the Right is divided into Bonapartists, Royalists, and simple Con-

servatives, while, on the other hand, the Senate of course remains Republican, the Right would find itself powerless to change the form of Government, and forced to content itself with forming a Conservative Cabinet; and we should then once more begin at the beginning of the series of ministerial vicissitudes through which we have been passing ever since 1873.

Some deputies of the Right, with M. Raoul Duval at their head, perceiving that the situation was shaping itself in this way, have formed themselves into a new Parliamentary group, the Republican Right, giving up the contest as regards the Constitution itself, and insisting only on breaking with the Radicals and placing the reins in the hands of the Moderates. The Republican Right has been met with mockery and distrust from both sides of the Chamber, but it has got to the heart of the situation all the same. It already counts forty-seven members. Three years hence, if I am not greatly mistaken, it will count more than a hundred; and perhaps we may some day see it combine with the Moderate Republicans to save the country from the incapacity of the Radicals or the revolutionary projects of the Monarchists. It may be questioned, however, whether M. Raoul Duval has all the qualities essential for the leadership of the new party. He has not been very consistent either in his views or in his conduct. He is hot and intemperate, and attacked both M. Thiers and M. Ferry with a fury quite childish in its extravagance. Moreover, he is a perfervid Freetrader, and the Conservatives are almost all Protectionists. Nevertheless, as he is very intelligent and a good speaker, and his ardour is of the infectious kind, it is not impossible that he may succeed in exercising a real ascendancy over his party. We sincerely hope he will; for unless the Right can afford recoiling-room for the Republican centre of gravity to fall back upon when it grows weary of the rush into Radicalism, there can be nothing before us but fresh disasters.

The Ministry and the Chambers seem to have met with the best intentions, and with a sincere wish to lay aside irritating questions and give themselves to business and the Budget. But the best intentions are vain when one lacks the capacity or the opportunity to carry them into effect. The Budget Committee—on the miscellaneous composition of which we have already commented—has hitherto done nothing but make a mess of M. Sadi-Carnot's Budget. Two-thirds of the members never attend the sittings; and the most contradictory decisions are taken by six or seven votes against four or five, out of a total of thirty members. One day they vote an additional expenditure of four millions on primary education; another time, four or five different plans are propounded for raising the taxes on beverages; another time they accede to the principle of the income-tax, without troubling themselves as to the possibility of introducing such an innovation in the two months between this and the first of January. Now, if the Budget is not passed by both Chambers before the first of January, we shall have to get on as we can with "provisional twelfths;" which is nothing less than chaos and the continuation of the deficit.

This practical incapacity of the Chamber is much to be regretted; for the Chamber contains some very good elements; it is well-intentioned and thoroughly honest. This has been proved again and again, whenever questionable matters of finance have been brought before it.

Thus, for instance, the Government made the mistake of proposing to authorize the Panama Company to issue lottery bonds, a thing which may be permissible in extreme cases where the security is beyond suspicion (as in the case of the City of Paris bonds, where the prizes are simply intended to make up for the extremely low rate of interest on capital which is thoroughly guaranteed), but which becomes mere gaming, a lottery pure and simple, when it is a question of a speculative enterprise like the Panama Canal, where the capital itself is by no means free from risk. But in spite of all the glamour that surrounds M. de Lesseps' daring and gigantic scheme, in spite of all the patriotic interest felt by Frenchmen in its success, the Chamber, convinced by the masterly report of M. Rousseau of the risks of the undertaking, refused to give the sanction of the State to the proposed lottery; and the Company, notwithstanding the enormous rate of interest they offered, had the greatest difficulty in getting their bonds taken up to the amount of three hundred millions. In the same way, when M. Granet proposed, at the end of last session, to authorize the construction of a new transatlantic cable, and the formation of a telephone company which undertook to supply a telephonic service throughout the whole of France, offering the State fifteen per cent. only of the profits, and demanding in return a thirty-five years' monopoly, the deputies at once suspected a job, and in the face of their objections the schemes were withdrawn, at least for the time.

These incidents, taken together with the small success of M. Sadi-Carnot's scheme with the Budget Committee, show that the Government has in fact but very little authority in Parliament. M. de Freycinet is perfectly aware of this, and seems bent rather on paving the way for his election to the Presidency of the Republic than on throwing much energy into the fulfilment of his functions as head of the Cabinet. The tour he made in the South at the end of September gave him an opportunity of eliciting the acclamations of the populace, of protesting his devotion to the Republic, and of making three speeches, the hollowness of which was well disguised by the charm of his supple and persuasive oratory. To flatter the Radicals while reassuring the Conservatives, to preach peace to irreconcilable factions, to make himself the accepted—even the chosen—of all, to be recognized as the only man capable of representing at once all Republicans of every shade—such is the task which M. de Freycinet has set himself, and he is accomplishing it with consummate skill. He guides our foreign policy with the same dexterity. His whole method consists in never saying exactly what he thinks, and never meeting a difficulty straight in the face. The result of such a policy is of course the effacement of France in Europe. Thus, with regard to events in Bulgaria, nobody could possibly have told which side had the sympathies of the French Government. On the other hand, we have had the advantage of doing nothing rashly, and of keeping a free hand. In the colonies—in Tonquin, Madagascar, Tunis—this mild and temporizing policy seems likely on the whole to bear good fruit. Nevertheless, it lacks clearness, and it has the disadvantage of keeping our agents abroad in a state of uncertainty and discomfort. French diplomacy, which was making a very good figure in Europe in the time of M. Ferry, has lost much by the resignations which followed the expulsion of the princes, by the ill-timed recall of General Appert from St. Peters-

burg, and the retirement of M. de Courcel from Berlin. The treaty of commerce concluded in China is far from giving all the satisfaction expected from it; the treaties of commerce with Mexico and Roumania are still kept in suspense by M. de Freycinet's indecision; and the whole business of the navigation treaty with Italy has been so mismanaged that it very nearly came to a rupture of commercial relations altogether. But if M. de Freycinet lacks resoluteness in bringing things to an issue, at least he has endless devices for picking them up again when they have fallen through, readjusting ill-laid plans, and mending mistakes which seemed almost hopeless.

Is the Government, then, approaching its fall, or will the coming session confirm it in office? It would not be easy to form another Government just now; and yet the present Ministry has given many causes of dissatisfaction. The weakness shown in the matter of the Decazeville strike, the pardon granted to MM. Duc Quercy and Roche when they were convicted for publishing false news, the support given by some of its members to the Socialist faction, its impotence against the deputies in everything relating to the appointment and removal of officials, its over-readiness in accepting doubtful financial schemes—all this has created much discontent. But the real risk to the Cabinet lies in the presence of General Boulanger. General Boulanger is a very curious and interesting personage, and his history is well fitted to inspire wholesome reflections on the dangers incident to democracies. After having, by his own talents and bravery, risen rapidly in the army during the war of 1870, passing within a few months through every grade from captain to colonel, M. Boulanger began his political career by attaching himself to the person of the Duc d'Aumale, and counting as a devoted adherent of the Conservative party. He was colonel in the corps d'armée commanded by the Duc d'Aumale, and it was to the Duke's patronage that he owed his promotion to the generalship. He afterwards commanded in Tunis, where he was always coming into collision with M. Cambon, because he was dreaming of nothing but military expeditions, while M. Cambon was for purely pacific action. On his recall to France, he allied himself with M. Clémenceau, and, rightly or wrongly, he is credited with being his representative in the Cabinet. Young, and of noble bearing, he has never missed an opportunity of forcing himself on public attention by tours, by speeches, by circulars. He has reconstituted the organization of the Ministry of War from top to bottom; he has remodelled the soldier's uniform, his beard, and his bed. At the review of the 14th of July he was parading on a black horse, all got up for the purpose, and surrounded by a brilliant staff. He has been the creator of the Military Club; and he has brought in a Bill for the complete reconstruction of our military system. This active, brilliant, indefatigable, exuberant Minister, who in person somewhat resembles H. Regnault's portrait of General Prim, has of course made some few mistakes, spoken some imprudent words; but what discredited him the most was his declaring from the tribune that the Duc d'Aumale had had nothing to do with his promotion to the generalship; and then, when the Duke produced his letter of acknowledgment, denying the authenticity of the letter to begin with. Nevertheless, in spite of this unpleasant occurrence, General Boulanger is still popular.

He is the first Republican statesman since the death of Gambetta who has made ardent partisans, and, above all, has been able to excite the enthusiasm of the crowd. Nor has he acquired this prestige with the people only, but also with the army—with those soldiers on whom he lavishes leave of absence and additional time out, whom he has decorated with a beard and relieved of a knapsack—with those officers whose promotion he anticipates, and who are delighted to see the army once more filling a place and making a noise in the world. Now, in a democracy, the danger of a military dictatorship can never be absent. France must necessarily deprecate a European war. Victorious or vanquished, she would be almost sure to fall under a military despotism. If a democracy is to retain its liberties, it must, like Switzerland and the United States, give up all idea of military glory. The presence of General Boulanger is an embarrassment to the Cabinet; he has bitter enemies among his colleagues themselves; and he has excited the distrust of many members of the Chamber. But, on the other hand, his popularity adds strength to the Government, and with all his faults he is more active, more energetic, and more practical than most of his predecessors. For the first time in all these sixteen years, the great manœuvres have been intelligently directed, and have produced appreciable results in the way of military training.

The department which has done the most good work during the last few months is that of Public Instruction. It has been resolved to divide secondary education into two great sections, pretty nearly analogous to the English classic form and modern form. Hitherto the division known as "Enseignement Spécial" has been nothing but a sort of advanced primary education, purely practical and scientific in its character; it is now to include literary as well as scientific studies, modern languages taking the place of Latin and Greek. It is hoped that by this means the division for classical education, properly so called, may be relieved of a number of pupils who went through their course without pleasure and without profit; and that this will tend to raise the standard of Greek and Latin, while it enables those who give up these subjects to obtain an education more fitted to their requirements.

In the matter of higher education, another step has been taken by the creation, at the *Ecole des Hautes Etudes*, of a special section for the religious sciences. This includes the study of the religions of antiquity, the religions of the East, Islamism, and Christianity. The names of M. Réville, M. Havet, and M. Sabatier are sufficient guarantee for the spirit in which these studies are to be conducted. The teaching is purely scientific, and free from dogmatic tendency of any sort, but it is not irreligious or hostile to the Christian faith. At the *Faculté des Lettres* free courses of lectures have been started in addition to those of the professors appointed by the State; and the geographical teaching has been considerably strengthened. At the *Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques*, a Colonial section has been opened, which is to form our future colonial administrators by teaching them the languages, history, and law of the countries they are to govern. The impulse given to geographical, commercial and economic studies, and also to historical and linguistic research bearing on distant countries, will not be among the least of the advantages to be derived from the colonial movement of recent years. M. Paul

Bert will have done immense service by settling, as he has done, with all his family in Tonquin, getting up industrial exhibitions there, and starting an institute on the spot for the study of the far East. M^{de} Brazza and M. Ballay are doing the same for the Congo. Already our young men, as they pass out of the Ecole des Hautes Etudes Commerciales or the Institut Agronomique, are showing less disinclination to emigrate. Books on the colonies follow each other thick and fast. There is M. Rambaud's work, "*La France Coloniale*," in which each of the colonies is treated in a separate chapter and by a different author, mostly by officers of marine or merchants who have lived in the countries they describe. M. Rambaud prefaces the collection with a sketch of the history of the colonies generally, and adds a concluding chapter.* There is M. Vignon's "*Les Colonies Françaises*." There is the fine colonial Atlas published by Messrs. Berger-Levrault. There are M. Pauliat's clever essays on colonial enterprise under Louis XIV. There is M. de Lanessan's work, "*L'Expansion Coloniale de la France*." M. de Lanessan, after serving nine years as a naval surgeon, has been made a professor at the Faculté de Médecine. He was also elected to Parliament, and at once made himself a specialist in colonial affairs. It is not long since he came back from a voyage to Tunis; and he is just off again on an expedition of inquiry through all our colonies in the far East. He doubtless aspires to be some day Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, or even Colonial Minister. Meanwhile he has published a book crammed with facts and ideas on our colonial empire. There are in France at this moment two very distinct currents of public opinion on the question. Some minds are chiefly impressed by the enormous cost of our colonies, and the very small return we get from them. The twenty million francs a year lavished on Senegal, the attempts to establish a trade route to the Upper Niger, the millions spent in governing the deserts on the right bank of the Congo, or in exercising an imaginary protectorate over Madagascar, or even in really reigning over a real population in Tonquin, seem to them so much money wasted, which had better have been left in the ratepayer's pocket. They see in it nothing but an opportunity for a number of private persons, purveyors to the State, to enrich themselves at its expense, without any sort of advantage to the public. To others the Colonial movement, if it counts for little in the Budget returns, or in the tables of French commerce, is a much-needed stimulus and a proof of national vitality; they think that with perseverance the results will become more appreciable; they see that Algeria, Tunis, and Cochin-China have already entered on the path of prosperity; they cannot regard it as indifferent whether or not France is to be represented in all parts of the globe along with Germany and England; they hope that after the present commercial crisis, in which France has been suffering for her inability to compete with the cheapness of German and English goods, she may regain her rank by the quality of her products. The future alone can show which of these two points of view is the true one. I am tempted myself to believe in the second, and to think that the forty or fifty millions spent on the colonies will not have been spent in vain.

* M. Rambaud has also written an introduction to the French translation of Seeley's "*Expansion of England*," while M. Lavissee commends to the French public a capital translation of Freeman's *Historical Geography*, by M. Lefevre.

The summer is not generally a great time with the publishers; but this year it has given us a few books which must rank high among the productions of the year. Of the theatre, there is, of course, almost nothing to say, as it is always deserted in summer; the only thing to be noticed is an interesting experiment of M. E. Moreau's at the Vaudeville—"Gerfaut." Taken from a novel of Charles de Bernard's, now some forty years old, its interest centres in the character of a man of letters, whose distinctive qualities—his pessimism, his passion for desiccating analysis, his detestation of women—are, nevertheless, all thoroughly modern. In spite of a few faults of inexperience, and some worse defects of style, the piece contains some thoroughly dramatic scenes. The only other novelty has been the production of "Hamlet" at the Français, which was a real triumph for Mounet Sully.

In fiction, M. Viau—better known under his pseudonym of Pierre Loti—has given us a really fine thing in his "Pêcheur d'Islande." For the first time the author of "The Mariage de Loti," "Le Spahi," and "Mon Frère Yves," has produced a book which not only contains many fine passages, but is beautiful and harmonious throughout, and free from the tedious repetition and the sensual and enervating scenes which too often disfigured his previous works. The strong sea air has at last blown away the soft scents of the Eastern world amidst which he languished a while ago; but he has kept the subtle charm, the thrill of sensibility, which communicates itself unawares to the reader and pervades him with a delicious melancholy. Everywhere in Nature, as everywhere in the hearts of men, Pierre Loti finds this melancholy: No one has felt, no one has expressed as he has, the powerlessness of man against the inexorable indifference of things, the vanity and brevity of all human effort. His descriptions of Nature, without any device of overcharged or vivid colour, are wonderfully forcible and true; and especially his descriptions of Nature at sea, for as a naval officer he has had the opportunity of studying the sea under all its aspects. No one, again, has seen deeper than he has into the heart of the poor and simple, or has given fresher and more sympathetic expression to their thoughts. Moreover, this author, in some ways so ultra-refined, possesses the secret of stirring the emotions by the very simplest means. "Pêcheur d'Islande" is the story of a Breton fisherman beloved by a girl whom he regards as too much his superior for him even to have dreamt of raising his eyes to her. They marry, and he dies at sea the summer after the marriage. In one of their conversations, where Yann, the fisherman, is speaking of the cod-fisheries on the Icelandic coast, his wife asks him whether it is not very dull out there sometimes, doing nothing but fishing. "Oh no," answers Yann; "I am never dull at sea." The unconscious words light up the whole chasm that divides the sailor, whose heart is with the sea, and the wife, whose heart is with her husband far away.

Next to "Pêcheur d'Islande" comes another story of country life by M. Pouvillon, "Jean de Jeanne." M. Pouvillon is another lover of the poor and lowly; but while Pierre Loti appropriates the sailors, he devotes himself to the peasantry. If he has not, like Loti, created for himself an absolutely original vehicle of expression, strong and elastic as Michelet, harmonious almost as Chateaubriand, he writes at least in pure and delicate French, to which his intimate knowledge of the peasant's

modes of thought and speech gives a stamp altogether its own. M. Pouvillon has sometimes been charged with using too many provincialisms, too much of the local *patois*. In "*Jean de Jeanne*" he has simplified his manner as much as possible, without losing the qualities of finish and conciseness which gave it its value. This simple story of a little bastard child brought up by charity, disdained by the girl he loves, and keeping his love for her when she has been betrayed and deserted, makes a pathetic idyll, and is at once true to Nature and good in tone.

Then come some good history books. The Duc de Broglie has finished his "*Souvenirs de son Père*." Less varied than the first volume, which we noticed some months ago—for instead of taking us over the length and breadth of Europe they tie us down pretty closely to the home policy of France between 1815 and 1830—these two volumes are nevertheless a very important historical contribution, and they give a lively picture of the state of parties and parliamentary life at the time. The sincerity and high character of Victor de Broglie, the breadth of his views, give special value to his testimony. M. Boulay de la Meurthe investigates with patient care the "*Dernières Années du Duc d'Enghien*." Often as this dark episode in Napoleon's history has been treated, its various points of detail have never before been thus closely worked out. M. Boulay de la Meurthe tries hard to penetrate Napoleon's motives, and to understand how he could possibly imagine the seizure and trial of that unhappy young prince to be either necessary as a precaution or in any way defensible on grounds of equity. The story is told with consummate art, and the book is as remarkable for its literary as for its historical merit. We have also to notice, among works of erudition, the first volume of a work by M. Flach on "*Les Origines de l'Ancienne France*," and the third volume of M. de Beaucourt's great "*Histoire de Charles VII.*" M. Flach has undertaken a task somewhat similar to that attempted by M. Fustel de Coulanges in his "*Institutions Politiques et Administratives de l'Ancienne France*," but with the special object of throwing light on the mechanism of the social organization in feudal times. This first instalment—"Le Régime Seigneurial"—shows the feudal system in its connection with the epoch which preceded it, and marks how Carlovingian anarchy precipitated the transformation of society. M. Flach is master of his subject; his book is full of facts and new authorities, and at the same time it is pleasant reading. M. de Beaucourt's work took the Gobert prize at the Académie des Inscriptions, and certainly the distinction was fairly earned. In point of erudition the book is a perfect marvel. The whole diplomacy of Charles VII. is here for the first time searched out and thoroughly elucidated. A perfectly new light is thrown even on the character of the king himself; and if M. de Beaucourt has not succeeded in quite exculpating him from the basenesses alleged against him with regard to Joan of Arc, he has, at least, done much to attenuate them. He has also fairly disposed of the story which attributed to Agnes Sorel the honour of having roused his energies and his sense of regal duty. He proves, in the first place, that Charles never can have been quite as indolent as he has been represented, and in the second, that he knew nothing of Agnes Sorel till after the chief events of his reign.

It is much to be regretted that so learned and valuable a work should not have been more skilfully and attractively written.

Lovers of choice French will, on the other hand, read with delight a little volume by M. J. J. Weiss, "*Au Pays du Rhin.*" This story of a journey in Alsace, and to Frankfort and Homburg, is a marvel of observation, wit, and poetry. The feelings of the inhabitants of Alsace with regard to the annexation are thoroughly and impartially analyzed. M. Weiss thinks—and proves—that the Alsatians are very easily Germanized so far as language, customs and institutions go; but that the tie of affection which binds them to France will not be loosened any the more for that, and that an implacable political antagonism will still separate them from Germany. As for Germany herself, M. Weiss speaks of her with sincere admiration; and he has one chapter on the Bismarcks which is a really exquisite bit of history and psychology. It is curious to notice how much way the spirit of justice to Germany has made in France of late. We no longer feel bound always to detract or deride; and we realize that to cope with an enemy you must first estimate him at his full value. This is the spirit displayed by M. E. Simond in his sketch of "*L'Empereur Guillaume*," where the character and career of the aged Sovereign are depicted and pronounced upon with perfect competence and candour.

But we must expect neither candour nor moderation from M. Henri des Houx, the late director of the *Journal de Rome*, who has just given us the story of his experiences and adventures in the Eternal City, in two volumes, bristling with wit, cleverness, and malice—"Souvenirs d'un Journaliste Français à Rome," and "*Ma Prison.*" In the first of these volumes he describes the Court of the Vatican, and tells us how his journal was suppressed by the intrigues of the semi-Liberal coterie which surrounds Leo XIII. In the second, he describes the prison into which he was thrown by the Italian Government for taking up the defence of the Papal Sovereignty. M. des Houx is a furious Legitimist and a fanatical Ultramontanist—at least, this is the supposition. But such was his attachment to the Comte de Chambord, that since his death he has turned Republican, and riddles the Orleans princes with a perpetual play of sarcasm; and such was his admiration for Pius IX. that there is no accusation too venomous for him to bring against Leo XIII. for abandoning his predecessor's attitude of implacable hostility towards the kingdom of Italy, and adopting what is in many respects a national policy. But the book must be read to know what a pious soul can rise to in the way of hatred. He lavishes protestations of devotion and respect on the Pope, he declares that he bows to the hand which smites, and to the decree which forbids the continuance of his journal; but he accuses him all the same of avarice, egotism, duplicity, and every baseness a man can commit. He spares the Papal Court no more than he spares the Pope. All the Pope's favourites, all the members of the Perugian faction, are painted in grotesque or odious colours, while the friends of Pius IX. are transformed into angels of light. Never has there appeared a more cutting and cruel attack on the Pontifical Court than this book by a defender of the Papacy. There is less gall and even more of wit and humour in the other volume, in which the deplorable arrangements of the *Carcere nuove* are described in a masterly fashion, and in which also there is an interest-

ing account of the formation of the Italo-Prussian alliance, from the pen of an eye-witness. In each of the two volumes we find some chapters of travel—visits to Ischia after the earthquake, to Capri, to Præstum, and to Sicily. These chapters are perhaps the best of all from a literary point of view. The description of Ischia in ruins is a thing never to be forgotten, and the beauty of Capri has never found a truer or a more appreciative exponent.

The publication of the posthumous works of Victor Hugo still goes on. The new volume is a poem, "*La Fin de Satan*." If the "*Théâtre en Liberté*" had better have been left in the portfolio to which its author had consigned it, it is far otherwise with this. The subject is, as it were, a counterpart of Alfred de Vigny's "*Eloa*." Alfred de Vigny imagines an angel, sprung from a tear of the Redeemer, moved by compassion to follow Satan into hell; Victor Hugo starts from the other side, and imagines Satan saved by the love of an angel. But this somewhat uninteresting fable is used by Victor Hugo only as a thread on which to string a series of the great scenes of the Old and New Testaments. It is practically another volume of the "*Légende des Siècles*," and is marked by the same epic character. Along with a good deal of trash and bad taste, the poem contains some of Victor Hugo's finest passages. His Old Testament scenes are done with a power worthy of Milton, and when he speaks of Christ it is in accents of inimitable sweetness. The beauties which sparkle on every page of this work make us look impatiently for the two volumes of "*Toute la Lyre*" promised us this winter.

It must, nevertheless, be admitted that at this moment the fame of Victor Hugo is undergoing its season of reaction. Such was the adulation offered him during his last years, that to many his death brought a sense of positive relief; the recoil has been marked by a revival of admiration for his illustrious rival, Lamartine, who had been well-nigh forsaken for twenty years. The speeches and leading articles on the uncovering of his statue at Passy, show the sort of astonishment felt by a generation accustomed to the laberious verse of our literary jewellers and gem-engravers, as they listen to the song of this inspired poet, to whom verse was the natural and spontaneous vehicle of his thoughts. He sang, he said, as the wind blows, as the rivulet bubbles while it runs; he was no journeyman poet; it was no handicraft with him; it was Nature's inspiration. M. Sully Prudhomme, the greatest of our living poets, speaking at the inauguration of the statue in the name of the French Academy, characterized his genius very finely. Yet one perceived in all he said that Lamartine was a late discovery with him; he had not been brought up upon him. So completely has the poet been for all these years neglected and forgotten. Sully Prudhomme himself has just published a new volume, "*Le Prisme*," which, though mostly inferior to his earlier work, contains some pieces of the first rank. In one of these, "*Le Tourment Divin*," he treats with great profundity of thought and force of expression the aspiration of all natures after a higher life, and the mournful solitude in which the loss of religious hope has left the hearts of men in our own day.

The end of last August gave us a fête such as we have not often the opportunity of witnessing. It was the hundredth birthday of M. Chevreul, the great chemist, to whom we owe the discovery of stearic

acid and the theory of colours. What makes M. Chevreul a real physiological wonder is not so much his age itself as the perfect preservation of all his faculties. He still goes on working, still sends in fresh memoirs to the Academy, and he is the only member on the management of the *Journal des Savants*, who does not go to sleep during the sittings of the editorial committee. The appropriate fête for one who calls himself "Le Doyen des Etudiants," would naturally have been one of an exclusively academic character. But, unluckily, M. Chevreul was born on the 31st of August, and by the 31st of August there is not a professor nor a student left in Paris. So there was nothing for it but to give M. Chevreul such a fête as might have done for an artist, or a favourite actor—a concert at the Opéra, a dinner, and a torchlight procession. M. Chevreul gave the finest proof of his frosty vigour by surviving the fatigues of such a terrific day.

The magnificent summer we have been enjoying has been favourable to the public health; and never has the obituary shown fewer names of note than during the five months just past. The only really noteworthy person who has passed away is the Duc Decazes. The Duke came of a plebeian family, and his duchy was a Danish title. He was not Duc Decazes at all, but Duc de Glücksberg. Alongside of the politician—before and after the politician—he was always the man of business and of speculation; and for many years he kept fortune at his beck, only to find her at last slipping away from him, even as his political star had already deserted him. Of the politician himself, what shall we say? He was for three years, under the Government of Marshal MacMahon, the necessary and irremovable Minister for Foreign Affairs. He is credited with having helped by his adroitness to avert the war which was threatening France in 1875. And at least it is no small merit to have maintained the position of France in Europe during the years from 1875 to 1877. But whether he can fairly be regarded as a Minister with a policy, or only as a Minister with *savoir faire*, it might be difficult to say. One thing might lead us to the conclusion that he had a policy, and a very simple and narrow one, for in spite of all the liberal traditions of his origin and his past career in spite of his own recent association with the policy of M. Dufaure, he allowed himself to take part in the ludicrous and disgraceful business of the 16th of May. He fell from power, never to regain it; and little more was heard of him except under the colonnade of the Bourse. It is said, however, that he was the adviser of the Comte de Paris in foreign matters, and that he negotiated the marriages with the Duke of Braganza and the Prince of Denmark. If it were so, it gave him one more title to the reputation he enjoyed as a very clever man; but whatever may have been said by the orators who spoke at his funeral, and whatever may be true of his abilities and the undeniable services he rendered to the country, he certainly possessed, along their higher range, neither the intellectual faculties nor the qualities of character which are necessary to make a great statesman.

G. MONOD.

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS.

I.—CHURCH HISTORY.

THE opening of the Vatican Library to the exploration of students is already bearing fruit in the production of valuable historical materials. As preliminary and most needful helps, I notice that catalogues of the Vatican MSS., Latin and Greek, are being published under the editorship of G. B. de Rossi. The first volume of these catalogues was published at the end of last year, under the title "*Codices Græci Palatini*;" and a second volume, "*Codices MSS. Latini Palatini Bibliothecæ Vaticanæ*," is announced for immediate publication, containing 350 pp. 4to, at 12s. 6d. The unequalled advantages the Vatican has ever possessed for obtaining literary matter from every quarter must render these catalogues a very interesting study. But we have other means of judging of the value of the Vatican treasures. The French School of Archæology, under the guidance of M. E. Le Blant, is busy at work publishing the Papal Registers of the Middle Ages. Thus the Registers of Pope Clement V. have already appeared in three volumes folio; while the Bulls of Honorius IV. have lately been published from the original MSS. by M. Prou.

The Vatican has also kept up the most intimate relations with Egypt from the earliest period. A vast quantity of early Coptic documents has been thus accumulated, some of them dealing with the earliest Christian ages. Henry Hyvernat, a professor of Egyptology at the Roman Seminary, has now begun the publication of a series of Coptic martyrologies, the full title of which we give below.* Three fasciculi have been already published, containing eighty pages each, and, when completed, the whole work will be comprised in two volumes of about 500 pp. 4to each. The MSS. already published furnish very valuable material for the history of the great Diocletian persecution. One hundred years ago, a monk named Georgius published the Acts of St. Coluthus, from the Coptic, with a very learned commentary, which has been strangely overlooked by ecclesiastical historians, escaping the notice even of Canon Mason in his careful monograph on the Diocletian persecution. Hyvernat's work will form an important supplement to it, and to the other genuine Acts of the Martyrs now extant. Some of the documents were sermons delivered on the feast-days of the martyrs, just as vast numbers of the Acts of the Saints published by the Bollandists originated in the same way. The Egyptian preachers evidently used genuine ancient materials, for they stand the various critical tests, which Le Blant has laid down in his Supplement to Ruinart's "*Acta*

* "*Les Actes des Martyrs de l'Égypte tirés des MSS. Coptes de la Bibliothèque Vaticane et de Musée Borgia.*" Texte Copte et traduction française, avec Introduction et Commentaires par H. Hyvernat. Rome: Librairie Spithœver. 1896.

Sincera," noticed in these Records in August, 1884. Some of the Coptic documents are originals, and present us with very vivid pictures of village life in Egypt in the earliest years of the fourth century, of the organization of the empire and of the Church. Hyvernat points out (p. 114) that the Coptic Acts of St. Ignatius, as printed in Bishop Lightfoot's second volume (p. 865), have been worked up into the Acts of a Bishop Pisoura, which he prints.

The Fayûm discoveries have continued to occupy the attention of continental scholars, and from time to time reports have been issued of valuable finds. The Congress of Orientalists has been lately in session in Vienna, and they have had the first sight of the great "Corpus Raineri," the first volume of which was duly presented to the Congress by Professor Karabacek. This "Corpus" will contain copies of the MSS. deciphered, together with commentaries. Meanwhile one of the most diligent students of the Fayûm MSS., Dr. Wessely, of Vienna, continues to publish papers full of important materials for Church History. Thus we are promised in a short time a new edition of the Rev. C. W. King's "Remains of the Gnostics." It was originally published in 1864, and has been long out of print. The Rev. S. S. Lewis, of Cambridge, is now engaged in bringing out a new edition, with an enlarged number of plates depicting the strange devices and magical charms in which Gnosticism delighted. An English translation of the strange second-century Gnostic poem "Pistis Sophia," is also promised as a supplement. Wessely has lately provided a vast store of additional matter for such a work. Thus, in a local Viennese publication* he has printed a very exhaustive paper on the obscure but most interesting subject of "Ephesian Letters" (*Ἐφεσια Γράμματα*), upon which Renan, in his "St. Paul," (p. 344), has expended a vast store of erudition. Every reader of Acts xix. remembers that St. Paul's preaching was so effective at Ephesus that the professors of magic burned their books, and counted the price fifty thousand pieces of silver. These books were Ephesian Letters. They were treatises filled with magical formulæ which were regarded as specially useful in healing diseases. On this obscure question Wessely pours a flood of light, derived from his study of the Gnostic documents in the Fayûm collections compared with patristic and classical writers. He gives no less than 546 formulæ, some of which have been perpetuated to modern times. Dr. Hort, for instance, wrote a learned article on the Gnostic word *abrasax* in the "Dictionary of Christian Biography." Wessely here offers much new material on this somewhat weird topic, and points out (p. 12) the perpetuation of this Ephesian magic both among the Arabs and in the West. Wessely has also published in the *Wiener Studien*† of the present year four valuable articles on the Greek Papyri of Berlin, London, and Paris. His report on the Greek Papyri of London and Paris, contained in the second part of the *Wiener Studien*, is specially valuable for the Ptolemaic history of Egypt, and contains some documents as precise and legal in form as a modern deed of conveyance; while a petition to King Ptolemy and his sister Cleopatra, from a monk or hermit shut up in the Serapeum for thirteen years, shows that pagan recluses in pre-Christian times no more lost their

* *Zwölfter Jahresbericht ueber das Franz-Joseph Gymnasium in Wien. 1886.*

† *Wiener Studien, Zeitschrift für Classische Philologie. Achter Jahrgang 1886.*

interest in the external world than Christian ones of later ages.* Wessely's "Letters to M. Revillout," dealing with the Greek Papyri of London and Paris, have long been promised. We regret to learn that through the difficulties and expense of publication, this valuable work is still postponed. What a chance for some wealthy scholar, or for our Universities!

French scholars continue to pour forth works which deal directly with archæology, and indirectly with Church History. The student of early Christian history, for instance, perpetually meets with notices of the Prætorian and City prefects, the *Magister officiorum*, and similar officials, whose offices and duties are set forth in the "Notitia Dignitatum," a civil and military handbook of the Roman Empire of the fourth century. M. Cuq has published a treatise explaining the relations of these officials one to another and to the Emperor.† M. Cuq was in days gone by a member of the French School at Rome, which has done so much for historical research. Some years ago he published a very interesting treatise on Juridical Epigraphy,‡ which he has now followed up by an exhaustive examination of the organization of what we might call the Cabinet and Privy Council combined, of the Emperors from Augustus to Diocletian. His investigations are most important for the scientific student of Church History. He omits no source: the Roman Codes, the Augustan historians, the works of the Fathers, the Corpus of Latin Inscriptions, the works of Borghesi, the vast collection of Memoirs belonging to the French Academy, all have been laid under contribution. On p. 380 he discusses the criminal processes against the Christians; on p. 357 the career of Rusticus, under whom Justin Martyr suffered. The methods of government used by the Roman Empire are well worth study. Some four or five years ago I strove to call attention to some of them in an article in *Macmillan's Magazine*, under a title which some imagined to have a local and modern reference, "Home Rule under the Roman Empire," though it was intended to deal solely with ancient history. The subject, though apparently utterly unknown even to good scholars among ourselves, as a slight controversy then showed, has for years past received much attention and development under the hands of foreign scholars, who have thoroughly investigated the system of local government used by the Romans. One of the most interesting works on the subject was lately published by M. Clément Pallu de Lessert, in which he deals with the Roman organization of Africa.§ The communal system and provincial councils prevailed, as we know from frequent mention in Eusebius, in Gaul, and Asia Minor. De Lessert shows that it extended to Africa as well; while in the second part of his work he gives lists and memoirs of the governors of Mauritania, doing for Africa what Waddington in his "Fastes Asiatiques" did for provincial Asia, and Borghesi for

* An article appeared in the *Oesterreichische Monatschrift für den Orient* for September, dealing with the paper used in the Fayûm MSS., which will have a great interest for students of bibliography.

† "Le Conseil des Empereurs d'Auguste à Dioclétien." Par Edouard Cuq, Prof. à la Faculté de Droit de Bordeaux. Paris, 1884.

‡ "Études d'Épigraphie Juridique." De quelques inscriptions relatives à l'administration de Dioclétien. Paris, 1881.

§ "Études sur le Droit public et l'organisation sociale de l'Afrique Romaine." Par Clément Pallu de Lessert. I. Les Assemblées Provinciales. II. Les Gouverneurs des Maurétanies. Paris: Picard. 1884-85.

the prefects of Rome, the usefulness, nay the absolute need, of which for accurate Church History, Bishop Lightfoot's "Ignatius" fully demonstrates. The provincial and local assemblies of the Roman Empire were a species of Statutory Parliaments, but under the very strictest limitations. Pallu de Lessert's conclusion on p. 27 is briefly summed up thus: "However, I believe that we must not be deceived by appearance. The more I consider, the more I am convinced that the provincial assemblies had more of prestige than of influence about them. From the imperial point of view it was necessary that the governor sent from Rome should be absolute master in his province, that his authority should be unchallenged. Without doubt, when exactions went too far they could send delegates to the Senate; but as nothing shows them to have often used this resource, so nothing proves that they often succeeded in its use." The study of this work may be of some use to statesmen beating about for a policy in the matter of local government, as well as for historians anxious to clear up difficulties in Polycarp's martyrdom, and the course of the African persecutions, or to explain the perpetuation of pagan dignities in Christian times.

The first part of the *Comptes Rendus de l'Académie des Inscriptions* for 1886 has two interesting notices of discoveries in the region of Church History. In a Record for December, 1884, I mentioned a discovery by De Rossi in the house of the Vestals. He found there a vast number of extremely early English and Irish (Danish) coins, part of the first Peter's pence sent to Rome from these islands. On p. 65 of the *Comptes Rendus* for this year, Le Blant, writing from Rome, March 11, 1886, tells of a fresh discovery of 820 coins of the ninth and tenth centuries, which had been evidently used for the same purpose, containing pictures of English kings from A.D. 871-947. On p. 89 of the same journal we find a still more interesting notice. The problem of the origin of our earliest churches is still an unsolved one. Were they modelled after Roman basilicas, Jewish synagogues, Greek temples, or did the Christian communities develop a type of their own? The small square Irish churches found at Glonmacnois, Glendalough, Inisclothran in Lough Ree, and on the west coast of Ireland, which go back to the fifth century, caused Mr. Freeman and Lord Dunraven to speculate on the existence of a type of churches in France and Italy which preceded the Christianization of the basilica. For the last forty years German critical opinion has tended to associate the earliest Christian Church architecture with that of the private houses of Greece and Rome, rather than with their public buildings. Zestermann in 1847 showed that the earliest churches were not, as was commonly thought, merely altered and adapted copies of forensic basilicas;* Weingärtner, ten years later, followed up the inquiry; † J. P. Richter developed the same line in 1878;‡ and now comes a discovery reported by M. Salomon Reinach, one of the best modern French scholars, to confirm this view. A synagogue of some Greek Jews at Phocæa has come to light, with an inscription commemorating a Jewess named Tation, who had constructed at her own expense the hall of the temple and the wall of the cloister adjoining. In return for this, the Jewish community

* Zestermann: "Die Antiken u. die Christlichen Basiliken." Leipzig, 1847.

† Weingärtner: "Ursprung u. Entwicklung der Christlichen Kirchengebäude." Leipzig, 1858.

‡ Jean Paul Richter: "Der Ursprung der Abendländischen Kirchengebäude." Wien, 1878.

conferred upon her a crown of gold and the right of "proedria," or the chief seat, a privilege which explains and illustrates our Lord's warning about the chief seats* (Matt. xxiii. 6), and the reproof contained in Jas. ii. 3. . This inscription also shows that a woman could be honoured thus: Jewish women enjoyed probably more liberty in Gentile lands than in Judæa: while Reinach considers that the reference to the hall and the cloister shows that the synagogues as well as the churches had more affinity with the private houses of the Græco-Roman population than with the basilica, a confirmation of which he sees in the description given by Eusebius of the church of Tyre, built by Paulinus under Constantine the Great.

Harnack and Gebhardt are proceeding rapidly in the publication of their ancient texts,* three parts of vol. ii. having already appeared this year. They vary in value to the student. Part 3 is a fresh attempt to analyze and explain on subjective principles the Revelation of St. John, by a young student of theology at the Leipzig University. The speculations of a young gentleman, who undertakes to resolve the Revelation of St. John into two distinct parts—the Jewish and the Christian—and maintains that he can intuitively fix on which is which, are destined for the same limbus into which so much German biblical criticism has already fallen. Another critic will shortly arise who will as unhesitatingly refer the very same sections to the very opposite sources. We think that Harnack will make a great mistake if he embodies the prize essays of his promising students in a series of texts which have hitherto been of permanent value. Of textual reconstructions of the New Testament we have had enough, and more than enough, and much prefer the two other parts of this work, in one of which we have from A. Jahn an excellent text of treatises by St. Eustathius of Antioch and Origen on the Witch of Endor, where the former maintains that Samuel really appeared, while Origen thinks the whole thing a trick; in the other we have from Harnack himself a treatise on the "Apostolische Kirchenordnung," in reference to the *Didaché*, with discussions on the origin of Episcopacy and the rise of the inferior clerical orders, such as readers and exorcists. It is an important treatise for those interested in the subject of the Christian ministry, specially pp. 32–46.

The Vienna edition of the "Corpus Scriptorum Ecclesiasticorum" is steadily proceeding on its course. During this year three volumes have been produced: † 1. "The Life of Severinus the Apostle of Austria," by Eugippius, a most important and genuine document for the history of the conversion of the barbarians in the fifth century; such a work as would be invaluable for the history of England or Ireland if we possessed it. It contains some information on the much-debated subject of the origin of tithes, and tells a story, celebrated by Gibbon in his thirty-sixth chapter, about Odoacer, the barbarian conqueror of Italy, and S. Severinus. The other works are larger, and equally genuine and important. The works of Cassian will be neglected by no one who wishes to understand the rise of Western monasticism, and the contact

* "Texte u. Untersuchungen zur Geschichte der Altchristlichen Literatur." Von Oskar von Gebhardt u. A. Harnack. Bd. ii. Hft. 3, 4, 5.

† Vol. viii. pt. 2. Opera Eugippii; vol. xiii. Opera Cassiani; xiv. Opp. Luciferi Calarit. Gerold, Viñdob. MDCCCLXXXI.

of East and West in the early Middle Ages. His twenty-three collations (edited in this edition by Dr. Michael Petschenig) were the handbook of the monks of the West to the utmost bounds of the Irish coasts all through the Middle Ages. They give the most vigorous and chatty pictures of hermit life in Egypt, with occasional glimpses of early ritual and customs. These texts are admirably edited, and form a necessary addition to every college library at a small expense. I can only briefly mention the latest volumes of the "*Monumenta Germaniae Historica*," where the collected works of St. Gregory of Tours have been printed for the first time with a text somewhat like that which the author himself used.* The Latin is very similar to that of St. Patrick's "Confession" and "Epistle to Coroticus." The student desirous of a full account of these volumes should consult the *Revue Critique* for 1885, t. i. p. 161, and for 1886, t. i. p. 147. Six important letters of Julian the Apostate, hitherto unknown, have lately been discovered in the Monastery of Chalki, near Constantinople. A generous Greek has given the Philological Society of Constantinople a sum of money to form a Catalogue Raisonné of the Greek MSS. in Eastern libraries, to be called after the donor, *Μαυρογορδάτειος Βιβλιοθήκη*. The project has been entrusted to a good scholar, Papad. Kerameus, a former librarian of the well-known Evangelical School of Smyrna. He has already published from Lesbos documents belonging to Germanus, Patriarch of C. P. in the eighth century, as well as the letters of Julian, the third of which is addressed to the High Priest of Asia, a pagan official whom Julian wished to turn into a kind of heathen bishop. We must conclude our notice of foreign publications by mentioning, as an admirable bibliographical help to all such literature, the "*Theologischer Jahresbericht*," edited by Lipsius, now in its fifth year. It offers a most minute and accurate account of the theological activity of the year 1885. Pages 129-137 give, for instance, a vivid picture of the excitement caused in the literary and theological world by the discovery of the "Teaching of the Twelve."

The publications in English we have to notice must begin with a work like the last mentioned. Germany certainly surpasses English-speaking nations in taking stock of its mental acquisitions. America, however, has made a beginning in the matter of theology under the direction of the professors of the Chicago Theological Seminary. † "*Current Discussions in Theology*" aims at giving a synopsis of the home and foreign literature in the theological world, and has succeeded in producing a much more interesting and readable book than its German contemporary, though not at all so exhaustive. Its authors evidently make a diligent use of these records, an obligation which they here and there acknowledge. We would suggest to the learned faculty of Chicago to improve their index, which is most defective. Surely Dr. Hort, of Cambridge, and his criticism of the Fayûm Gospel fragment are important enough to obtain a place in their index, as well as in their pages. A bad index is a capital offence in literature.

* "*Gregorii Turonensis Opp.*" Ed. W. Arndt et Krusch. ("*Monumenta Germaniae Historica*." *Scriptt. rerum Merovingic.*) Hannov. 1885.

† "*Theologischer Jahresbericht*." Von R. A. Lipsius. Enthaltend die literatur des Jahres 1885. Leipzig. 1886.

‡ "*Current Discussions on Theology*," vol. iii. Chicago: Revell, 1885.

The literature of the *Didaché* has continued to grow in bulk during the present year. Dr. Schaff has produced a very complete monograph on the subject. Dr. Salmon, whose "Introduction to the New Testament" has rapidly reached a second edition, has added to it a new lecture on the "Non-Canonical Books of the New Testament," including under that head the Apocalypse of Peter, the Epistle of Barnabas, the Epistle of Clement, the Shepherd of Hermas, Hermas and Theodotion, and the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles."* He puts forward a new theory about the *Didaché*, and holds "that it is but a Christianised form of an originally Jewish book;" that in fact it is nothing but a Jewish manual of instruction adapted by a Christian for the use of catechumens. Dr. Taylor in his two lectures on the *Didaché*, delivered last year at the Royal Institution and published a few months ago, comes to much the same conclusion, but on critical grounds, and by a critical method which I confess myself utterly unable to follow.† An example will illustrate my objection. On page 11 he undertakes to explain the curious expression, "Let thine alms sweat down into thine hands till thou know to whom to give," which he illustrates by quoting from the Scriptures and rabbinical tracts every passage he can find where the term sweat is used; but to what purpose? Thus, to take one quotation: "In the tract 'Berakoth' (fol. 57b) we read that one of the six favourable symptoms in an invalid is sweat, for it is said, 'In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread.' Sweat, the symbol of labour, is also the sign of returning appetite. Thus a connection is established between health and labour." I fail, however, to gather the relevancy of such extracts or the force of such reasoning. Dr. Taylor is evidently a good Hebraist; he has given us an excellent rendering of the "Teaching," but his criticism appears to me most inconclusive. I am bound to say, however, that Dr. Salmon in his lecture on the "Teaching" expresses his obligations to Dr. Taylor's work. From the same University of Cambridge has come an interesting piece of work in Mr. Scott's "Ulfilas of the Goths," where the author has diligently collected all the facts and documents concerning the earliest writer in a tongue akin to our own, "the first to raise a barbarian tongue to the dignity of a literary language, and to make for himself and his Goths a monument even more lasting than their deeds."‡ His explanation of the origin of Gothic Arianism is scarcely satisfactory. He does not mention the personal influence which Arius seems to have exercised on the bishops of the Danubian provinces during his exile into that neighbourhood after the Council of Nice. Sulpicius Severus expressly asserts in his Chronicle (ii. 38) that all the bishops of the two Pannonias became Arians about 340. Ursacius and Valens, the great Western opponents of Athanasius, were from that district. The Goths simply adopted the creed of their nearest Christian neighbours. Dalton's "John A'Lasco" § tells the story of a reformer who exercised very considerable influence on the progress of the

* "Historical Introduction to the Books of the New Testament." By G. Salmon, D.D. Second Edition. London: John Murray. 1886.

† "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles, with Illustrations from the Talmud." By C. Taylor, D.D., Master of St. John's College, Cambridge. 1886.

‡ "Ulfilas, Apostle of the Goths." By C. A. Scott. Cambridge. 1885.

§ "John A'Lasco." By Dr. H. Dalton. Translated by the Rev. M. S. Evans. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1886.

English Reformation. Germans do not, however, succeed as biographers. They are good investigators—patient, laborious, minute; a faculty, however, which very seldom co-exists with the power of grouping details and presenting them with effect. The book will be found useful for students of the Continental Reformation; but it terminates, strangely enough, without telling the story of A'Lasco's influence and work in England. The translator's use of the word Catholic is very slipshod. He speaks of his hero's last decade as a Catholic. I did not know that A'Lasco ever became a Unitarian. Finally, from America we have received a nicely executed Handbook of Christian symbolism. It comes from a Roman Catholic source: its letterpress is derived from Alban Butler, but its illustrations are beautiful and copious. It will prove acceptable to many as giving handy explanations and illustrations of Christian legends.*

GEORGE T. STOKES.

II.—APOLOGETIC THEOLOGY.

ONE more theological controversy with science bids fair to be a thing of the past, and the theory of evolution, in its main outlines, is coming to be recognized as auxiliary instead of hostile to Christian belief. Dr. Conn's "Evolution of To-day"† should prove a useful contribution to such a result. It is a thoroughly able and impartial summary of the various modifications which the theory of evolution has undergone during the last quarter of a century, "intended for those who, having an interest in the question, have neither the time nor the requisite knowledge of biology to read the numerous special discussions upon the various phases of the subject." First, the evidence for and against organic evolution is discussed in four chapters on Classification, Geology, Embryology, and Geographical Distribution, with the resulting comment that "though the theory has not been proved, and probably never will be, it has been rendered so probable that it is almost beyond the reach of question." But the fact of an organic evolution is one thing, its explanation quite another; and the attempted explanations are then shown to be neither unanimous nor adequate. Some lay chief stress on heredity; others (as notably Darwin) on variation; but "neither of the series of data, variation, or heredity are yet fathomed," and "at present it must be acknowledged that the problem is not solved, even though evolution be accepted as a fact." The treatment of the subject is admirably clear, and purely scientific; all theological references being confined to a few pages of introduction and summary, from which the following is worth quoting, as it puts, briefly and concisely, the true position for which all the more sober evolutionists contend:—

* "A Handbook of Christian Symbols, and Stories of the Saints as illustrated in Art." By Clara Erakine Clement. Edited by Katherine E. Conway. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1886.

† "Evolution of To-day." By H. W. Conn, Ph.D. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1886.

"Some people would seem to think that evolution either denies the existence of God, or assumes that His only direct contact with the world was at the creation, and perhaps again at the appearance of life; and, except at these two periods, He has left His creatures to themselves. But while it is true that some evolutionists deny the existence of a God, it is also true that the latter view is seldom conceived of. There is such a belief as Theistic evolution, and this belief would look at all Nature as the continued manifestation of God. The power of the universe is just as truly manifested in the birth of an individual as in the creation of a world. Naturalists have not succeeded in explaining life, but have, in evolution, discovered a new law regulating life. Instead of being sufficient in itself, evolution finds it necessary to assume the constant action of power underneath Nature. Instead of excluding God from Nature, Theistic evolution finds Him as its eternal explanation."

"*Tleism and Evolution*,"* by Dr. J. Van Dyke, covers a wider field, and is controversial. Its object is "to present an argument against those forms of the evolutionary theory which seem to tend towards atheism," and that over "the entire field as connected with the origin of man, of matter, of force, of life, of mentality, of conscience." The author is evidently well read in his subject, quotes suggestively, and epitomizes much of the best contemporary criticism. But his range is too extensive to admit of uniform thoroughness of treatment, and some chapters, therefore, are much less adequate than others. Some arguments are developed, while others are only stated in such a way as to look little more than arbitrary assertions; and rhetoric is at times mingled with reasoning in a way to produce vagueness in the argumentative outline. But these defects are more of form than of substance, and hardly detract from the value of the book, considered as a collection of critical *anapalai*. "It is not intended," says the Introduction, "for men of science, but for that large circle of general readers who are interested in such questions. The object is to allay unwarranted fears on the part of Christians, and to warn careless speculators of the limits beyond which it is unsafe to go," and to general readers of both these classes it should certainly prove of use.

"*Nature and the Bible*"† is a welcome and admirable translation of Dr. Reusch's lectures on the Mosaic history of creation in its relation to natural science. Dr. Reusch calls attention in his Introduction to the difficulty that must always beset such apology, from the fact that the same man can hardly ever be specially trained both in science and theology. On whichever side he is an authority, on the other† he must be an amateur; a fact which writers on both subjects are too often apt to ignore. *And though Dr. Reusch's own range of scientific reading, and thoroughly scientific temper and tone, are perhaps almost sufficient to constitute him the exception which proves his rule, the theological aspect of his book is the most valuable. His firmness of touch in separating the spiritual from the scientific and historical elements in the Bible, and his fearless welcome of all new light upon the interpretation of the latter, are of a kind from which many apologists have still much to learn. The first volume is occupied with the Mosaic Hexæmeron and

* "*Theism and Evolution*." By Joseph S. Van Dyke, D.D., with an Introduction by Archibald A. Hodge, D.D., LL.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1886.

† "*Nature and the Bible*." By Dr. Fr. H. Reusch, Professor of Catholic Theology in the University of Bonn. Translated from the Fourth Edition by Kathleen Lyttelton. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1886.

the Deluge. On the former, after a very full discussion of the various alternatives, the ideal interpretation of the six days is accepted; the theory, that is, that the six days "do not signify six consecutive periods, but six chief moments of God's creative activity which can be logically distinguished from one another, six divine thoughts or ideas realized in the creation." "The chronological succession of the Divine acts being of no religious importance, . . . we are not justified in expecting to find information concerning this in the Hexæmeron." The various difficulties connected with the Deluge are then sifted, with the conclusion that, though universal as regards human life, it need not have been so as regards animal life or geographical extent—a conclusion which naturally opens up the question of the antiquity of man; which, with its collateral issues, is the subject of the second volume. On the duration of human life in the patriarchal age, "we may assert, without prejudice to the true doctrine of inspiration, that the author of Genesis . . . has correctly recorded what he found in tradition concerning the ancestors of his people; but that it need not be assumed that this tradition is strictly historical," a position which may further be extended to the whole "chronological network of Genesis," if we assume a "corruption of the text, which, from a theological point of view, is quite immaterial." But these conclusions are not arrived at without a thorough and patient investigation of the various other theories that have been or may be held, as well as a very careful criticism of the scientific difficulties which they are meant to meet. Parts of this criticism, more especially on the theory of descent and the antiquity of man, will strike many readers as too conservative, and all such questions, of course, are still *sub judice*. But very considerable modifications of the scientific details of the book might be made without in any way detracting from the value of its theological exegesis, which is all the more significant, in its liberality, as coming from a quarter that is above suspicion. The translator has done good service in introducing the book to English readers, and it may be added, has done that service almost to perfection.

"The Fathers of Jesus" * is a somewhat misleading title for a book that is better in conception than in execution. It is an attempt to popularize the leading results of the comparative study of religions within a moderate compass. Publications like the "Religious Books of the East," and even the "Records of the Past" are too voluminous for the ordinary reader; and much of the best work on the subject exists only in scattered monographs. There is a real need therefore for some book which shall bring the various results of special students in as condensed a form as may be before the general public. And this need "The Fathers of Jesus" is intended to meet. The Egyptian Book of the Dead, Zoroastrianism, Buddhism, Pythagoreanism, Plato, the Essenes, the Talmud, Philo, are reviewed in successive chapters and compared with Christianity. But there is a want of scientific severity and method about the book. Two things are lamentably confused—information and inference. Mr. Cook's primary intention is to convey information upon the various forms of religion to readers who are un-

* "The Fathers of Jesus." A Study of the Lineage of the Christian Doctrine and Traditions. By Keningale Cook, M.A., LL.D. In two volumes. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1886.

acquainted with the specialities of the subject; and his two volumes are by no means too much space in which to do this, considering the amount of quotations with which they abound. Had he then wished to draw inferences relative to Christianity from the information thus amassed, he should have done so in a separate chapter or chapters, not only for the sake of clearness, but also because the same facts suggest very different inferences to different minds, and all these theories ought to be discussed before one of them is exclusively adopted. Instead of this, inferences are incidentally slipped in here and there, in a way calculated seriously to impair the usefulness of the book, by raising controversial issues out of place. The author's own theory of the relation of Christianity to other religions would have gained in clearness by a separate presentation, and, at the same time, many of the class of readers whom he desires to address would not have been precluded, by controversial irritation, from the really valuable instruction which the book contains. The same mental tendency, too, has led the author into many inaccuracies, by inducing him to prefer what is pictorially useful to what is critically sound. The long account of the *Therapeutæ*, for instance, is quoted from "*Philo de Vita Contemplativa*," apparently without the least consciousness of the more than doubtful character of that treatise. And similar instances occur in almost every chapter of an uncritical selection of the materials, which much qualifies their value. The author seems by nature poetically minded, with a preference for vague allusiveness rather than scientific rigour, and this is a serious drawback to the particular work that he has undertaken. But with all these flaws, which are very real, the book attempts to supply a place as yet unfilled in our literature; the style is distinctly attractive, and there is an enthusiasm throughout for all that is lovely and of good report, in whatever guise appearing. The concluding words "on the genius of parable" are perhaps the best characterization that can be given of the author's attitude towards the various forms of religion which he treats.

"Since parable conveys that which cannot be adequately conveyed save by parable, it is well to forget any formal interpretations that have been suggested, and to dwell on the symbols themselves, without any commentary but that which our awakened instincts may attach to them, and without any argumentative support but that which crowding analogies, drawn from our experience—link finding link through all the world—will suggest to us. The analyzer, the paraphraser, the commentator, is but as a lion's provider in the forest, spurned when he has brought his tribute to the king of beasts. When once we are made to understand the poet or the prophet and are held by him, it is the poet we love, not the man who has pointed him out to us. When, by whatever lessons, we have been brought into close *rapprochement* with a poem, it is its power that we feel, and within its cordial grasp that we remain."

To turn to a very different region, Dr. Cazenove's book on "the Being and Attributes of God" * is a brief exposition of the *à priori* argument for the existence of a God, as given by Anselm, Descartes, and Dr. Clarke, with some of its modifications and restatements by later writers, especially Mr. Gillespie, the founder of the Lectureship which gave rise to the book. The treatment is historical rather than critical,

* "*Historic Aspects of the à priori Argument concerning the Being and Attributes of God.*" By John Gibson Cazenove, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

and somewhat loses force in consequence; for it is only by a critical translation into the terms of modern logic, that the value of the Anselmic and Cartesian reasoning is seen. With the change from "*à priori* ideas" to "*an à priori* element in our ideas," we no longer look for proof of God's existence in a separate "idea" of "perfection" or "infinity;" but in the fact that we cannot think of finite qualities or things at all, without tacitly comparing them with an infinite correlative. This lands us at once in a wide controversy with the empirical school; but it is one which must be gone through with if we are to vindicate its place for the "ontological element," as it should be called in the argument for the existence of a God. Dr. Cazenove's book does not profess to be a contribution to the controversy of this question; but it gathers together and arranges, with much delicate scholarly sifting, the older statements of the argument, and gives a great many useful references to modern writers which should constitute it a convenient monograph of information on its subject.

"Religion without God, and God without Religion,"* by W. Arthur, is a clear and sensible popular criticism of Positivism and Agnosticism, considered in their religious aspects. A third part on Deism and Mr. Fitzjames Stephen is to follow. The book was suggested by a recent controversy in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*, which the author considers "to mark a stage in modern speculations upon Theism," because conducted by three "properly representative men," each of whom "presents his case with the latest lights and most mature arguments available," but with the result that "so long as any one of them attacks the system of his antagonists, he is triumphant, but so soon as his own system is in turn attacked it is rent with wounds." Indeed, there has been so much criticism and counter criticism of these various opinions that originality on the subject is hardly to be looked for; but Mr. Arthur has put in a compact and available form the chief arguments against each of the salient weaknesses of his opponents. His style is forcible, and his illustrations telling; and the book should be eminently useful to the large class of readers who, without being special students of the questions discussed, are sufficiently disturbed by their presence in the air to profit by their compendious examination. The wider question of the permanently valuable elements which each of these systems of thought contains, is outside the scope of such a book, and is omitted; but its existence of course must be borne in mind, as a qualifying complement to all works that are purely controversial.

J. R. ILLINGWORTH.

* "Religion without God, and God without Religion." By William Arthur.
1. Positivism and Mr. Frederic Harrison. 2. Agnosticism and Mr. Herbert Spencer.
London: Bemrose & Son, 1885.

III.—GENERAL LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.—“The Dictionary of National Biography,”* speeds well. The eighth volume has now appeared, and brings the work down to Captwell. The best article is decidedly the admirable one on Lord Byron by the editor. Mr. Stanley Lane Poole has had the advantage of drawing materials for his account of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe from MS. memoirs which his lordship left behind him, but which are as yet unpublished. Professor Laughton in his article on Admiral Byng is at some pains to disprove Macaulay’s statement, that Byng was shot for “an error of judgment,” and maintains that what he was really shot for was negligence of duty; but his alleged negligence may after all have come from an error of judgment. A prominent feature in this volume is the long roll of Butlers and Campbells it contains (including Sir Colin, who was really Macliver, afterwards Campbell); and there is a continuous dynasty of six Edmund Calamies, going from 1601 to 1850; the fifth and sixth, however, being comparatively undistinguished, and treated of as appendages to the fourth.—The second volume of the “Life of Sir Robert Christison, Bart.,”† the eminent toxicologist, by his sons, completes the story from the time when Sir Robert’s own autobiography, published in the previous volume, breaks off. It contains estimates of Sir Robert’s work as physician and man of science, by Sir H. Acland, Professor Gairdner, and Professor Fraser; some account of his university conflicts, including his opposition to the admission of women; and a number of excellent stories and interesting reminiscences of his contemporaries. Few recent biographies afford better entertainment by the way, although the life was comparatively uneventful, and the man, though wise and elevated and a native ruler of men, strikes one as being a little stiff.—The “Life of Robert Fulton,” by Thomas W. Knox,‡ is first a biography of the inventor of the steamboat, and then a history of steam navigation from his day to this. It is extremely interesting, and full of curious information.—“A Generation of Judges,” by their Reporters,§ is a series of brief personal sketches of some twenty lately deceased English judges, and includes two sketches—one of Karslake and one of Benjamin—of men who might, or ought to, have been judges. The author says judges are seldom heroes to their reporter, and from his account of them (though he is not wanting in due veneration for the Bench) they are not likely, with one or two brilliant exceptions, to be taken for heroes by the public. The proportion of commonplace men among them seems to have been high. Still, the book will be found most readable. The author has a light and cheery pen, and tells some good stories.—Mr. John Telford has written a “Life of John Wesley”|| which will probably enjoy a lasting sale. It is comparatively brief, and yet sufficient; for it is worked out with much studious care and literary skill, and though coming after so many reapers the author has been able to

* London: Smith, Elder & Co.

† New York: G. P. Putnam’s Sons.

‡ London: Hodder & Stoughton.

† Edinburgh: W. Blackwood & Sons.

§ London: Sampson Low & Co.

make a few gleanings even of new facts. On disputed points he has been discreet, and while not concealing his own views, has avoided giving offence.—Miss A. Mary F. Robinson's "*Margaret of Angoulême, Queen of Navarre*,"* is one of the best of the series of little monographs on women by women, known as the "*Eminent Women Series*." It treats of a woman and a time both alike abounding in features of interest and picturesqueness, and these suffer nothing in Miss Robinson's hands. She has studied the whole bearings of her subject with pains, and she writes well, but for an occasional tendency to affectation, which leaves an unpleasant impression.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"*From Schola to Cathedral*,"† by Professor Baldwin Brown of Edinburgh, is an able and admirably written study on the growth of early Christian architecture, which, though meant primarily for the architectural student, is really most interesting to the general reader. The main point in it is the author's theory that the Christian church, as we find it in the fourth century, with its apse, nave, and aisles, is not, as is commonly believed, the ancient basilica simplified, but is really the ancient schola enlarged. The schola was the lodge-house of an ancient burial or trade guild, and it is now known that the early churches were treated before the law as guilds of that sort. This lodge-house was an oblong interior, with an apse at one end, but without the colonnade at the sides, and the galleries above the colonnade, which marked the basilica. Mr. Brown contends with much force that, had the early church developed into the basilica, it would never, while adopting the colonnade, have discarded the galleries, otherwise so useful for church purposes, and put a plain wall in their place; and that this can only be explained on the schola hypothesis. Some links in his chain of evidence are incomplete, but he works out his theory with much learning and skill.—There is something of a new departure in "*Our Island Continent*."‡ Not only are the incidents of travel and voyage from England through France to Australia, and also those met with in the remarkable colony, told with a spirited pen, but much entirely original knowledge is given of the zoology, geology, and botany of the scenes of Dr. Taylor's holiday. He has a swift descriptive touch that keeps his scientific references from becoming dry, and no social interest of such towns as Adelaide, Melbourne and Sydney escape his attention. What he tells of the Mauritius and neighbouring islands is the freshest part of the book. There would seem to be some sympathy with the late General Gordon's theological proof that the Seychelles were the site of the Garden of Eden.—"*Party and Patriotism*"§ is a series of short essays, containing a great amount of common sense, in the form of didactic platitudes. The author has discovered that the times are out of joint, owing to the evils of party government. He reiterates with cheerful generalization his sense of the need of a higher tone of independence; but on the question of specific remedies he is strangely reticent. In the House of Commons, which, we are informed, "is so thoroughly the centre of politics and the playground of party, that it cannot be left out of any

* London: W. H. Allen & Co.

† Edinburgh: David Douglas.

‡ "*Our Island Continent. A Naturalist's Holiday in Australia*." By Dr. J. E. Taylor, F.L.S., F.G.S. With Map. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

§ By Sydney E. Williams. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

consideration of political ethics," so valuable a quality as independence "ought surely to be encouraged. To vote according to one's conscience ought clearly to be the duty of every politician." There is great safety and moderation in statements of this character. One rash proposal the author advocates, and this is not entirely original, but suggested by his ideal historian, Carlyle, and duly quoted; it is to the effect that it should be considered a form of corrupt practice for a candidate to address a public meeting. The author might have been credited with a sense of humour in this proposal had he not solemnly added that the suggestion might appear "a wild one, but it would be an excellent measure."—The new edition of "Medical Women" * brings the history of the struggle for degrees down to the present time. Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake has given most elaborate details of the so-called "failure." To do her justice, she has carefully avoided needless personalities, though of course writing from an interested point of view. The first part of the book is a defence of the need for women in the higher branches of the profession, and the arguments are quite just and convincing. Fashion and custom with the English public, and a kind of trades-unionism among the quality, seem to have constituted the chief opposition. The story of the difficulties encountered at Edinburgh, not only at the hands of a certain clique of professors, who opposed the lady-students with a most narrow-minded hostility, but from some of the undergraduates, whose conduct at one crisis was absolutely indecent, will not be very pleasant reading for members of the University who take any pride in modern Athens. Quotations from the press afford the authoress wide support: in one instance there is a suspicious uniformity of expression, where allusion is made to the proposed offer of the University Court to grant certificates of proficiency in place of the coveted degrees. No fewer than four separate papers agree in comparing this to the parental substitution of stones for bread. The first note in the appendix contains a gratuitous solecism in the Latin of "Necessity knows no law."—Mr. Augustus Le Plongeon has a grievance against his countrymen, and threatens to shake off the dust from his feet on them for ever if the grievance is not forthwith redressed. He has toiled for twelve years in the study of the ancient monuments of Central America, and yet neither American publishers nor American people will take any interest in his work. This is not for want of his conclusions being sufficiently remarkable. He believes he has discovered from these monuments that freemen may have existed in America ages before Adam. He is positive that Yucatan possessed a civilization exactly 11,500 years ago—the civilization at which all the ancient civilizations of the world have lit their lamps, and from whose sages the famous philosophers of Europe and Asia borrowed their ideas. In his "Sacred Mysteries among the Mayas and the Quichas 11,500 years ago" † he seems to have intended to give us some notion of this aboriginal fountain of wisdom, but his contribution is very scanty and conjectural, and, spite of all the marks of labour spent, utterly valueless.—The new volume of Mr. Gomme's "The Gentleman's Magazine Library" ‡ contains the

* "Medical Women." By Sophia Jex-Blake, M.D. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrer. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co.

† London: Sampson Low & Co.

‡ London: Elliot Stock.

second portion of the collections on archæological subjects. Most of those treat of stones and stone circles, and are valuable as descriptions of the condition of many of our principal ancient monuments, from which we may gather the changes they have since suffered, or as records of the state of opinion at the time regarding the original purpose for which they were created. Mr. Gomme has, as before, done his part well, both in the arrangement of his varied materials, and in the explanatory notes he has appended.—Professor Hosmer's "The Jews in Ancient, Mediæval and Modern Times" * is not a work of much original research, nor is it even free from error; but it furnishes a very popular and instructive account of the condition of the Jews from the period of their dispersion to the present day. The writer is acquainted with the most recent authorities, and his book is a useful and interestingly written compendium of the story of the Jews.—"Canibals, and Convicts" † is a series of exceedingly fresh and bright sketches of life among people who have been very rarely visited. The author, Mr. Julian Thomas, is an Australian journalist well known over the Southern Pacific as "The Vagabond" of the *Argus*, and in this capacity he has wandered among the Norfolk Islanders, the aborigines of New Guinea, and the French convicts of New Caledonia, where he made the acquaintance of Louise Michel. He has much to tell us, in a genial and entertaining way, about all those strange folk, and his book will be found as instructive as it is interesting. On the New Hebrides and New Guinea question he is an Australian of the Australians, and is a strong supporter of a single Australian federation, and the removal of France and Germany from the neighbourhood.—"Mountaineering below the Snow Line" ‡ is neither very instructive nor amusing. As a guide-book it is too limited in its range, and as a narrative it is singularly void of incident and literary merit. Mr. Paterson has given us in very honest and homely detail the ramblings of a solitary tour about the hills of Wales, the Lake District, and South Norway. He seems to have enjoyed the most indifferent weather, made some trifling geological observations, and recorded with infatuation every casual instance of female beauty that came under his notice. The chapters on Norway contain some freshness and novelty, but for the most part the author seems to be writing a personal diary for some private and inscrutable end. The book is relieved by a few etchings of some merit.—Mr. John Ashton has collected a number of the smaller and lesser known "Romances of Chivalry," § and abridged them for the modern reader, letting the more important passages, however, stand as they were originally written. He does not touch the Arthurian or Carolingian series of romances, but gives us such stories as Melusine, Howleglas, Guy of Warwick, Sir Bevis of Hampton, the Squire of Low Degree, and others. An interesting feature of the book consists in the illustrations, which are facsimiles done by the author himself, and done with much success, from the early engravings. On the whole this is likely to prove a useful and welcome book.—"The German Classics from the Fourth to the Nineteenth Century," || is a new edition of

* London: Fisher Unwin.

† London: Cassell & Co.

‡ By M. Paterson. London: George Redway.

§ London: Fisher Unwin.

|| By F. Max Müller and F. Lichtenstein. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

Professor Max Müller's collection of extracts, but a new edition specially adapted, by means of new extracts and other alterations, to be an illustrative companion to Professor W. Scherer's "*History of German Literature*," recently translated by Professor Müller's daughter. These additions and alterations have been made, under the personal supervision of Professor Scherer, by Professor Lichtenstein, of Breslau, and the work will be found most valuable to all who want an effective introduction to German literature. Sadly enough, Professor Max Müller's three collaborateurs in this work—Professors Scherer and Lichtenstein, and his daughter—have all died during its preparation. In "*Famous First Representations*" * Mr. H. Sutherland Edwards gossips in a very pleasant and entertaining way about a number of the more famous first representations of plays and operas in France and England, from Molière's "*Tartufe*," "*The Beggar's Opera*," and the "*Messiah*," down to Hugo's "*Hernani*" and Wagner's "*Tannhauser*."—Henry George's new book on "*Protection and Free Trade*" † is composed, three parts of it, of one of the most effective polemics against Protection that has ever been written, and one part of it of a very ineffective advocacy of a nostrum which he calls "*truc free trade*," and which is but another name for an old friend he has long made us familiar with—viz., the abolition of all taxation except the taxation of land. He condemns indirect taxation for revenue purposes as much as for protectionist purposes, and harps still as loudly as ever on the string that all the ills of society are to vanish before—or rather after—the confiscation of rent. The first and longer part of the book, however, has a real and solid value. Mr. George has never written anything abler, and certainly nothing so free from error of any kind. He makes no pretensions to having anything new in it to say, but it will well repay perusal.

* London: Chapman & Hall.

† London: Kegan, Paul & Co.

THE ARMY.

THE assertion that England is not a military nation has in it much suggestive truth, though it is by no means true that we are not a warlike people. Without speaking of long past achievements, the little wars of our own time have shown the admirable qualities of the British soldier, which never stood out in clearer relief than in the late campaign in the Soudan. His adaptability to circumstances; his virile resistance to climate, fatigue, and thirst; his gallant bearing in face of such rushes of desperate and cruel foes; his spirit, which shone more brightly as the circumstances which surrounded him became blacker; the dogged persistence which carried Sir Herbert Stewart's little force—about one battalion strong—to the Nile; the shout of joy with which that column welcomed the enemy's final attack, when the chief was down, and all the chief officers killed or wounded; the comradeship of officers and men, patricians and plebeians—all recalled the best exploits of a warlike nation, and gave manifest proof that the bones, the muscles, the nerves, and the hearts of British soldiers are in no sense less trustworthy than they have ever been. It may be said with assurance, that if there is anything wrong with the army, there is nothing the matter with the stuff of which it is composed. Yet we all know that grave faults were committed, and that, while many of the officers were as conspicuous for talent and knowledge as they were for courage, there were some strange blunders. If we could see every despatch which was sent home, there would be proof enough that, somehow or other, the military system fails to produce with certainty leaders of units who are capable of using in the best manner the splendid material entrusted to their charge. It is possible to go further, and to say that at this very moment the most capable officers are

almost in despair at the apparent hopelessness of making the army what it ought to be, and might easily become. It is true that we have a few commanders who have so manifestly come to the front in our little wars that they have won the confidence of the nation. Not to go below the highest ranks, there are Lord Wolseley at home and Sir Frederick Roberts in India; but let any inquirer ask the opinion of those two leading soldiers, and they will say that they have not the confidence in all the commanders of lower rank which ought to be possessed by every general taking the field. It must also be confessed that there is a wide-spread feeling of distrust in our arms and organization; and, in short, a strong belief that those admirable troops of which the country is proud would be heavily handicapped in case of a great struggle, which might be forced upon us at any time.

The rumours of approaching war have never been louder in the time of this generation than they are now, and there is the additional and most disquieting feature, that the strife which all expect is not one which can easily be localized. It would be interesting to glance back and mark the various steps which have brought Europe into her present condition, but for present purposes it is enough if we recognize that the nations are in a state of unstable equilibrium, supported by props, some of which are so manifestly rotten that no one dares to touch them or to attempt to put new ones in their place. None can say what the result will be; all hope that their own particular portion of the trembling mass will not come undermost when the grand crash takes place. The Continent is armed and irritable. New tactics are being worked out, to confound rivals by their novelty. Magazine rifles are being introduced with feverish haste; and the latest invention is a shell of such enormous power, that those who use it expect that no defensive works can possibly resist its terrible explosion. The fortifications erected round Paris, the frontier fortresses of every nation, are to go down before it as rapidly as the walls of Jericho; and until some new Archimedes devises a remedy, we have to contemplate the unpleasant fact that the power of the attack over the defence has been multiplied in startling proportions. Germany, as usual, has been first both with magazine rifles and the new shells, but France follows hard after with both, and the scale of preparation may be judged by the fact that General Boulanger has asked for a credit of six million pounds sterling for the purpose of developing the shells alone. The French military papers are full of discussions as to the probable effect of these projectiles on the success of the *révanche*, or at least give to that subject whatever space is not occupied by denunciations of greedy and faithless England. Meanwhile we English, with admirable stoicism, go on cutting bread and butter, and though in practical

contact with great military Powers all over the world, put our trust in the silver streak—now crossed in an hour—and, weary of warnings, fall asleep, muttering in our dreams about Nelson and Waterloo.

Yet, if the opinion of the army generally were taken by a sort of *plébiscite* on the question of our readiness for war, the answer returned would be practically unanimous: "No, we are not." The reason given by the great majority would be that "we have not men enough." The picked minority would agree to that statement, but add: "Nor are what we have in a satisfactorily efficient state for war." Now, in these pages we are not about to descant on the feeble muster-roll of the British army, nor even on the youth of recruits. No doubt we are too weak, but with due use of reserves we could at least put two army corps into the field in Egypt or anywhere else, and keep them full, so far as men alone are concerned; and that is more than we have been able to do before within the memory of living man. Two army corps are a small force—either Servia or Bulgaria could do as much, or more; but this is not our present point. Grant that there is some inscrutable law by which England is to be protected for all time against having to bear the burden of enforced military service; grant that one British soldier is for ever to be expected to do the work of many men; in that case the opinion of the most capable officers in the army has all the more force when they claim that whatever army we have should be trained to the highest attainable point, and be always perfectly ready to act at even shorter notice than continental armies. Seeing that it is so small, its armament with the best weapons must cost but a small proportion of the sums spent by continental nations for the same purpose. It should be before, not behind, the rest of Europe. Again, comparing the insignificant force to be transported with the enormous system of roads and railways, ports and shipping, there ought to be no question for a moment of the most rapid mobilization and conveyance to any part of the world. Lastly, considering that the service of the British soldier is for a longer period in the ranks than any other European service allows—more than twice as long as in Germany—there should be no difficulty in having our little army trained to the highest pitch of perfection. Let us take for available force our two army corps, and see how far they can be said to be ready in armament, in rapidity of mobilization, and in training for war.

First, with regard to armament—that is, guns heavy and light, and rifles for the infantry. On this point there have been monstrous exaggerations. It is absurdly untrue to say, as has been said by part of the public Press, that we have no armour-piercing guns in the fleet. Such a deduction can only be arrived at by ignoring altogether the

heavy muzzle-loading guns which till lately were the most powerful pieces of ordnance in the world, with the sole exception of the guns mounted in Italian ships, from the *Duilio* and *Daudolo* upwards. During all the early period of rifled ordnance, not only England, but even official England, was well in advance of the rest of Europe; the muzzle-loading guns of twenty years ago being superior, calibre for calibre, to the breech-loading ordnance of the Continent. And at that time Woolwich was anxious to go forward with breech-loaders. In 1868 the Ordnance Select Committee was directed by the War Office to report on the question of breech- and muzzle-loading for guns, without reference to any particular existing system. The answer was clear. The Committee were practically unanimous in the opinion that a system of breech-loading guns was most desirable. The highest authorities at the Horse Guards agreed with the Committee, and the first definite opposition came from the Director of Naval Ordnance, who did not think that the substitution of a breech-loading system for that adopted for naval ordnance should be seriously entertained. The War Office was only too glad to avoid the series of costly experiments, and then, or a little later on, began the period of official optimism, which, against the pressure of both Krupp and Armstrong, refused to entertain the idea of breech-loading for heavy guns. But by far the worst feature was that the public was satisfied, and the voices which still called for further experiments in the direction of breech-loading and of steel as a material were lost in the general chorus of approbation. The celebrated year 1870 saw England settling down to heavy muzzle-loaders, and introducing muzzle-loading field artillery; and from that time may be dated the commencement of a blight which fell on progressive ideas as regarded artillery. Guns became bigger, but the War Office was in the wrong groove; and because we are not a military nation, successive Ministers of War were only too glad to save the money which ought to have been spent in experiments. Yet England, as a country, ought to be proud of the fact that Sir W. Armstrong in 1871, and afterwards, continued to press ideas of progress in breech-loading on the Government, and that the greatest practical step in modern times was taken by the Elswick firm, which produced samples of the now fashionable long breech-loaders about two years before Krupp followed suit. If the Government had then taken up the question we should have led the world, as we ought to do. But the blight was on us. The cry was "Rest and be thankful." In the midst of a prosperity advancing by leaps and bounds, we had no money to spare for improving the artillery of the fleet which guards that prosperity. Why? Because we are not a military nation. After long years the country begins to be anxious, angry, and probably unjust. Let us hope that it will not neglect this branch of its military affairs in the future.

France has since 1871 remodelled the whole of her artillery, field, garrison, siege, and naval; Austria and Russia have done the same; and Germany has developed her system, not being too proud to act on the example set her by the private makers in England—because she is a military nation. In a similar way, those countries have re-armed their infantry, bringing their rifles to a level with the Henry-Martini, which, with all its faults, was the best military rifle in 1870. The great further step is now being taken of introducing magazine rifles, with which a large portion of the German army is already provided. Other nations are following rapidly in the same path. Why does England lag behind? Because, though perpetually fighting, we are not a military nation. It is not the military authorities who are in fault. They but obey their taskmasters, the members of the various Governments, and their supreme ruler—the Public.

Then, as to mobilization—which simply means that passage from a peace to a war establishment which must be in every case the preliminary to a campaign, whether within or without these islands—every tyro in the military art knows that superior rapidity of mobilization was one of the chief factors in the German successes of 1866 and 1870. Readiness for mobilization supposes three principal preparations made beforehand in time of peace: first, for filling up regiments and corps to war strength with men armed and trained; second, for provision of horses and stores without delay and without stint; third, for having these horses and stores exactly where they are needed—namely, wherever the unit which is to use them is to be mobilized. As an example, take the great war of 1870. The Prussian regiments for first line were all mobilized in from seven to eleven days, and this means that they were in perfect readiness to march, and in full possession of their horses, carriages, spare ammunition, and so on. The French, on the contrary, though they had in existence all that was required, had it not in the right place; so that immense confusion resulted, and the army was not even ready for defence when the Germans were already concentrated for attack on the French frontier. Yet France had declared war, and ought to have had a good start. The German Landwehr was ready a little later, being fully mobilized in from ten to fifteen days. Improvements since made enable the German cavalry to be ready almost instantly, and 503 battalions within seven days followed by 390 more on the eighth or ninth day. In other words, little more than a week would elapse before a force of nearly 900,000, with full proportion of artillery, would be completely ready and provided with every necessary for a campaign, including horses. And all this efficiency is combined with strict economy—because Germany is a military nation. Nor can this readiness for war be said to be due to

conscription. If the British public and Parliament would but grasp the general idea, and insist on similar efficiency at home, there is nothing to prevent their army from being mobilized even more quickly than that of the Germans, in proportion as our army is small and railway system large.

Last year, if, as was fully expected at one time, we had been called upon to defend our interests against a great Power, it would have required almost as many months to mobilize one army corps as the Germans now require days to mobilize about nineteen. Much has been done since then, and preparations are now on foot for the mobilization, if required, of two army corps. But that England, in these times of anxiety, should ever have been in such an astonishing state of unreadiness, proves only too clearly that we are not a military nation. At least, however, we make some progress. Fifteen years ago, or less, there was not even on paper any English army corps, nor any statement of what such a corps ought to be. Good work is being done in this direction; but how long will the movement last?

We come now to the third point—"training for war;" and here it must be remarked, that the public is especially responsible and especially culpable: responsible, because training, whether high or low, goes on before its eyes, and cannot be hid; culpable, because the public, in more than one of its forms, actually stands in the way of training. This thing called the public can and does act by the pressure of "Society," by the voice of the people, and by the power of the purse. We distinctly charge the higher "Society" with discouraging good training, both actively and passively; the voice of the people with being dumb when the safety of the country is at stake; and those who hold the power of the purse with terrible recklessness and folly in the use of it.

The influence of "Society" is invariably in the wrong direction. It encourages idleness, ignorance, and resistance to progress among officers; and, with respect to the men, adherence to old forms, instead of the living energy which creates new forms and sustains the vitality of armies. All its sympathy is for what is called the "good fellow," which, in its phraseology, means the officer who will never be better—that is, the good-natured, easy-going man of Society and sport, who makes a convenience of the service, looks well on parade—thanks to his tailor—and shudders at the idea of studying his profession. On the whole, the term "good fellow" may be said to mean the fellow who is no better than his neighbours, and never makes them feel, by precept or example, that they might be better than they are. If any one questions this, let him look through a file of Society papers, or read the Society novels of the day. He will no longer doubt what is the type favoured by Society. Or, again, think of what has happened with regard to all military reforms

carried or proposed in this generation. One and all have been opposed by the whole force of Society, and carried, when they have passed, by men whose names have become bywords, for the reason that they were not satisfied to slide along the old grooves. If Society could have had its way, officers would still be obtaining promotion by the fatness of their pockets, and sentencing men to be flogged; there would be no tests of any kind for advancement in the service, no military training at all—for parades are not military training—and no reserves. Indeed, it may be doubted if there would be any army properly so called, for it was fast dwindling down, until the temptation of short service brought floods of recruits to the ranks. Society now detests short service, chiefly because the number of young soldiers who have to be trained throw upon the officers burdens which used to be carried lightly by old and experienced sergeants-major and serjeants. And it still offers a dogged resistance to training for war. Some of the best soldiers begin to believe that from the Radicals alone can they expect a renovation of the army. Society, by its folly, is cutting its own throat.

And where is the voice of the people, which in these vital matters should dictate to Society and to Governments? The people have no idea what an army means, except that it costs money; and the watch-dogs of the Press are dumb, or only repeat the platitudes of Society. If there is money in any question—if, for instance, somebody's gun is adopted and somebody else's rejected—there is wrath enough, and ink poured out in torrents. But with respect to training for war, the subject is only touched with the feather end of the quill, or placidly ignored. Here is proof. Knowing that no real training was in progress, the military authorities issued an order that companies should be excused all duties for a month at a time, in order to practise war training. The result is, that at the end of the drill season a memorandum has to be issued in the name of the Field-Marshal Commanding in Chief, saying practically that the army is deficient in knowledge of the most elementary tactical duties, such as outposts and reconnaissance—deficient, that is, in rudimentary training for war. Where is the wave of indignation that ought to sweep over the land? Not a watch-dog barks. Here and there is heard a lazy growl, perceptibly mingled with a yawn; and then they turn with interest to the question of whether the Tories have stolen the Radicals' clothes, or whether Lord Randolph Churchill has a heart. Not long ago a crowd of roughs passed hastily through Pall Mall, Piccadilly, and South Audley Street, breaking a few windows as they went. There was not a serious injury to life or limb, but some damage to property. Instantly arose a whirlwind of popular passion. Down went the Chief Commissioner of Police, and very nearly the Home Secretary, who had only assumed his duties that morning. The

Commander-in-Chief tells us the other day that the army as a whole does not know the elements of its business; yet no one perceives that the whole property of the nation is at stake—no one interests himself as much as if his pocket had been picked of half-a-crown. This is the charge which is fairly to be made against the public. It is painfully conscious of danger to penny-pieces, but risks with a light heart the loss of hundreds of millions and the whole honour and credit of the country. So long as this supineness prevails, so long as the efficiency of the army does not enter into the minds of the electors for Parliament, so long will be wanting the vitality which must subsist in every living and growing institution. The dumbness of the public proves that we are not a military nation.

The holders of the purse-strings are reckless; inasmuch as they play fast and loose with military expenditure, according to the fleeting fashions of the day. At one time there is miserly scraping, at another wild waste. The word miserly is not exaggerated, for there have been—and quite lately—periods when the nation, rich as it is, has actually starved the army to such an extent that it could not possibly take the field. Of course we do not mean that officers or men were not paid, but that the reserve stores of arms and ammunition, the depôts of carriages and clothing, and all the organizations which make no show in peace, but are absolutely necessary for war, were allowed to waste away for want of the comparatively slight expenditure which would be required to keep them up. What is this but the action of the miser, who risks health and life, as if he were the poorest of the poor? Then comes some little war, which might as well be a great one. The Government discovers that everything is wanting, and we have an extravagant and wasteful expenditure, fed by income tax and other burdens. A great deal more money is spent than would have sufficed to keep the army always ready, if it had been issued regularly and systematically, instead of fitfully and without plan. The final result is shown in acres upon acres covered with useless material, and at the end of the excitement a relapse into miserdom. And this will go on till the nation learns to take an interest in military affairs, and to insist that the army shall be managed on business-like principles, instead of being tossed from pillar to post in the play of parties, and treated as a possible tool for the construction of sensational budgets. At this very moment Lord Randolph Churchill is insisting upon one of the periodical starvings being accomplished. The army never knows how it stands, or will stand within a short time; and the best men of business within it, those who are fully capable of organizing victory, are they who, above all others, despair of bringing to pass a rational and economical management of military affairs. Thus the method of wielding the power of the purse shows that we are not a military nation.

Here we shall be met by the statement, which has indeed often been made: "The country cannot pretend to understand these things, but leaves them to the experts." The words would be sensible in Germany for instance, where every child could tell you the names of the experts to whom the destinies of the army may be safely entrusted. Warriors whose names are known throughout Europe, and are household words in their own countries, may be trusted to know what is required, and to ask for it with a right to be heard, whether they be called Ministers of War or Chiefs of the Staff. But here in England we have at the head of the army, first, a Queen, whose many virtues cannot possibly comprise a knowledge of military organization, and who, by the action of one of her best qualities, strict adherence to constitutional forms, is entirely dependent on a Minister of War, and acts on his advice. That Minister of War is never chosen for his knowledge of military affairs: in most cases he has not been in the service at all, and he has, as a rule, no knowledge whatever of the organization or administration of armies. Evidently the adviser of the Crown has to be advised, and becomes the prey of contending schools in the army; for in almost all matters relating to organization and training a desperate struggle goes on between two rival schools within the army itself. How is a Minister of War to take a steady line in the direction of development when he knows that the forces of Society are arrayed against progress, and marshalled by some of Society's natural leaders. He is a politician, and must be on good terms with Society.

This is a condition of things on which it is necessary to dwell for a few moments if we wish to have any idea how the affairs of a non-military nation fall into confusion. We have spoken of two schools of thought—or better say opinion—in the army. For simplicity, and to offend no one, let us call these schools the Old and the New, and try to show the natural working of the divided movement in some simple question, such as the training of the army for war. At first sight it would seem difficult to find where the diversion of opinion can possibly arise; yet in fact the ideas of the two schools are as wide asunder as the poles, and differ in their fundamental principles. The Old School has for its main principle the concentration of all power and action in the hands of a few, and the repression of individual thought and energy in the lower grades of officers and among all the men. Following this idea, it regards decentralization in organization or tactics as hurtful and deserving only of steady opposition. Not only must all command concentrate at headquarters, but individual action and initiative is supposed to be subversive of discipline. Its ideal is to be found in the cult of ramrodism, the concrete expression of which is to be seen when men march past "like a wall." The main principle clearly points to the

cultivation of stiffness and slowness, and to the advancement of officers whose minds are set on old forms, and "who, from that point of view, may be considered safe, if the reverse of brilliant. ' This tendency is well understood, and just in so far as the Old School has power, so will the bulk of officers—or at least those numerous individuals who seek chiefly their own interest—fashion themselves on the pattern of stiffness, slowness, obedience without thought, and intellectual narrowness. The rule of the Old School is absolutely inconsistent with progress as it is generally understood throughout continental armies. But then the Old School will tell you that it is a shame for Englishmen to learn from foreigners, and that what suits other armies is by no means applicable to troops not recruited by conscription. There is something about this idea which seems natural to mankind, for every army has in its turn said the same on the eve of the war which destroyed it. Self-conceit is never more dangerous than when it takes the form of quasi-patriotism.

On the other hand, the New School asserts that there is in the profession of arms no magic spell relieving its members from the conditions under which alone success can be achieved by the members of other professions—the conditions of knowledge and labour. Officers and soldiers should be assiduously trained for war, which is the reason of their existence; all that tends to make them machines instead of skilful workmen is not only useless, but positively hurtful; and the shorter the time of service in the ranks the more needful is it to spend that time in training for war, instead of killing whatever germs of intelligence exist by stiffening mind and body. No army can expect to hold its own in modern war unless it is always improving, and to this end every officer and man in its ranks should be an intelligent workman, trained to know and to do constantly the duties which he will have to perform before an enemy. Dress should be practical and comfortable; arms, whether sword, rifle, or field-piece, should be familiar to the hands that have to use them; movements should be simple, light, and rapid. In short, the soldier of whatever rank should throw off every kind of dulness and be alive in every fibre of body and nerve. All ranks, from top to bottom, should be taught to feel individual responsibility, and to look for advancement, not by mere punctual fulfilment of formalities, but by hard work and development of whatever natural capacity they may

It was one of the maxims of Napoleon that an army ought to change its system of tactics every ten years. His meaning was, that success does not rest upon forms, which can be copied by other armies or generals, but upon living energy and intelligence, which are always capable of devising new combinations; and that formalism of any kind is death to armies, as to other institutions. The New

School desires to arouse such a living spirit in the English army, and is met at every turn by the dead formalism of the old ways. It looks round for help to overcome the *non possumus* which blights its endeavours, and is told that no help can come, because "we are not a military nation: all these questions are left to experts."

Meanwhile the army is in a state of transition, as it has been these many years; but a point has been reached where the necessity for tactical training has been recognized, and after a whole season's trial, the verdict of the highest authority is that the progress is far from satisfactory. Are, then, the classes from which English officers and soldiers are taken so stupid and so dogged that nothing can be made of them? No explanation could be further from the truth. Take the officers out of their military trammels, and you find them the keenest sportsmen, the cleverest and boldest travellers among savage nations that are to be found in the world. The same class, that has not mastered outpost duties and reconnaissance, trains and leads Egyptian fellahs to victory, manages the dashing irregular cavalry of India, and is a match for the politic wiles of Eastern potentates; and those soldiers who plod the dreary round of drill, and cannot observe an enemy without exposing themselves to disaster by a hundred military faults, are the sons or the brothers of the pioneers of civilization, the tide of whose advance is irresistibly and constantly submerging new worlds. There is no skill of woodcraft or prairie work in which these men do not quickly surpass the tribes driven before them; and actual English soldiers, disembarrassed of their formalism, lately conquered the cataracts of the Nile, and picked up in a few weeks the art of the Canadian *voyageurs*. In the native quality of officers and men the English are the most military nation on earth.*

One of the first ideas that will occur to those who read these lines will be, that the faults now pointed out are of no new origin, and that at various times measures have been taken to overcome them. Military education and examinations for promotion have been instituted and worked; there have been autumn manœuvres; and in various ways pressure has been put upon officers to become professional. All this may be thankfully acknowledged; but it is no less true that military education and examinations have themselves fallen into the groove of formalism; autumn manœuvres soon died a natural death; and the only pressure that will ever have an effect worth naming must be to push to the front those officers who show individuality and hard work, so that they—young or old—may have power to set and impress the tone required. Englishmen do not need to be told that the best institutions depend for their effect on the men that work them. The state of the English army is very much like the state of Egypt: one set of men create institutions, and strive to make them work; another set throw obstacles in the way, and endeavour

to prevent progress. The remedy in either case is the same—strengthen the hands of the reformers; weaken those of the opponents. In the first place, if reforms are necessary, those who have long advocated and fought for them should be called upon to organize a system; and in the second place, they should be allowed to choose their own instruments for working it. It is often said that the Sultan of Turkey is anxious to carry out reforms throughout his empire, but is hindered by the pashas, who will not reform themselves. Clearly we ought to have no obstructive pashas in England. There is only one way to take the power out of the hands of obstructives, and that way is the selection of instruments by those in the sense of whose policy the instruments are to work. The Commander-in-Chief has in his own person declined to select officers for promotion, and such selection as exists is exercised by a Commission, which does not include the arch-advocate of selection and leader of the reformers—Lord Wolseley. The case is clear: so far as selection is supposed to exist, it is not in the hands of the New School, and might be directly used against its efforts. Is not this just a little Eastern?

It would be amusing, if it were not so heart-breaking, to observe the absurd collapse of educational tests by reason of the formalism which has put an end to their vitality. There was published the other day in a newspaper a sketch of the examination to which a German one-year's volunteer is subjected before he is released and declared competent to cease his training and become an officer or non-commissioned officer of the Landwehr; and the writer of the paragraph added: "If this be the examination for so low a grade, what must those for promotion of officers be?" The tests of German officers for promotion are not answers to theoretical questions, but that annual observation under which they are brought when teaching and learning their duties in the field before an enemy. They have actually to handle troops under the eyes of their commanding officers, who are keen critics, and candidates for promotion are judged by their practical performances, not by answers to examination questions. But, at the risk of being called unpatriotic, we must add that German theoretical examinations, when they exist in the army, are of a totally different character to those of England. The difference is fundamental. The German examination paper will sometimes give one question, and an hour or an hour and a half to answer it. The student under examination is called upon to go thoroughly into the subject, and he receives more credit for his own thought and power of reasoning out his argument than for exactitude in knowledge of the usual military ideas. Character and originality are considered of more value than memory of book-work, because it is more important that officers should be capable of judging for themselves in the field,

than that they should have ~~given~~ the largest fund of acquired information, which they may lack the power to use against an enemy.

It is painful to contrast with this system of developing and rewarding intelligence and originality the array of dull questions which form the stock-in-trade of most military examiners. Does the credulous public believe that the British officer has to acquire and keep up a profound knowledge of strategy, tactics, and other military subjects of thought and discussion? Vain delusion! For the most part he neglects such studies altogether until the time of examination for his step approaches, and then crams his memory with certain facts, or supposed facts, which are set down in little books prepared by men whose study of examiners is more profound than that of the military art. Have the officials in charge of military education any idea of the jokes which are prevalent in the army concerning examinations? Have they the least notion of the state into which the whole system has fallen? Certain text-books are approved by authority, and are thenceforward treated almost as if divinely and verbally inspired. The examination questions turn on the wording of those books, and must not travel an inch out of them. "What are the three characteristics of so-and-so?" Such a question means, "What does the text-book say on page — the three characteristics are?" An intelligent student might see half-a-dozen characteristics which have come across his mind in the process of reading military history, or new works on fortification, or whatever the subject be; but he dare not stir out of the beaten path. He must give the three divinely appointed characteristics, or forfeit his promotion. And this formalism occurs in an art which changes more rapidly than any other, and, as Napoleon said, must be renewed every ten years. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. After some fifteen years of these examinations, the military authorities say that throughout the United Kingdom there is no practical knowledge of the simplest of military precautions—the placing of outposts. Here, then, we see once more the action of that blight which proves that we are not a military nation. If the New School could have its way, the young officers would practise all these small manœuvres constantly in the field, and under commanding officers—including generals—who would themselves be capable instructors. "Characteristics" and other commonplace formalities would be deposed, and familiarity with actual field-work would be part of the necessary equipment of every officer. If objectors ask us how the capacity of different men is to be judged, we reply by another question: "How did Lord Harris select the team of cricketers who went to Australia?" The selector who knows the business will have no difficulty. At any rate, the selection of cricketers, or Arctic navigators, or companions for sport or travel, is not made by examination-papers based on

formal text-books. Constant training is wanted; but the first step must be to select competent trainers.

It would be easy to go on through a long list of military requirements, all practical and all aiming at the same object—namely, to make our little army perfect of its kind, or at least better prepared than it is to take the field quickly, well armed and provided, and well trained for war. But we should run the risk of wearying our readers, and this article does not profess to be an epitome or programme of proposals. Its object is to show that, taking the strength of the army as it is, in numbers, in age of the men, and quality of officers, there is ample scope for hard work in preparing it for the field.

We have said that there are two schools of opinion in the army, and that the New School is straining to get onwards, the Old School putting meanwhile every conceivable drag on the wheels. The coach on the whole goes forward, but with jolts and creakings which are sometimes terrifying. If a great war were forced upon us and we suffered disaster, the New School would attribute the fault to the stoppages, the Old School to the innovations. If we were a military nation, the country would interest itself in the struggle, and decide definitely what measures should be taken; but because we are not a military nation there is no intelligent and widespread interest in the condition of the army. Most people acknowledge that there is not enough of it, and there has been no objection raised when one Minister of War after another has demanded the small additions which the state of recruiting allowed. But the steps suggested above in military training would require no new grants of money. We only ask that the country should wake up a little, as it did sixteen years ago, and make the question of military progress a popular one, accepting the fact that doctors differ, and that a decision must be made between them. Is progress to be the order of the day, or is it not? If it is, strengthen the hands of the New School, and let its chiefs choose the instruments they require. If, on the contrary, the nation is satisfied to plod painfully in the rear of European armies—if it is content to take up questions when they are leaving them, to be behindhand in armament, unprepared to take the field quickly, and possessing officers and men whose acquaintance with the most commonplace manœuvres in the field is so slight as to elicit a general reproof—why, let that decision be given, and many of the reforming school will doubtless find in new fields room for the exercise of such energy and ability as they may possess: at least they will not then be responsible for a condition of things which they one and all dislike and deplore.

It has been said that the first step to be taken with reference to

the army is to find out how strong it ought to be. There are, however, many difficulties in increasing its strength, and we should first make sure that the most is made of what strength we have. It is well known to all military organizers that no army is in a safe condition unless proper reserves of arms, clothing, and all things necessary for campaigning, are kept up. There should be a minimum below which the reserves should never be permitted to fall. Here is one principle which should be established and acted upon in this country. Wars are quickly begun in modern times, and for the most part the result is quickly decided. England should be able to act quickly in the support she gives to either side; otherwise, while we are manufacturing, the hour of action will have passed away. Then the contingent which we are able to furnish should be definitely organized in time of peace, with all that it requires. Everything should be ready, and proof of readiness should be given by practising mobilization. Two English army corps thrown into the scale when great military Powers are contending, might make all the difference if they were known to be always ready. The knowledge that they were so might easily settle affairs, and cause the peace to be kept. The force is modest; so much the more reason for its being completely in hand.

Again, the officers and men comprising our small mobile army should be in a state of perfect training for the duties of war. It is ridiculous to suppose that this training cannot be acquired in peace. The Prussian army had lived for very many years in peace before 1866, when its sudden mobilization and wonderful efficiency startled the world. The secret was, that the army had been regarded and trained as an engine for war purposes; and what Prussia did before 1866 can be done by any army now. In the peace between 1866 and 1870 the whole of Germany perfected itself in organization and training, with a result which all men know. Conscription had everything to do with its strength, but nothing to do with its preparation and training. Gambetta's energy produced armies; the strength was there in numbers; but they broke down for want of knowledge and training. His forces were more numerous than those of the Germans to which they were opposed; yet they broke down purely from want of training for war.

If, then, England desires to speak with some authority in the great crisis which is approaching with no uncertain steps, her forces, such as they are, must be conspicuous by their fitness in every particular. Already the quality and conduct of our soldiers in the Soudan has had an excellent effect on the feeling of the European public, which had begun to cherish the dangerous idea that England

had lost all the fighting qualities which used to be in her. It only remains to show that the small force which we could send out of the country is as excellent in knowledge and training as it is in spirit. The result cannot be reached by mere orders from headquarters. It can only come when training for war is understood to be more important than all the regimental systems and interior economies in the world; and, having regard to the weakness of human nature, the first step to be taken is to make the army understand that all credit and advancement depends, and will in future depend, on energy and ability displayed in practical work, and that nothing but the display of these qualities will constitute a claim to promotion.

WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT.

ARE the Welsh people a nation? Some Englishmen deny it. Yet if the Welsh are not a nation, of what nation are they? The English, Scotch and Irish are three distinct nations beyond all question. What then becomes of the Welsh? They are no more English than they are Scotch or Irish. England has indeed tried to absorb and assimilate them. The result is before us. The national features of Wales remain more sharp and clear than those of England, Scotland, or Ireland; and the Welsh are to-day the most distinct and homogeneous of the four peoples that make up the realm.

Scotland and Ireland have abandoned their native tongue. The Welsh, while acquiring the English language, have preserved their own with a fervent fidelity. More Welsh is spoken now than Scotch and Irish put together. Indeed there is now more Welsh spoken in Wales and written* than ever there was. Very wisely, by the Redistribution Act, both the great English parties concurred in admitting the nationality of Wales. It was as a nation that Wales retained her ancient quota of thirty representatives in the House of Commons. As a part of the English people she would have been entitled to no more than twenty-five.

The assertion of Welsh nationality is not made by Wales with a view to some new political cry: the new thing to Wales is the denial of so ancient and obvious a fact as her nationality. Wales insists now upon her nationality, because she has a great national grievance against England. Probably this is why the Welsh are even more deeply interested than the Scotch in the Irish national movement. They, like the Scotch, have national needs and aspirations,

* The population of Wales may be taken at, roughly, 1,400,000, of which some 935,000 speak Welsh; of these, 640,000 are bilingual, more or less. About £100,000 a year is believed to be spent in Welsh literature of all sorts.

but they are not like the Scotch in simply seeking to quicken ameliorating legislation of a national character. The Welsh are suffering acutely under an intolerable injustice—the grossest outstanding injustice of our day. It is one thing to ask benefits from Parliament, and another to require redress. Patience may be public virtue in the one case; it is national cowardice in the other. The Welsh refuse to wait. They look upon this new questioning of their nationality as a mere refuge for the English conscience. If the Welsh are not, a nation, but only a part of the English nation, then the English Establishment in Wales is also a Welsh Establishment, and the English national Church, as being the national Church of Wales also, is fully entitled to the national endowments of Wales. On the other hand, if the Welsh are a nation, then the English Establishment is an alien Establishment in Wales, and the English Church in Wales is not entitled to Welsh national endowments. Again, if the Welsh are a nation, then, being, as Mr. Gladstone has called them, “a nation of Nonconformists,” the continued imposition upon them of an Episcopalian establishment, claiming the spiritual monopoly of Wales and absorbing the whole of the national appliances of religion in Wales, cannot be defended.

It is not, then, with a view of claiming Home Rule, or even for the mere purpose of securing attention to Welsh needs in general, that the Welsh are in a condition of political ferment. Tithe agitation and land agitation are symptoms and accompaniments of the real malady. The Welsh people are but now politically emancipated, and are asserting themselves chiefly, if not wholly, in order to shake off the incubus on their religious and national life of the English Establishment.

The Welsh perceive that, just as in the past England used the English Establishment for purely English objects in Wales, so now many Englishmen decline to withdraw the Establishment lest English interests should suffer in England also. Such Englishmen fear that Disestablishment in Wales may be but the precursor of Disestablishment in England.

Nevertheless, the Welsh have no hostility to the Church of England as a Church. Their movement is wholly religious. It is neither secular nor social, political nor intellectual. Their objection is to the Establishment, and to the grievous injury upon religious and Welsh interests which English Establishment inflicts. The Church as a voluntary body would be regarded as a valuable fellow-worker in the Welsh vineyard.

No doubt the Welsh are not Episcopalian. The physical character of their country and the genius of the people are unfriendly to the framework and the forms of a Latin and feudal Church. Better for the widely scattered Welsh a host of humble, wayside chapels than

few and far-off churches. Better a minister one of and with themselves, their choice and their voice, than the most polished official of an eminent hierarchy, speaking the voice of an august Church, claiming exclusive and independent authority, and holding the keys of heaven and hell.

Nor must Englishmen suppose that Welsh Nonconformity is of the "Salem Chapel" order, any more than that Welsh clergy generally are of the social and cultivated type known to England.

Welsh Nonconformity sprang from the bosom of the Church. It was not Dissent; it was Evangelization. Establishment had starved and all but killed the exotic English Church. From the dying mother's womb issued a new, a national religion for Wales. England has of late galvanized the Church in Wales into fresh life, but for Wales the past is irrevocable and inexorable. The English Church cannot, as such, be now converted into a national Welsh institution. It is rejected as English, as Episcopalian, and as Established. That it should aspire, unchanged, to displace Nonconformity, after all that is past and gone, is to Welshmen almost a national insult.

A word or two of ancient history should here be permitted. In Wales the native British Church survived until the twelfth century, it is said, and left many tokens and memories behind it. The Roman Church was from first to last a Church of pure conquest. The Reformation should have made a religion for Wales. But the Latin ritual was displaced for the English, not the Welsh tongue. Not till James's reign was the Bible even translated. The Welsh gentry being in 1745 Jacobite, English statesmen used the Church with more rigour than ever as an Anglicizing and denationalizing garrison in Wales. From that date, to 1870 not a single Welshman filled a Welsh see. As bishops in Wales appoint the deans, and hold the bulk of the patronage, English bishops in Wales made English deans and English clergy. Thus they emptied Welsh churches of all Welsh-speaking people. Upon empty churches followed gross nepotism, pluralism, and absenteeism, until the very fabrics fell into ruin. Even so late as 1830, in one Welsh see three-fourths of the whole endowment of the diocese went to members of the bishops' families and absentees. All this wicked neglect and abuse, which notoriously reduced large tracts of Wales to nearly heathenism, was the work of Establishment and of the State manipulation of a State Church. The national piety of Wales alone carried religion through the inhuman ordeal. Welshmen—generally clergymen—obscure and poor, filled with an extraordinary zeal for God and for Wales, took up that great revival which, begun in the seventeenth century, has resulted to-day in 3,000 chapels and a voluntary income of £400,000 a year. These men were not vain or presumptuous dissidents from the doctrine or discipline of the Church. They were humble evangelists. It

was not for their want of orthodoxy—it was for their pious but obnoxious enthusiasm—that the Church persecuted them, and at length cast them out. And now, when they and their followers and descendants have won Wales and hold Wales for voluntary Christianity, England is asked by too many Englishmen to ignore the past, and to aid in the effort to rivet upon the Principality the chains of Establishment.

Englishmen should indeed recognize, not only the origin and nature of the grievance of Wales, but something as to the weight of that grievance and the urgency of its pressure. They know that the Welsh people are Nonconformists, they know also that the Church is but a Church of a small minority—a minority which unhappily includes all the station and almost all the affluence of the country. They probably know that the Church people are all Tories and the Nonconformists mostly Liberals. They fail to note the effect of this coincidence in the social, political, and religious divisions of the Principality, and how such coincidence constitutes a fissure so deep and dangerous that it may be called, without extravagant metaphor, a gaping and an ever-bleeding wound in the body politic.

No people are more disposed than the Welsh to loyalty to their natural leaders. In none are social instincts more active and developed. They are as clannish as the Scotch, and as warm-hearted as the Irish. Establishment drives a hard and cruel wedge into the midst of this friendly and trustful people, splitting it asunder, clean and sharp, just where class, religion, and politics furnish so unhappily a common line of cleavage.

Welshmen are not unduly jealous of the social pretensions of subaltern Welsh clergy, nor are they unwarrantably affected by the technical claims of the Establishment, to spiritual monopoly, nor by the Church's right to parcel Wales out exhaustively into parishes, over every one of which some outside appointed incumbent has for life a practically uncontrolled spiritual authority. Nor do the Welsh covet the Church's beautiful fabrics, delightful parsonages, choice glebes, and all the endowments of the Establishment. They ask no alms of the State for their religion, for they have unlimited faith in the voluntary principle. The aristocracy of Wales has been lavishly generous to the Establishment. Nowhere, perhaps, have landowners done more for their churches. How could the rich neglect their churches while the poor were raising chapels far and near? Yet not a few of these men have failed to subscribe a sixpence for a single chapel on their estates, and too many have consistently resisted all efforts to procure sites for chapels. Even thus the Welsh are not unwisely irritated. The edge of the grievance is felt in the aggressive action of the English Establishment. The church in Wales is bent upon redeeming the past. So far, well. But the Establishment in England is set upon bolstering up the

Establishment in Wales, which it regards as being not only an integral portion of itself, but a beleaguered and endangered outwork. Here lies the mischief. The Church has become a propagandist Church. So long as her efforts are confined to the rescue of the lost and wandering, they are cordially welcomed by Nonconformity. But when the Church proselytizes, and uses the enormous advantages, not only of her wealth, station, and English connection in Wales, but also the national endowments of Wales, the subsidies of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and the foreign gold of English State Church societies for the promotion of such work, then is the sharpness of the grievance felt.

Take the case of Lampeter. It is a mission seminary for the production of Welsh-speaking clergy. It was founded and is endowed by the State out of funds supplied partly by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and partly from sinecure Welsh livings. It was planted in the most remote and Welsh and Nonconformist of counties. It had a degree-giving power (*the only one in Wales*) conferred upon it, so as to make it a complete and self-sustaining nursery for the priesthood. Its operation is simply that of a bounty to the poor Nonconformist farmers of Cardiganshire, to induce them to provide recruits for the Church. One undoubted result is that the Church saves itself the reproach of having no Welsh-speaking clergy, and that a few Nonconformist families of Cardiganshire begin to think the Church a not altogether unprofitable institution. But how must Nonconformists generally regard Lampeter and its mission? What makes the aggression more conspicuous is, that many of the Welsh-speaking clergy thus procured, or else obtained, as is too often the case, out of the ranks of theological students rejected by the Nonconformist training college, are appointed to newly created livings in the remoter Welsh-speaking districts, already long and amply supplied by Nonconformists, and where they can only be sources of irritation and a prey to scandal-breeding idleness. The whole effort of the English Establishment is thus directed to the nominal reconquest of Wales, and to the manufacture of evidence that the religious necessities of Wales are now adequately supplied by the Church in Wales. Obviously the Welsh cannot and must not dally with so insidious and unfair a form of encroachment. They are bound to use every constitutional means to prevent the Church from employing English and Welsh national endowments and English-got charters and degree-giving powers, for the purpose of fighting on behalf of England the battle of English Establishment upon Welsh soil.

It is not hostility to Church doctrine,* or dread of Church

* The Welsh Calvinists, who form the largest denomination in Wales, retain the doctrinal articles of the Church of England and the Apostles' Creed, together with the Assembly's Shorter Catechism.

successes, that renders this grievance intolerable. It is the innate and unconquerable love of justice. There are Nonconformist advocates of Welsh Disestablishment who believe that, if the Church becomes a voluntary body in Wales, it will close not a few chapels. It will undoubtedly be the wealthiest institution and possessed of the greatest social influence and authority. Once it is popularized and democratized in status and administration, it will, in the opinion of such men, profit largely by the fissiparous tendencies of Nonconformity, as well as by its enormous worldly advantages. Few can closely estimate to what degree hatred of Establishment at present fosters and holds together Nonconformity. There are, again, Churchmen in Wales who advocate Disestablishment even more for the sake of the Church than of justice. However this may be (and the present writer believes that the Welsh are no more Episcopalian as a nation than the Scotch), it is this steadily unjust and aggressive operation of Establishment, and not resentment against the Church as a Church, that gives its point and its sting to the Welsh grievance.

But there is also the case of Education. The Church has practically the use of all the old educational endowments in Wales, and, moreover, has obtained very far beyond its fair share of the control of elementary education.

Taking a moderate estimate of the Church as in a minority of one to four of the people, and noting that that minority is made up mainly of the classes not availing themselves of elementary schools, it is obvious that but a very modest proportion of the children attending elementary schools can be of Church parentage. Nevertheless, the Church has succeeded in providing and holding four to one of the voluntary elementary schools of Wales. If this remarkable success of the Church had been fairly won, Welsh Nonconformists would not complain. But how has it been won? The landowners and gentry, being Church people, get their religion free, and have besides a State-paid clergy with often little to do but to look after the schools. The enthusiasm of the Welsh for education is notorious. No wonder, then, that in the race for providing schools the Church folk have easily outrun the Nonconformists, already burdened with their chapels and Sunday schools. But behind the gentry there is a purely English institution—the “National Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor in the principles of the Church of England.” This Society builds and supports training colleges for schoolmasters in North and South Wales, and, besides making book and block grants and so forth, has spent over £36,000 of English money in the building of elementary schools in Wales. Meanwhile, Welsh Nonconformity has provided and maintains British or undenominational schools for nearly

26,000 children. But the priority of the Establishment in creating a large majority of the school accommodation results in the State's giving annual support to Welsh voluntary schools in the proportion of four to one in favour of the Church. Thus, whether charitable endowments or State grants are considered, the Church in Wales has an overpowering advantage, and one altogether out of proportion to her rights or numbers.

No people could be wounded in a more susceptible quarter than the Welsh Nonconformists are when the English Establishment, failing to bring their adults to Church, manage to reach their children in school, and that largely by the help of its English alliance and an undue share of public funds.

And what is the case for Establishment? Few will join issue willingly upon the merits. When men having the standpoint of Lord Derby, Lord Rosebery, and Lord Wolverton, not less than men like Mr. Bright, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Morley, have publicly proclaimed the justice of Disestablishment in Wales, to argue the justice of Establishment is to undergo the penalty of Sisyphus. An injustice once unmasked by but one honest and disinterested man will not be made to look again like justice by a thousand partisans.

But in truth it is so difficult to discover any arguments for the Establishment in Wales upon the merits, that it is found hopeless here to discuss them. The friends of Establishment resort not to argument, but to a *non possumus*. "Disestablish the Welsh Church! You must first establish one. There is no Church of Wales. The Church of England and the Church in Wales are one and the same. You cannot make two of them." That is to say, Wales must wait till the great question of Disestablishment for England has come to maturity.

Wales is too simple and honest-minded to be disconcerted by sophisms of this sort. She brushes them aside as either unseemly mystification or idle pedantry. To Englishmen, who like to see their way through every possible complication, and who have much respect for mere technicalities, it may be well to point out that the Establishment and the Church are not only very far from co-extensive; the demarcation between them is always arbitrary, and has been occasionally doubtful. If the Church of England be considered as a whole, it will be easily surmised how intricate, and at times hard to trace, must be the contour lines defining the precise limits of the province and precincts of Establishment, as, for example, in its relations to the missionary settlements, the dependencies, and the Crown colonies respectively. Down to the date of Lord Kingsdown's judgment in 1862, the belief was held, and acted upon by Parliament, by successive Ministries, and by the Church itself, that the whole colonial

Church was an integral portion of the Establishment. The error was at length exposed by a mere accident of litigation. But the very obscurity of this incident, and the insignificance of its results, must surely go far to satisfy even nervous English Churchmen that, whether the four Welsh dioceses form or do not form a part of the Establishment, so long as they belong to the Church of England no injury can befall either the Church or the Establishment. It is hard to see where such injury could arise. In mere numbers the bishops and dioceses of the Church of England outside Establishment already far exceed those within it. We have therefore now wide and long experience of the harmonious and prosperous working of a condition of things under which, without any alarm even in the most sensitive quarter, the unestablished portion of the Church of England is constantly enlarging its sphere, and thus steadily contracting the relative importance of the area under Establishment. Welshmen may reasonably say to the English Establishmentarian: "What fresh or unknown injury or impediment to the working of the Church—nay, to the existence of Establishment—can the separation of Wales from Establishment bring about? It is plain that to be Established or to be non-Established does not disturb the doctrine or discipline of the Church, else the Church would not be now holding together. It is clear that the difference of condition engenders no administrative conflict, otherwise you would hardly be interchanging bishops and clergy so easily. On the other hand, the facts that you would not dream of starting Establishment anywhere, and that your unestablished branches are at least as vigorous as yourself, show that the future is for the unestablished branches. And again, the fact that the Welsh portion of your Establishment is gangrened, is a warning to you to submit to amputation before mortification of the whole body of Establishment sets in."

In truth it is unedifying to see the Establishment taking shelter under such technicalities. No institution probably presents more absurd anomalies. Its friends in their ignorance are wont to speak of it as the only security for the Sovereign's orthodoxy.* But the effect of Establishment is to make the Sovereign worse than unorthodox. The Sovereign must be by profession both a Presbyterian and an Episcopalian at the same time! The Queen is by law a member of the Scotch Presbyterian Establishment and at the same time by law the head of the Episcopalian Establishment. If English Establishment can swallow such a camel as this, we may reasonably ask it not to strain at our Welsh gnat.

Much of the foregoing may seem to some but the flogging of a dead horse. They will say: "If Welsh nationality does not mean

* Protestant succession is in fact secured by Act of Parliament.

Home Rule, let it pass. The grievance of the Establishment is fully conceded. The determination of Wales to press her grievance is recognized. The possibility of piecemeal Disestablishment is provisionally admitted. But with the Irish question on hand, how can we undertake a Welsh question? With the Liberal party in three pieces, how can Liberals ask Liberals to create fresh issues? Surely Welsh Liberals, who have served so long for Leah, will serve a little longer for Rachel."

It may be that Welsh patience will hold out, but there is grave reason to doubt it. The pressure of the present crisis is both outward and inward. It is straining the parliamentary self-restraint and the party allegiance of Wales to the cracking point. It is forcing the most law-abiding of peoples close upon some general and public disregard of law. The virtue of a simple, gentle, and emotional race is so far feminine that, once breached, it lets in the flood.

Tithe agitation may be easily misconstrued. No doubt the pervading ground of action is the desire to obtain from the parson the same consideration and remission of dues as from the squire. The individuals least entitled to upbraid the farmers for going straight to the parson and for treating tithe as a purely farmer's burden, are those amongst the landowners and their political friends who have for long been sedulously teaching farmers, for party purposes, thus to look at rates and tithes; and the law has encouraged the error by enabling the landowner to shift final responsibility for tithe on to the farmer, and by giving the parson no remedy but against the farmer.

Yet that the agitation is not a purely "breeches pocket" affair is plain. Everywhere the Welsh farmers denounce the proposal to transfer the payment to the landlords. They do so because they desire to retain some connection with a large outgoing from the land intended for the public benefit of the locality. They are sensible that if the landlord or the State turn paymaster, they will lose the yearly recurring and visible evidence of their grievance against the English Church that it takes an annual toll of the produce of Welsh soil in order to support what to most of them is a barren, a superfluous, and an alien Establishment. This *locus standi* they wish to keep, if they can.

Yet, after what happened in Ireland under much the same circumstances, it is not unreasonable to fear the spread and growth in Wales of the disregard of legalities in the matter of tithe. National, wilful, and persistent refusal to redress admitted public injustice must in the end lead to contempt of law. Then comes the fatal and vicious circle which the strong cast round the weak: to order, no

concessions are necessary; to disorder, no concessions are possible. Then will be offered to Wales the well-worn dilemma of poor Ireland: if you keep the peace, you are contented; if you break it, you are disqualified.

Strong England may, if she pleases, shirk in this manner a debt to weak Wales which she dares not disclaim; but interest will run, and if the case comes into court there will be costs as well. An outstanding national grievance tends to spread. Already the tithe agitation shows how the Establishment sore may run over on to the land question. If Disestablishment in Wales is to come (and who can doubt it?), then not alone for the sake of the Establishment and the Church in England and in Wales, but also for the sake of other important interests also, it had better come quickly.

Wales has long waited in the past, but that was while Wales was unrepresented. The Ballot Act and the new County Franchise have given sudden voice and arm to Wales. Three general elections within six years have shown Wales her own mind, and convinced her of her political freedom. Within the same period Wales has seen Mr. Parnell, with a following at one time scarcely larger than she can now command, upsetting the balance of English parties, ejecting, establishing, and controlling in the most open manner rival English Governments. Wales has seen more. She has seen Mr. Chamberlain with a mere handful of Radicals secure the upper hand at a great crisis, and defeat his own leader and his own party upon an issue which he deemed above all party ties. Such an issue is in Welsh eyes now before Wales. For mere beneficial legislation, however urgent, Wales might continue to wait. For the redress of a great national grievance, she may decline to attend the convenience of English parties. Wales has sent up to Parliament twenty-six faithful Liberals; but every one of them was first pledged to press Disestablishment on Parliament as a paramount duty to Wales. What sufficient response has the Liberal party made?

Indifference breeds indifference. The Welsh are not greatly concerned with the personal rivalries of English political life. Their interests are few but intense. They are proud of their new parliamentary weapon, and keen to use it. They are possessed by an absorbing political object. Each election fills them with indescribable enthusiasm. Nowhere else is it possible to find so many votes recorded at such sacrifices and with such extraordinary and unselfish exertions. Nowhere else perhaps is there such exaltation over every political triumph. What must be the reaction, the bitterness of disappointment, with which Wales sees session after session altogether barren for her, and the one great act of justice—her first political good—still withheld? Neither Welsh nor human

nature can long stand such a strain. We are now on the verge of a new departure in Wales. If the English Liberal party continues callous, the next general election will see a new set of Welsh Liberal members, pledged to be Welshmen first and members of the English Liberal party only afterwards and upon terms.

It is the overpowering conviction of the imminence of this catastrophe, it is the persistent and perilous dullness of England's ear on its Welsh side, that has provoked a loyal English Liberal—who is at the same time in some measure entitled to speak on behalf of Wales—to urge upon English readers the imperious necessity that Welsh demands should no longer be met by cold acquiescence and postponement to the more convenient season of political leaders, but should be promptly adopted and energetically advocated as immediate objects of the action of the Liberal party.

STUART RENDEL.

GOETHE AND PHILOSOPHY.

THE "old quarrel of poets and philosophers," of which Plato speaks, is as far off from reconciliation as ever, and in one point of view we cannot wish it to be reconciled. It is far from desirable that poetry should ever become "a criticism of life," except in the sense in which beauty is always a criticism upon ugliness, or a good man upon a bad one; and it is quite as undesirable that philosophy should relax any of its effort to produce such a criticism, or, in other words, to set the deeper meaning of things against their superficial appearances. Each does best service by remaining within its own limits and keeping to its own ways of action. Yet there is undoubtedly a point—and that, indeed, the highest point in both—in which they come into close relations with each other. Hence, at least in the case of the greatest poets, we are driven by a kind of necessity to ask what was their philosophy. A few words on the general relations of poetry and philosophy may make it easier to express what in this point of view we have to say about Goethe.

The poet, like the philosopher, is a seeker for truth, and we may even say for the same kind of truth. He may not, indeed, like the philosopher, separate the idea or principle from the immediate reality of things, but he must be so eager and passionate in his realism as to get at the ideal in it and through it. He must grasp the world of sense so firmly that it ceases to sting. If he remoulds the immediate facts of the world of experience, it must be by means of forces which are working in it as well as in himself, and which his own plastic genius only brings to clearer manifestation. In some few cases, this poetic process of "widening nature without going beyond it,"* has been so successful that it becomes almost a futile curiosity to ask

* Schiller.

what were the materials which the poet has used, or the bare facts for which he has substituted his creations. The kernel has been so completely extracted, that we are not concerned about the husk. If we could learn the circumstances of the Trojan War as a contemporary historian might chronicle them, we should not know nearly so much of the inner movement and development of the Greek spirit as Homer has told us; though we should probably find that Homer's story is nowhere a mere copy of the facts, but that it stands to them in somewhat the same relations in which the "Sorrows of Werther" stands to the accidents of Goethe's life in Weimar, and the suicide of Jerusalem. The facts are changed, and a new world constructed out of the old by the shaping imagination of the poet, but the change is such that it seems to have taken place in the factory of Nature herself. The forces that work underground, and hide themselves from us beneath the appearances of human life, have, by the silent elaboration of poetic genius, forced their way to the surface, and transformed the appearances themselves. Hence the new creation has all the colours of life, and almost shames the so-called facts of every day by the sturdy force and reality of its presence. Thus before Shakespeare's characters most ordinary human beings seem like the shadows of the dead in Homer. It is not that in these dramas a different life is set before us from that which men everywhere lead, but the passions and characters which, in conflict with each other and with circumstance, gradually work out their destiny, are in the poet's mind put into a kind of forcing-house, and made with rapid evolution to show their inner law and tendency in immediate results.

It is indeed only the greatest poets who are capable of thus making themselves, as it were, into organs by which nature reaches a further development. In all but the greatest we find a mixture of such creative reconstruction with what we can only call manufacture. The failing force of vision obliges them to hold together by mechanical means the elements which do not round themselves into an organic whole. And even to the greatest poets it is not granted to have a complete and continuous vision. Hence, except in the case of short "swallow-flights of song," which can be produced in one lyric burst of feeling, works of pure poetic art must be the result of much patient waiting and watching for the spirit; they cannot be perfected without much self-restraint and critical rejection of every element which is not quite genuine. "That which limits us, the common or vulgar," and which by its presence at once turns poetry into prose, cannot be excluded except by a self-abnegation as great as that by which the scientific man puts aside subjective pre-suppositions and "anticipations of nature." For poetic truth does not lie on the surface any more than scientific truth. The *kinds* of truth

are indeed widely different. The aim of the man of science is to distinguish the threads of necessity that bind together the most disparate phenomena, and in pursuit of these he seems, to one who looks at the immediate result, to be explaining away all the life and unity of the world, and putting everywhere mechanism for organism, even in the organic itself. On the other hand, the poet ignores or endeavours to get beyond the external mechanism of the world; he is ever seeking and finding life even among the dead. But only one who regards the abstractions of science as the ultimate truth of things, can take this process to be a mere play of subjective fancy, or can suppose that any great poetic creation is produced by an imagination which merely follows its own dreams and does not bend to any objective law. It is even harder for the poet to eliminate from his work all that is not living, than for the scientific man to set aside the phantoms of life, the final causes, which disturb the prose of science. In both cases the individual has to put himself aside and let nature speak; but the poet listens for another voice, a "still small voice," which comes from a further depth. The extreme rarity of poetic works of a high order, in spite of the comparatively frequent appearance of a measure of poetic genius, shows how many and difficult are the conditions which must be satisfied in their production.

The poet, like the philosopher, is in search of a deeper truth in things than that which is the object of science. He seeks, as has been said, the unity and life which is hidden in the mechanism of the universe, and he who seeks truth in any form must be prepared for self-abnegating effort. Yet we must not forget another characteristic of poetry by which it is separated at once from science and philosophy—viz., its spontaneous and even unconscious character. After all, the effort of the poet is to provide a free channel for a power that works in him like a natural force. Wordsworth's criticism of Goethe's poetry, that it was not inevitable enough (a criticism which is singularly wide of the mark in regard to the best of Goethe's work), is an apt expression of this truth. Creative imagination is a power which is neither lawless, nor yet, strictly speaking, under law; it is a power which, as Kant said, *makes laws*. It carries us with free steps into a region in which we leave behind and forget the laws of nature; yet, as soon as we begin to look round us and to reflect on our new environment, we see that it could not have been otherwise. The world has not been turned upside down, but widened by the addition of a new province which is in perfect continuity with it. But this feat of "widening nature without going beyond it," has its special subjective conditions. It cannot be achieved by one in whom the division of man's higher and lower nature has produced the sense of an irreconcilable breach between the two, or in whose

eyes their unity has been reduced to a mere ideal. Poetic genius must live in fruition, not in aspiration—must be at peace and not at war with the world; it must be able to see good in the heart of evil, it must grasp as attained what others see only as a distant hope. The poet cannot be one who has had to trample upon his natural life in order to make room for moral freedom, or one who has lost the vividness of the sensuous present in order to grasp at an idea. He must remain at one with himself as in happy childhood, and maintain an unbroken life in spite of all fightings within and contradictions without. For if he does not, a false note will get into his song; it will become a wail for a lost past, a complaint against time and fortune, or an aspiration after the unattainable instead of an echo of the divine word that "all is good." Art must, therefore, in a sense, be joyous; * if it is not to fall beneath its idea, it must at least return in its final note to joy. If it admits the tragic contrasts of life, it must not lose itself in them; it must carry us beyond "fear and terror," even if it has to carry us through them. It must not leave us victims of such passions without a reconciling atonement, which makes us accept the event, not merely as an inevitable fate, but as an issue in which the dramatic evolution of character has brought about its own destiny. Thus, even when it goes beyond the first and simplest theme of poetic imagination, and ceases to be an expression of man's joy in the response of nature to the demands of his spirit, it must restore the broken harmony by giving us, even in the utmost tragic catastrophe, the sense of the realization of a law in which we are more deeply interested than even in the sorrows and joys of the individual. If, on the contrary, a poem throws us back upon ourselves, jarred and untuned as by a consciousness of inexplicable accident or meaningless sorrow, or if it leaves us strained with a vacant longing for we know not what, we may safely say that we have been cheated by a false semblance of art, or at best by an art which wilfully seeks to destroy the sources of its own power. For contradiction, division, external limitation are the prose of life; and art is art, poetry is poetry, only as it disentangles, unites, and reconciles, giving us, if not the open vision, at least the presentment or "Ahnung" of the unity which is beneath and beyond it.

In a sense, then, we may admit that poetic art is merely ideal. It must be ideal just because it holds so closely to the *immediate* reality or sensuous presence of its objects, even while it lifts them beyond those limits and conditions which are attached to the things of sense. It cannot therefore, even in tragedy, go fairly down into the region of conflict and limitation, which, as I have said, is the domain of prose. It shrinks from the abstractions and divisions of science, as fatal to that immediate unity and life which

* "Ernst ist das Leben, heiter ist die Kunst." (Schiller.)

it cannot surrender. Hence, its "old quarrel" with philosophy. Philosophy is, *in the end*, at one with poetry. It might even be said that *ultimately* it is nothing, more than an attempt to prove that which poetry assumes as given, or to enable 'us by reflection to recognize as the universal principle of reality that ideal which poetry exhibits to us in special creations. Yet the essential differences of method make it difficult for two such disparate activities to come to any understanding with each other. Plato, in whom the perfect union of these two forms of spiritual life was most nearly realized, is also the writer who most strongly insists on their essential opposition. In truth they may be said to start in opposite directions, and only to coincide in their final goal. For philosophy, whatever ultimately it may do to point towards unity, is obliged, to begin by carrying abstraction and division to a further extent than even science. If it aims at a final synthesis, it is on the basis of an unsparing analysis; if it seeks to find a living unity in the world, it is not by restoring the immediate life, which science destroys that it may dissect the dead body. Rather its business is to complete the scientific disintegration that, through death, it may reach a higher life. It is essential to philosophy to separate the spiritual from the natural, the higher life from the lower life, the subject from the object, the universal from the particular, the ideal from the real. Thus it carries us deep into the region of abstraction and division, of contradiction and controversy, and if it also can be said to carry us beyond that region, yet in this respect its work is never complete, and the answer it gives in one age requires to be, if not essentially changed, yet deepened and widened and translated into a new language with the changing experiences of another age. Thus the element of pure theory must always be a dangerous, and may even be a fatal, element to the poet; for it severs that which it is his peculiar function to keep united, and even where it reunites, it has to accomplish its synthesis in a region of thought in which the sensuous forms of poetry can hardly breathe and live.

These general considerations may serve as an introduction to a few remarks on Goethe's attitude towards philosophy and its influence on his intellectual development. Goethe owed much to particular philosophers; we can often trace in his work indications of the study of Plato, and still more of Spinoza. Nor could he at any time withdraw himself from the influence of the great contemporaneous movement of idealistic thought, to which his own mental development moved in parallel lines, and on which it frequently reacted. But towards philosophy in general he preserved throughout his life a self-defensive attitude—a sort of armed neutrality. While he welcomed suggestions from it which were kindred with his own way of thinking, and even willingly appropriated many of its results, he

always tried to keep his mind from being influenced by its methods and processes. He shrank from it, at first by a kind of instinct, and afterwards with a distinct conviction, that any nearer approach would be dangerous to that intuitive process of imagination which was the source of his own strength. Such reserve and self-limitation was very characteristic of Goethe; for, notwithstanding his many-sidedness, no one ever realized more distinctly the necessity of keeping within his own province. That each one must know himself in the sense of knowing his work, and must refuse to allow himself to be drawn away from it to interests and pursuits which lie beyond the range of his faculty, was for him the first maxim of self-culture. His obedience to it has often subjected him to serious moral charges, on the ground that his pursuit of self-culture involved a narrow self-absorption and a selfish indifference to the interests of his nation or of humanity. Such a view might appeal to expressions like the following in a letter to Lavater: "The passion to lift the pyramid of my being, the basis of which is assigned and established for me, as high as possible into the air, outweighs everything else, and permits me scarcely for one moment to forget it." But we must interpret an exaggerated phrase like this by Goethe's often-expressed conviction that we necessarily become bunglers and meddlers when we interfere with that which lies beyond the "orbit fixed for our existence by eternal laws." Activity that does not advance our own self-culture will, he holds, be useful to no other man. For him, as for Plato, all the virtues were summed up in each one doing his own business and avoiding to interfere with that which is the business of others. On this principle we can, at least, partly explain what gave so much offence to the patriotism of his countrymen—his attitude during the war of liberation. In the "Awakening of Epimenides," a poem which was written after the victory over Napoleon, and in which he expresses a kind of penitence for his silence during the national struggle, he suggests the excuse that the part he was called by his nature to play was, not to share in the war, but to prepare for the higher civilization that should arise after the war was ended. Epimenides, who represents Goethe, is made to say: "I am ashamed of the hours of rest; it would have been a gain to suffer with you; for the pain you have borne makes you greater than I." But the answer of the priest is: "Blame not the will of the Gods that thou hast gained many a year; they have kept thee in quietness so that thy feeling may be pure (*dass du rein empfinden kannst*). And so thou art in harmony with the future days to which history offers our pain and sorrow, our endeavour and our courage."

It was a similar feeling that made Goethe generally keep philosophy, as it were, at arm's length, while at the same time he

recognized the points of contact which it offered to him. In a letter to Jacobi he says :

"You can easily imagine my attitude to philosophy. When it lays itself out for division I cannot get on with it; indeed I may say that it has occasionally done me harm by disturbing me in my natural course. But when it unites, or rather, when it elevates and confirms our original feeling as though we were one with Nature, and elevates it into a peaceful intuition that under its external *σύνκρισις* and *διεκρίσις* a divine life is present to us, even if we are not permitted to lead such a life ourselves—then it is welcome to me, and you may reckon upon my sympathy."

From this we may explain the charm which he found in the one philosophical work from the influence of which he never tried to withdraw himself—the "Ethics of Spinoza." That strange book, in which the soul of poetry is clothed in the body of geometry, took hold of Goethe at an early period, so soon as he had begun to emerge out of the "storm and stress" of his youth; and through all his subsequent life he continued to refresh and strengthen himself with its doctrine of all-embracing unity and disinterested love. The extreme antagonism of Spinoza's methods of thinking and expression to his own contributed to the attraction. He saw in Spinoza his intellectual complement, whom he could enjoy without being in any way tempted to go beyond himself.

"His all-reconciling peace contrasted with my all-agitating endeavour; his intellectual method was the opposite counterpart of my poetic way of feeling and expressing myself; and even the inflexible regularity of his logical procedure, which might be considered ill-adapted to moral subjects, made me his most passionate scholar and his devoted adherent. Mind and heart, understanding and sense were drawn together with an inevitable elective affinity, and this at the same time produced an intimate union between individuals of the most different type."

Goethe never attempted to master the Spinozistic philosophy as a system; he tells us, indeed, that he never even read the Ethics through at one time. But he kept reading *in* it, as people read in the Bible, to get strength and inspiration, and to confirm himself in those principles that gradually had become almost identified with his consciousness of himself. No other philosophy ever came so close to him: though his early association with Herder brought him indirectly under many philosophic influences, and in particular we often find him using the ideas and language of Leibnitz. To the Critical philosophy, in which the subject seemed to be set against the object and the ideal separated from the real, he at first felt an instinctive repulsion. But at a later time, intercourse with Schiller, who professed himself a Kantian but who tried to soften Kant's sharp contrast between the moral and the natural, did something to remove his objections. And the "Critique of Judgment," in which Kant himself undertakes

the same task of mediation between freedom and nature, was a book almost entirely to his mind. He detected the way in which Kant, especially in this final development of his philosophy, points ("as by a side gesture") beyond the limitations which he seems to fix for the intelligence of man, and with a curious turning of the tables, he claimed Kant's account of the "intuitive understanding" as a fit description of the true synthetic method for the discovery of Nature's laws which he had himself followed. On the other hand, he was repelled by the one-sided Idealism of Fichte, who exaggerated that aspect of the critical philosophy with which he was least in sympathy, and he seldom speaks of "the great Ego of Ossmanstadt" without a shade of irony. There is even a trace of malicious satisfaction in the way in which he relates how Fichte had his windows broken by the students of Jena: "not the most pleasant way of becoming convinced of the existence of a non-ego." The further development of the ideas of the "Critique of Judgment," by which Schelling brought Idealism, so to speak, into a line with Spinozism, excited his eager interest, and he even speaks of the advance of philosophy as having helped him to reconcile himself to many things that had repelled him at an earlier time, and especially as having considerably changed his view of Christianity. Still, on the whole, except in the case of Spinoza, his attitude to philosophy is that of an outsider who accepts its help when it seems to support his own way of thinking, but disregards it when it does not. And his ultimate view of it seems to be that indicated by the (somewhat ambiguous) aphorism, that "man is not born to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out wherein it consists."

What has just been said may be taken as a summary of Goethe's relations to philosophy. Such a summary, however, can tell us very little about Goethe, unless we are able to bring it into definite relation with the different stages of his intellectual history. In this article we can only attempt to indicate one or two turning-points in that history, and especially to show how it was that, at one of these turning-points, the philosophy of Spinoza gained so great a power over him, and how at a later time it combined itself with other influences to produce that distinctive cast of thought which we trace in all his later works.

The first question we are naturally led to ask about an original genius like Goethe, who has done so much to change the main current of European thought, is as to his relation to the past. Against what had he to revolt—from what had he to free himself, in order to open the way for the new life that was in him? And on the other side, with what already acting forces could he ally himself? Born in the middle of the eighteenth century, he awakened to intellectual life between a lifeless orthodoxy and an external enlightenment which

was gradually undermining it, but at the same time reducing itself to a platitude. Looking beyond his own country to France, which had then all the prestige of culture, he found an artificial and aristocratic literature which repelled his youthful sympathies, and a scepticism which stopping short in its development and allying itself with the rising mathematical and physical sciences, was on the way to produce a mechanical theory of the universe. He had soon got by heart the negative lesson of Voltaire, and, like Faust, he found that, while it freed him from all his superstitions, it at the same time made the world empty and barren to him. And the mechanical philosophy which presented itself in the "*Système de la Nature*," as the positive substitute for his lost faith, could not but fill a poet's soul with pious horror. In Goethe's autobiography, though written many years after, we can still see the vehemence of his revolt against a theory which "reduced that which appears higher than nature, or rather as the higher nature in nature itself, to aimless and formless matter and motion."

"It appeared to us," he declared, "so grey, so Cimmerian, and so dead that we shuddered at it as at a ghost. We thought it the very quintessence of old age. All was said to be necessary, and therefore, no God. Why, we asked, should not a necessity for God find its place among other necessities? We confessed, indeed, that we could not withdraw ourselves from the necessary influences of day and night, of the seasons, of the climatic changes, of physical and animal conditions; yet we felt something within us that appeared arbitrarily to assert itself against all these; and again something which sought to counterpoise such arbitrariness and to restore the equilibrium of life."

On the other hand, the ordinary teleological theology, with its external world architect and externally determined designs, could not seem to Goethe any more satisfactory than the mechanical philosophy. It had indeed the same fault as that philosophy; for it too substituted an external composition of parts for inner life and development. He had put such theology away from him almost in his boyhood, and he could not return to it. Then as always, he was ready to shoot Voltairian shafts of wit at a doctrine of final causes which made any accidental result of the existence of an object into its end. In this state of mind, the fiery appeals of Rousseau to Nature, as a power within man which is self-justified against every constraint forced upon him from without, could not but produce the greatest effect on Goethe. All his discontent with an unproductive orthodoxy, and all his distaste for a disintegrating scepticism, combined to make him accept a creed which promised freedom to all the forces of his being. Rousseau seemed to vindicate the claims of everything that had life, and to war only with the dead; and a susceptible poetic nature, doubting of itself, was only too willing to be re-assured by him as to the rightness of its own impulses. The vagueness of this gospel of nature was for a time hidden from

Goethe by the very intensity of the poetic impulse within him which responded vividly to every impression from without. "See, my friend," he writes in an early letter, "what is the beginning and end of all writing, but the reproduction of the world around me by the inner world, which seizes upon everything, binds it together, new creates it, kneads it, and sets it out again in its own form and manner." The rush of youthful inspiration seemed to need no guide, and it spent its force in every direction from which excitement came with what Goethe afterwards called "a divine wantonness." The calm pages of the "*Dichtung und Wahrheit*" preserve only a feeble image of the fervour and passion which is shown in the letters and poems of this time of "storm and stress." From some of the worst dangers of such a time, Goethe was saved by the genuineness of his poetic impulse. But such a living at random, with all sails set and no hand on the helm, could not long be possible even to genius. In his case it resulted in a crisis of sensibility, the image of which is preserved for us in the "*Sorrows of Werther*," a work in which he at once expressed the passions and illusions of his youth, and freed himself from them.

"Nature" is the obvious rallying cry of a new generation striving to free itself from the weight of the ideas and institutions of an earlier time. Such a cry may often be the expression of a very artificial and sophistical state of mind, which, beginning in the desire to throw off that which is really oppressive, ends in a fretful revolt against the most necessary conditions of human life. The vague impulse of youth which refuses to limit itself or give up its "natural right to all things," the vain demand of the heart to find an outward world which corresponds to its wants, the rebellion of passion against the destiny which refuses it an immediate satisfaction, the hatred of the untamed spirit for everything of the nature of convention and rule—each and all of these feelings readily disguise themselves under the name of a desire to return to nature. But in truth such a longing can least of all be satisfied with the simple rustic and domestic life which it seems to admire. When it cries out—"O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint!"—it forgets that knowledge would be fatal to such bliss. The self-absorbed, self-conscious spirit, preying upon itself in its isolating individualism, is least of all capable of that simple union with others for which it pines, of that contentment with natural pleasures which it loves to express. Rude nature would terrify it most of all, if it could once fairly come in contact with her. The discontent of the sentimentalist with the world is merely a way of expressing what is really the inner self-contradiction of his own state. The exaggerated image of self stands between him and the world, and gives rise to an infinite craving which spurns every finite satisfaction. His joy is, in the language

of Goethe, a fruit which is "corrupted ere it is broken from the tree."

This strange emotional disease which vexes the modern world has had its literary representatives in most European nations, who have expressed it with national and individual modifications. From Rousseau, whose whole individuality and character was absorbed by it, it received its first and most complete expression. In this country, Byron combined it with the fervour of an active temperament, and draped it in a somewhat theatrical costume. Goethe, in his "*Werther*," gave to it a purer rendering, combining it with the domestic sentiment and reflective self-analysis of his nation. But, while Rousseau and even Byron were permanent victims of the self-contradictory state of feeling which they expressed, Goethe, in his "*Werther*," found a true æsthetic deliverance from it. He cured himself, so to speak, by painting his disease. He exorcised the spectre that barred his way to a higher life by forcing it to stand to be painted. "*Werther*" was his demonstration to himself of the emptiness and unworthiness of a state of mind whose only legitimate end was suicide. This, indeed, was not understood at the time. Goethe was haunted through life by the "*viel-beweint Schatten*"—by a constant demand for sympathy from those whose malady he had so perfectly described and who expected to find in him a fellow-sufferer. But for him, the writing of the book was the beginning of recovery. In his Autobiography, he complains of those who sought a direct moral lesson in a work of art, and who imagined that "*Werther*" was intended to justify the sentimentality and the suicide of the hero. For himself, however, it had a lesson, the reverse of that which lies on the surface of it—the lesson that rebellion against the conditions of human life is not only futile, but irrational. In these limiting conditions, he is never weary of preaching, lies the way to freedom. "From the law that binds all men, he only can be freed who overcomes himself." How far this lesson was revealed to Goethe in the mere rebound from Wertherism, and how far he owed it to any external teaching, we cannot now disentangle. It is sufficient to say that he seemed to himself to find it in the pages of Spinoza. Goethe's "apprenticeship," to use his own metaphor, was ended when Spinoza took in his inner life that place which had hitherto been filled by Rousseau. The passage in the "*Dichtung und Wahrheit*" in which this is expressed is familiar, but it is necessary to quote it here once more:—

"Our physical as well as our social life, morality, custom, knowledge of the world, philosophy, religion—yea, many an accidental occurrence—all tell us that we must renounce. So much is there which belongs to our inmost being, which we cannot develop and form outwardly; so much that we need from without to the completion of our being is withdrawn from us:

and, again, so much is forced on us which is both alien and burdensome. We are deprived of that which is toilsomely won, of that which is granted by kindly powers, and ere we can see the meaning of it, we find ourselves compelled to give up our personality, first by fragments, and then completely. In such cases it is usual to pay no attention to any one who makes faces at the sacrifice exacted of him; rather, the bitterer the cup, the sweeter must be one's bearing, in order that the unconcerned spectator may not be annoyed by a grimace.

"To solve this hard problem, Nature has furnished man with a rich provision of force, activity, and toughness. But what most often comes to his help is his unconquerable levity. By this he becomes capable of renouncing particular things at each moment if he can only grasp at something new in the next. Thus unconsciously we are constantly renewing our whole lives. We put one passion in place of another; business, inclinations, amusements, hobbies, we prove them all one after another, only to cry out that 'all is vanity.' No one is shocked at this false, nay, blasphemous, speech; nay, every one thinks that in uttering it he has said something wise and unanswerable. Only a few men there are who anticipate such unbearable feelings, and in order to escape from all partial renunciations, perform one all-embracing act of renunciation. These are the men who convince themselves of the existence of the eternal, of the necessary, of universal law, and who seek to form conceptions which cannot fail them, yea, which are not disturbed, but rather confirmed, by the contemplation of that which passes away. But as there is something superhuman in this attitude of mind, such persons are commonly held to be inhuman, without God and aliens to the world, and it is much if men refrain from decorating them with horns and claws."

"Renunciation once for all in view of the Eternal." It was this lesson that made Goethe feel an "atmosphere of peace breathe upon him" whenever he opened his Spinoza. Much may be said in some respects against Goethe's moral attitude, but there is one point in which it is scarcely possible to praise it too much. No one ever acted more faithfully on the resolve to make the best of circumstances, and to put, behind him with resolute cheerfulness the "blasphemous speech that all is vanity." It is easy in one way to make too much of one's own life, but it is not easy to make enough of it in Goethe's sense of living in the present, and drawing all the good out of it. Where men do not live from hand to mouth, nor are the victims of one narrow interest, their self-occupation is often a dreaming about the past and the future, which isolates them from other men and from the world. "They are always losing to-day, because there has been a yesterday, and because to-morrow is coming." "They little suspect what an inaccessible stronghold that man possesses who is always in earnest with himself and the things around him." To be "always in earnest" with little things as well as great, with the minutest facts presented to his observation as with the most important issues of life, to throw the whole force of his being into a court masque (when that was the requirement of the hour) as into a great poem or a scientific discovery; to be, in short, always intent upon the "nearest duty," was Goethe's practical

philosophy. With this was combined a resolute abstinence from complaint, or even from thought about what is not given by nature and fortune, and an eager and thankful acceptance of what is so given. In one way, this "old heathen," as he calls himself, is genuinely pious; he is always acknowledging his advantages and opportunities, and almost never speaking of hindrances; and he seems constantly to bear with him a simple-hearted confidence in the goodness and justice of the Power which has brought him just what it has brought, and refused just what it has refused. He belongs to the order of which he speaks in the second part of "*Wilhelm Meister*," the order of those who "cheerfully renounce" whatever is not granted to them, and who come back through a kind of stoicism to an optimism which begins on a higher level. With this is connected an ungrudging spirit in the recognition of the excellences of others, and an unenvious readiness to further every one in his own way. It was this pliant strength, and the faith on which it rests, that attracted to Goethe the admiration and almost worship of a man so different as Carlyle, who, in all superficial interests, was at an opposite pole of thought and temperament.

Goethe's "storm and stress" period—the period of "unconditioned effort to break through all limitations," as he calls it—was ended with "*Werther*," and with it began a movement towards limit and measure, which culminated at the period of his Italian journey. If in this new phase of thought Nature was still worshipped, it was no longer regarded as a power that reveals itself at once in the immediate appearances of the outward world, or the immediate impulses of the human spirit. It was now the *natura naturans* of Spinoza—i.e., as Goethe conceived it, a plastic organizing force which works secretly in the outward and especially in the organic world, and which in human life reveals itself most fully as the ideal principle of art. Clinging, as an artist, to the external, Goethe now sees that the truth of nature does not lie immediately on the surface, but in a unity which can be grasped only by a penetrative insight. Demanding, as a poet, that the ideal should not be separated from the sensuous, he is now conscious that the poetic truth of the passions shows itself, not in their immediate expression, but only when their conflict leads to their "purification," and so reveals a higher principle. Hence, though, even more decidedly than at an earlier time, he rejects the Christian faith, which he regards as breaking the sacred bond of Nature and Spirit, and setting the one against the other, it is an idealized materialism which he opposes to it. What he fears and abhors in religion and in philosophy is the idea of "a godless nature and an unnatural God,"* a mechanical world order and an external world-architect or world-governor who "lets the world swing round,

* Schelling.

his finger." "It befits Him to move the world from within, to cherish nature in Himself, and Himself in nature, so that what lives and moves and is in Him never forgets his force or his spirit." He is filled with the thought of a power which manifests itself in the facts of nature, though only to an eye which can penetrate through the apparent chaos to the point where it may be seen as a cosmos. The great modern ideas of organism and development have taken hold upon him, and he regards the artistic faculty as simply the highest expression of the shaping principle which works underground in nature. His fundamental ideas might be summed up in the pregnant words of Shakespeare, that

"Nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so o'er the art,
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes."

He had come, he tells us, "to regard his own indwelling poetic power as simply and entirely nature," and as with him "every idea rapidly changed itself into an image," he sought to express his religious attitude by a new rendering of the old myth of Prometheus. He too, like Prometheus, had a consciousness of "the god within him" which made him independent of the gods above; for his poetic faculty seemed to him something higher than his individual will and impulses—something that might claim kindred with the productive force of nature itself.

Such a view of things we may call in a special sense Hellenic, since it was in ancient Greece that the higher spiritual interests of man seemed most directly to connect themselves with the gifts of nature. The Greeks were led by an almost unconscious impulse to idealise the natural without ever breaking with it or opposing the spiritual to it. Thus they showed themselves artists not only in art, but in life, and escaped the painful division of the modern mind.

"The modern," writes Goethe, "can scarcely bend his thoughts upon any object without throwing himself into the infinite, in order finally, if things go well with him, to return to a limited point; but the ancients, without traversing any such circuitous path, felt all their individual requirements satisfied within the limits of the beautiful world. Wherefore are their poets and historians the wonder of those who understand, the despair of those who would imitate them, but because the *dramatis personæ* whom they had to set on the stage took so deep an interest in their own immediate selves, in the narrow sphere of their Fatherland, in the course of their own lives and that of their fellow citizens—because, in short, with all their heart and soul they threw themselves upon the present? Hence it could not be difficult for writers who were filled with a kindred spirit to make such a present eternal. What actually happened had for them that magic value, which we are scarcely able to attach to anything but that which is thought and felt. They clung so closely to what is nearest, what is truest and most real, that even their fancy pictures have bone and marrow. Man and what is human were most highly prized, and all man's inward and outward relations to the world

were exhibited as powerfully as they were apprehended. For not yet were thought and feeling dismembered by abstraction; not yet had that scarcely remediable division been produced in the sound nature of man."*

These words bear the impress of the change by which Goethe passed from what is usually called the romantic to the classic school of art. From his earliest years indeed he had felt the charm of Greek art and poetry; but the productions of his youth were animated by another spirit. "Götz von Berlichingen," his first important dramatic work, was one of the earliest expressions of that passion for mediæval ideals which afterwards went so far in Germany and other countries; and his first essay on art was an enthusiastic tribute to the glories of Strasburg Cathedral. Most of the poetic works attempted or sketched out in this period, such as "The Wandering Jew" and the first outline of "Faust," show the same bent of mind; and in "Werther" the endless lament of modern sentimentalism over the separation of the real from the ideal reached its *ne plus ultra* of expression. But with this work Goethe, as we have seen, made a return upon himself, and almost violently rejected from him the ideas and methods of romanticism. He became the sworn enemy of all formless and chaotic productions, and insisted with growing emphasis upon the necessity of form and measure. It is a superficial indication of this that he began to versify his dramatic works, even those that had at first been composed in prose, and in many cases to select classic subjects and use classic metres. The same change showed itself in other contemporaneous writers, as, for example, in Schiller, whose "Götter Griechenlands" is an expression of that admiration for the repose and harmony of the antique, which was awakened in him in the reaction against the untamed violence of "The Robbers." But it is characteristic that while Schiller expresses this feeling as a longing for something unattainable—something that has once for all been taken from men by the progress of human thought and can never be perfectly recovered—Goethe has no such word of despair. For him the ideal is there before us in nature for our eyes to see, if they can only look deep enough, and it is working in the poet's mind now, as in Greece, to reproduce itself in art. His dawning friendship with Schiller was disturbed when the latter began to insist upon the Kantian doctrine, that no experience can ever be adequate to an idea. Goethe reflected, however, that if Schiller held that to be an idea which he expressed as experience, there must be some mediating link between them. "I told him that I was glad to think that I had ideas without knowing it, and that I could even see them with my eyes."

This last expression has immediate reference to Goethe's scientific views, especially in relation to the Metamorphosis of Plants. This,

* Goethe's "Essay on Winckelmann."

like all his contributions to biology, was inspired by the idea that there is a unity of principle in all life, and that it develops toward diversity by continuous modification of a single form. This idea led him to regard all plants as variations on a single type, and all the parts of each plant as correlative modifications of one simple form by which it has been adapted to various functions. The same principle guided him to the discovery of the traces in man of the intermaxillary bone, the absence of which had been supposed to distinguish the structure of man from that of the apes, and also made him one of the first to maintain that all parts of the skull are modified vertebræ. Thus, in spite of his being in a technical sense an amateur in science, Goethe grasped the idea of development, and used it to throw light upon the animal kingdom, when as yet few or none of the professed biologists had reached such a point of view. Nor did he regard these biological studies as something distinct from his poetic work. On the contrary, he conceived them to be a necessary complement or continuation of that work, and he complained of the imperfect insight of some of his friends, who thought that he was wasting time upon scientific studies that might have been better spent in poetic creation, and who did not detect how this interest "sprang out of his inmost being."* And when an eminent naturalist complimented him on his "objective thinking"—i.e., on his power of giving himself up to the sensuous impressions of objects in such a way as to extract their secret—he did not hesitate to claim for himself in the same sense the power of being objective in poetry (*Gegenständliche Dichtung*):—

"Certain great motives, legends, ancient traditions so deeply impressed themselves upon my mind, that I kept them living and active within me for thirty or forty years. To me it appeared the most beautiful of possessions to see such worthy images renewed in my imagination, in which they were, indeed, continually transformed, yet without being altered, till at last they were raised to a purer form and a more definite expression."

These words well express the manner of Goethe's poetic production. It was not his way, as it was the way of Schiller, to concentrate his thoughts upon a subject, and force his genius into action. Rather he watched the creations as they grew within him, and used his conscious intelligence only to defend the work from all incongruous elements. Such "objective poetry" cannot be an easy matter even for the greatest of poets. As it takes much metaphysic to keep free from metaphysic, so it requires no little critical and reflective power in the poet to purge out the dross of prose from his work, and especially to free its pure intuitive unity from the artifice and mechanism of reflection. Above all it requires a certain stubborn faith in the "whispers of the lonely muse when the whole world

* "Campaign in France," November, 1792.

seems adverse," a resolute maintenance of the consciousness of poetic harmony in the face of all the "discords of life, which is hard for the poet, just in proportion as the very condition of his existence is his susceptibility to impression. And for the modern poet this is harder than for the ancient, because the movement of history has brought with it new problems and causes of division. The greater the conflict of man's nature with itself and with circumstance, the more difficult has become the artist's task of making music out of the jarring forces in and around him, and preventing their confusion and conflict from mingling with his song. In a passage already quoted, as in many others, Goethe expresses his sense of the effort which the modern requires to make in order to place and keep himself at a point of view which the Greek took up almost by instinct. And it is indeed this effort itself, and the consciousness of it, which prevents Goethe from ever being wholly Greek. Even in those of his works that are most filled with the spirit of antiquity, he is obliged to pay this tribute to the time. He is not a Greek, because, in order to reach the "peace and purity of the antique," he has to conquer an antagonism which for the Greek did not exist. This feeling is expressed half-humorously in his account of a conversation with Schiller, who regarded the Fall as a desirable event, because only by it could man rise above his animal innocence; while Goethe maintained that such a break in the continuity of development was a disaster. In the same spirit he sometimes spoke of the Reformation as a violent crisis which delayed the progress of civilization, and condemned the Revolutionary struggle of his own day as a disturbance to peaceful culture. "I hate all violent overturns, because in them men lose as much as they gain. All that is violent and precipitate displeases me, because it is not conformable to nature. In politics, as in nature, the true method is to wait." Struggle, warfare, revolution is to him the negative and the barren; and even patriotism, with its exaltation of one nation at the expense of another, is a doubtful virtue. "How could I take up arms without hate?" he cries. "National hate is a particular hate; it is in a lower region that it is most energetic and ardent; but there is a height at which it vanishes, when one is, so to speak, above nationalities, and one feels the happiness and misery of a neighbouring people as his own." This idea of all negation, controversy, and conflict as something essentially evil is embodied in his wonderful creation of Mephistopheles, the disintegrating spirit who is continually warring against life and energy, but who is tolerated by the divine power, because man is so fond of "unconditioned peace," and requires to be fretted and provoked into activity. Even so much toleration as this, however, is for God and not for man, who is called to "hate the devil and him only," to withdraw himself from all that is negative,

violent, and destructive, and to devote all his life to that which is positive and productive, and who thus only can hope for a final deliverance from the base companion who is allowed in this world to haunt him.

“Gerettet ist das edle Glied
Der Geisterwelt vom Bösen :
Wer immer strebend sich bemüht
Den können wir erlösen.”

It is here, perhaps, that we find the limitations of the genius of Goethe, limitations which were closely connected with the sources of his strength. As to the artist the immediate sensuous form of reality is indispensable, so Goethe was jealous of any influence that tends to mar or destroy it. Division, pain, and evil appeared to him too great a price to pay even for the highest good, and, in the spirit of his master Spinoza, he was inclined to deny that such a price was necessary. He demanded that the highest should be attained without a breach with nature, and merely by continuing her work upon a higher platform. Hence he was repelled from history as he was repelled from politics, by the violence of the struggles, the depth of the divisions, and the greatness of the sacrifices with which the progress of man is purchased. Hence also he could not accept the Christian idea of life. It is true, as we have seen, that he was inspired with the great moral idea of renunciation, but his interpretation of it is somewhat different from the Christian interpretation. He does not exactly bid us die to self that we may live; he bids us renounce all that nature and fortune refuse us, in the confidence that if we keep working on to the end “nature will be obliged to give us another form of existence when that which we have can no longer contain our spirit.” The difference may seem almost verbal, and it is easy to see that by a slight change of tone the one lesson may be made to pass into the other. Nay, we may even say that such a change of tone is perceptible in some of the later works of Goethe himself. But in the first instance, the variation of expression concealed a real difference of spirit. It showed that Goethe feared and shrank from what has been called “the earnestness, the pain, the patience and the labour of the negative,” through which the Christian spirit reaches a higher affirmative; that he could not reconcile himself to a war with nature even as the way to a higher reconciliation.

This difference between the Goethean and the Christian idea of life showed itself in the most marked way in Goethe after his Italian journey. At that time he was so imbued with the naturalistic spirit of antiquity that he regarded the productions of mediæval art as for the most part monstrosities, or at least as eccentricities that were not to be copied. He even felt and occasionally expressed

a violent repulsion towards the symbols of Christian worship, and took pleasure in proclaiming himself a "heathen." At a later period the bitterness of this antagonism disappeared. As his exclusive Hellenism was gradually modified by advancing years he became ready to admit the value and even the supreme moral importance of Christian ideas. "It is, altogether strange to me," he writes to Jacobi, in reference to the dramatist Werner, "that I, an old heathen, should see the Cross planted in my own ground, and hear Christ's blood and wounds poetically preached, without its offending me. We owe this to the higher point of view to which philosophy has raised us." His "truly Julian hate to Christianity and so-called Christians," he declared on one occasion, with a touch of humour, had softened itself with years, so that little was wanting to make him say with the Ethiopian eunuch in the Acts, "What doth hinder me to be baptized!" And in the "Wanderjahre," he makes a broad distinction between the "ethnic religions" and the religion which teaches "reverence for that which is beneath us," recognizing in the latter the highest of all religions. He adds, however, that it must not be understood to exclude the other two religions—the religion of reverence for that which is above us, and the religion of reverence for equals. The overseer of his ideal educational institution, when asked which religion he accepts, has to answer: "Alle drei"—each and all, of the three religions that have divided man's allegiance in the past.

In truth Goethe's quarrel with Christianity was due to two causes which were at first closely connected, but which are capable of being separated. In the first place, as has been suggested above, it was due to his viewing Christianity as a religion of the other world, a religion whose God was not the principle of all life in nature and man, but an external creator and governor. In the second place, it was due to the prominence of the ascetic or negative element in Christianity, and to the divorce of the natural and spiritual which is connected therewith. Now the first of these objections rested on a mental characteristic which Goethe could scarcely have surrendered without ceasing to be Goethe, the born enemy of all that is transcendent, all that carries us into a region beyond the possibility of human experience. It was the vocation of Goethe's life to teach that what in this sense cannot be brought within our reach, is as good as nothing for us. His objection to Christianity on this ground, therefore, could be removed only in so far as he was led by the philosophical movement of his time to attach greater importance to the Christian idea of the unity of the divine and the human, and to regard the purely supernatural element as an accident.

On the other hand, Goethe's objection to Christianity as a negative and ascetic religion became greatly modified when, in later

years, the Greek conception of life ceased to be all-sufficient for him. Ultimately, as we have seen, he came to admit the necessity of a religion of reverence for that which is beneath us—a religion which could see the divine even in that which in its immediate aspect is “repulsive, hateful, and evil.” But that which is “repulsive, hateful, and evil” cannot by any gradual transition be elevated and refined to goodness. If the divine is to be revealed in it, it can only be by the negation of that which at first it seems to be. The Christian idea of self-realization through self-sacrifice is the necessary outcome of the religion of reverence for that which is beneath us. Hence we do not wonder to find Goethe in the same connection treating the “Sanctuary of Sorrow,” in which the sufferings and death of Christ are represented, as the innermost sanctuary of religion. Into this sanctuary, however, he avoids taking us. He is, one might say, theoretically reconciled with Christianity, but something still repels him from it. He waits, to use the imagery of his “Märchen,” till the narrow fisherman’s hut shall become the altar in a new temple of humanity. The form in which Christianity is commonly presented as a religion of supernaturalism and other-worldliness continues to keep him alienated from that which in its moral essence he recognizes as the highest.

Perhaps we may best sum up what has to be said of Goethe by calling him the most modern of the moderns, the high priest of a culture which, in its opposition to mediævalism, is carried back towards the literature of the Greeks, “the most human and humane of literatures, the literature of those who were most at home in the world.” It was characteristic of the mediæval mind to seek for that which is highest in that which is furthest removed from man, that which can least be brought within the range of human experience. The divine power on which it depended for the elevation of man, was conceived as acting upon him from without, as upon a lifeless and inert material. The asceticism, the supernaturalism, the divided life of the Middle Ages, were only the natural result of such conceptions. On the other hand, the whole movement of civilization from the time of the revival of learning has been a war against such ways of thinking. The modern spirit, like the spirit of antiquity, is obliged, by its most essential intellectual instincts, to cling to that which is present, to that which is immediately evidenced to us in inner and outer experience. It holds to fact and reality against that which is merely ideal, and it can recognise the ideal only when it presents itself as the deeper fact.

In all this the modern spirit withdraws itself from the Middle Ages, and claims kindred with antiquity. Yet it is impossible any longer to regard the modern movement of thought as merely a return to the light of ancient culture out of the “Dark Ages.” The long

medæval struggle of humanity for deliverance from itself cannot be regarded as simply a contest with spectres of its own raising, but must be taken as an essential stage in the progress of human thought. If the endeavour to crush nature under the dominion of spirit was in a sense irrational and fruitless, seeing that it is only in nature that spirit can be revealed, yet that endeavour has for ever made impossible the easy reconciliation of the two with which the ancients were satisfied. A mere return to antiquity must produce, as it always produced, a culture which falls below that of antiquity both in fulness and depth. For the ancient civilization was not impoverished, as such a revival of it must be, by ignoring problems which had not yet been opened up. As Goethe found his idea of Iphigenia most fully realized in a Christian saint,* so we may say that the perfect form of Greek art cannot be again reproduced except by a spirit which has passed through the Christian "Sanctuary of Sorrow." On the other hand, if the moderns can return to the ideals of the Middle Ages, it is on a higher level, at which such ideals no longer come into conflict with the naturalistic spirit of antiquity. In like manner the secular scientific impulse, which, in the last century, was working towards an altogether mechanical and external explanation of the world, begins, with Goethe himself, to bring back in a higher sense, under the names of organism and development, that explanation of the world by final causes, which in a lower sense it has rejected. And the vain attempts still made to explain spirit by nature are rapidly teaching us to revive the truth which underlay the mediæval supernaturalism, that in the last resort nature is only to be explained by spirit. Perhaps it may be found that no one has done more to prepare the way for such a reunion of ancient and mediæval ideas than our great modern poet and prophet of the religion of nature, Goethe.

* "Italienische Reise," Oct. 19, 1786.

EDWARD CARP.

SEA PHRASES.

“THE sea-language,” says Sir William Monson in his “Naval Tracts,” “is not soon learned, and much less understood, being only proper to him that has served his apprenticeship; besides that, a boisterous sea and stormy weather will make a man not bred to it so sick that it bereaves him of legs, stomach, and courage so much as to fight with his meat; and in such weather, when he hears the seamen cry starboard or port, or to bide aloof, or flat a sheet, or haul home a clew-line, he thinks he hears a barbarous speech, which he conceives not the meaning of.” This is as true now as then. But the landsman is not to blame. There is no dialect peculiar to a calling so crowded with strange words as the language of the sea. Dr. Samuel Johnson, who is never more diverting than when he thunders forth his abhorrence of naval life and of sailors as a community of persons, has in some cases perpetuated, ~~and in~~ some cases created, the most ludicrous errors in respect of ships, their furniture and crews. If, as Macaulay declares, the Doctor was at the mercy of Junius and Skinner in many of his shore-going derivatives, he was equally at the mercy of Bailey and Harris when he came to the ocean. A few samples will suffice. “Topgallant, the highest sail.” “Topsail, the highest sail.” The word topgallant, as Johnson prints it, is not a sail at all. Had Johnson defined the “topgallant-sail” as the highest sail, he would have been right; for in his day there was no canvas set above the topgallant yard. But it is manifest that if the “topgallant-sail” was the highest sail, the topsail could not be the highest too. “Tiller, the rudder of a boat.” The proverbial schoolboy knows better than that. “Shrouds, the sail-ropes. It seems to be taken sometimes for the sails.” It is hardly necessary to say that the

shrouds have nothing whatever to do with the sails. They are ropes—in Johnson's day of hemp, in our time of wire—for the support of lower, topmast, and topgallant masts. "Sheets." This word he correctly defines, borrowing his definition from a dictionary. But he adds, "Dryden seems to understand it otherwise;" and quotes

"Fierce Boleas drove against his flying sails,
And rent the sheets."

is very evident that Dryden perfectly understood the term as signifying the ropes at the clews of sails. "Quarter-deck, the short upper deck." This is as incorrect as "Poop, the hindmost part of the ship." The poop lies aft, to be sure, but it is no more the hindmost part of the ship than the bowsprit is—any more than the quarter-deck need necessarily be "short" or "upper"—in the sense clearly intended by Johnson. "Over-hale, to spread over." Over-hale then signified what is now meant by overhaul. To overhaul a rope is to drag it through a block; to overhaul a ship is to search her. It certainly does not mean "to spread over," nor, in my judgment, does Spenser employ it in that sense in the triplet that Johnson appends. "Loofed, gone to a distance." "Loofed" in Johnson's day denoted a ship that had luffed—i.e., put her helm down to come closer to the wind. "Keel, the bottom of the ship." No doubt the keel is at the bottom of the ship, but sailors would no more understand it as a ship's bottom than they would accept the word "beam" as a definition of the word "deck." Johnson gives "helm" as "the steerage, the rudder." It is plain that he is here under the impression that "steerage" is pretty much the same as "steering." In reality the helm is no more the rudder than it is the tiller, the wheel, the wheel-chains, or ropes and the relieving-tackles. It is a generic term, and means the whole apparatus by which a ship is steered. "Belay, to belay a rope; to splice; to mend a rope by laying one end over another." To belay a rope is to make it fast. These examples could be multiplied; but it is not my purpose to criticize Samuel Johnson's Dictionary. Yet, as it is admittedly the basis of most of the dictionaries in use, it is worth while calling attention to errors which have survived without question or correction into the later compilations.

These and the like blunders merely indicate the extreme difficulty that confronts, not indeed the etymologist—for I nowhere discover any signs of research in the direction of marine originals—but the plain definer of nautical words. The truth is, before a man undertakes to explain the language of sailors he should go to sea. It is only by mixing with sailors, by hearing and executing orders, that one can distinguish the shades of meaning amidst the scores of subtleties of the mariner's speech. It is, of course, hard to explain

what the sailor himself could not define save by the word he himself employs. Take, for example, "inboard" and "aboard." You say of a man entering a ship that he has gone "aboard her;" of a boat hanging at the davits that it must be swung "inboard." There is a nicety here difficult of discrimination, but it is fixed nevertheless. You would not say of a man in a ship that he is "inboard," nor of davits that they must be slewed "aboard." So of "aft" and "abaft." They both mean the same thing, but they are not applied in the same way. A man is "aft" when he is on the quarter-deck or poop; you could not say he is "abaft." But suppose him to be beyond the mizzen-mast, you would say "he is standing just abaft the mizzen-mast," not "he is standing aft it." Peculiarities of expression abound in sea-language to a degree not to be paralleled by the eccentricities of other vocational dialects. A man who sleeps in his bunk or hammock all night, or through his watch on deck, "lies in" or "sleeps in." But neither term is applicable if he sleeps through his watch below. "Idlers," as they are called, such as the cook, steward, butcher, and the like, are said to have "all night in"—that is, "all night in their bunks or hammocks." To "lay" is a word plentifully employed in directions which to a landsman should render its signification hopelessly bewildering. "This word 'lay,'" says Richard Dana, in a note to "Two Years Before the Mast," "which is in such general use on board ship, being used in giving orders instead of 'go,' as '*Lay forward!*' '*Lay aft!*' '*Lay aloft!*' &c., I do not understand to be the neuter verb *lie* mispronounced, but to be the active verb '*lay*' with the objective case understood, as '*Lay yourselves forward!*' '*Lay yourselves aft!*' &c. At all events, lay is an active verb at sea and means go." It is, however, used in other senses, as to "lay up a rope," "the ship lay along," the old expression for a vessel pressed down, by the force of the wind. Other terms strike the land-going ear as singular contradictions, such as "to make land," to "fetch such and such a place"—i.e., to reach it by sailing, but properly to arrive at it by means of beating or tacking; "jump aloft," run aloft; "tumble up," come up from below; "bear a hand," look sharp, make haste; "handsomely," as in the expression, "Lower away handsomely!" meaning, lower away with judgment, but promptly; "bully," a term of kindly greeting, as "Bully for you!"

The difficulties of the lexicographer desiring the inclusion of nautical terms in his list are not a little increased by the sailor's love of contractions, or his perversities of pronunciation. Let me cite a few examples. The word "treenail," for instance—a wooden spike—in Jack's mouth becomes "trunnel." "To reach" is to sail along close-hauled; but the sailor calls it "ratch." "Gunwale," as everybody knows, is "gunnel," and so spelt by the old marine

writers. "Crossjack," a sail that sets upon a yard called the "cross-jack yard," on the mizzen-mast, is pronounced "crojjeek." The "strap" of a block is always termed "strop;" "streak," a single range of planks running from one end of the ship or boat to the other, is "strake;" "to serve," that is, to wind small stuff, such as spun-yarn, round a rope, is "to sarve." The numerous contractions, however, are pre-eminently illustrative of the two distinctive qualities of the English sailor—nimbleness and alertness. Everything must be done quickly at sea: there is no time for sesquipedalianism. If there be a long word it must be shortened, somehow. To spring, to jump, to leap, to tumble, to keep his eyes skinned, to hammer his fingers into fish-hooks: these are the things required of Jack. He dances, he sings, he drinks, he is in all senses a lively hearty; but underlying his intellectual and physical caper-cutting is deep perception of the sea as a mighty force, a remorseless foe. The matter seems trifling, yet the national character is in it.

A great number of words are used by sailors which are extremely disconcerting to landmen, as apparently sheer violations of familiar sounds and the images they convey. To lash: ashore, this is to beat with a whip, to thrash; at sea it means to make anything fast by securing it with a rope. To foul: when a sailor speaks of one thing fouling another, he does not intend to say that one thing soils or dirties another, but that it has got mixed in a manner to make separation a difficulty. "Our ship drove and fouled a vessel astern." A line is foul when it is twisted, when it jams in a block. "Seize" is to attach: it does not mean, "to grasp." "Seizing," is the line or laniard or small stuff by which anything is made fast. "Whip:" this word naturally conveys the idea of the implement for flogging, for driving; in reality, it signifies a line rove through a single block. "Whip it up!" hoist it up by means of the tackle called a whip. "Get it whipped!" get it hoisted by a whip. "Sweep" looks like a fellow who cleans a chimney; at sea it is a long oar. "Board" is not a plank, but the distance measured by a ship or vessel sailing on either tack, and beating against the wind before she puts her helm down for the next "ratch." "Guy" has nothing to do with the fifth of November, nor with a person absurdly dressed, but is a rope used for steadying a boom. "Ribands" are pieces of timber nailed outside the ribs of a wooden ship. "Ear-rings" are ropes for reefing or for securing the upper corners of a sail to the yardarms. The bewilderment increases when Jack goes to zoology for terms. "Fox" is a lashing made by twisting rope-yarns together. "Spanish Fox" is a single yarn untwisted and "laid up" the contrary way. "Monkey" is a heavy weight of iron used in shipbuilding for driving in long bolts. "Cat" is a tackle used for hoisting up the anchor. "Mouse" or "mousing" was formerly a ball of yarns fitted to the

collars of stays. "To-mouse," is to put turns of rope-yarn round the hook of a block to prevent it from slipping. "Spider" is an iron outrigger. "Lizard" is a piece of rope with a "thimble" spliced into it. "Whelps" are pieces of wood or iron bolted on the main-piece of a windlass, or on a winch. "Leech" is the side-edge of a sail. "Sheepshank" is the name given to a manner of shortening a rope by hitches over a bight of its own part.

Of such terms as these, how is the etymology to be come at? Without question the name of the animal was suggested in a few cases, as in "lizard" perhaps by some dim or fanciful resemblance to it in the object that wanted a title. But "monkey," "fox," "cat," and other such appellations, must have an origin referable to any other cause than that of their likeness to the creatures they are called after. It is impossible to be sure that these names are not corruptions from Saxon and other terms expressive of totally different meanings. It may be supposed that "Spanish Fox" comes from the Spaniards' habit of using "foxes" formed of single yarns. We have, for example, "Spanish windlass," as we have "French fake," "French scennit," &c. The derivatives of some words are suggested by their sounds. "Bowse," pronounced "Bowce," is a familiar call at sea. "Bowse it taut, lads!" "Take and bowse upon those halliards!" The men *pull off* upon the rope and *bow* it by their action. It is therefore conceivable that "bowse" may have come from "bow" "bows." "Dowse," pronounced "dawce," signifies to lower, to haul down suddenly. Also to extinguish, as "dowse the glim," "put out the light." The French word "*douce*" is probably the godfather here. But "rouse," pronounced "rouce?" "Rouse 't aft, boys!" It means, to drag smartly. Does it really signify what it looks to express—to "rouse up" the object that is to be handled? It is wonderful to note how, on the whole, the language of the sea has preserved its substance and sentiment through the many generations of seafarers down to the present period of iron plates and steel masts, of the propeller and the steam engine. The reason is that, great as has been the apparent change wrought in the body and fabric of ships since the days of the *Great Harry* of the sixteenth century, and the *Royal George* of the eighteenth century, the nomenclature of remote times still perfectly answers to a mass of nautical essentials, more especially as regards the masts, yards, rigging and sails of a vessel. And another reason lies in the strong conservative spirit of the sailor. There was a loud outcry when the Admiralty many years ago condemned the term "larboard," and ordered the word "port" to be substituted. The name was not abandoned without a violent struggle, and many throes of prejudice, on the part of the old salts. What was good enough for Hawkins,

Duncan, Howe, Rodney, Nelson, was surely good enough for their successors. Not in many directions do I find new readings of old terms. As a rule, where the feature has disappeared the term has gone with it. Where the expression is retained the meaning is more or less identical with the original words. A few exceptions may be quoted: "Bittacle" was anciently the name of the binnacle; obviously derived from the French *habitable* (a small habitation), and still the French term for the compass-stand. "Caboose" was formerly the name of the galley or kitchen of small merchantmen. Falconer spells it "coboos," and describes it as a sort of box or house to cover the chimney of some merchant ships. Previous to the introduction of the caboose, the furnaces for cooking were, in three-deckers, placed on the middle deck; in two-decked ships in the fore-castle; and, adds my authority (the anonymous author of a treatise on shipbuilding, written in 1701), "also in all ships which have fore-castles the provisions are there dressed." "Cuddy" is a forcible, old-fashioned word that has been replaced by the mincing, affected term "saloon." In the last century it signified "a sort of cabin or cook-room in the fore-part or near the stern of a lighter or barge of burden." It is curious to note the humble origin of a term subsequently taken to designate the gilded and sumptuous first-class cabin accommodation of the great Indian, American, and Australian ships. "Fore-castle," again, I find defined by old writers as "a place fitted for a close fight on the upper deck forward." The term was retained to denote the place in which the crew live. The exploded expressions are numerous. A short list may prove of interest. "Hulling" and "trying" were the words which answer to what we now call "hove-to." "Sailing large," having the wind free or quartering: this expression is dead. "Plying" was the old term for "beating"—"we plied to windward"—i.e., "we beat to windward." The word is obsolete, as is "spooning," replaced by "scudding." For "veering" we have substituted "wearing." Some good strong, expressive words have vanished. Nobody nowadays talks of "clawing off," though the expression is perfect as representing a vessel clutching and grabbing at the wind in her efforts to haul off from a lee shore. For "shivering" we now say "shaking." "The topsail shivers to the wind!" In these days it "shakes." We no longer speak of the "topsail strip," but of the topsail hoisted or the yard mast-headed. "Hank for hank," signifying two ships beating together and always going about at the same moment, so that one cannot get to windward of the other, is now "tack for tack." We have ceased to "heave out staysails:" they are now loosed and hoisted. The old "horse" has made way for the "foot-rope," though we still retain the term "Flemish horse" for the short foot-rope at the

topsail yard-arms. The word "horse" readily suggests the origin of the term "stirrup," a rope fitted to the foot-rope that it may not be weighed down too deep by the men standing on it. It is plain that "horse" is owing to the seamen "riding" the yard by it. Anything traversed was called a "horse." The term is still used. The "round-house" or "coach" yielded to "cuddy," as "cuddy" has to "saloon." The poop remains; but the "poop-royal" of the French and the Spaniards or the "topgallant poop" of our own shipwrights—a short deck over the aftermost part of the poop—has utterly disappeared.

"Whoever were the inventors," writes Sir Walter Raleigh in "A Discourse of Shipping," included in his genuine remains, 1700, "we find that every age hath added somewhat to ships, and to all things else; and in mine own time the shape of our English ships hath been greatly bettered. It is not long since the striking of the Top-mast (a wonderful ease to great Ships both at Sea and in Harbour) hath been devised, together with the Chain Pump, which takes up twice as much water as the ordinary did. We have lately added the Bonnet and the Drabber. To the Courses, we have devised Studding Sails, Top-gallant Sails, Sprit-sails, Topsails. The Weighing of Anchors by the Capstone is also new. We have fallen into consideration of the length of Cables, and by it we resist the malice of the greatest Winds that can blow."

Now, although this passage has reference to improvements made in the fabrics of ships during the closing years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth and of the opening of that of James I., it is curious, as illustrative of the conservatism of the sailor, that by omitting the "spritsail" these words of Raleigh might stand for the ships of to-day. No sailor unacquainted with the archæology of his own calling would believe that the studding-sail, the bonnet, the drabber, the chaip-pump, the-topgallant-sail, and even the spritsail (a sail that was in use down to so late a period as the close of the first quarter of the present century) were as old as Raleigh's hey-day. Certainly the terms given by Sir Walter would furnish us with a clue to the paternity of these cloths. "Studding-sail," for example. Falconer derives it from *stud*, *stead*, or *steady*. I am inclined to think it is derived from the verb "to stud"—to adorn, to cover, but not necessarily, as Johnson says "with studs or shining knobs." It is quite conceivable to think of a forked-beard lifted over a ruff in admiration of canvas that raises the cry, "By'r Lady, but she is now studded with sail!" Assuredly we moderns would not regard a studding-sail as a steadying sail in any sense of the word. The "bonnet" mentioned by Raleigh is an additional piece of canvas made to lace on to the foot of a sail. The term *bonnet* applied to a thing worn at the foot advises us of an ironical derivative. But of "drabber" the etymology is obvious. To drabble is to wet, to befoul. Now the drabber is an additional piece of canvas laced to the

bonnet, and necessarily coming very low, unquestionably takes its name from "drabbling"—getting wet. The spritsail and sprit-topsail are among the vanished details; so indeed is the spritsail-yard, which may be said to have been conquered, like a cold young virgin, by the invention of "whiskers"—small, booms or irons, one on each side the bowsprit, and formerly projecting from the *cat-heads*, whence possibly the term. Of many sea-expressions the origin is sufficiently transparent. I offer a few examples. "Bilge" is the part of a vessel's bottom which begins to round upwards. The word is corrupted from the old "bulge, the outermost and lowest part of a ship, that which she bears upon when she lies on the ground." "Butt" is the joining of two planks endways. "To start a butt" is to loosen the end of a plank where it unites with another. This word is got from "abrt." "Chock-a-block," said when anything is hoisted by a tackle as high as the block will let it go. Chock here means choke, and in that sense is implied in such expressions as "chock-aft," "chock-home," &c. Formerly "jib" was spelt "gyb." A vessel in running is said to "gybe" or "jibe" when the wind gets on the lee side of her fore and aft sails and blows them over. As this in the old days of square rigs and "mizon-yards" would be peculiar to the "gyb" or "jib," the expression is sufficiently accounted for. "To stay" is to tack; a ship "in stays" is a ship in the act of tacking. I interpret "to stay" by the verb "to stop," "she is staying"—she is stopping; "in stays"—in the act of stopping. "Tack" is the weather lower corner of a square-course when set. "To tack" may be accepted as metaphorically expressing the action of rounding into the wind in the direction of the tacks. "Topgallant," says Johnson, "is proverbially applied to anything elevated or splendid," and quotes from L'Estrange: "I dare appeal to the consciences of topgallant sparks." Prior to the introduction of topgallant-sails, there was nothing higher than the topsails. Taking "topgallant" as of proverbial application to whatever is elevated, if not splendid, one easily sees how the topgallant fabric of a ship—its sail, mast, and gear—obtained the name it is known by. "To luff" is to put the helm down, so as to bring the vessel closer to the wind. This word is manifestly taken from "loof," which in olden times was the term applied to the after-part of the bows of a ship. "Quick-work" was the name given to that part of a ship's sides which is above the channel-wales. "'Tis commonly perform'd with Fir-deal," says an old writer, "which don't require the fastening nor the Time to work it, as the other parts, but is Quicker done." The ancient spelling gives us "halyards," "halliards"—ropes and tackles for hoisting sails and yards. To hale is to haul; so that "halyards," "halliards," is *ben trovato*.

In old marine narratives and novels the term "lady's hole"

frequently occurs. I was long bothered by this term, which I indirectly gathered to signify a sort of cabin; but in what part of the ship situated, and why so called, I could not imagine, until in the course of my reading I lighted upon a description of a man-of-war of 1712, in which it is stated that "the lady's hole" is a place for the gunner's small stores, built between the partners of the mainmast, and looked after by a man named "a lady," "who is put in by turns to keep the gun-room clean." Terms of this kind are revelations in their way, as showing for the most part the sort of road the marine philologist must take in his search after originals and derivatives. A vessel is said to be "hogged" when the middle part of her bottom is so strained as to curve *upwards*. To the shape of a hog's back, therefore, is this expression owing. But the etymology of the word "sagged," which expresses the situation of a vessel when her bottom curves *downwards* through being strained, I am unable to trace. "Gangway" means the going-way—the place by which you enter or quit a ship. "Gudgeons"—braces or eyes fixed to the stern-post to receive the pintles of a rudder, I find the meaning of in the old spelling for the same thing, "gougings"—the eye being *gouged* by the pintle. "Lumpers" is a name given to dock-labourers who load or discharge vessels; it was their custom to contract to do the work by the *lump*, and hence the word. "Stevadore" (one whose occupation is to stow cargoes) originates with the Spanish *stibador*, likewise a stower of cargoes. The etymology of certain peculiarly nautical expressions in common use on shipboard must be entirely conjectural. Take "swig off"—i.e., to pull upon a perpendicular rope, the end of which is led under a belaying-pin. The old readings give it as "swag off," "swaggering off." The motion of this sort of pulling is of a swaggering kind, and I have little doubt that the expression of "swig" or "swag" comes from "swaggering." "Tail on, tally on!" the order for more men to *haul* upon a rope, possibly expresses its origination with some clearness. "Tail on!"—lengthen the tail of pullers; "Tally on!"—add men in a countable way. It is usual to speak of a ship as being "under way." It should be "under weigh." The expression is wholly referable to the situation of a ship in the act of moving after her anchor has been lifted or "weighed." Similarly it should be, I think, "the anchor is aweigh," not the anchor is "away"—the mate's cry from the fore-castle when the anchor is arip or on the ground.

Blocks, a very distinctive feature in the equipment of a vessel, get their names in numerous cases from their shape or convenience. A *cant-block* is so called because in whalers it is used for the tackles which cant or turn the whale over when it is being stripped of its blubber; a *fiddle-block*, because it has the shape of that instrument;

a *fly-block*, because it shifts its position when the tackle it forms a part of is hauled upon; *leading-blocks*, because they are used for guiding the direction of any purchase; *hook-blocks*, because they have a hook at one end; *sister-blocks*, because they are two blocks formed out of one piece of wood, and suggest a sentimental character by intimate association; *snatch-blocks*, because a rope can be *snatched* or whipped through the sheave without the trouble of reeving; *tail-blocks*, because they are fitted with a short length or *tail* of rope by which they are lashed to the gear; *shoulder-blocks*, because their shape hints at a *shoulder*, there being a projection left on one side of the shell to prevent the falls from jamming. In this direction the marine philologist will find his work all plain sailing. The sources whence the sails, or most of them, take their appellations are readily grasped when the leading features of the apparently complicated fabric on high are understood. The *staysails* obtain their names from the stays on which they travel. "Topsail" was so entitled when it was literally the top or uppermost sail. The origin of the word "royal" for the sail above the topgallant-sail we must seek in the fancy that found the noble superstructure of white cloths *crowned* by that heaven-seeking space of canvas.

The etymology of "hitches" is not far to seek. But first of the "hitch" itself. "'To hitch,' to catch, to move by jerks. I know not where it is used but in the following passage—nor here know well what it means:

Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
Slides in a verse, or *hitches* in a rhyme —POPE"

So writes Dr. Johnson. Had he looked into the old Voyages, he would have found "hitch" repeated very often indeed. From the nautical standpoint, he defines it accurately enough as "to catch." Pope's use of the term puzzled the Doctor, and he blundered into "to move by jerks." But Pope employs it as a sailor would; he *hitches* the culprit in a line—that is, takes an intellectual "turn" with his verse about him, or, as the poet puts it, suffers the person to "hitch" himself. To hitch is to fasten, to secure a rope so that it can run out no further. From "hitch" proceed a number of terms whose paternity is very easily distinguished. The "Blackwall hitch" takes its name from the famous point of departure of the vanished procession of Indiamen and Australian liners; the "harness hitch," from its form, which suggests a bit and reins; "midshipman's hitch," from the facility with which it may be made; "rolling hitch," because it is formed of a series of rolling turns round the object it is intended to secure, and other rolling turns yet over its own part; a "timber hitch," because of its usefulness in hoisting spars and the like through the ease of its

fashioning and the security of its jamming. The etymology of knots, again, is largely found in their forms. "The figure-of-eight knot" is of the shape of the figure eight; the diamond readily suggests the knots which bear its name (single and double diamond-knots); the "Turk's-head knot" excellently imitates a turban. To some knots and splices the inventors have given their names, such as "Elliot's splice" and "Matthew Walker" knot. The origin of this knot is thus related by a contributor to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* :—

"Over sixty years ago an old sailor, then drawing near to eighty years of age, said that when he was a sailor-boy there was an old rigger, named Matthew Walker, who, with his wife, lived on board an old covered hulk, moored near the Polly End, Monkwearmouth Shore; that new ships when launched were laid alongside of this hulk to be rigged by Walker and his gang of riggers; that also old ships had their rigging refitted at the same place; and that Matthew Walker was the inventor of the lanyard knot, now known by the inventor's name wherever a ship floats."

It has been suggested that "knot," the sailor's word for the nautical mile, springs from the small pieces of knotted stuff, called *knots*, inserted in the log-line for marking the progress of a ship through the water. It is worth noting, however, that in the old Voyages the word *knot*, as signifying a mile, never occurs. It seems reasonable to suppose that it is a word not much older than the last century.

Amongst puzzling changes in the sea-language must be classed the names of vessels. "Yacht" has been variously defined: as "a small ship for carrying passengers;" as "a vessel of state." The term is now understood to mean a pleasure craft. "Yawl" was formerly a small ship's boat or a wherry: it has become the exclusive title of yachts rigged as cutters, but carrying also a small sail at the stern, called a mizzen. The "barge" was a vessel of state, furnished with sumptuous cabins and canopies and cushions, decorated with flags and streamers, and propelled by a band of rowers. This hardly answers to the topsail barges and dumb-barges of to-day! The word "bark" has been Gallicized into "barque," possibly as a marine protest against the poetic misapplication as shown in these lines of Byron:

"My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;"

Or the—

"My bark is my bride!"

of Eliza Cook. By bark the poets intend any kind of ship you please: but to Jack it implies a particular rig. The Americans write "bark" for "barque," and rightly; for though Falconer says that "bark is a general name given to small ships," he also

adds: "It is, however, peculiarly appropriated by seamen to those which carry three masts without a mizzen topsail." The "pink" is another craft that has "gone over." Her very narrow stern supplied the name, pink having been used in the sense of small, as by Shakespeare, who speaks of "pink-eyne," small eye. The "tartan," likewise, belongs to the past as a rig: a single mast, lateen yard and bowsprit. The growth of our ancestors' "frigott," too, into the fire-eating *Saucy Arethusas* of comparatively recent times, is a story full of interest.

I have but skimmed a surface whose depths should honestly repay careful and laborious dredging. The language of the sea has entered so largely into common and familiar speech ashore, that the philologist who neglects the mariner's talk will struggle in vain in his search after a mass of paternities and derivatives, and the originals, and even the sense, of many every-day expressions. It is inevitable that a maritime nation should enlarge its shore vocabulary by sea terms. The eloquence of the fore-castle is of no mean order, and in a hundred directions Jack's expressions are matchless for brevity, sentiment and suggestion. But the origin and rise of the marine tongue is also the origin and rise of the British navy, and of the fleets which sail under the red ensign. The story of the British ship may be followed in the maritime glossaries; and perception of the delicate shades and lights, of the subtleties, niceties, and discriminations of the ocean-dialect is a revelation of the mysteries of the art of the shipwright and the profession of the seaman.

W. CLARK RUSSELL.

CHRISTIANITY AS THE ABSOLUTE RELIGION.

CHRISTIANITY claims to be a Gospel; to offer to men that which answers to their needs; to disclose in a form available for life eternal truths which we are so constituted as to recognise, though we could not of ourselves discover them. Its verification therefore will lie in its essential character; in its fitness to fulfil this work, which is as broad as the world. And it may be worth while, in the presence of much apparent misunderstanding, to endeavour to indicate the points which must be noticed in any fair estimate of its relations to modern thought.

I assume that men are born religious. By this I mean that, they are so constituted as to seek to place themselves in harmony with the powers without them, and to establish a harmony between the forces which are revealed in their own persons. The effort to obtain this twofold harmony will be directed by many partial interpretations of the phenomena of existence. The results of experience gained during the life of humanity and during the life of the individual present the elements with which religion has to deal in various lights. Children and childlike races have of necessity different conceptions of self and the world and God—the final elements of religion—from those which belong to a maturer age or to a later period of national growth. The religion which is able to bring peace at one stage of human development may be wholly ineffective at another.

When, therefore, we look for a religion which shall perfectly satisfy the needs of men, we look for one which is essentially fitted for the support of man as man; which is able to follow him through the changing circumstances of personal and social growth, able to bring from itself new resources for new requirements, able to reveal thoughts out of many hearts, and to meet them with answers of wider know-

ledge. Such a religion must have a vital energy commensurate with all conceivable human progress.

And yet again : the perfect religion must not only have the power of dealing with man and men throughout the whole course of their manifold development ; it must have the power of dealing with the complete fulness of life at any moment. It must have the present power of dealing with the problems of our being and of our destiny in relation to thought and to action and to feeling. The Truth which religion embodies must take account of the conditions of existence, and define the way of conduct, and quicken the energy of enterprise. Such Truth is not for speculation only : so far it is the subject of Philosophy. It is not for discipline only : so far it is the subject of Ethics. It is not for embodiment only : so far it is the subject of Art. Religion in its completeness is the harmony of these three, of Philosophy, Ethics, and Art, blended into one by a spiritual force, by a consecration at once personal and absolute. The direction of Philosophy, to express the thought somewhat differently, is theoretic, and its end is the true, as the word is applied to knowledge ; the direction of Ethics is practical, and its end is the good ; the direction of Art is representative, and its end is the beautiful. Religion includes these several ends, but adds to them that in which they find their consummation, the holy. The holy brings an infinite sanction to that which is otherwise finite and relative. It expresses not only a complete inward peace, but also an essential fellowship with God.

Every religion, even the most primitive, will exhibit these three aims, these three elements, at least in a rudimentary form : the perfect religion will exhibit them in complete adjustment and efficacy. A perfect religion—a religion which offers a complete satisfaction to the religious wants of man—must (to repeat briefly what has been said) be able to meet the religious wants of the individual, the society, the race, in the complete course of their development and in the manifold intensity of each separate human faculty.

This being so, I contend that the faith in Christ, born, crucified, risen, ascended, forms the basis of this perfect religion ; that it is able, in virtue of its essential character, to bring peace in view of the problems of life under every variety of circumstance and character—to illuminate, to develop, and to inspire every human faculty. My contention rests upon the recognition of the two marks by which Christianity is distinguished from every other religion. It is absolute and it is historical.

On the one side, Christianity is not confined by any limits of place, or time, or faculty, or object. It reaches to the whole sum of being and to the whole of each separate existence. On the other side, it offers its revelation in facts which are an actual part of human experience, so

that the peculiar teaching which it brings, as to the nature and relations of God and man and the world is simply the interpretation of events in the life of men and in the life of One who was truly Man. It is not a theory, a splendid guess, but a proclamation of facts.

These, I repeat, are its original, its unalterable claims. Christianity is absolute. It claims, as it was set forth by the Apostles, though the grandeur of the claim was soon obscured, to reach all men, all time, all creation; it claims to effect the perfection no less than the redemption of finite being; it claims to bring a perfect unity of humanity without destroying the personality of any one man; it claims to deal with all that is external as well as with all that is internal, with matter as well as with spirit, with the physical universe as well as with the moral universe; it claims to realize a re-creation co-extensive with creation; it claims to present Him who was the Maker of the world as the Heir of all things; it claims to complete the cycle of existence, and show how all things come from God and go to God.

Christianity is absolute: it is also historical. It is historical, not simply in the sense in which (for example) Mohammedanism is historical, because the facts connected with the origin and growth of this religion, with the personality and life of the Founder, with the experience and growth of His doctrine, can be traced in documents which are adequate to assure belief; but in a far different sense also. It is historical in its antecedents, in its realization, in itself; it is historical as crowning a long period of religious training, which was accomplished under the influence of divine facts; it is historical as brought out in all its fulness from age to age in an outward society by the action of the Spirit of God; but, above all, and most characteristically, it is historical, because the revelation which it brings is of life and in life. The history of Christ is the Gospel in its light and in its power. His teaching is Himself, and nothing apart from Himself; what He is and what He does. The earliest creed—the creed of our baptism—is the affirmation of facts which include all doctrine.

Dogmatic systems may change, and have changed so far as they reflect transitory phases of speculative thought, but the primitive Gospel is unchangeable, as it is inexhaustible. There can be no addition to it. It contains in itself all that will be slowly wrought out in thought and deed until the consummation.

In this sense, Christianity is the only historical religion. The message which it proclaims is wholly unique. Christ said, *I am*—not *I declare*, or *I lay open*, or *I point to*, but *I am*—the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

At first sight, the two characteristics of Christianity which I have

laid down, that it is absolute and that it is historical, appear to be inconsistent. It may seem that a revelation which is not only given under particular conditions of time and place, but also expressed under those conditions, must be limited; that the influence and the meaning of a life, however powerful and sympathetic, must grow fainter in the course of centuries, and cannot extend, even if it has the capacity for extending, through all being.

It is a partial and suggestive answer to such objections that, since we have to consider a final revelation given to man, to man as he is in the fulness of his being, such a revelation must come through a true human life; and further, that what is offered to us in a representative life has contact with all life, as the one life is unfolded in its manifold richness; that nothing in the whole realm of Nature can be alien from man, who gathers in himself an epitome of Nature; that nothing, therefore, is incapable of sharing in the consecration and transfiguration by which he is ennobled.

But the complete answer lies in the personality of Him who lived Man among men. *The Word*, we read, *became flesh*. Here lies the secret of the power of that one true life. The Son of man was also Son of God. The Incarnation and the Resurrection reconcile the two characteristics of our faith—they establish the right of Christianity to be called historical, they establish its right to be called absolute.

We are not now concerned with the "evidence" for these transcendent facts, but I may make one remark which is of considerable importance. There cannot possibly be any antecedent objection to them. They are as unique as the universe itself. There is no standard of experience to which we can bring them, and pronounce in virtue of the comparison that they are "preternatural."

And it may be added that the antithesis of the finite and the infinite which they combine underlies all thought, all life. The antithesis exists; consciousness witnesses to it; Christianity meets it announcing the vital union of the two terms as the fundamental Gospel, not as a speculation but as a twofold fact. By the Incarnation it gives permanent reality to human knowledge; by the Resurrection it gives permanent reality to human life.

Thus, the Incarnation and the Resurrection furnish the basis for a religion which is intensely human, and which, at every moment, introduces the infinite and the unseen into a vital connexion with the things of earth—a religion which illuminates the dark clouds that lie over our work, which offers an ideal wherein we can recognise the fulfilment of the destiny of humanity, which supplies an inspiration of power flowing from a divine fellowship—a religion, in other words, which is a complete satisfaction of the religious needs of man.

Let me endeavour to make these statements a little clearer in detail. Men, as we have seen—men, as born for religion—are born for knowing, for feeling, for acting; they need light, they need an ideal, they need power. And (this is my contention) the historic Gospel brings the light, the ideal, the power which they need—the light, the ideal, the power which we ourselves need in this crisis of our trial.

1. Men need light. No one can look either within or without and fail to see clear marks, not only of imperfection, but of failure. No one can study the pictures which great writers draw of the destiny of humanity, and not feel that the features which he recognises have been grievously marred. There is a terrible contrast between man's power and man's achievements; there is a terrible contrast between that which (as we are made) we feel must be the purpose of Creation and the facts by which we are encountered. Viewed in themselves, the phenomena which suggest a design of love in the order of the world issue in deeper sorrow. Naturally—and the words have a manifold application—death closes all. There is not, I think, a more impressive image in literature than that in which Dr. Newman describes the first effect of the world upon the man who looks there for tokens of the presence of God. "It is," he says, "as if I looked in a mirror and saw no reflection of my own face." This is the first, the natural effect.

But the record of the life of Christ, the thought of the presence of Christ, changes all. Christ, as He lived and lives, justifies our highest hope. He opens depths of vision below the surface of things. He transforms suffering; He shows us the highest aspirations of our being satisfied through a way of sorrow. He redresses the superficial inequalities of life by revealing its eternal glory. He enables us to understand how, being what we are, every grief and every strain of sensibility can be made in Him contributory to the working out of our common destiny.

Such reflections have a social, and they have also an individual, application. It was, as we read in St. Paul, the good pleasure of God "*to sum up all things in Christ*," and "*through Him to reconcile all things to Himself*."

This purpose is, in potency, already accomplished in Him. In one sense all is done already; in another sense, all has still to be realized. The fact at least of a fellowship of earth and heaven is given us in life; and we can all strive towards the sense of the new unity. Under this broadest aspect, the fact of Redemption carries us back to the fact of Creation, and we are enabled to see how the will of God is wrought out in spite of man's self-assertion.

We may not indeed be able to penetrate very far into these great mysteries. We shrink rightly from confining, by any theory

in the terms of our present thoughts, truths which pass into another order. But the vision which we can gain is sufficient to change the whole aspect of life. Let us once feel that the anguish of creation is indeed the travail-pain of a new birth, as Scripture teaches, and we shall be strengthened to bear and to wait. And, as I said, these larger sorrows—sorrows which form a heavy burden to many of us—find a counterpart in the single soul. And here again light is thrown upon the discipline of personal suffering through the work of Christ. That reveals to us the love from which it flows, and the perfection to which it is able to minister. Again, we may not be able to see far into the application of these lessons; but it becomes intelligible that if the virtue of Christ's life and death was made available for man through suffering—if it was through suffering that He fulfilled the destiny of man fallen—the appropriation of that which He has gained may be carried into effect through the same law. The mystery of the forgiveness of sins is fulfilled, and we can bear cheerfully the temporal consequences of sin.

In both respects, in regard to personal sufferings and to social sufferings, it is enough to remember that He who was the "Man of sorrows," He who "*was a propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the whole world,*" first revealed the Fatherhood of God.

2. These considerations, which I can only indicate in the faintest outline, prove our first point. We need light, as conscious of failure in ourselves, sensible of failure around us; and Christianity takes the fullest account of this great gloom and illuminates it.

But in the next place, as men—as men in our essential constitution, and not only as fallen men—we need an ideal which may move us to effort. Now here; up to a certain point, there is no difference of opinion.

It is generally agreed that the type of character presented to us in the Gospels is the highest which we can fashion. The Person of the Lord meets us at every point in our strivings, and discloses something to call out in us loftier endeavour. In Him we discover in the most complete harmony all the excellences which are divided not unequally between man and woman. In Him we can recognise the gift which has been entrusted to each one of us severally, used in its true relation to the other endowments of humanity. He enters into the fulness of life, and makes known the value of each detail of life.

And what He is for us, He is for all men, and for all time. There is nothing in the ideal which He offers which belongs to any particular age, or class, or nation. He stands above all and unites all. That which was local or transitory in the circumstances under which

He lived, in the controversies of rival sects, in the struggles of patriotism, in the isolation of religious pride, leave no colour in His character. All that is abiding, all that is human, is there without admixture, in that eternal energy which man's heart can recognise in its time of trial.

So it is that the Person of the Lord satisfies the requirement of growth which belongs to the religious nature of man. Our sense of His perfections grows with our own moral advance. We see more of His beauty as our power of vision is disciplined and purified. The slow unfolding of life enables us to discern new meaning in His presence. In His humanity is included whatever belongs to the consummation of the individual and of the race, not only in one stage but in all stages of progress, not only in regard to some endowments but in regard to the whole inheritance of our nature enlarged by the most vigorous use while the world lasts. We, in our weakness and littleness, confine our thoughts from generation to generation, now to this fragment of His fulness and now to that; but it is, I believe, true without exception in every realm of man's activity, true in action, true in literature, true in art, that the works which receive the most lasting homage of the soul are those which are most Christian, and that it is in each the Christian element, the element which answers to the fact of the Incarnation, to the fellowship of God with man as an accomplished reality of the present order, which attracts and holds our reverence. In the essence of things it cannot be otherwise. Our infirmity alone enfeebles the effect of the truth which we have to embody.

3. "Our infirmity." Here again the historic Gospel comes to our aid. We need light, and, as we have seen, it makes a sun to rise upon our darkness. We need an ideal, and it lifts up before us a Person in whom, under every variety of circumstance, we recognise the likeness for which we were created. But we also need power. It is true that we instinctively acknowledge the ideal in Christ as that which interprets perfectly our own aspirations. No accumulation of failures can destroy the sense of our destiny. But alone, in ourselves, as we look back sadly, we confess that we have no new resource of strength for the future, as we have no ability to undo the past. The loftiest souls apart from Christ recognise that they were made for an end which "naturally" is unattainable. They do homage (for example) to a purity which they personally dishonour. This need brings into prominence the supreme characteristic of the faith. Christ meets the acknowledgment of individual helplessness with the offer of fellowship. He reveals union with Himself, union with God, and union with man in Him, as the spring of power, and the inspiration of effort. The knowledge which flows from the vision of the world as He has disclosed it is not simply for speculation: the

glory of the image of man which He shows is not for contemplative admiration. Both are intensely practical. Both tend directly to kindle and support love in and through Him; and love, which is the transfiguration of pain, is also strength for action and motive for action.

In this way believing in Christ—believing in Christ, and not merely believing Christ—brings into exercise the deepest human feelings. It has been excellently laid down by one who was not of us, that “the solution of the problem of essence, of the questions, Whence? What? and Whither? must be in a life and not in a book.” For the solution which is to sway life must have been already shown in its sovereign efficacy. And more than this, it must have been shown to have potentially a universal and not only a singular application. And this is exactly what the Gospel brings home to us. He who said, “I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world; again I leave the world, and go to the Father,” illuminated the words by actions which made known the divine original and the divine destiny of man. The Son of man did not separate Himself from those whom He was not ashamed to call brethren. He bade, and bids, them find in His humanity—His “flesh and blood”—the support of their own humanity. In His life, for our sakes, the heavenly interpreted the earthly. He called out, and He still calls out in us, as we dwell upon the records of the Gospel, the response of that which is indeed kindred to Himself, of that which becomes one with Himself.

The sympathy which is thus awakened by Christ makes known to the soul its latent capacities. Again and again our own experience startles us with unexpected welcomes to the highest thoughts and claims. Even in ordinary life contact with nobler natures arouses the feeling of unused power, and quickens the consciousness of responsibility. And when union with the Son of man, the Son of God, is the basis of our religion, all these natural influences produce the highest conceivable effect. We each draw from fellowship with the perfect life that which our little life requires for its sustenance and growth.

Such considerations enable us to understand a little better than we commonly do these two words of St. Paul, “*in Christ*,” which form an implicit creed. We come to see that they correspond with the fact of a larger life to which our lives are contributory, a life which reaches potentially to all redeemed beings, a life which takes into itself all that is harmonious with its character, and conveys of its infinite wealth to each fragment included in its organization.

The revelation which places us in direct connexion with unfailing power supplies us also with a sovereign motive. When we accept such a revelation, the same instinct which constrains us to labour

for ourselves constrains us to labour for others. To labour for others is, we then see in literal truth, to labour for ourselves. The separate consciousness of the individual parts of the body of Christ does not modify their inter-dependence, but gives a new meaning to the social destination of work. There is, we know, no pain which the devotion of love is unable to transfigure; and it is this devotion which the Christian conception of humanity and nature is essentially fitted to stir and to deepen. Not by accident, not by a remote or precarious deduction, but directly, in its simplest announcement, the Gospel proclaims that we are members one of another, and that all creation waits for the manifestation of the sons of God.

And it is obvious that this belief in the solidarity of life, if once we could give it vivid distinctness, is able—perhaps is alone able—to deal with the evils which spring from selfishness. It enables us to estimate rightly the burden of poverty and the heavier burden of wealth, when we take account of the conditions under which the one life is fulfilled in many parts. It quickens that keen sense of responsibility to God which best regulates the use of large means; and it quickens that conviction of Divine fellowship which brings dignity even to indigence. And meanwhile it delivers us from the bondage of material standards, when it makes known all that is of the earth as that through which the spiritual is brought within our reach.

If now I have succeeded in any degree in marking clearly the lines of thought which I have wished to trace, we shall see that the capacity of Christianity to illuminate, to guide, to inspire, belongs to its very nature; that we cannot hold our Faith without finding in it light to dispel the heaviest clouds of life, an ideal to keep before us the divine purpose of creation, power to support us in our strivings to fulfil God's will; that, when it fails us in theory or in deed, we have so far limited or misunderstood or misused it. In other words we shall see that Christianity is the perfect religion.

It gives stability and energy to thought, and feeling, and action. Nothing can be without its scope, but, to all things transitory it adds the element of the infinite.

It supplies the foundation of perfect freedom in absolute self-devotion. It ennobles dependence as the correlative of social fellowship. It presents the total aspect of being not as a conflict but as a unity. Politicians aim at "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," but we have a surer and wider principle for our guidance, that the happiness of the whole is the happiness of all.

But it will be said that the theoretic claims of Christianity are paralleled by the claims of other religions; that they are disproved by the crimes of Christians. I notice the objections only to point out that they do, in fact, if fairly examined, confirm my position

with overwhelming force. If it could be shown that the vital force of any other great religion was alien from Christianity; if it could be shown that the crimes of Christians arose from that which is of the essence of their Faith, then the objections would be weighty; but if, on the other hand, it is obvious that the religions of the world each touched the hearts of men by a power of order or devotion, of sympathy with nature or of surrender to a supreme King, then each præ-Christian religion becomes a witness to the Faith which combines these manifold powers in a final unity; if it is obvious that the excesses of Christian men and Christian States are in defiance of the message of the Incarnation, then they only prove that the approach to the ideal is slow, and that it rises above attainment to condemn and to encourage. So it is that the gathered experience of men bears testimony to the truth of Christianity, both when it records anticipations and when it records corruptions of its teaching. In the one case it shows the Gospel as satisfying the cravings of men, and in the other as judging their self-will and selfishness.

And at the same time the wide, frank questionings of history which lead to these results, the attempt, however imperfect, to bring our Faith into actual contact with the most varied facts of life, reveals its breadth and grandeur and vitality. We are all tempted to limit our conception of its efficacy by our personal requirements. We forget that it is directed not only to the redemption of man as fallen, but to the consummation of man as created. It requires a serious effort to look beyond ourselves, our nature, our age, and recognise how it meets wants which we have not felt, how it disciplines powers with which we are not endowed, how it supplements our offerings by the fruits of other service. The effort is difficult, but it brings for its reward a calm assurance which is as firm as the far-reaching foundation of human experience on which it rests.

So it may well be that some of the lines of thought which I have endeavoured to indicate—only to indicate—may be strange; but I know that they are worth following. I know that they are able to bring home to us with irresistible force the conviction that Christianity has a message for us; that the Holy Spirit is speaking to us with a voice which we can interpret; that the currents of action and thought by which we are swayed can be so guided as to generate a divine light; that the conceptions of the dependence of man upon man, and of man upon nature, of a fundamental unity, underlying the progress of phenomena, which are taking place about us, illuminate mysteries of apostolic teaching; that the theology which expresses the temporal apprehension of the facts of revelation advances still, as it has advanced from the first, with the accumulated movement of all ancillary sciences.

Such convictions restore to us the position and the spirit of con-

querors—the only position, the only spirit which befit our Faith. We are, we must be, as believers in Christ, in the presence of a living, that is, of a speaking God. Nothing, indeed, can be added to the facts of the Gospel, but all history and all nature is the commentary upon them. And the loftiest conceptions of human destiny and human duty cannot but be quickened and raised by the message which reaches through the finite to the infinite, through time to eternity: “In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. . . . And the Word became flesh, and tabernacled among us.” Our imaginations are dull and undisciplined. We can hardly for a brief moment strive to realize what this Historic Gospel means. Yet even so in the still silence it makes itself felt. Then we confess that nothing beautiful, or true, or good, which lies within the range of human powers, can be outside its hallowing influence; that it calls for an expression in doctrine, and in conduct, and in worship which exercises the utmost gifts of reason, and will, and feeling; that it restores to man the divine fellowship which has been interrupted by sin; that it discloses the importance of the present through which the interpretation of the eternal comes to us; that it confirms the value of the individual by revealing his relation to a whole of limitless majesty; that it offers a sovereign motive for seeking the help of unfailing might; that it asks, guides, sustains the ministry of all life, and the ministry of every life; and, therefore, that it is a complete satisfaction of the religious needs of men.

B. F. WESTCOTT.

TENANT-RIGHT AND AGRARIAN OUTRAGE IN FRANCE.

NOTHING is new under the sun. Ireland enjoys no monopoly of agrarian outrage; she cannot even boast the invention of boycotting. France affords a proof that land hunger alone, whetted by no race hatred or religious prejudice, can so transform the character of a peasantry that they shrink from no crime against a legal system which they regard as tyrannical and oppressive.

In the ancient province of Picardy every feature of Irish land agitation is reproduced, and has prevailed for centuries. The *droit de marché* of Picardy is the tenant-right of Ireland. Its history is a record of legal rights invaded by violence, of terrorism maintained by crime, of law defied by secret coalitions, of justice baffled by the impossibility of procuring evidence.

The centre and heart of the agrarian outrages to which the *droit de marché* has given rise is the district of Picardy known by the sinister title of Sangterre or Santerre. Santerre forms a portion of the Department of the Somme. It includes the arrondissements of Péronne and Montdidier, together with the Canton of Corbie in the arrondissement of Amiens. Here are clustered most of the numerous villages, such as Belloy, Bouchoire, Lihons, Rouvry, which boast the addition to their names of "En Santerre." The greater part of the district lies in a niche between three railways, bounded on the north by the line from Amiens through Nesle and Ham to Tergnier, on the west by the main line from Amiens to Paris, on the south-east by the branch line from St. Just through Roye, Montdidier, Chaulnes and Péronne to Cambrai. It is a great rolling plain, traversed by the departmental road from Amiens through Roye to Noyon. Though it nowhere rises above 400 feet, it forms a table-land, furrowed by numerous valleys (*baasures*), the channels of

little streams which create the peat bogs for which Picardy is famous. The cultivators of the soil are congregated in villages: detached farm-houses or farm-buildings are scarce. No hedge is to be seen for miles, and, except round the villages and by the side of the roads, there are but few trees. Before the crops are cleared, the billowy tumult of the corn lends a charm to the landscape: but after harvest the district wears a singularly melancholy aspect, with its monotonous outlines, confined horizon, and solitary expanse.

Santerre possesses no coal fields and no important manufactures. Stocking-weaving flourishes in the neighbourhood of Montdidier, and Péronne carries on some trade in cotton prints. But practically the district is purely agricultural. The land is chiefly arable, though Moislains, the largest village in the Canton of Péronne, is surrounded by some fine pastures. The soil varies widely in quality. The best is an "argile douce" mingled with sand; the medium is a sandy clay mixed with a species of Oxford-hire "stone-brash," known by the local name of "Cornu;" the worst is a marl which nothing but incessant labour will render fertile. Of the nine cantons which form the arrondissement of Péronne, the largest proportion of poor land is to be found in Bray and Péronne; and it is in these two cantons that the *droit de marché* has been enforced in the most exaggerated form. The best land is found in Roissel, Combles, and Nesle, where the *droit de marché* is comparatively restricted. Before the Revolution, the ownership of land was concentrated in a few hands: peasant proprietors were practically unknown. Of late years, property has become more divided; peasants now own more than a third of the land. The soil is cultivated in holdings of various sizes. Small farms of between 10 and 75 acres are tilled by the owners who, in addition, often occupy land as tenants; middle-sized farms range from 100 to 500 acres; a few large farms rise from 500 to 1500 acres. Speaking generally, land in Santerre is now divided in equal proportions between these three classes with an increasing preponderance in favour of the smallest class. Santerre produces the ordinary cereals and forage crops, and, on the larger farms, poppies (locally known as "ceillettes"), colza, and beetroot. The sugar factories, where they exist, have revolutionized agricultural methods. In Roissel, for instance, quantities of stock are now fattened on the refuse pulp of the beet, from which the sugar has been extracted.

Few French writers have alluded to the *droit de marché*. M. de Calonne notices it in his "Vie Agricole sous l'ancien Régime en Picardie et Artois;" M. Troplong devotes a few pages to it in the preface to his treatise on "Louage;" M. Lefort refers to it in his "Histoire des Contrats de Location Perpétuelle," and has also made it the subject of a special monograph. Among local writers MM.

Daussy, Saudbrenil and Brière, condemn the *droit de marché*; it has been defended by MM. Hyver, Gouset,* Vion, and by Hector Crinon—the labourer, sculptor, and poet of Péronne. Its opponents are theoretical lawyers; its advocates practical farmers. M. Oudin, who was for some years president of the tribunal at Péronne, and is now Conseiller à la Cour d'Appel of Amiens, has made the *droit de marché* a subject of special study, and I am indebted to him for much valuable information. Two English writers have noticed the *droit de marché*. Mr. Wyndham incidentally mentions it in his report on Belgian Agriculture, as an analogous usage to the *mauvais gré* of Hainault (Reports from H. M. Representatives on European Land-tenures, 1869). A much fuller account is given in Mr. Jenkins' letter to the *Times* of Jan. 31, 1882, and in his valuable report on French agriculture drawn up for the Agricultural Commission of 1879. But in both these cases the *droit de marché* necessarily forms only a small portion of a wide field of inquiry.

In the following pages it is proposed first to define the *droit de marché*; secondly, to examine into its origin; thirdly, to illustrate the means by which it has been established in the teeth of the law; fourthly, to trace the course of the special legislation framed for its suppression; fifthly, to attempt an explanation of its decreased importance at the present moment.

The term *droit de marché* is derived from the *marché*, or lot of land which forms the object of a lease, or from the same word used in the sense of the primitive contract on which the right is by some supposed to depend. It bears three meanings. In the mouth of the landlord it often signifies the premium paid by the tenant whenever the farm changes hands, and corresponds in this sense to the *droit d'intrade*. The tenant farmer means by it his right to possess in perpetuity the land comprised in his lease, or the sum paid to him by his successor through which the latter acquires the same hereditary right. In general use, as well as throughout this paper, the *droit de marché* may be translated as tenant-right; it signifies the claim set up by the farmer to retain for himself and his heirs or to transfer at his own will, perpetual possession of his farm, upon the sole condition of payment of an annual rent.*

A landlord has a farm to let. The land is not *terre libre*, but is subject to the *droit de marché*. The owner of the land has no voice in the selection of the farmer; the new tenant is the representative of the late occupier, from whom he has first acquired the tenant-right by purchase or inheritance. This nominee of a third person on entering into possession pays to the landlord a sum of money called the *intrade*,* which is generally equivalent to a year's rent.

* Similar premiums are common in France. The same payment, for instance, under the name of *commission*, is made by the *domanier* in the *domaine congéable* of

and is payable whenever the farm changes hands. This payment is, so to speak, the price of the tenant's investiture. On some estates another sum, called *chapeau*, or *pot de vin*, is payable whenever the lease is renewed.

The *intrade* varies with the relationship which the incoming tenant bears to his predecessor in title. Thus, a stranger acquiring the tenant-right by purchase, pays more than a collateral descendant; the rate is almost nothing in the case of a tenant in the direct line of descent. The new tenant is, as has been said, the nominee of the former occupier; he has acquired from him, whether by purchase or inheritance, the tenant-right, with all its accessory privileges. Theoretically, the purchase money paid for the *droit de marché* represents the value of the tenant's interest in the land after satisfying the landlord's claim for rent. It necessarily varies in amount, and fluctuates with the rise or fall in rent or agricultural prices. This perpetual readjustment of the balance is practically neglected; it is the weak feature of the system, and the point in which the *droit de marché* has been most abused. Certain communes of the canton of Péronne, notably Brie, Bouvincourt, Mons-en-chaussée, and Estrées-en-chaussée, have distinguished themselves by the extravagance of their claims. Landlords have been powerless to raise the old rents of half-a-century ago. Consequently, in 1836, the value of the *droit de marché* was estimated at nearly three-quarters of the value of the land. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the soil of this canton is for the most part of so poor a quality, that it can only be rendered profitable by unremitting toil. In other cantons, farmers have allowed rents to follow the rise in prices. To this fact must be attributed such a change as that which took place in the canton of Roissel. In 1826 the value of the tenant-right was calculated at from 1200 to 1800 francs the hectare (two-and-a-half acres); in 1836 it had fallen to between 800 and 900 francs. At this latter date the *droit* could be purchased in the canton of Montdidier for from 200 to 500 francs the hectare. Of late years the fall of agricultural prices has further diminished the value of the *droit de marché*. In Santerre the selling and letting value of *terre libre* has fallen 25 per cent. Much less depreciation has taken place on land subject to the tenant-right. The reasons are obvious. The small tenant-right farmer, whose produce chiefly consists of butter, eggs, and poultry, has suffered less from foreign competition than the large free-land farmer, who grows wheat or beetroot. Whatever loss small farmers have sustained has been chiefly due to disastrous seasons. Inclement weather, diminished profits, and social causes have lowered the *Finistère*. In the customs of Bourbonnais the *intrade* appears as "*Entrages d'argent, Entrages, ou deniers baillez.*"

market value of the tenant-right. Its value throughout the whole district of Santerre ranges from 500 to 1200 francs the hectare. Free land now sells for about £40 the acre. The tenant-right may, therefore, be calculated as between a quarter and a half of the value of the land.

A farmer has purchased from his predecessor his *droit de marché*; he has paid the landlord his *intrade*; he has taken a lease. What is his position? Leases are generally for nine or eighteen years; but, whatever clauses are inserted to provide for the surrender of the farm at the expiration of the specified term, the tenant considers himself as a co-proprietor of the land. He has acquired a right against all the world, a right which he can transmit to his representatives, to successive leases of the farm on the conditions contained in the original lease. Of this joint ownership, he considers the payment of rent in kind to be a sign; at the present day he pays in money, but the amount is calculated upon the market price, on certain days, of a fixed quantity of corn. The landlord has parted with all control over his property: he cannot choose his tenant; he cannot raise the rent, or enforce new conditions. The landlord receives his *pots de vin*, *intrades*, and rent; but the tenant regards these payments as entitling him to the hereditary enjoyment of the land, and as conferring the power to dispose of his farm by will, sale, gift, or sub-lease. In Picard phrase the tenant says of the farm, *c'est à Dieu et à mi*, and treats it accordingly. Jealous of his independence, he often conceals from the landlord even his name. The rent or the *intrade* is paid by third persons, and the receipt is drawn in blank. Often the farmer does not consider a renewal of the lease necessary; his tenant-right and the implication of the *tacite réconduction* (sect. 1776 Code Civil) afford him sufficient security.

From the landlord's point of view, it is useless to specify any term in the contract, and in some communes clauses limiting the duration of the lease have been abandoned as verbiage. The retention of these clauses indicates a recent invasion of landlord's rights by tenant farmers. Before the Revolution landlords could always re-enter upon their land when a lease had expired, and cultivate it themselves. The *droit de marché* only protected the farmer against his own class. When the landlord grew tired of gentleman-farming, he was bound to re-let the farm to the representatives of the original tenant whom he had dispossessed. In 1867, even after the lapse of twenty years, men were willing to pay 150 francs the hectare to purchase from the evicted tenant his vague prospect of re-entry. So long as landlords could dispossess tenants, fixed terms were necessary for the protection of the latter. It is under this moderate form that the *droit de marché* exists in parts of Santerre, and in the arrondissement of St. Quentin;

and it was under this form that the analogous usage of the *mauvais gré* prevailed in Hainault. But in the greater part of Santerre, the farmer has now protected himself against his landlord as well as against his neighbour. Since 1789 the tenant cannot be dispossessed even by the owner of the soil, who is anxious to cultivate it himself. Commercial interests have, in fact, changed the quarter from which farmers anticipate danger. A new peril threatened tenant-right when land speculators bought up land, which was sold at a low price, because it was subject to the *droit de marché*, dispossessed the tenants, and threw their intermixed holdings of which the old farm consisted into one large colza, wheat, or beetroot farm. In old days there was little risk of the landlord taking into his own hands a farm which was made up of small detached parcels, and on which there were no farm buildings. He had little or no inducement for the necessary outlay of capital. The Santerre farmer only feared that his neighbours might outbid him, and annex his holding to that which they already occupied. Another privilege which is of infinite value to the tenant-right farmer, is the right of pre-emption. When land is offered for sale, the tenant-occupier claimed the first offer. No purchaser would bid till he had exercised his option. The principle of the *droit de marché* is now confined to land. But it once extended to everything which could form the object of a contract of letting and hiring. Thus, places in the market, or seats in church were transmitted in perpetuity, and could not be acquired, except with the consent of the last occupier. Similarly, ploughmen, threshers, reapers, and shepherds claimed a hereditary right to retain their situations in their families, or to nominate their successors, and boycotted employers who engaged strangers.

When once tenant-right has been acquired, farmers leave it by will, divide it among children, give it by way of dower, sell it to strangers by public auction or private bargain, make it the subject of contracts embodied in legal form by notaries. It forms an item of account in bankruptcies, liquidations, or inventories for valuations. It confers upon tenants rights of pre-emption, perpetual possession of their farms, powers to sublet, as well as to refuse increased rent or the insertion of new conditions. In defiance of the Code Civil it creates a species of *droit d'aînesse*. Whichever of the sons carries on the farm is treated as the eldest. To him alone brothers and sisters can sell or lease their shares of the land; and if he purchases the portion of a sister, custom only compels him to pay half-price. The *droit de marché* links together the tenants in the closest possible union, binding them to abstain from competition for each other's farms, to punish traitors, to conceal the perpetrators of agrarian crime, and to help one another in time of need. The extent to which this last

pledge is recognized, is illustrated by a story which De Verité tells in the Supplement to his "Essai sur l'Histoire de Picardie" (London and Abbeville, 1774). A farmer was hanged for the murder of another who had outbid him for his farm. The village council determined that the wealthiest bachelor should marry the widow of the murderer, and that a wedding present should be provided by the community, and "la chose fût exécutée." Yet this tenant-right which is thus openly dealt with, and which confers such important privileges on its owners, appears to have no legal existence. By the legislation of December, 1790, all tenancies of a perpetual nature were abolished, and they were at the same time rendered redeemable by the farmer. Tenants might convert their holdings into freehold, but after that date they could not continue to occupy under a permanent lease. The Code Civil renders null and void any disposition of property in perpetuity in favour of individuals. Thus, even assuming that the "droit" rested, before the Revolution, upon the prescriptive title of immemorial possession, it was abolished in 1790. Subsequently to that date it cannot be created, even if the two parties concur in the attempt. Existing French law abhors perpetuities, and the *droit de marché* is in flagrant violation of its essential principles. It is, in fact, an "atteinte sur la liberté de propriété." So careful is the law to avoid even the appearance of recognizing the legality of the *droit de marché*, that it refuses to assess it for purposes of taxation, and prefers to see the public revenue defrauded of a valuable source of income.

The growth of the *droit de marché* is an isolated phenomenon in rural France. Many forms of tenure, more or less perpetual in character, offer analogies to the *droit de marché*, but none present an exact parallel. It possesses no title deeds, no charter; no public record, no private document can be produced in its favour; it can only appeal to immemorial tradition, and to the deep-rooted, inveterate, and almost universal feeling of Santerre. The origin of the usage is uncertain; even its age is a subject of dispute. Its opponents regard it as a recent invasion upon the landowner's rights; its advocates assign to it a legal or equitable foundation in remote antiquity. Some writers have treated the *droit de marché* as the object for which the *intrade* is paid. But the *intrade* is really the effect of which the *droit* is the cause. It is the compensation paid to the landlord for the loss of his rights. The choice of explanation lies between many theories that have been offered to account for the growth of the usage each of which is supported by some special circumstance in the history of the province.

The great forest of Ardennes originally covered the whole district, spreading down to the shores of the Channel. Traces of it still linger in the line of forests which join hands almost from Calais

to Paris,* in the names of numerous villages,† and even in the word *Santerre* itself, which is said to be derived from *sarta terra*, or cleared land. The *droit de marché*, says M. Vion, is the reward offered to the tenant for the exceptional labour of clearing the land. Somewhat similar is the explanation given by M. Troplong, who attributes the origin of the right to the necessities of cultivation, combined with imperfectly understood incidents of Gallo-Roman or feudal tenures.

This wild forest land is covered with vestiges of the Roman occupation. It is intersected with Roman roads, which converge upon their seaports upon the shores of the Channel. In the train of the Roman soldier followed the Roman farmer. Under the empire the "Colonus" was not a slave, but the owner of slaves; he held his land in perpetuity; he could not leave it, or be separated from it. He paid a fixed rent in kind which could not be raised. Tenant-right, says M. Gouset, is the recognition by the Frankish conquerors of this hereditary claim to the perpetual occupation of the soil.

Picardy is studded with ruins of religious houses and feudal fortresses. Some writers have seen in the *droit de marché* special payment made to peasants for manual labour in their erection. It was thus, according to tradition, that the Abbey of Lihons-en-Santerre was erected. Pioneers of agriculture, as well as back-woodsmen of Christianity, the monks induced their serfs, so says M. de Cagny, to clear the forest by granting perpetual leases of the reclaimed land. The example of the monks of Corbie was followed by the feudal nobility of Picardy. The same author quotes instances in which landowners surrendered their lands to the Church, and received them back to hold in perpetuity. They exchanged a brilliant but dangerous ownership for the protection which the Church offered to its tenants. In these practices M. de Cagny sees further explanations of the *droit de marché*, and regards the tenant-right farmers as the representatives of the original grantees or proprietors.

Peter the Hermit, whose statue stands in the square at the east end of the Cathedral of Amiens, was a native of Picardy. He drew from his native province the greater number of his followers. The piety of Picard Crusaders so enriched the county with relics, that the word *Santerre* has been derived from *sancta terra*. Local tradition, which is Catholic in its universality, assigns to the Crusades the origin of the *droit de marché*. The popular explanation which is in the mouth of every peasant, is that the feudal nobles raised money from their tenants to equip themselves for their expedition, and repaid

* e.g., North of the Oise are the forests of Tingry, Suresnes, Crécy, Luchaux, Aronaise, Andigny, Regnaval, St. Gobain, Laigue, &c. South of the Oise are the forests of Compiègne, Villers Cotteret, Chantilly, &c.

† e.g., Houssoye, Caix or Cayeux, Luchaux, Coisy, Breuil, and Brouchy, Bailleul, Origny, and others terminating in "isy" or "oy."

the loan by granting to them the perpetual enjoyment of the land which they occupied." The explanation does too much honour to the scruples of the baron and the wealth of the serf. If the Picard saying may be used against this favourite theory of the Picard farmer—

"Ce sont des conneries
De Robert mon oncle."

No country has suffered more than Picardy from devastating wars. Fire and sword laid waste the district from the time of Brunehild and Frédégond. Pillaged by the Normans, ravaged by the English, devastated by the petty warfare of feudal barons, wasted by the contests of the Burgundians and Armagnacs, Picardy bore the brunt of the struggle between Louis XI. and Charles the Bold; repeatedly invaded by the Germans, the Spaniards or the English, it was plundered by the pandours of Prince Eugène, and the Cossacks of the allied armies. The last shot fired in the war of 1814 was fired from the walls of Péronne. The origin of the *droit de marché* has been traced to the exceptional risks which attended agriculture in this border country of "Sang-terre." M. Hyver treats the tenant-right as the bribe offered to induce farmers to face special dangers; M. Sautbreuil and other opponents of the *droit* regard the perpetual wars as the opportunity which the peasant seized to invade the rights of the landlord.

The earliest allusion to the *droit de marché* in any French official document occurs in an edict published by Louis XIV. in 1679. In the preamble of the edict of 1724 it is stated that tenant-right, originally claimed only over the lands of citizens, was now extending to the estates of the Church and the nobility. M. Sautbreuil, who quotes the document, treats this statement as conclusive in determining the date and character of the usage. But the question can hardly be determined on the evidence of a preamble which was intended to justify a legislation of ferocious severity. In the early days of agriculture tents were rarely, if ever, raised; farms were uninterruptedly occupied by members of the same family. It was not till the *droit* was disputed that its existence was suspected. Towards the close of the seventeenth century the old order was rapidly changing. Provincial nobles flocked to Paris, where their finances were speedily exhausted. The history of other provinces proves that the "Grand Siècle" was the period at which landlords endeavoured most strenuously to assert their nominal rights. The attempt to raise the rent brought the landlord at once into collision with the *droit de marché*; it revealed the nature of the farmer's claim. The popular tradition of the Crusades may be of little value as evidence, but its antiquity is important. The language of the preamble to the edict of 1679 shows that the organization to

enforce the tenant-right was already too firmly established to yield to the ordinary laws. Many of the details of the right indicate its early origin, and confirm M. Troplong's view that it was founded partly on the exigencies of clearing forest land, partly on the imperfectly understood analogies of the Gallo-Roman and feudal tenures. If the right was of mediæval origin, it seems incredible that it should only fix on the scanty possessions of resident landlords like the burghers, and neglect the estates of absentee nobles. In 1585—one hundred years before the French edict—a proclamation had been issued against the exactly analogous usage of the *maquis* in Hainault. It is at least worth noticing that Péronne and the neighbouring district had passed into the hands of the Dukes of Burgundy in 1435. Probably the *droit de marché* prevailed over all the forest-clad frontier country of the North of France. An edict of Louis XV. in 1764 clearly indicates that it then extended over Picardy, Ile de France, Artois, Vermandois, Champagne, and as far to the west as Sainte Menchould. A remarkable feature in the tenant-right is, that one part of the same property is subject to it, while another remains exempt. In all forest countries land cleared by individual members of a village community were treated as "exsors"—i.e., not liable to the annual division. If the Picard tenant-right originated in these private clearings, the existence of tenant-right and free land side by side, as well as the prevalence of the same usage over the forest district of the North, are satisfactorily explained. A larger share of the distractions of war, combined with the determined character of the Picard peasant, accounts for the vitality of the *droit de marché*. Bignon, the Intendant of Picardy in 1707, speaks of the people of Picardy as hard-working, frugal, deeply attached to the soil, sly, and obstinate. Local sayings confirm the character. The "franc Picard" is proud of his independence; the "bon Picard" is upright, simple-minded, straightforward; he is sluggish, for "Picard, ta maison brûle!" "Fuche! J'ai l'clef dins m'poke." Yet "les Picards ont la tête chaude;" their passion, once aroused, is not easily allayed. The Picard is made of the stuff which offers an invincible resistance to the loss of what he regards as a right.

The Picard tenant-right is not only unrecognized, but proscribed by the law; it can show no legal right for its existence; it only holds its ground by terrorism and compact coalition among the persons interested in its maintenance. Suppose that a landlord endeavours to extinguish the tenant-right, in other words, to emancipate his land from the *droit de marché*, and convert it into *terre libre*; he takes the opportunity of the renewal of the lease to alter the conditions of the tenancy, and raise the rent, or even to evict the tenant in order to introduce a farmer of his own choice.

The occupier of the farm enters the village inn, and utters the words, "Je n'ai jamais démonté personne; j'espère que personne ne démontrera." From that moment the farm is boycotted. It is the proud boast of the district—"En Santerre on ne se démonte jamais." The occupier throws up the farm; no new tenant comes forward; the land falls out of cultivation. If a new tenant is brought in from a distance, or if a neighbour makes a bid for the land, without first obtaining the consent of the evicted occupier, the commune proceeds from passive resistance to violence. The new tenant is denounced as a *dépointeur*, or in Picard patois, *dépointeux*.*

No greater insult can be offered to a native of Santerre than to call him by a name which implies that he is a false brother, a traitor to his class. From this moment war is declared. If threats fail, men in masks or with blackened faces sow tares by night with the seeds of the *dépointeux*, break his implements, destroy his growing crops, mutilate his horses and cattle, burn his ricks, set fire to his buildings, fire shots into his house. Finally, if these hints are disregarded, the *dépointeux* is found "gisant au coin d'un bois, frappé d'une balle discrète." Men, who in ordinary affairs are the gentlest and most scrupulous, shrink from no crime against a *dépointeux*. He, and everything that belongs to him, are placed under an interdict. The farm labourers refuse to work for him: his sons can find no employment, his daughters no husbands, his servants no places; and the stain of a *dépointement* is irremovable. If his ricks or his barns are on fire, the neighbours assemble, and stand by with folded arms, refusing to render him any assistance. In 1860, two poor women helped a *dépointeux* and his family to extinguish the flames by carrying pails of water. They were compelled to leave the district. The law is entirely baffled. The perpetrator of a crime may be known to every one; his name may be on every lip; but no evidence

* The words *dépointeur*, *dépointer*, *dépointement* are found in the Supplement to M. Littré's Dictionary, where the meaning is explained as one who supplants another in his farm in defiance of the *droit de marche* of Santerre and elsewhere; the derivation is given of *dé-point*—i.e., "faire quitter le point ou l'on est." M. Jouancoux (*Études pour un glossaire étymologique du patois Picard*) adopts the accurate definition of the word which is given by M. Corblot, whose Picard dictionary was published in the "Mémoires de la Société des Antiquaires de Picardie (2nd Series, vol. i. Amiens, 1851). According to these authorities, a *dépointeux* is any one who makes a bid for another's farm. "Dépointer se dit d'un fermier qui, par un enchère, obtient une terre affermée jusqu'alors à un autre. Il existe dans le Santerre une espèce de contrat tacite qui interdit aux fermiers d'enchérir ou d'accepter le marché d'un autre sans son consentement exprès. Les rares infracteurs de cet usage sont appelés dépointeurs." Neither of these authors offer any derivation of the word. Many writers connect it with "disappointment," and translate it as a breach of faith. The true derivation is that of Du Cange: "Depunctuare, depunctare, rei alienius dominio et possessione eruo, privare, ab officio remove, nostri etiam *depointer*." Du Cange's evidence is more valuable as he was himself a Picard, and spent the last fifteen years of his life in preparing a history of the province. At Noyon, the word is used by children of taking each other up in class: the word has lost its peculiar opprobrium, because there the tenant-right has disappeared.

can be procured. Instances are known in which witnesses, under the first impulse of horror or compassion, have given evidence; but in the law court, at the trial, they have sworn that they know nothing, and were suborned by the authorities to give false testimony.

Agrarian crime courts publicity, as though to proclaim its open defiance of the law and its absolute sense of security. In 1780, a shepherd of Mesnil Bruntel took the place of another without compensating his predecessor; a few days later he was shot as he was walking down the village street in broad daylight between two friends. In 1783, the curé of Dompierre, near Péronne, took his glebe into his own hands; the following Sunday two hundred persons assembled at church; the curé was shot at the high altar, and no one saw the shot fired. A few years later, at Villers Guislain, a farmer took his neighbour's farm. He was shot at church in the middle of the congregation. Again, no one saw the crime committed, and, at the inquiry, all swore that they had seen nothing. Every village has some similar tradition; of later events they are more reticent. Between July, 1775, and November, 1776, in the district of Péronne alone, twenty-five crimes, "plus criminels les uns que les autres," were brought before the law courts; in no instance was the criminal discovered. Besides these cases, numerous other crimes were well-known to private individuals. In 1787, the Provincial Assembly of Picardy met. A memorial relating to the *droit de marché* was read before a sub-committee, and finally discussed in the Assembly.* The delegates decided to address the king to put down a system which was not only disastrous in its immediate effects, but dangerous to the most sacred rights of property. In 1810, a Code Rural was projected, and local committees were appointed to frame suggestions. Two of these committees, those of Douai and Liège, demanded the suppression of the *droit de marché*, which they characterized as "un odieux et révoltant abus." At that very moment ten cases of incendiarism were before the Criminal Court of the North. The committee insist on the powerlessness of the executive to enforce the law. Justice was baffled not only by the impossibility of obtaining evidence, but by the sympathies of local tribunals. Véry is a village near Rosières, where the Abbé of St. Eloi at Noyon possessed land. In 1779, the land was let to a *dépointeur* named Dangest. Within six weeks of his entry upon the farm, Dangest's farm buildings, ricks and stables were burned to the ground. He took the hint, and threw up the lease. Five years later the Abbé again tried to raise his rents; the land was at once thrown upon his hands. He issued the statutory notices, and applied, under the existing law, to the

* "Procès-verbal de l'Assemblée de la généralité d'Amiens," pp. 109-13 (Amiens et Paris, 1788).

tribunal of Montdidier to aid him in exacting the rent from the commune. They decided against him with costs.

It is easier, as has been said, to collect old instances of the system of terrorism, than to cite modern cases. The weapon is partially laid aside, because it has done its work. Landlords as well as lawyers have acquiesced in a usage which they are powerless to resist. In 1865 a landlord threw a number of small tenant-right holdings into a single farm, expended considerable capital on the erection of buildings and other improvements, and let the whole to a Belgian farmer. Four years in succession the crops were no sooner housed than they were burned. In 1870 they were only saved by being threshed in the open field. The landlord was compelled to come to terms with his evicted tenants. In 1845, the farmers of Bouvincourt refused to pay an increased rent. Judgment was obtained against them for the amount; it remained unpaid. Finally, a company of soldiers was sent to enforce the payment. The villagers were armed, and had mounted an old cannon, captured from the Spaniards in 1636, upon four coach wheels. For many years the gun, which formed one of the *pièces justificatives*, stood, in the corridor of the Palais de Justice at Péronne. The gun was removed by the Prussians in 1871; but the carriage still remains. Mr. Jenkins quotes the authority of M. Baudrillart to prove that in 1868 there were ten cases of incendiarism before the criminal courts which were attributed to the *droit de marché*. The two following instances occurred within the memory of a man still under thirty. At Chipilly, a village between Corbie and Bray, a landlord took his land into his own hands. His house and farm buildings were burned to the ground. In the same neighbourhood, thirteen horses belonging to a *dépointeur* had their tongues cut out. Within the last thirty years, in the neighbourhood of Péronne, a landlord re-entered upon a number of tenant-right farms, and cultivated them himself. The *droit de marché* demanded that, when tired of farming, he should relet the land to the representatives of the original tenants. Instead of complying with the usage, he let them at an increased rent to the mayor of the commune. A few weeks later the mayor was found drowned in a well. Cases of violence are admittedly becoming rarer every day. The evil which terrorism secured is now attained by more peaceful means. But there can be little doubt that, if the occasion arose, the Picard peasants would again deserve the title, which has locally belonged to them for centuries, of "metteurs de feu."

Legislation failed to stamp out tenant-right. Yet the exceptional means adopted for its suppression were such as only a despotic government could frame or enforce. Special legislation against the *droit de marché* commences with a royal edict in November, 1679,

The edict first states the offence. * Farmers refuse to surrender their farms, or to permit the rent to be raised, or the conditions of their lease to be altered; they dispose of the land as their own, by will, exchange, sale, or partition; they retain possession by a system of threats, violence, and outrage, of which, however, "il est presque impossible d'avoir des preuves." Existing law failed to check the abuse. Louis XIV. had, therefore, determined to employ legislation of an extraordinary nature and exceptional severity. His edict deals with two points, the passive resistance of boycotting and the connivance of local authorities. It renders the inhabitants of the commune in which boycotted land was situated responsible for the rent and cultivation; it ousts the jurisdiction of local tribunals, and empowers the intendant of the province to deal with all crimes of an agrarian origin.

A second Order of Council, issued in June, 1707, vests jurisdiction over all agrarian offences in a special commissioner; orders all farmers who held land without leases and against the consent of the landlord, at once to surrender their farms; forbids under heavy penalties all notaries to embody, in legal documents, stipulations relating to tenant-right, and calls upon them to furnish to the commissioner lists of all persons who, to their knowledge, claimed any such rights.

On the 3rd of November, 1714, another edict was published. It recapitulates the abuses of the *droit de marché*, and re-enacts, with increased severity, the provision of the edicts of 1679 and 1707. It gives remarkable extension to the system of responsibility. The evicted occupier was treated as a hostage for the safety of new tenants. If any violence was committed against the person or property of a *dépointeur*, the former tenant was held responsible. Without any proof of complicity, the intendant was empowered to throw him into prison, to keep him there till he proved his innocence, and, if he failed to disprove his guilt within three months, to sell his property, and compensate the injured persons.

In March, 1724, a still more severe edict was promulgated, renewing with increased penalties all previous provisions, and designed to cut at the very root of the *droit de marché*. Under the ancient régime, tenants holding land after the expiration of the term contained in their lease, were considered to have their lease implicitly renewed. This *tacite réconduction* was now abolished in *Santerre*. All tenants were ordered either to obtain a formal renewal of their leases, or within three months from the date of the edict to notify their surrender of the farms. Those who continued to occupy the land without written leases were liable on the first offence to pay double the rent, on the second to imprisonment and transportation to the colonies with their wives and families. When land was

thrown upon the landlord's hands by the surrender of a farm, statutory notice was to be given of the fact upon the church door. If no new tenant offered himself, the letting value of the land was to be estimated by experts, and half the rent was exacted from the former occupier and the remaining half from the commune. The commune was also held responsible for the cultivation of the land. Landowners and new tenants, with their properties, families, and servants, were placed under the protection of the former occupier and the commune. If any of the greater agrarian crimes of murder or incendiarism were committed against them or their properties, and the perpetrator was not discovered, the former occupier, his wife and his children were to be thrown into prison; unless within three months his innocence was proved by the conviction of the guilty persons, he and they were to be transported to the colonies, and all his property was to be sold to make compensation. If the sum realized proved insufficient, the deficiency was to be made up by the commune. The wife and children of a man executed for agrarian crime, if living under the same roof at the time of the committal of the offence, might be arrested and transported to the colonies. The commune were required to render every assistance to the officers of justice, and the intendant was empowered to billet soldiers upon the inhabitants for an indefinite period.

New edicts in 1732 and 1747 filled up the gaps which were left in 1724. Decrees of October, 1732, and October, 1747, applied the principle of communal responsibility to minor agrarian outrages, such as the maiming of cattle, and the destruction of standing crops, trees, or agricultural implements. The commune was held responsible for all offences of this description, and was required to make compensation, and was further punished with double contributions to the *corvées*, militia, and other extraordinary charges.

This severe legislation was met by the peasants with the savage energy of desperation. Like water on burning oil, fines, imprisonment, transportation, billeting of soldiers, increased taxation, only spread the area of agrarian outrage. A proclamation of Louis XV., issued in 1764, extends the provisions of the preceding edicts to the greater part of the north-east of France. Yet the address of the Provincial Assembly of Picardy in 1787 proves that tenant-right continued to defy the law. Before any action could be taken upon their demands for severer measures, the Revolution had commenced. In 1810 no attention was paid to the suggestions of the committees of Douai and Liège, recommending a more Draconian code. A ferocious legislation, relentlessly enforced, failed to suppress an illegal usage which rested only on an agricultural basis, and was supported by no race hatred. No religious prejudice contributed to its vitality, for the Church lent its influence to the maintenance of

law, and more than one curé was threatened or boycotted for advising his parishioners to submit. Law and fact were at open variance, and law proved as powerless to alter facts as the Pope's Bull to check a comet.

Tenant-right in Picardy is still a living force. Yet undoubtedly it exercises at the present moment a far less important and more restricted influence than at any previous period of its known history. What then are the causes of its decreased importance and of its present condition?

Fresh tenant-rights are now rarely acquired. Both the natural and legal causes of their growth have all but ceased to operate. Most of the land in Santerre which is available for farming purposes has been already reclaimed. Yet the *droit de marché* still affords a ready means of compensating tenants for the labour of clearing forest land. A few years ago a landlord was anxious to clear 250 acres of wood. He cut down the trees, and handed over the land to a tenant to stub the roots, giving him a *droit de marché*, recorded in his lease, of 200 francs the acre. The practice and law of letting and hiring has also been modified by the Code Civil in a direction favourable to the tenant.* Under the "ancien régime" leases were short. On Church lands in the arrondissement of Péronne the term was nine years, and any longer periods rendered the whole contract null and void.* On lay lands the term was also nine years. Leases now run in Santerre for eighteen years. Not only were leases short, they were also precarious. They were governed by the Roman law maxim, "Emptorem fundi necesse non est stare colono;" and the proverb, "Mort rompt tout louage." In other words, if property changed hands during the continuance of the lease, the new owner might evict the tenant. Revolutionary legislation secured to the tenant quiet enjoyment during the continuance of his term. Article 1743 of the Code Civil confirms the law of 1791. If the tenant holds under a *bail authentique* (i.e., a lease executed between the parties before a public notary) or a lease for a fixed period, he cannot be dispossessed during the continuance of the term unless provision has been made to the contrary. The tenant is now secure for nine, or even eighteen years. But, as Hector Crinon says, "How quickly the time comes round. And then there is a rise of rent, a *pot de vin* and a notary's fee! Resistance is impossible, for the landlord holds the handle of the spade. Refuse the terms and you are evicted from the land your family has held for centuries, compelled to serve others as a farm labourer, or reduced to beggary." It is, by the way, to be regretted that the "Satires picardes" of Hector Crinon, himself a labouring man and a "haricotier," have not been translated out of

* Coutumier de Picardie. Commentaire sur les coutumes du gouvernement de Péronne. Par Claude le Caron. 1660. Two vols. Paris. 1726.

the Picard patois for the benefit of those who take a rose-coloured view of the lot of peasant proprietors. Undoubtedly an incoming tenant expends capital in the purchase of his predecessor's tenant-right, which might be more profitably employed on his farm. On the other hand he gains security and length of tenure. Without the *droit de marché*, and under the old legal conditions, forest land in Santezre would never have been reclaimed.

While tenant-right is no longer reinforced from the old sources, it is constantly being extinguished. Land subject to tenant-right is sold or let for a third or a quarter less than free land. The old landowners of the district for the most part acquiesce in a burden which, has descended to them, together with their property, from generation to generation. Many new purchasers, on the other hand, have bought tenant-right land at a cheap rate, and sold it at the price of free land, or raised the rents to the level of the letting value of *terre libre*. Such cases have always provoked opposition; but some of the large sugar companies have defied the consequences of the *droit de marché* more successfully than individual landowners. On the other hand, M. Vion, one of the most widely known and scientific agriculturists of the district, gives evidence from his own experience of the respect which the best landowners show to the rights of their tenants. M. Vion's father was a tenant-right farmer at Lœuilly, near Péronne. He had bought the right from his predecessor in title at 600 francs the hectare. Several years ago the landowner was anxious to sell the land. M. Vion père offered 1500 francs the hectare; a neighbour offered 2100 francs—the price which the land would have fetched as *terre libre*. The landlord accepted the offer of M. Vion. Another instance falls within M. Vion's personal experience. He himself is not only a landed proprietor, but rented land of which he purchased the *droit de marché*. The land which he thus occupied was put up for sale. As the possessor of the *droit de marché*, he purchased it at 2800 francs the hectare, instead of paying the price of free land—namely, 3000 francs. Instances may be quoted in which the high-handed action of landlords has extinguished a burden on their property which the law regards as illegal. But for every single instance of the kind, ten cases might be alleged in which the *droit de marché* has been extinguished either because the farmers themselves purchased the land over which they claimed the tenant-right, or because landlords redeemed the right by paying to the tenant-farmer an indemnity. Either way the *droit de marché* triumphs. It is to the operation of these two causes that the agricultural change is due, of which M. Husson* had sixty years before noted the commencement.

* Quoted by M. Troplong: "Préface du traité de l'Echange et du Louage," pp. lxxx.-lxxxv. Note, Paris, 1840.

Before the Revolution the ownership of the soil was vested in a few large proprietors, many of whom were religious corporations. Now more than a third of the land is held by peasant proprietors. From this division of the soil spring two important consequences, each of which diminishes the importance of the *droit de marché*. Formerly farmers clutched their tenant-right with the convulsive grip of men who knew that, if it escaped their grasp, their last hold upon the land was gone. This fear is no longer before them. Land is repeatedly in the market. It costs a little more to become a peasant proprietor; but the tenant-right farmer improves his social position. Under the changed circumstances of landed property, the old system of terrorism is rendered impossible. Defiance of the law by means of a secret coalition is hopeless when the members of the union no longer form even a bare majority, and when men of their own class are arrayed on the side of order and interested in the maintenance of rights of property.

The redemption of tenant-right by landlords has become a frequent source of the extinction of the *droit de marché*. Many landlords have acquiesced in the existence of the tenant's claim. They derive from it, especially in these days of agricultural depression, important advantages. Their rent, *intrades*, and *pots de vin* are secured to them by the solidarity of their tenants and by the fear that non-payment will forfeit the tenant-right. Farmers are less unwilling than formerly to permit landlords to redeem the *droit de marché*. Legal and social changes have diminished the paramount importance which once attached to the right. The opening up of the country by new roads and railways, the alteration of the old three-course system of farming, the introduction of new agricultural methods and implements, have operated in the same direction. Small tenant-right farmers see new resources and new means of acquiring wealth placed at the disposal of large tenants, from which they themselves are debarred by the size of their holdings. Before the Franco-Prussian war French peasants hoarded their savings in holes in the floor; their loans to Government opened their eyes to the fact that land is not the sole or the most remunerative investment. They are more easily induced to sell their tenant-right, and embark their capital in farming on a larger scale, or in other enterprises which yield greater returns. But here again every redemption of the *droits de marché*, though it extinguishes the right, is a defeat for the law. It is a practical recognition of a usage, the existence of which the law denies.

Another factor in the extinction of the *droit de marché* is the *droit d'aînesse*. But too much weight may easily be attached to the influence of this last cause. No doubt the law of partition under the Code Civil stamps the creation of an eldest son as unjust to the

remainder of the family. The factor is more powerful in theory than in practice. The *droit d'ainesse* of Picard tenant-right is in harmony with the deep-rooted sentiments of the people, and its operation is limited. It bears hardly upon sisters, because, if they sell to the representative of the family, their portions are docked of half their value; but in the case of brothers it only consists in the obligation to lease or sell their portions of the tenant-right land to the occupier of the farm. Considering the sacrifices which are daily made in rural France to evade the law of partition and keep together family land, little importance can, in my opinion, as yet be assigned to the contrast between the effects of the law of partition and the custom of the *droit d'ainesse*.

Arguments might be founded upon the restricted area and decreased importance of the *droit de marché* to invoke exceptional legislation for tenant-right in Ireland. It is here only necessary to point out that such reasoning is founded on a misconception of the history of the *droit de marché*. Except in the few instances where landlords succeeded in confiscating tenant-right, penal legislation can claim no share in the suppression of the farmer's claim. On the other hand, so far as the Code Civil indirectly sanctions the principle for which tenants contended, and facilitates the division of property and the growth of a peasant proprietary, it has greatly contributed to the extinction of the *droit de marché*.

The area and the importance of the *droit de marché* are diminished by the completeness of its success; every acquiescence by landlords in the principle of perpetual leases, every redemption by them of the tenant's claim, every purchase of his holding by the farmer at prices below those of *terres libres*, is a triumph for its principle. The executive did not require new powers, but means to make their existing powers respected. A handful of tenant farmers resisted the ordinary law; though opposed to the most despotic government of the day and supported by no race-hatred or religious prejudice, they found it equally easy to baffle an exceptional legislation of extraordinary severity, enforced with the most ruthless ferocity.

R. E. PROTHERO.

DANTE.

DEAN PLUMPTRE'S TRANSLATION. 7

IT was the complaint of Alfieri that in his day there were scarcely a hundred students of Dante in Italy. Had Alfieri lived to-day, he would have been satisfied ; for the students of Dante are everywhere. France and Germany, England and America, have contributed the skill and industry of their foremost sons to spread the knowledge of the great Italian poem. Lectureships have been founded, societies have been formed, to promote the study of the Divine Comedy. One of the leading members of the Oxford Dante Society comes to London to lecture on the text of Dante, as Barlow lecturer at University College. In America the Concord School of Philosophy devotes some of its sittings to the study of Dante, and its proceedings are deemed of sufficient popular interest to be reported in the papers ; and we learn how Dr. Barthold contributed a paper on the Tropes of Dante, and how Professor Harris, in the course of a paper on the Philosophy of Dante and its relation to moral ideas, declares Dante's great work to be the religious poem of the world.

As the students, so also the translators of Dante have increased. Within the last hundred years there have appeared at least eighteen whole or partial English translations of the Divine Comedy. The times are changed since a translator of Dante was looked upon as a benevolent personage who had taken a great deal of trouble to make the work of an eminent foreign author accessible to the English reader, and whose work must be accepted, without overmuch criticism, as a well-intentioned offering to his fellow-countrymen. Now the translator sends forth his work knowing that it will be keenly scanned by many who are students of Dante, and who, if they have not published, have probably in secret tried their hands upon the translation of some portion of the poem ; he knows, too, that such

men will be jealous, with the love of deep and long attachment, for the honour of the poet, and will be quick to mark the blemish of a cold or inadequate rendering, or, the failure to do justice to some passage which is a special favourite with themselves. But if, on the one hand, the translator of Dante runs the gauntlet of this keen and jealous criticism, he has an advantage also; for these students and lovers of Dante are the very men who will most fully appreciate the difficulty of the translator's task, and who will be foremost to welcome any work which shows fidelity and devotion to the poet of their affections.

At the outset I may express my own conviction that Dean Plumptre, in the work the first volume of which is in our hands, is entitled to the gratitude of all Dante students. Whatever may be the merits or defects of his translation (and of these I propose to speak later on), he has given us notes on the Divine Comedy which are full of sympathy and knowledge—neither wearisome through length, nor obscure through brevity—and which often by some happy hint or allusion throw a new light upon the poet's meaning; and to these he has prefixed a biography of Dante which is cultured and graceful, which he has (as he says) avoided making "an ideal biography," but in which he has traced out, with that happy instinct which is his peculiar gift, by combining scattered hints here and there, lines of thought which give vividness and reality to the story of the poet's life. He has treated many of the problems with which Dante scholars are acquainted, with judgment and with impartiality. He has written as one who desires that the story of the poet shall be indeed the story of the man's life. And in doing this he has put into the hands of the mere English reader one key, and perhaps the best, to the understanding of the poem. The commentators on Dante who have read their own thoughts into his poem have been far too many. Theological prejudices or political feelings have been successful in constructing not only unreal but even unnatural portraits of the poet. The truth is, that Dante was a greater man, and a greater poet also, than many of his biographers had the faculty of imagining. He does not seem to me to have been a man in servitude to any partizan idea. It is perfectly true that he spoke at times with a fierceness and a force which sound to our ears as an utterance possible to none but a strong partisan. But he is only a partisan when he is able to secure something which is greater than the spirit of partisanship can imagine. Like most of the great ones of the earth, he is obliged at times to act with a party while his own soul is too great for party bondage. His devotion to Florence is the devotion of his whole soul, second only, if second, to his devotion to the memory of Beatrice. But his devotion is the devotion of one who cares not whether it be Guelph

or Ghibelline, black or white, that he uses as the instrument in his hand, so long as he can secure the two things which he so longs for—the greatness of Florence and his nearness to her. And it is for want of understanding this breadth and intensity of Dante's character that many of his commentators have gone astray. Ozanam would fain have us believe that he is an ardent theologian; Aroux would have us think of him as a Socialist and Republican in advance of his age; the elder Rossetti would picture him as a reformer before the Reformation. But in truth Dante was none of these: he was neither a blind partisan of the Papacy nor yet an eager revolutionist against ecclesiastical power. He was too much a man of his own time not to see the great advantages which might be wielded by the Papal power; he was too much a lover of freedom and of conscience not to see the blots which darkened the Church of his day, or the unreality of the religion which was fostered by some of its adherents. The magnificent courage with which he is not afraid in his great poem to reverse the sentence of excommunication passed by Papal lips, or to send down to his fitting hell the scoundrel whom the Pope had pronounced forgiven, reveal to us a man who, whatever his reverence—and doubtless it was great—for Church authority, was not likely to make his judgment blind. In the pages of his interesting biography Dean Plumptre has quite sustained this conception of the poet's character.

On another point—the Gentucca controversy—in which the name of Dante has been mentioned with bated breath and half-averted face, I think Dean Plumptre is right when he concludes that there is no reason for thinking evil. Doubtless there are words and phrases which may be interpreted in a compromising sense of his relations with Gentucca; but I think that most lovers of Dante will agree with Dean Plumptre when he says that, if he were a young barrister, nothing would give him greater pleasure than to be entrusted with the case for the defence. We might plead that the charity which thinketh no evil, and which ought to be exercised in judging of all men, should most of all be exercised in judging of one whose memory and whose fair fame are left in our hands while he himself is silenced in the silence of death; but there seems a *prima facie* improbability of wrong: it is surely unlikely that the poet, worn with premature old age, wearied with his many wanderings, tired in frame and sick at heart, to whose soul the bitter and terrible past had brought such deep remorse and such terrible heart experience, would fall once more under the dominion of low or base desire. The explanation of his relationship with Gentucca is far easier and more natural: he was, as we all know, one who could be stern towards men, and who cherished an indignant scorn of the manhood which, possessed of intellect and the opportunities of intellectual

study; yet allowed itself to sink to the level of the mere roysterer, pleased with his hawk and his hounds. From the society of the boorish nobles on whom he was partially dependent, but many of whom he could scarcely refrain from despising, Dante found a refuge in the society of gentle and intelligent women. Their sympathy to the exile was warmer and more generous, and their hearts more readily responded to his aspirations and more quickly interpreted the aims of the poet's life. When, then, he came across a well-educated lady of gentle birth and cultured manners and kindly heart, it is hardly to be wondered at that the poor exile should find real and innocent solace in her society. I am infinitely glad therefore that Dean Plumptre has reminded us that it is more just and more noble to hope the good than to imagine the evil.

I am glad also to find that Dean Plumptre is more tender to the memorable letter of Fra Ilario than some other critics and commentators have been. I quite agree with him, that while it is quite impossible for us to affirm its genuineness, yet it is difficult, on reading it, to reconcile our minds to the idea that it is a pure fiction. The circumstances of Dante's travels are, as Dean Plumptre points out, at least favourable to the belief that the letter is not wholly a forgery, and it is pleasing to find that Dean Plumptre does not quite discard the letter which describes so vividly such a touching and suggestive incident.

But it is time to turn to the translation. Every one acquainted with Dean Plumptre and his writings knew that he possessed qualifications which eminently fitted him for a translator of and commentator on Dante. He recognizes himself that his previous studies have been unintentional helps towards this work: "I learned that in writing comments on Isaiah and Jeremiah I had been training myself to enter more fully into the heart and mind of Dante; that the study of the eschatology of the early and mediæval Church was not a bad preparation for that of Dante's vision behind the veil."* But the author of that interesting book, "The Spirits in Prison," had qualifications which no amount of study could bestow. Besides those studies which he regards himself in the light of unintentional preparation for his book on Dante, his own poems were enough to prove that he possessed the poetic feeling needful to translate the poet; his critical works showed that he had that aptitude for verbal niceties which is indispensable; while the happy faculty of his well-trained imagination was an assurance that Dean Plumptre would never become a mere dry verbal critic. His mastery over other tongues and his powers as a writer of English complete the qualifications which justified the expectation that any translation from his hand could not fail to be scholarly, sympathetic, and eloquent.

* Preface, p. xi.

To the translator of Dante four paths are open. He may attempt to translate the poem employing the rigid form of metre—the *terza rima* of the Divine Comedy; or he may, as Ichabod Wright has done, use as the form of his translation a kind of clever imitation of the original rhyme; or he may, like Cary, adopt blank verse; or, again, as Dr. Carlyle, he may abandon all attempt to translate in verse, and fall back upon the medium of prose. There will no doubt be found advocates of each of these methods. For myself, I quite think with the Dean of Wells, that a prose translation of any poem will scarcely ever read, however well it may have been translated, as if it were a poem. Most readers of such prose translations of Dante will, I believe, agree with Dean Plumptre when he says that “the result of a poem translated in prose is at the best like looking on the *marly* forms of a complicated dance without hearing the music which guides and regulates them. Read a chorus of Sophocles or an ode of Pindar in a crib, and see what you think of it.” It is quite true that the reader demands, not only the sense of the poet, but some idea of the poet’s melody. When we turn to the foremost blank verse translator, we are ready to confess that his translation is entitled to be called eminently successful. Yet, notwithstanding Lord Macaulay’s praise of Cary, the general effect upon my mind has always been that it is not a true rendering of Dante’s poem, but rather a great Miltonic poem conceived on the lines of the Divine Comedy. Blank verse will never really express, I venture to believe, the true heart or the real raiment of Dante’s poem. On the other hand, when a translation, like that of Dean Plumptre or Mr. Minchin, is made with the attempt, not only to render the sense, but also to render it in the triple rhyme of the original, we feel as we read it that too often the spirit of the poem is lost in the slavery of the metre: the bondage of the form is too great, and in numberless cases in order to maintain the rhyme a word is used which scarcely carries the true meaning of the original, or a word is added for which there is no original equivalent, and the use of which weakens the thought expressed. Dante’s mastery over his own tongue and metre was like the mastery of a musician over a difficult instrument: while he keeps his music true, while he moves within the strict bounds which he himself has chosen, he remains as completely free and untrammelled by conventionalism as is Walt Whitman or Robert Browning. But when the translator attempts to follow in another tongue the footsteps of the great master, we feel the difference. He may play the tune, but it is the touch of an apprentice hand which strikes the chords. The proof of this is to be seen in the fact, that even with one so skilled and so real a master of English as Dean Plumptre, there are frequent examples of the faults which I have mentioned. Frequently because of the

exigencies of the metre he is forced to add a word which is unrepresented in the poem, or to employ a weaker word than he would otherwise have done, and so diminish the force of some pregnant sentence. Those who know Dante will remember cases in which his sentences, compact, strong, and abrupt, smite upon the ear and upon the mind as the single and the sudden blow of a well-wielded hammer; but when we read the same sentences in the translation they sound to us like a doubtful and faltering blow, which, because of sheer weakness, reduplicates itself; the blow of the master is followed by the blow of a feeble and ungoverned hand. A few examples will illustrate best what I mean.

If we turn to the "Inferno," canto iii. line 69, we find an instance of what I may call a weak addition to the original text. Dean Plumptre's translation is as follows:—

"And streams of blood down-trickled on each face,
And mingled with their tears, beneath their feet,
Were licked by worms that *wriggled, foul and base.*"

I have italicized the words "wriggled," "foul," and "base." They are represented, as the reader of Dante knows, by one word in the original. The worms of which Dante speaks he describes as "fastidiosi," which hardly carries with it the suggestion of base, still less of wriggling. The idea of the loathsomeness of the worms, and the idea of the wearisome way in which they incessantly harassed the doomed, are there; but the only word in Dean Plumptre's translation which seems fairly to represent either of these ideas is the word "foul." But a glance at his pages will show that it is the exigency of the rhyme which has compelled him to adopt the words that he has used. Still, I am bound to say that Dean Plumptre's translation of the passage is superior to Mr. Minchin's, who has described the scene, and closes his description with the words,

"Feasted on by dainty worms galore,"

where we might well wonder at the word "galore," if we did not remember that Mr. Minchin, like Dean Plumptre, was walking by rule. Again, in the 5th canto the same stern necessity for maintaining the rhyme compels Professor Plumptre to translate "dottore," "teacher famed"—again, as it seems to me, introducing an additional word which gives a feeling of weakness to the verse. To pass from examples of words which have been added to the cases of words which seem to introduce a more or less faulty idea, I may mention that in the third canto of the "Inferno," line 33, where the souls of the weaklings, whose timid selfishness prevented their enlisting with courage either on the side of God or evil, is described, Dean

Plumptre puts the words of Dante's inquiry into the following form :—

"Master ! what is this that now I hear ?
And who that race whom torment so doth tame ?"

The word here rendered *tame* is "*vinta*," and Alfieri's note in Biagioli's Dante will explain the reason of its use. He says that out of the resistance which the strong character gives to the sensations of pain a kind of warfare is developed : when the sufferer gives way to cries and complaints he is conquered ; when he is silent, and, like Capaneus, refuses to give sign of suffering, then he is not beaten by the pain. But these sufferers, says Dante, were beaten by their pain ; and when we remember that these sufferers were the weaklings who only cared for themselves, and were just those self-saving creatures who were likely to collapse when touched by hardship or suffering, then we can understand how Dante regarded their clamours and their cries as the unheroic outcries of those who were indeed "conquered" by their suffering. "Tamed" they were not, but conquered they were. These souls, scorned alike by heaven and by hell, would remain for ever the same feeble, hysterical, undeveloped characters to the end. They were outside the range of the taming influence of any power in heaven or hell. The same kind of criticism applies to Mr. Minchin's translation of the passage. He renders it :

"O my master ! what is this I hear !
And who are these whom grief doth so immure ?"

Whatever else these sufferers are, they are not immured in their grief, for the very feature which strikes the thought most is that the air is made vocal with the cries of those beings who are entirely destitute of the virtue of self-control. But here again the weakness of the translation is due, as the reader will see in both cases, to the stern exigencies of the triple rhyme. To turn to another example, I notice that in the Francesca incident, "*Inferno*," v. 93, Dean Plumptre translates the words "*del nostro mal perverso*" by the English words, "our doom perverse ;" while Mr. Minchin is obliged to drop the word "perverse" altogether, and gives us, "since to our evil thou dost pity bring." In this example, though Mr. Minchin's version is weak by the omission of a pregnant word, it seems to me preferable to Dean Plumptre's, which conveys, as I venture to think, a very doubtful idea. The English reader will imagine that Francesca and her lover were complaining that the doom of heaven was a perverse one, whereas their allusion is not to the doom which the justice of heaven has meted, but rather to their own sensations of suffering. It is the perverse evil which they complain of, but they, like all souls in the "*Inferno*," recognize the justice of their doom. Once more : in that magnificent scene where Dante is passing amidst the blazing tombs of the city of Dis, and holds his conversation with

Farinata and Cavalcanti, Dean Plumptre translates the passage in which Dante described the feeling of Guido towards the poetry of Virgil by the words :

"Mayhe, your Guido to his worth was blind."

But the word is stronger than "blind," and Mr. Minchin has kept the notion of scorn which Guido had for ancient poetry more clearly before the reader's mind when he renders the verse :

"Perchance your Guido held him in disdain."

Another example of what we may call weakness in the exchange of words is to be found in that scene which vies in pathetic power with the Francesca or Ugolino incident—the scene in which Dante meets his old master, Brunetto Latini. As Vergil and Dante are passing along the little raised causeway, which leads across the fiery desert, he is arrested by Brunetto Latini, who reaches out his hand and touches his robe. But Dean Plumptre describes it in these words :

"And I, when he his arm towards me shook,
From bringing him to recognition clear,
I was not hindered by his scorched look,
But thought my mind a knowledge gained full clear,
And bending down my hand toward his face,
I asked, 'What, Ser Brunetto, art thou here?'"

Now, in the first place, Brunetto did not shake his arm towards Dante at all. The word in the original is "*distesi*," and the gesture is infinitely pathetic, and is in perfect keeping with the timid and sad hesitation which Brunetto displays all through the interview. It is the meeting of the young pupil, who has succeeded, with his old master, who has dropped out of sight and out of fame. Age is ever timid towards youth, and fallen age is still more so towards prosperous youth. "Will the young lad who has now grown into manhood care to recognize me? Will he care to recognize me in my fallen estate?" The outstretched arm is the gesture of pleading and deprecation, which half-entreats and yet half-fears to entreat the attention of one who, though once known so well, now walks on a higher level than the suppliant. The whole interview teems with subtle indications of this pathetic timidity. Brunetto doubts whether Dante may not be displeased at his attempting to walk part of the way with him ; and Dante himself feels, with that exquisite sensitiveness which belongs to noble natures, the unutterable shame and pain which his master must suffer in appearing the disfigured and disgraced thing that he is ; and therefore, not to wound the feelings of one for whom he still retains the reverence of pupil towards his master, he drops his face and eyes, and will not look into his master's countenance, lest his glance should remind him keenly of how much he is fallen. But here again the word which Dean Plumptre has used is

only used, I imagine, because of the necessity of finding a rhyme. Under the same necessity Mr Minchin translates the passage :

"He towards me his hand had raught :"

a justifiable but not pleasing rendering of the passage. Before quitting this canto, the reader will be struck by the weak rhymes in verse 17 and onwards, where "one" and "shown" and "frown" make up the triple rhyme of the passage.

It seems perhaps ungracious to point out these small defects in a translation which is so uniformly good, and which has mastered some of the most difficult passages, and rendered them with skill and smoothness ; but I do not refer to them as points of criticism of Dean Plumptre's work, but rather in illustration of the position which I have taken—namely, that, in the most skilful hands it is impossible to maintain the triple rhyme without sacrificing the spirit to the form ; and it must always be a question which is the greater evil : that the spirit should be lost in an attempt to reach perfection of form, or that the spirit should be maintained in an inadequate or imperfect form ? On the whole, I am somewhat led to the conclusion that the best method of translating Dante will be, not by abandoning the form, nor yet by loyally and scrupulously endeavouring to carry out the triple rhyme, but by the invention of a new metre which will be sufficiently easy of handling to prevent any considerable loss of the spirit or sense of the poem, but which will be sufficiently melodious in form to carry to the ear of the English reader some—even if an imperfect—notation of the music of the original. Ichabod Wright attempted something of this sort, and though, indeed, his translation is open to criticism, yet I hardly think that Dean Plumptre does justice to the very great merits and force of Mr. Wright's translation. But neither from those who have adopted the triple rhyme, nor from any previous translator choosing his own rhyme, have we ever received a true photograph, so to speak, of the original. That remains for the future. There is one man in England who (as some believe) would be capable of giving, with really deep and strong force, the spirit of Dante's poem ; who, himself a poet, with a robust and intense insight, a noble heedlessness of mere prettiness of form, possesses qualities which eminently fit him for the task—I mean Mr. Robert Browning. Before, however, I pass from these points of verbal criticism, I think that English readers and Dante scholars will be glad to see that Dean Plumptre has had the courage to restore to use the old word "perse." It carries with it a meaning now sufficiently plain, through Mr. Ruskin's interpreting skill, for which there is no good equivalent in use amongst us. Like Polonius we may say, "Perse is good."

Of Professor Plumptre's success in rendering both faithfully and graphically the text of the poet we could give many examples; but I cannot forbear citing the following translation of that well-known passage in the "*Inferno*" declared by some to be the finest passage in any poem in any language. I refer, of course, to the famous Ugolino passage. Dean Plumptre's rendering of this seems to me to combine all the qualities needed in a translation—faithfulness to the original, smoothness, music, and graphic force:

"When I awoke, ere yet the night had fled,
 Still in their sleep I heard my children wail,
 Who there were with me, crying out for bread.
 Full hard art thou, if grief shall not prevail
 To touch thee, thinking what my heart did cry;
 When canst thou weep if now to weep thou fail?
 Already they had waked; the hour drew nigh
 Till which they had been wont for food to wait,
 And each one's dream brought sore perplexity.
 I heard the locking of the lower gate
 Of that dread tower, and then awhile I stared
 In my sons' faces, speechless, desolate.
 I wept not; all within as stone grew hard.
 They wept, and then my Anselmuccio said,
 'What ails thee, father? Why this fixed regard?'
 And still I shed no tear, nor answer made
 All that long day, nor yet the following night,
 Till the next sun was o'er the world displayed;
 And when there came a little ray of light
 Into the dolorous prison, and I knew
 My own face by four faces' piteous plight;
 Then both my hands in anguish I gnawed through.
 And they, who deemed that hunger did constrain
 To eat, rose up with one accord to sue,
 And said, 'O father, less will be our pain
 If thou eat us; thou didst these frames array
 With this poor flesh, now strip it off again.'
 I calmed me then their anguish to allay;
 That day, and then the next, we all were dumb:
 Hard earth, why opened not thy depths that day?
 And when unto the fourth day we had come,
 Gaddo lay stretched before my feet, and cried,
 'Why, father, help'st thou not?' and there, in sum,
 He died; and as thou see'st me, so I eyed
 The three fall down, and perish one by one,
 The fifth day and the sixth, and then I tried,
 Already blind, to grope o'er them alone,
 And three days called them after they were dead;
 Then even grief by hunger was outdone."

There is only one point in this whole passage which seems to me to demand any criticism, and this is in line 73, where the full pathos of the original is a little obscured. Dean Plumptre emphasizes, by the use of the word "alone," the solitude of Ugolino as he gropes amongst his dead sons, but it was not so much the solitude which was in Dante's mind as the tenderness of the father's love for every one of his dead children, for he represents Ugolino as groping over *each*, as though he wished to assure himself that, even in death, all of them were near him still.

This is an illustration of what I have before spoken of, the almost unavoidable tendency to sacrifice accuracy of thought to the

exigencies of the *terza rima*; but, with this single exception, the passage seems to me one of the most remarkable examples of true and vivid rendering.

Another successful piece is the following, and I take it from a passage in which I have ventured to criticize the one word *tame* :

“ Speech many-tongued and aries of dire lament,
Words full of wrath and accents of despair,
Deep voices hoarse and hands where woe found vent,—
These made a tumult whirling in the air,
For evermore, in timeless gloom the same,
As whirled the sand storm-driven here and there.”

And again in the same canto, where the doom of the time-server is described, Dean Plumptre seems to me to have been most happy :

“ Full briefly I the cause will tell.
No hope have these that they shall ever die,
And this blind life of theirs so base is shown,
All other doom they view with envious eye.
Their fame the world above leaves all unknown;
Mercy and Justice look on them with scorn.
Talk not of them; give glance, and then pass on.”

In the description, too, of the island in the first canto of the “Purgatory,” the smoothness and the naturalness of the following passage is worthy of great praise :—

“ This little island all around, below,
There, where the billows beat upon the shore,
On the soft ooze, bids reeds and rushes grow;
No other plant that leaves and branches bore,
Or hardened grew, could there its life sustain,
For they yield not as each stroke passeth o’er.
Then by this way return ye not again:
The sun, now rising, will direct you well,
The mountain’s height with easier climb to gain.”

We can thank Dean Plumptre for his work. Every fresh translation is a gain to the English reader, for it gives a new aspect of the poem. The English reader who will take the trouble to read the prose and the verse translations will gradually gain an idea of the poem more just and more accurate than can be possibly gained by confining himself to one translation alone. Each translation may be likened to a photograph, which presents only one aspect of the poet; and just as a sculptor gets a photograph of the full-face, side-face, half-profile, and even of the back of the head of the person he wishes to delineate, and thereby becomes master of a complete idea of the person, so the reader of Dante can compare the renderings of the poem which have been given in the various English translations. But none will give the real force of the original: like wine that has been decanted, something of the aroma and flavour is lost.

True students of Dante will feel this; for the study of Dante—to those who undertake it sincerely—is not merely an interesting recrea-

tion: it is a passion; it absorbs; like the words of Gotama, it "arouses, incites, gladdens."

It is easy to understand this, for Dante, though possessing his own marked and unique characteristics, is wide in range, and appeals to many tastes. The lover of Nature will delight in the pages of one who is keenly observant of Nature in her features and moods. Every object is dear to him: he loves the strength of the lion, and the grace and swiftness of the greyhound—the dove and the starling, the hawk, the stork, and the eagle are noted by him; the whale and the dolphin in the sea, the frogs in the marsh, and the fireflies in the vale, are not forgotten. He loves to watch the flowers, closed by the hand of night, opening at the kiss of the rising sun; he marks the ivy that clings to the tree, the dark hues of the forest foliage, the lizard that crosses the path like a lightning flash. He rejoices in men, and he keenly notes their features—the piercing eye, the long and massive nose, the brown beard and slender loins; he delights in their occupations and games—the marksman, the runner, the wrestler, the man with his sling, the tailor with his needle, the sailor lowering the anchor or the sail. He is alive to the influences of times and seasons—the chill and sadness which the evening brings, the hope and freshness of the dawn.

Then, again, his pages teem with history: the great events out of which modern history has been evolved; the tragic tale which stirs the heart; the quarrels of love and jealousy; the stories of perfidy and chivalry, the half-hinted dramas in the lives of the men and women of his day.

Added to these there are subtle disquisitions on the deep questions of philosophy and theology: the mental curiosity is stirred and the reason is braced up to the study of hard matters and problems which touch eternal things. Nature, history, and philosophy are opened up in the *Divine Comedy*, and waken thought and cast their fascinations round the reader's mind.

But it is not in these, which are mere details, that the spell of the poet's enchantment is to be found. The permanent interest which the poem evokes lies, if I mistake not, deeper still: eternal elements are there which lay hold of the heart and soul, and these belong not to the imagery of Nature, to the family tragedies of six hundred-years ago, or to the subtle disquisitions of the schoolmen; they spring rather from the fact that Dante's poem is more than a poem about men and things. It is a poem of man. What he himself was and felt and knew, that he sung. It was no figure of speech to say he had been in hell: in his own life there had been a hell: he had walked that dark under-world, and he had seen evil stripped of its seductive garb, and revealed in its own unspeakable horror. He had learned how hard a thing it is to retrace the steps of wrong, and what a complete revo-

lution must take place in a man's life before he can begin to climb with hope the hill on whose summit shines the blessed light of God. It is the story of a soul: it is the "Pilgrim's Progress" of the Middle Ages: it is a tale which will never die as long as man is capable of the lower and the higher, and believes that there is a hell to which he may sink, and a heaven to which he may climb.

And there is something which, if I may allow my imagination to run on for a while, brings the great poem very close to the heart-life of to-day. The poem is the middle path between two glories: the glory of a past which is dead, and of a future which only can be reached through pain. The age is like the poet: humanity to-day looks back upon the brightness of visions and hopes which it believes have passed away—the sweet vision of its youth, when it looked into the eyes of heavenly wisdom and believed, is gone; the political hopes which more than a generation ago rose so high, when the dream of plenty and peace belonged to Europe, and when all things in political and social affairs seemed possible to the new-found vigour of emancipated communities, are gone; the door of the City of Flowers is closed upon society; distress, depression, doubt, is the portion of the age, exiled from its hope and its dream. Society, like the poet, has tried to climb the hill where perpetual sunlight falls, but the triple foes of luxury, ambition, and greed have proved too strong for its aspirations and endeavours. The path of bitter experience and of discomfited pride must be trodden; society, like Dante, must learn in the way of suffering and experience that the paradise of nations as well as of individuals can only be reached by the people who are ready to practise self-denial, and to embrace the cross of suffering for another's good.

But the poem is the midway between two glories: the early glory—the glory of pure love, and of pure patriotism, the glory of Beatrice and of Florence, dear to his heart, belongs to the exile no more. His pathway lies now across fiery plains, blood-red streams, among cries and groans and deep-voiced laments, and over frozen seas where the chilliest winds are blowing, till he reaches at last the glory that excelleth. The life which is lost is saved. Manifold more is given him than anything which he has forsaken: instead of the Donna della Fenestra, Lucia and Matilda; instead of Beatrice, the Divine Wisdom; instead of Florence, the City of the Saints; instead of the wandering lights and false images of good, the beatific vision of God and the ineffable glory.

Will the age be able to read the vision, and have courage to climb the hill?

TEN YEARS OF NATIONAL GROWTH.

THE progress made by the United Kingdom in the last ten years is very remarkable. If we compare the official statements in the Statistical Abstract for 1885 with those for 1875, we arrive at the following result:—

Population increased	.	.	.	12 per cent.
Wealth	"	.	.	22 "
Trade	"	.	.	29 "
Shipping	"	.	.	67 "
Instruction	"	.	.	68 "

On the other hand, the number of paupers in proportion to population has diminished, and a similar decline has occurred in the number of criminals. The number and amount of bankruptcies have likewise fallen.

I. POPULATION.

This is the most important of all items, as no country can be in a prosperous condition unless the annual excess of births over deaths be equal to one per cent., more or less, of the population. The natural increase of the United Kingdom in ten years ending December 1885 was over 4½ millions—viz.:

Births	.	.	.	11,437,000
Deaths	.	.	.	6,884,000
Surplus of births	.	.	.	4,553,000

At no previous period has there been so large an excess of births over deaths, the natural increase during the ten years being more than 1,200 souls daily. This would have caused an over-pressure of population but for the outflow to the United States and the British Colonies, averaging 600 persons daily. The number of British

emigrants since 1875 reached 2,001,000. If there had been no influx of people from other countries, our population would have risen only $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions, but we find that between foreign settlers and returned colonists there was an *immigration* of 1,317,000 persons; the estimated population in June 1885 being nearly four millions over 1875—viz.:

1875	32,838,758
1885	36,707,418

Increase . . . 3,868,660

The tide of emigration in recent years has far exceeded anything on record, arising probably in a great measure from agricultural depression. Moreover, the bulk of the emigrants is no longer from Ireland, but from England, as appears from the following table:—

ANNUAL EMIGRATION.

From.	1851-60.	1861-70.	1871-80.	1881-85.
England . . .	64,000	65,000	97,000	152,000
Scotland . . .	18,000	16,000	17,000	27,000
Ireland . . .	123,000	87,000	54,000	80,000
United Kingdom	205,000	168,000	168,000	259,000

The total of British emigrants in thirty-five years has been 6,710,000, of which number 4,373,000 went to the United States—that is, 65 per cent.—and the remainder to the British Colonies. Whether owing to emigration or other causes, there has been since 1881 a sharp fall in the birth-rate of the United Kingdom—viz.:

BIRTHS PER 1,000 INHABITANTS YEARLY.

	1876-80.	1881-85
England . . .	35.4	33.2
Scotland . . .	34.8	33.0
Ireland . . .	25.7	23.9
United Kingdom . . .	33.8	32.0

It might naturally be supposed that this decline was caused immediately by a reduced marriage rate; but it appears that while marriages have declined only $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., births have fallen off $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. In effect, if we compare the number of births to marriages we find the following startling result:—

BIRTHS PER 100 MARRIAGES.

	1876-80.	1881-85.
England . . .	462	440
Scotland . . .	508	483
Ireland . . .	564	551
United Kingdom . . .	478	458

This is the only unfavourable symptom that one can detect in the statistical tables of the past ten years. It is all the more grave as it seems to have escaped the notice of everybody, and may give

ground for apprehension of physical decadence. Not only scientific men, but the whole nation, are interested in a matter in which the bone and sinew of the people are identified. Parliamentary inquiries are in little favour with the general public, and hence I would suggest to the Medical Association to make a report on this subject at its next session.

The following table shows the birth and death rates of the three kingdoms during the past ten years:—

	PER 1,000 INHABITANTS.			
	Births.	Deaths.	Increase.	
England . . .	34.3	20.0	...	14.3
Scotland . . .	33.9	20.0	...	13.9
Ireland . . .	24.8	18.4	...	6.4
United Kingdom . . .	32.9	19.8	...	13.1

It will be observed how low is the rate of increase in Ireland, although (as shown in the preceding table) four marriages in that country produce as many children as five do in England. It is no less remarkable that the Irish death-rate is 8 per cent. less than in Great Britain—that is, an Irishman's span of life is three years longer than an Englishman's or Scotchman's. During the years 1878–79–80, when distress prevailed in Donegal and other parts, the Irish death-rate rose; the mortality over and above the ordinary rate amounting to 25,200, which may be therefore assumed as the number of deaths from famine and suffering.

The decline of the marriage-rate in the three kingdoms has been, as already stated, equivalent to $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.—viz.:

	MARRIAGES PER 1,000 INHABITANTS YEARLY.		
	1876–80.	1881–85.	
England	7.66	...	7.56
Scotland	6.86	...	6.82
Ireland	4.56	...	4.34
United Kingdom	7.08	...	6.98

In bygone years it was customary to say that the marriage-rate rose or fell as the condition of the working classes was satisfactory or the reverse, and that it was much influenced by the price of wheat. But in the present case we know that the prices of food have fallen since 1880, the consumption of tea and sugar has increased per head, the deposits in savings banks have risen, and the condition of the masses has manifestly improved. Hence one is forced to conclude that emigration has been the cause, and this is confirmed when we see the marriage-rate of Ireland, now the lowest in the world. Since 1870 Ireland has sent out 940,000 emigrants, mostly in the prime of life—equal to 20 per cent. of the actual population, which explains the lowness of the marriage-rate.

As if in compensation for the diminished fecundity of marriage,

and also the decline of marriage-rate in the United Kingdom, the tables before us show on examination that there is also a fall in the death-rate—viz. :

DEATHS PER 1,000 INHABITANTS YEARLY.

	1876-80.	1881-85.
England	20·8	19·3
Scotland	20·6	19·4
Ireland	18·8	18·0
United Kingdom	20·4	19·2

This improvement in public health is doubtless due in part to sanitary works in our large towns, on which nearly one hundred millions sterling have been expended in the last ten years. The decline of death-rate since 1880 is equal to a saving of 41,000 lives annually, but the fall of birth-rate is a loss of 55,000; so that there is a net loss of 14,000 persons yearly to the population, caused by the change of rates.

II. MORAL CONDITION.

From whatever point of view, the condition of the people appears to have much improved in recent years.

In the first place, the number of paupers, compared with population, has declined in the following manner:—

Year.	No. of paupers.	Per 1,000 inhabitants.
1850	1,308,000	48
1860	973,000	34
1870	1,279,000	41
1880	1,016,000	29
1885	982,000	27

This decline of pauperism is quite in harmony with the rise in savings-banks deposits and the increased consumption per head of tea, sugar, meat, and grain.

Secondly, the criminal records show a wonderful decrease, the annual average of committals in the United Kingdom having been as follows:—

Years.	Committals per annum.	Per 100,000 inhabitants.
1850-59	41,424	151
1860-69	27,605	92
1870-79	22,812	69
1880-85	20,763	59

During the last ten years (1876-85) the annual average of committals per 100,000 inhabitants has been 60 in England, 71 in Scotland, and 77 in Ireland.

Thirdly, in the matter of public instruction we find the average number of children attending primary schools rose 68 per cent. in ten years, an advance not only unprecedented in the United Kingdom, but unequalled in any other part of the world.

CHILDREN AT SCHOOL.

	CHILDREN AT SCHOOL.		Per 1,000 Inhabitants.	
	1875.	1885.	1875.	1885.
England . . .	1,963,200	3,371,300	76	123
Scotland . . .	312,300	455,700	89	117
Ireland . . .	389,900	502,450	74	102
United Kingdom	2,565,400	4,329,450	78	120

The schools have accommodation for 48 per cent. more children than the number stated above as the average daily attendance in 1885. Parliamentary expenditure for schools last year was £4,600,000, or 21 shillings per scholar.

Another favourable sign of the times may be drawn from the Post Office returns, which may be considered in some way a measure of the intellectual activity of our people.

ANNUAL AVERAGE.

Period.	Millions of Letters.	Letters per Inhabitant.
1841-50 . . .	277	10
1851-60 . . .	466	17
1861-70 . . .	724	24
1871-80 . . .	982	30
1881-85 . . .	1,319	37

Compared with population, the number of letters last year was 43 per head in England, 32 in Scotland, and 18 in Ireland. During the past ten years the number of telegraphic messages has risen from 21 to 39 millions, an increase of 86 per cent.

There has been in recent years a notable decline in the number and amount of bankruptcies in Great Britain, the official reports showing :

ANNUAL AVERAGE.

Period.	No. of bankrupts.	Amount, million £.	Ratio of assets.
1871-76 . . .	8,038	20.2	31 per cent.
1877-82 . . .	11,167	25.4	29 „
1883-85 . . .	6,072	18.1	31 „

In a word, the losses occasioned by bankruptcy have fallen to 13 millions sterling per annum, whereas in twelve years ending 1882 they averaged 16 millions.

The reduction in the consumption of alcoholic drinks is perhaps one of the most flattering circumstances of the day, as appears from the Board of Trade returns—viz.:

GALLONS PER INHABITANT.

Year.	Beer.	Spirits.	Wine.	Equiv. in alcohol.
1875 . . .	34.2	1.29	0.53	2.33
1881 . . .	28.6	1.08	0.44	1.92
1885 . . .	26.8	0.97	0.38	1.79

The consumption was 30 per cent. higher in 1875 than it is at present. It is still higher in England than in the sister kingdoms, the average of alcohol consumed being 1.90 in England, 1.67 in Scotland, and 1.23 in Ireland, per inhabitant.

We cannot be surprised to find that the masses of the people are better fed, since a good deal of the money formerly spent on drink is now expended for tea, sugar, and meat, the consumption of which per inhabitant has been as follows :—

	1875.	1885.
Meat, lbs.	95	106
Sugar, „	63	74
Tea, oz.	72	80

The question of food supply will call for more detailed study under a separate heading.

Habits of thrift and domestic economy have made great progress among the working classes in the last ten years, as shown by the sums deposited in savings banks and mutual societies—viz. :

	Millions of pounds sterling.	
	1875.	1885.
Savings banks	67	94
Mutual societies	20	62
	<hr/> 87	<hr/> 156

The accumulations of the working classes under the above two heads have averaged seven millions sterling per annum.

The preceding tables, eight in number, include almost every method of gauging the moral and intellectual progress of a nation ; they are uniform in pointing to a signal improvement, and confirm one another with an eloquence that no cool-headed person can resist. How far they act and re-act on each other may afford scope for conjecture, but it is not unreasonable to suppose that the spread of education and decrease of drink have been closely related, leading to a great reduction of crime and increase of thrifty habits. If we could steadily pursue the great object of providing suitable house-accommodation for the working classes in our large towns, we should soon reduce still further the consumption of alcohol, and ameliorate in every way the condition and fibre of our people.

III. FOOD SUPPLY.

The total value of food, for man and beast, consumed in the United Kingdom during ten years ending December, 1885, was 4,097 millions—that is, an average of 410 millions yearly, of which 38 per cent. was imported, 62 per cent. was home-grown—viz. :

	Millions pounds sterling.		
	Home-grown.	Imported.	Total.
Grain	68.2	59.3	127.5
Meat	76.8	24.3	101.1
Dairy products	39.3	15.7	55.0
Sugar	22.6	22.6
Tea and Coffee	17.2	17.2
Sundries	68.7	17.6	86.3
	<hr/> 253.0	<hr/> 156.7	<hr/> 409.7

With the growth of population the ratio of imported food must increase; not that the United Kingdom could not produce sufficient food for forty or fifty millions of people, but that agriculture is so costly and unprofitable an industry that it is neglected for other pursuits. There are at present only ten million acres under grain, against twelve millions in 1871. If there were any necessity for doing so, we could double the present acreage, and be independent of all supply from abroad. Such a necessity, however, would hardly arise, even in the event of a general European war; it is notorious that when Bonaparte had closed all continental ports against us, a good deal of the wheat consumed in England was grown in France.

During the last twenty-five years the increase of wheat importation from abroad has gone hand-in-hand with cheaper prices and greater consumption per head—viz.:

ANNUAL CONSUMPTION—MILLIONS OF BUSHELS.

Years.	British.	Imported.	Total.	Shillings per quarter.	Consumed lbs. per inhabitant.
1861-70	102	73	175	52	321
1871-80	77	114	191	48	325
1881-85	70	154	224	38	356

Our importation from Russia has been for some years declining, while that from the British Colonies (including India) has quadrupled, as well as that from the United States—viz.:

MILLIONS OF BUSHELS PER ANNUM.

From	1861-70.	1871-80.	1881-85.
United States	22	55	82
Russia	19	23	18
British Colonies	10	15	32
Other parts	22	21	22
Total	73	114	154

The supply from India, which down to 1872 did not reach one million bushels, rose to twenty-four millions in 1885, and has begun to excite some uneasiness in the United States, owing to the influence which it has on prices. From the present current of events it would seem that our supply from the United States and the British Colonies will go on increasing, to the gradual exclusion of all other competitors.

The consumption of meat in the last twenty-five years has been as follows:—

MILLIONS OF CWTs. PER ANNUM.

Years.	British.	Imported.	Total.	lbs. consumed per inhabitant.
1861-70	22.1	2.6	24.7	91
1871-80	23.2	5.8	29.0	96
1881-85	23.4	10.0	33.4	106

Imported meat is now equal to four months' supply, and as it

is cheaper than home-grown, the consumption of meat per head increases. Although the average consumption on the European continent is only 55 lbs., or about half that of Great Britain, it is likely that our average will steadily rise to at least 120 lbs. Perhaps the lengthened span of life, which Mr. Humphreys shows to be now $2\frac{1}{2}$ years longer than in the period (1838-54) embraced by Dr. Farr's tables, is due partly to the greater use of animal food. It may also be that the increase of insanity* is to be ascribed to the same cause. Nevertheless, the increased ratio of bread and meat consumed in 1881-85 shows that our people are better fed, and therefore more prosperous, than in former years.

IV. SHIPPING.

The effective tonnage, or carrying power of our merchant navy (counting steamers as five to one)† has more than doubled since 1871—viz.:

Year.	Tons.	Tons per 100 inhabitants.
1871 . . .	10,975,000	34
1875 . . .	13,937,000	42
1885 . . .	23,326,000	64

If we were to include colonial shipping, the total would be $26\frac{1}{2}$ million tons, or just 50 per cent. of all tonnage afloat. An impression, however, prevails that Great Britain has more vessels than she can find employment for, which is hardly justified by the tonnage of British vessels with cargo entered and cleared in ports of the United Kingdom—viz.:

Year.	Foreign trade.	Coasting.	Total.
1871 . . .	24,647,000	18,276,000	42,923,000
1875 . . .	27,307,000	22,806,000	50,113,000
1885 . . .	40,645,000	27,032,000	67,677,000

In the above table coasting trade is counted singly—that is, only entries—and all ballast arrivals and departures are excluded; whence it follows that British ships carried sixty-eight million tons of merchandise last year to or from British ports, being an increase of eighteen million tons (or 36 per cent.) in ten years. Comparing the weight of sea-borne merchandise with the number of seamen we find as follows:—

Year.	Tons carried.	Seamen.	Tons per man.
1871 . . .	42,923,000	199,738	215
1875 . . .	50,113,000	199,667	250
1885 . . .	67,677,000	198,781	340

* The number of insane paupers to 100,000 inhabitants was 258 in the years 1871-75, and is now 280. Many plausible arguments have been framed to explain away this manifest increase of insanity. It would be better for us to recognize the fact, and endeavour to ascertain the causes.

† The sum of port-entries* of all nations shows that sailing vessels make three, steamers fifteen, voyages per annum; hence a steamer has five times the carrying power.

That is to say, that three seamen now carry as much as four did ten years ago, this greater efficiency being the direct result of a more general use of steamers, which have risen from 68 per cent. of the total traffic in 1875, to 86 per cent. in 1885. There has been consequently a saving of 25 per cent. in wages and food of ship's crews, besides which the price of coal (a heavy item in the working of steamers) has fallen 33 per cent. since 1875. It is no wonder, therefore, that vessels can work for much lower freights than ten years ago.

There are two remarkable features in respect to foreign shipping trading in British ports; first, that foreign flags now stand for only 26 per cent. of our entries and clearances, against 30 per cent. in 1875; secondly, that 20 per cent. of them enter and leave our ports in ballast, whereas of British ships only 12 per cent. do so. This proves very clearly that foreign shipping cannot compete with British, but is losing ground.

It is, moreover, to be borne in mind that the preceding tables take no cognizance of British merchant vessels trading between two or more foreign countries, such as steamers plying between the Mediterranean and North America, between Australia and China, between the Brazils and United States, &c. The great development of the world's commerce in the last few years is mainly due to the rapid increase of British shipping, but for which there would not have been vessels sufficient on the seas for the demands of trade. In British waters trade has risen 36 per cent. since 1875, but this increase has not been uniform; Cardiff shows a rise of 150 per cent.; Glasgow, 75; London, 36; Newcastle, 21; and Liverpool only 13 per cent. Everything goes to indicate that the volume of trade will go on increasing between nations, being stimulated rather than checked by the fall in prices. Ten years hence the nominal value of imports and exports of the United Kingdom may be no more than to-day, but the tonnage entries of our ports will be found to have risen 30 or 40 per cent., and the carrying power of British merchant shipping at least in equal ratio.

V. COMMERCE.

Although the money value of our imports and exports in 1885 was 13 millions less than in 1875, showing a diminution of 2 per cent., yet the increase of trade was equivalent to 29 per cent. If prices had remained unchanged the trade of 1885 would have reached 772 millions, as compared with 597 millions in 1875. So far from any falling-off in commerce, there has been a healthy increase, and the decline of prices, however injurious to some interests, has been on the whole advantageous to the country. The following table shows the actual value of imports and exports in

1885, under the principal items, and also the sums which these would have amounted to at the prices of 1875:—

IMPORTS OF 1885 IN MILLIONS OF POUNDS STERLING.

	Actual value.	At prices of 1875.
Cotton	36	44
Wheat	34	45
Oats, &c.	19	27
Sugar	18	30
Wool	21	32
Tea and Coffee	14	20
Butter and Cheese	16	19
Bacon and Eggs	12	16
Lumber	14	17
Sundries	187	232
	<hr/> 371	<hr/> 482

EXPORTS.

Cotton Goods	67	89
Metals	27	41
Woollens	23	31
Coal	11	16
Sundries	85	113
	<hr/> 213	<hr/> 290

Here we find that Great Britain saved 111 millions by the fall in price of imports, and lost 77 millions by the depression of exports, which leaves a net gain to the nation of 34 millions sterling. In other words, if no change of prices had taken place, the national profits in 1885 would have been 34 millions less.

The same amount of the world's merchandise was represented last year by 584 millions sterling, as would have cost 772 millions in 1875, the purchasing power of money having increased 33 per cent.; so that fifteen shillings will now buy as much as twenty shillings would ten years ago. There are some unreasonable people who seem to think that although wheat, wool, raw cotton, coal and iron cost less (being produced at less expense) than before, we should expect to get as high prices as formerly for our manufactures, and that, as we do not, the commerce of the United Kingdom is falling off. There has been no decline either in the industrial power of the nation or in the wealth of the people.

Coal and iron are two of our principal products, and the yield since 1871, in terms of five years, has averaged annually as follows:—

	Coal—Tons.	Iron—Tons.
1871-75	125,000,000	6,480,000
1876-80	136,000,000	6,660,000
1881-85	159,000,000	8,080,000

Here we find an increase of 25 per cent. in iron and 27 per cent. in coal since 1875. The consumption of textile fibre in our factories has been as follows:—

MILLIONS OF POUNDS YEARLY.

	1871-75.	1876-80.	1881-85.
Cotton	1,280 ...	1,268 ...	1,440
Wool	305 ...	326 ...	341
Flax and Hemp . .	434 ...	377 ...	380
Jute	356 ...	347 ...	466
Total	2,375 ...	2,318 ...	2,627

This shows an increase of 11 per cent. in our textile manufactures. The average amount of fibre consumed per operative was 2,758 lbs. in 1885, against 2,541 lbs. in the years 1874-75, an improvement of 8 per cent., which is doubtless the effect of better machinery.

So closely related are the commerce and wealth of the United Kingdom, that if the former were waning, the latter could not increase as it has done in recent years. The income-tax returns show that the assessments in 1885 were £631,000,000, an increase of £60,000,000 since 1875. The value of property passing annually through the Probate Court, subject to legacy or succession duties, rose £30,000,000 in the same period. As the wealth of the nation may be taken to be sixty times the value of such property, we have a reliable method for ascertaining the growth of public wealth—viz.:

MILLIONS OF POUNDS STERLING.

Year.	Legacy Properties.	Public Wealth.
1871-75	134 ...	8,040
1876-80	154 ...	9,240
1881-85	164 ...	9,840

Here we have an average increase of £180,000,000 yearly since 1875, which bears out the estimates of careful statisticians, that the national savings range from £150,000,000 upwards per annum.

Two principal items of accumulation are railways and house property, which have risen since 1875 as follows:—

MILLIONS STERLING.

	1875.	1885.	Increase.
Railways	632 ...	828 ...	196
Houses	1,703 ...	2,311 ...	608
	2,335	3,139	804

Under these two heads the accumulation has exceeded £80,000,000 yearly, and if to these be added shipping, foreign loans, new industries, &c., it will be found that the increase of wealth is certainly over £150,000,000 yearly, or 3½d. daily per inhabitant.

CONCLUSIONS.

In summing up the results of the foregoing statistics, we are compelled to accept certain facts, and almost led to adopt certain probabilities.

Firstly, we find that the reproductive power of our people, as shown by the number of children to each marriage, has declined 4 per cent. since 1880, and that this decline has been coincident with a tide of emigration unprecedented in the records of the United Kingdom. It appears, therefore, highly probable that there is a close relationship between those facts, and that as emigration increases, there will be a corresponding diminution in the fertility of marriages.

Secondly, that the low ratio of marriages and births in Ireland shows that country to be in a lamentable condition. In fact, there is no other country in the world with so low a birth-rate, which has further declined 7 per cent. since 1880. It would appear as if agricultural depression and the exactions of landlords had so far ruined the people that they could not marry.

Thirdly, that the death-rate of the three kingdoms has fallen very notably since 1880, which may be ascribed either to sanitary improvements in towns or to the increased consumption of meat and other food.

Fourthly, that the moral condition of the people has improved marvellously since 1870, pauperism having decreased 33 per cent., crime 36 per cent. Moreover, in the last ten years the consumption of liquor has declined 24 per cent., and the number of school-children to population risen from 8 to 12 per cent.

Fifthly, that the savings of the working classes have increased steadily at the rate of 7 millions per annum, having risen 82 per cent. since 1875.

Sixthly, that 70 per cent. of the wheat and 30 per cent. of the meat consumed in the United Kingdom is imported, and that the more we import the cheaper is food, and so much the better fed are the working classes.

Seventhly, that British shipping has increased 10 million tons of carrying power in ten years, and that three seamen now perform as much as four did in 1875.

Eighthly, that our imports and exports show an apparent decline of trade equal to 2 per cent. since 1875, but that if prices had remained the same the trade of 1885 would have represented 772 millions, an increase of 29 per cent.

Ninthly, that the change of prices has been profitable to Great Britain, the saving in imports being 34 millions in excess of the loss on exports.

Tenthly, that the increased production of coal and iron, and greater consumption of fibre in our textile factories, show that our industrial power has not diminished; and lastly that the increase of wealth since 1875 has averaged 180 millions yearly.

MICHAEL G. MULHALL.

MOHAMMEDANISM IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

FOR some time past the subject of the civilization of Africa has been a favourite one with all classes. Each European country has vied with the others in attempting ostensibly to open it up for the special benefit of the inhabitants. The methods adopted sometimes appear strange, and we are apt to become suspicious when we find beneath a veneer of cotton a large amount of rum and gin, and civilization forced on the notice of the negro with sword and gun. It may perhaps not be without a certain amount of interest to inquire if there are any other agencies—apart from the European—at work pursuing the noble aim of elevating the negro to a higher level of humanity. It will, I suppose, seem passing strange to many when I point to Mohammedanism as one of these agencies engaged in this great task.

Since the appearance of Mohammed the religion which he founded has been a favourite subject of attack and misrepresentation. First looked upon as a form of idolatry, it was, later on, described as a mass of blasphemous imposture, and only within the last few years have a few sympathetic and impartial students of the Koran dared to point out the genuine veins of gold which ramify through the system, and, risking the *odium theologicum*, to hold up its author as a hero. Even yet, to the great mass of the people, Mohammedanism is merely thought of in a vague sort of way as something connected with polygamy, as the inspiring source of the slave trade, as the cause of all the evils which prevail in North Africa, Asia Minor, and Turkey, and as in some way or other a curse and a blight to whatever country falls under its influence.

It is not my business to point out here how Mohammedanism, in being thus depicted, is treated with injustice; but I may be permitted

to remind the reader that the man who said that "the worst of men is the seller of men," and who declared that nothing was more pleasing to God than the emancipation of slaves, could never have in any way encouraged or sanctioned the slave trade. To argue that a religion is responsible for all the vile acts of its professors is monstrous in the extreme. Yet that is exactly what we are continually doing with regard to Mohammedanism. We forget that the Mohammedan might turn the tables on us with a vengeance, and lay our brutal slave trade of the past at the door of Christianity, as well as our incessant wars and all the crying evils of the gin trade in the present. And has he not as good a right to say that these are the necessary outcome of Christianity as we have to say that the slave trade and other evils are produced and encouraged by Islam?

We are not, however, called upon to discuss these questions, nor am I the man fitted to do it. I propose to direct attention to the civilizing and elevating influence which this so much vilified religion is exercising in the heart of Africa, and to the transformation it is effecting in the whole political and social condition of inner Africa north of the equator.

During the three expeditions which I conducted in East Central Africa I saw nothing to suggest Mohammedanism as a civilizing power. Whatever living force might be in the religion remained latent. The Arabs, or their descendants, in those parts were not propagandists. There were no missionaries to preach Islam, and the natives of Muscat were content that their slaves should conform to a certain extent to the forms of the religion. They left the East African tribes, who indeed, in their gross darkness, were evidently content to remain in happy ignorance. Their inaptitude for civilization was strikingly shown in the strange fact that five hundred years of contact with semi-civilized people had left them without the faintest reflection of the higher traits which characterized their neighbours—not a single good seed during all these years had struck root and flourished. This seemed to me a very remarkable fact, and the only conclusion I could then come to was, that the negro was so hopelessly ossified in his degraded state as to be next to unimprovable, by moral suasion at least—a view somewhat strengthened on seeing the martyred lives of missionaries and the great treasure thrown away in endeavours to reach them through the divine teaching of Christ. That these latter practically failed to attain their noble ends I did not wonder at when I saw how the missionaries attempted the impracticable—expecting to do in a generation the work of centuries, and to instil the most beautiful, sublime, and delicate conceptions of religion into undeveloped brains. The more I saw of East Central Africa the more I tended to take

a despondent view of the future improbability of the negro, simply because I could not see how he was to be got at in such a way as to touch the depths of his soul, and light some spark which would give him new life. So far as I could judge, I had not as yet seen more than a semblance of something better—a sort of veneer of Christianity, which made a good show and looked satisfactory only when described in a missionary magazine.

It was not till last year that I was destined to be converted from this scepticism about the negro, and to begin to see infinite possibilities lying latent, encased in his low thick cranium. My conversion took place in West Central Africa. It was not, however, brought about by the sight of the thriving community of Sierra Leone or that of Lagos, though both were encouraging. Neither was it brought about by seeing the civilizing influence of European trade, of which we sometimes hear so much; for, as I have stated elsewhere, “for every African who is influenced for good by Christianity a thousand are driven into deeper degradation by the gin trade.” Four hundred years of contact with Europeans have only succeeded, along the greater part of the coast, in raising a taste for gin, rum, gunpowder and guns. The extent of the intercourse between a village and the European merchant is only too often gauged by the size of its pyramid of gin bottles. It is a painful fact to admit, but there is no shirking the naked reality, that in West Africa our influence for evil enormously counterbalances any little good we have produced by our contact with the African. The sight of the small headway Christianity was making, and the aptitude in the negro to adopt all that was evil in the white man, only deepened the impression I had acquired in East Africa.

My conversion from this pessimistic view took place when passing up the Niger, through the degraded cannibals who inhabit its lower reaches. I reached the Central Sudan, and the sights and scenes I there, witnessed burst upon me like a revelation. I found myself in the heart of Africa, among undoubted negroes; but how different from the unwashed, unclad barbarians it had hitherto been my lot to meet in my travels in Africa! I could hardly believe I was not dreaming when I looked around me and found large well-built cities, many of them containing 10,000 to 30,000 inhabitants. The people themselves, picturesquely and voluminously dressed, moved about with that self-possessed sober dignity which bespeaks the man who has a proper respect for himself. I saw on all sides the signs of an industrious community, differentiated into numerous crafts, evidence sufficient to show how far advanced they were on the road to civilization. I heard the rattle, the tinkle, and the musical clang of workers in iron, in brass, and in copper. I could see cloth being made in one place, and dyed, or sewn into gowns or other articles of

dress, in other places. In the markets, crowded with eager thousands, I could see how varied were the wants of these negro people, how manifold the productions of their industry, and how keen their business instincts. Almost more remarkable than anything else, no native beer or spirits, nor European gin and rum, found place in their markets. Clearly there were no buyers, and therefore no sellers. Outside the towns, again, no forest covered the land; the density of the population and its numerous requirements had made the virgin forest a thing of the past, and its place was taken by various cereals, by cotton and indigo, and other vegetable productions which minister to the inner and outer man.

What could have produced this great change?—for that a change had occurred could not be doubted. Certainly, contact with Europeans had had nothing to do with it. The character of the industries, the style of art, indicated a certain amount of Moorish influence, giving them the direction which they had assumed. How had the first great steps been taken? No Moors or Arabs were to be seen among the people. No such races held the reins of government, and by their powerful influence caused the introduction of new arts and industries. Evidently, whatever had been done had been done through the free aspirations of the negroes towards higher things.

I was not left long in ignorance of the agency which had thus transformed numerous tribes of savages into semi-civilized nations, ruled by powerful sultans who administered justice of a high order (for Africa), and rendered life and property safe. That agency was almost exclusively Mohammedanism. I say *almost*, because there were in reality a few secondary causes at work, which tended to elevate the negro, apart from the religious. One of these causes—the one of chief importance—was the physical conditions which prevailed over a great part of the Central Sudan.

Mohammedanism it was, without a doubt, which had breathed this fresh vigorous life into these negroes. It was Mohammedanism which supplied the living tie which bound a hundred alien tribes together—tribes which without it were deadly foes. The Koran supplied the new code of laws. Islam had swept away fetishism, with all its degrading rites, and replaced it with a new watchword—a watchword of a truly spiritual sort. No longer did the naked savage throw himself before stocks and stones, or lay offerings before serpents or lizards; but as a well-clothed and reverent worshipper he bent before that “One God” whose greatness and compassionateness he continually acknowledged. How impressive it was to me, when I wandered in these lands, to hear the negro population called to the duties of the day by the summons to prayer at the first streak of dawn; sung out in the musical stentorian notes of the

negro muezzin, it echoed and re-echoed throughout the sleeping city. "God is most great! Come to prayers! Prayer is better than sleep!" was the burden of the call; and even as the thrilling notes still lingered in dying cadence, and the grey dawn but faintly illumined the houses of the town, doors were heard to open, and devout Muslims,—such as submit themselves to and have faith in God—appeared. Some would go through their morning duties in the courtyards of their compounds, and others, more devout, would wend their way to the mosque, where, looking in the direction of Mecca, and with faces humbled to the dust, they would acknowledge their utter dependence on God. At other times I could see these negroes, during the thirsty march, in the dusty field, or while engaged in ordinary industrial occupations, stop for a moment in their several employments, and seeking out one of the numerous places marked off by stones which did duty as mosques wean for a time their thoughts from the sordid cares of this world, and fix them on the things which are above mere sense.

In these Sudanese towns not only did I find mosques, but the importance of studying religion at the fountain-head had made education necessary, and hence in every quarter of the town were to be found schools of the usual Eastern type, where the rising generation learned at one and the same time the articles of their faith and the Arabic language. The desire for education was very general, and a village without several men who could read or write Arabic was a rarity. In the larger towns, such as Sokoto, Wurnu, and Gandu, there were to be found men who, not content with the education they could get at home, had found their way through manifold dangers and toils to the great Mohammedan university, El-Azhar, in Cairo, to complete their studies.

A volume might be written in describing the various modes in which Mohammedanism has affected the negro and civilized him; but I have said enough to draw attention to the incontestable fact that Islam is a powerful agency for good in Central Africa. It may be remarked that in the Central Sudan the Muslim is not fanatical. The negro has not the intense nature of the Arabs and kindred people, and is consequently inclined to live and let live on easier terms than his co-religionist in the Egyptian Sudan.

Like all Eastern and African races, the Sudanese is a polygamist, but his free and sociable nature has not permitted the seclusion of his wives in harems, nor does he consider it necessary that they should be veiled. They occupy probably a better position in the Central Sudan than in any other country where polygamy is the rule.

The extent of country over which Islam holds sway is coterminous with that great continental zone called the Sudan, which extends from

the Nile to the Atlantic, and from the Sahara to within between four degrees and six degrees of the equator. Along the Atlantic seaboard there are still some pagan spots, but Mohammedanism is slowly but surely bearing down on them—establishing itself by moral suasion if it can; but if not, then, in the name of God, with fire and sword and all the dread accompaniments of war. But, not only is it proselytizing among the heathen; it has its missionaries in Sierra Leone and Lagos. It has there thrown down its gage to Christianity for the possession of the natives, and reports speak of it spreading rapidly, and recruiting its ranks from the Christian community to no small extent. If that is so—and I have no reason to doubt it—there must be something terribly wrong in the *method* of teaching Christianity. To me, as one having the interests of Christianity deeply at heart, it has always appeared as if the system adopted was radically unsuited to the people. Meanwhile I cannot help saying, better a good Muslim than a skin-deep Christian—a mere jackdaw tricked out in peacock's feathers. In reaching the sphere of European influence, Mohammedanism not only throws down its gage to Christianity, it also declares war upon our chief contribution to West Africa—the gin trade. While we support anti-slavery societies, and spend great sums in sending missionaries to the heathen, it is very strange that we are absolutely indifferent to the shameful character of this traffic. We are ever ready to raise shouts of horror if a case of maltreatment of slaves occurs, and we will not see that we at this moment are conducting a trade which is in many respects a greater evil than the slave trade. That word, "European trade," as spoken of on our platforms, is complacently regarded as synonymous with civilization; it is supposed to imply well-dressed negroes, as its necessary outcome, and the introduction of all the enlightened amenities of European life. It *ought* to mean that to some extent; but, as I have seen it in many parts of West Africa, it has largely meant the driving down of the negro into a tenfold deeper slough of moral depravity. And we—we, Christians—leave it, to the despised Mohammedans, those professors of a "false religion," to attack this traffic and attempt to stem the tide of degradation, to sweep it away utterly if possible, as they have already done fetishism and cannibalism over enormous areas. If this is its mission, then, in default of something better, let Islam continue its progress through Africa! It will be the vanguard of civilization. Whatever may be said about many aspects of Mohammedanism, it at least contains as much of good as the undeveloped brains of the negro can well assimilate; and so long as good is being done in genuine reality, why should we not heartily welcome it, even though it is accomplished through a religion we ourselves do not accept.

I had proposed to myself to enter into the questions, why Moham-

medanism has been so successful in Africa? and why Christianity, in comparison with it, has done so little? I had further proposed to ask whether our missionaries could not derive some hints and lessons from the Mohammedans, and so be better able to enter into the field against heathendom?

These three questions cannot be adequately answered here. I may, however, be permitted to express my opinion in the briefest manner. The success of Mohammedanism has been largely due to the fact that it has asked of the negro apparently so little, and yet that little is so much, for in it lie the germs of a great revolution. The message is brought by men like themselves; its acceptance does not necessarily change any of their habits. Everything is within the range of the negro's comprehension—a very terrible One God, who sits in judgment, and a very real heaven and hell. Belief in these and in God's messenger, and attention to a few practical duties—prayer, almsgiving, &c.—are all the requirements. To state the matter in another way, it is because of its very harshness, of its great inferiority, as compared with Christianity, that it has succeeded.

On the other hand, Christianity has done so little because it has tried to do too much. Missionaries have proceeded almost invariably on the assumption that it is necessary to present the doctrinal system of the Christian Church in its entirety. They have forgotten that minds can only assimilate subtle or beautiful truths in proportion to their development. The ideas of the Christian world at large are in many respects not the same to-day as they were six centuries ago, or even one century ago. We have taken eighteen centuries to become the Christians we are, although through the ages the Bible remained the same; and now we think that in a generation we can graft our conceptions of Christianity on the low brains of the negro. The idea is not in accord with common sense. We present to him intangible and transcendental aspects of religion. We stupify him with unthinkable dogmas about the Trinity and kindred topics. With all this we think there ought to be a Pentecostal awakening—that the inherent virtue of the Word should produce a miracle, and when the miracle does not appear, we groan over the hardness of heart and the ascendancy of the devil in the negro, when in reality the fault is in ourselves and in our methods of procedure. We must be simple in our creed, or rather in our presentation of the gospel. We must find out what aspects of Christianity the negro can comprehend and can assimilate, as well as what will attract and impress him. From the Mohammedan missionary we might get hints as to the line this simplification should take. Better sow one good seed which will grow and fructify and permeate the life of the negro, than a thousand which will fail to strike root, but remain sterile on the surface.

In thus recognizing a good element in the spread of Mohammedanism, and in venturing to hint at desirable improvements in the methods of our own missionary propaganda, very probably I shall lay myself open to various forms of misconception on the part of those who recognize but the agency of the Evil One in good works which are not done in the orthodox manner. In any case, I shall be satisfied if, by indicating that some good can come out of Islam, I have shown that some Christians may take hints from our vastly more successful rival in the work of civilizing Africa, and thus be able to present a purer, a nobler, a more inspiring religion to the negro, which will satisfy his inner cravings for some light in his dark surroundings. For the negro, with all his intellectual deficiencies, is naturally a very religious individual. In a hundred ways he shows how much he feels the necessity of depending on something else than himself. In his helplessness he gropes aimlessly about after an explanation of his surroundings, and finds but slight consolation in fetishism and spirit worship. The rapid spread of Islam proves beyond a doubt that there is nothing to hinder the Christian faith from making far more extensive conquests, if we would only meet the negro with weapons properly selected from the Christian armoury. We must also be content to let generations of wise education develop the capacities which as yet are in the most rudimentary condition, and not expect to work miracles. And, most important of all, let us get up a missionary agency for Christian Europe which shall preach the doctrine of no more gin trade, no more gunpowder and guns, for the African. Then, when we have set our own house in order, we shall be able to go with clearer conscience to the heathen, and with brighter prospects of success.

JOSEPH THOMSON.

DOMESDAY SURVIVALS.

DOMESDAY BOOK implies, if it does not expressly record, social and economical conditions widely different from any which now prevail. But the transformation has been so gradual that in many counties innumerable survivals of those bygone conditions may be detected. The present is so intimately interwoven with the past, that there are few country parishes in which the Domesday record fails to throw some flashes of light on the meaning of common matters of rural observation. The facts recorded with pen and ink on the venerable pages of the Domesday Book are for the most part still legible, scored deeply on the surface of the soil by the Domesday plough, and others survive in customary tenures, in the names of fields and farms, the forms and dimensions of enclosures, and the directions followed by hedges, roads, and rights of way.

To understand these survivals we must picture to ourselves the aspect of an ordinary country parish at the time of the survey.

England is now a land of small enclosures; the numerous hedges and the hedgerow timber give it much of its rich beauty. At the time of the Conquest enclosures were few. Here and there were great forest tracts, thinly peopled, and fed by swine. Elsewhere there were vast treeless districts, almost wholly unfenced, resembling the great stretches of tilled land now existing in many parts of France and Germany, the dwellings not dotted about by the wayside, but collected in scattered hamlets, consisting of a few houses or cots, often not more than five or six. Close to the little hamlet would be some few acres, a score or so, of enclosed meadow, mowed for hay, but the rest would be open arable, protected only by temporary fences of dead thorns, while beyond the arable were great stretches of rough moorland pasture.

In most of the larger hamlets stood the lord's "hall," built

of stone or timber, brick being almost unknown. Round the hall clustered the houses of the villans or boors—who were small farmers holding their lands as tenants of the manor by fixed services—with mud walls, earthen floors, and thatched roofs, each standing in its “toft,” with a little narrow acre strip of “croft” behind it, and the still ruder huts of the cottiers, and of the serfs who were sold with the land. The land, to a great extent, was held in common by the village community, and tilled by co-operative labour. The best land lay in great open arable fields, which were divided into narrow strips, acres and half acres, each strip about a furlong in length, and a perch or two perches in breadth. These little strips were separated by turf balks, and the holding of each villan was as a rule either a bovate, or a virgate,* made up of a score or two of these strips scattered about the open arable fields, and usually amounting to from ten to thirty acres in all. He did not hold the same strips year by year, but every second or third year one division of the arable land was thrown into fallow, over which the cattle of the village had common rights of pasturage. Beyond the village and the arable fields were extensive wastes, rough pastures of coarse grass, overgrown with thin wood or brushwood, forming the summer pasturage of the sheep and cattle—upland pastures of wold, or down, for the sheep, and lowland pastures of undrained moors, locally called carrs or ings, for the cattle. One or two instances will show how vast were these common pastures, how widely separated were the hamlets, and how scanty was the population.

The parish of Pickering now contains 32,700 acres, which agrees roughly with the Domesday measurement of the manor. In the time of Edward the Confessor the enclosures were less than 400 acres, and about 7000 acres were tilled in open fields, leaving some 26,000 acres as moorland pasture. At the time of the Domesday Survey about 1200 acres were in tillage, and there were twenty villans, with six ploughs between them, the lord having one plough. The population of this vast tract, twenty miles by six, cannot have been much more than one hundred. It is now one of the most sparsely peopled parts of Yorkshire, yet the population is over 5000.

The parish of Holme on Spalding Moor contains 11,514 acres. In the time of King Edward there were less than 1500 acres under plough, leaving 10,000 acres in moor and carr. At the time of the Survey about 600 acres only were tilled; there were eight villans and twelve cottagers (*bordarii*), with three ploughs, and the lord had half a plough. The population was about one hundred, and there were a church and a priest. The present population is over 2000.

* A bovate or ox-gang represented the tillage performed by one ox. A virgate, held by the owner of a yoke of oxen, was two bivates. Eight bivates made a carucate or ploughland, which was the tillage of an eight-ox plough.

These are extreme instances; where the soil was poor, and the wastes unusually extensive. As average cases we may take Heslerton, with 7120 acres, of which about half was tilled in the time of King Edward, and about a fourth at the time of the Survey. In the adjacent township of Knapton there are 2889 acres. In King Edward's time twenty acres were enclosed, and 1080 acres were tilled. In King William's time all was desolate; apparently there was not a single inhabitant.

The arable was divided between the lord and the tenants of the manor, who held in villanage. The land was tilled by huge ploughs, normally drawn by eight oxen, yoked four abreast. When the soil was light the teams were somewhat smaller, consisting of as few as four oxen, yoked two and two. This was called a half plough. But where the land was heavy, as many as ten or even twelve oxen were yoked to each plough. A villan usually possessed one yoke of oxen, each plough being drawn by the associated teams of four villans. Land was plentiful, and it was rather the possession of oxen for tillage than of land itself which constituted wealth. Hence we understand why the system of taxation recorded in Domesday is based on the number of ploughs rather than on the number of acres.

We must dismiss the notion of the modern English system of letting farms at fixed annual rents. There were no farms or farmers in our sense of the word, a farmer being originally a tenant who was bound to supply *feorm*—food and entertainment—to the lord when he visited the manor. The occupation of a messuage, which descended from father to son on payment of a fine or heriot, carried with it a customary right to pasturage for a certain number of oxen, sheep, and swine, and to the produce of a certain number of "acres" in the arable fields. Rents were paid mainly in kind and by services. Manors were granted by the King in fee to his tenants *in capite*, chiefly the greater barons, who rendered military service in return. These barons sub-let their lands to their knights, who kept a portion in their own hands *in demesne*—as it is called—and let out the rest to the villans—the men of the vill, or township—in fee; that is, on certain fixed conditions of tenure, usually that the lord should have a fixed share of the produce—so many chalders of oats, so much malt and meal, the milk of so many cows, so much honey, so many hens and eggs, and so much cornage, a commutation for beeves and sheep; but the rents were chiefly paid in services; the tenants had to work so many days a week, generally two or three, with their oxen and ploughs, in tilling the lord's land, ploughing, harrowing, reaping, mowing, or leading stores, without payment. The villans could not be dispossessed so long as they rendered the customary dues, the rent could not be raised; their rights and obligations

passed, when it changed hands, with the land, of which they were, in fact, joint owners with the lord.

As time went on, these services were more and more commuted into fixed money payments, but we still see survivals of these tenures—not only in copyholds, which mainly grew out of holdings in villanage, but in the existing tenures of the North of England, where, in addition to the money rent, the tenant is usually bound to furnish so many loads of straw, and so many days' service in carting for the landlord with horses, waggons, and men. My own glebe, by immemorial usage, is let on these terms, the rent being paid partly in money, partly in kind, and partly in services. At the time of the Conquest, the actual money rents—or scatpennies as they were called—do not seem to have exceeded 1*d.* or 2*d.* an acre.

We gather from the Boldon Book of Durham and the Liber Niger of Peterborough, that even the village artificers, such as the carpenter who made the woodwork of the ploughs and harrows, the smith who made and repaired the ironwork, the marshall who shod the horses, the lorimer who made the bits and stirrups, as well as the bailiff, the mason, the pounder, the shepherd, the neatherd; the hogwarden, and the beekceper, were paid for the services they rendered to the lord or to the community, not in money, but by the produce of a certain number of strips of arable in the open fields, usually amounting to eight, twelve, or fifteen acres, which they held rent free, and which were tilled for them by the ploughs of the villans, in addition to which they often had a right to their thraves, a certain number of sheaves of corn from each plough.

The villans had to grind their corn at the lord's mill, and the miller had his multure; he retained a certain proportion of the meal as his fee, and rendered a fixed payment in money or kind to the lord for the privilege. North country mills still grind on these terms; the miller keeps the bran, and makes no charge for grinding.

When certain special services, called precatons or boon services, were performed, as in haytime or harvest, the villans were entitled to an allowance of food called a corrody. The corrody was no very luxurious repast, if we may judge from the modern etymological descendant of the word, the Northumbrian "crowdy," which denotes a sort of stirabout, consisting of oatmeal over which boiling water has been poured.

The priest was paid for his services, like the other village officials, by a share in the produce of the land. We may thus obtain some light on the disputed origin of tithes, and even of glebe. He had his thraves, consisting of every tenth sheaf, but in some instances it would seem that the produce of every tenth or twelfth acre (a tenth either by the small or large hundred) was allotted to him. Thus the laws of Ethelred and of Egbert ordain that every Christian man

shall pay his tithe justly, "as the plough traverses the tenth acre." Apparently the whole arable field was tilled by the villagers, and the produce of every tenth acre-strip belonged to the priest. Ultimately, when the land came to be held in severalty, instead of in community, these tenth strips became the parson's freehold, and he had to till them with his own oxen.

There are several townships in the East Riding, in which the ancient glebe can be actually shown to have consisted, not only of an exact tenth of the whole Domesday arable, but of every tenth strip in the open fields, appropriated as ordained in the laws of Ethelred, the Church taking the produce of every tenth acre as the plough traversed the land.

The map of the township of Burton Agnes given on the next page indicates that the old glebe consisted of eighteen strips in the three fields, say twelve in the two fields which were in tillage at the same time. According to Domesday Book there were twelve carucates of arable,* and therefore the parson had one strip out of each carucate; his tenth acre as the plough traversed it, according to the laws of Ethelred. But the glebe strips are somewhat narrower than the others, because the others are eighths, each representing one ox-gang, the work of one ox in the eight-ox plough, while the parson had not an eighth but a tenth in each ploughland. The actual measure of the arable is 999a. Or. 18p., of which one-tenth would be 99a. 3r. 20p., whereas the eighteen strips of glebe only amount to 98a. 2r. 20p., falling short of the theoretical tenth by one and a quarter acres. This is accounted for by encroachments which are visible on the map. Some of the parson's neighbours do not seem to have ploughed quite fairly, thus gradually shaving off a part of some of the parson's strips.

The map of the adjacent township of Haisthorpe gives a similar result. In the three arable fields there seem to have been nine strips of glebe, and a bit over, averaging six strips in the two fields tilled in any one year. Domesday assigns six carucates to Haisthorpe. Thus, as in Burton Agnes, the parson had one strip out of each carucate, or one-tenth of the whole arable.

In other parishes, where the numeration was by the great hundred of six score, the priest had one-twelfth of the arable. At Foxholes he had half a carucate out of six, and at Kirby Underdale four ox-gangs out of forty-eight.

The churches were few and far between. In the East Riding only forty-eight are mentioned in Domesday, and these were chiefly on the lands of spiritual lords, the bishops and the great monasteries.

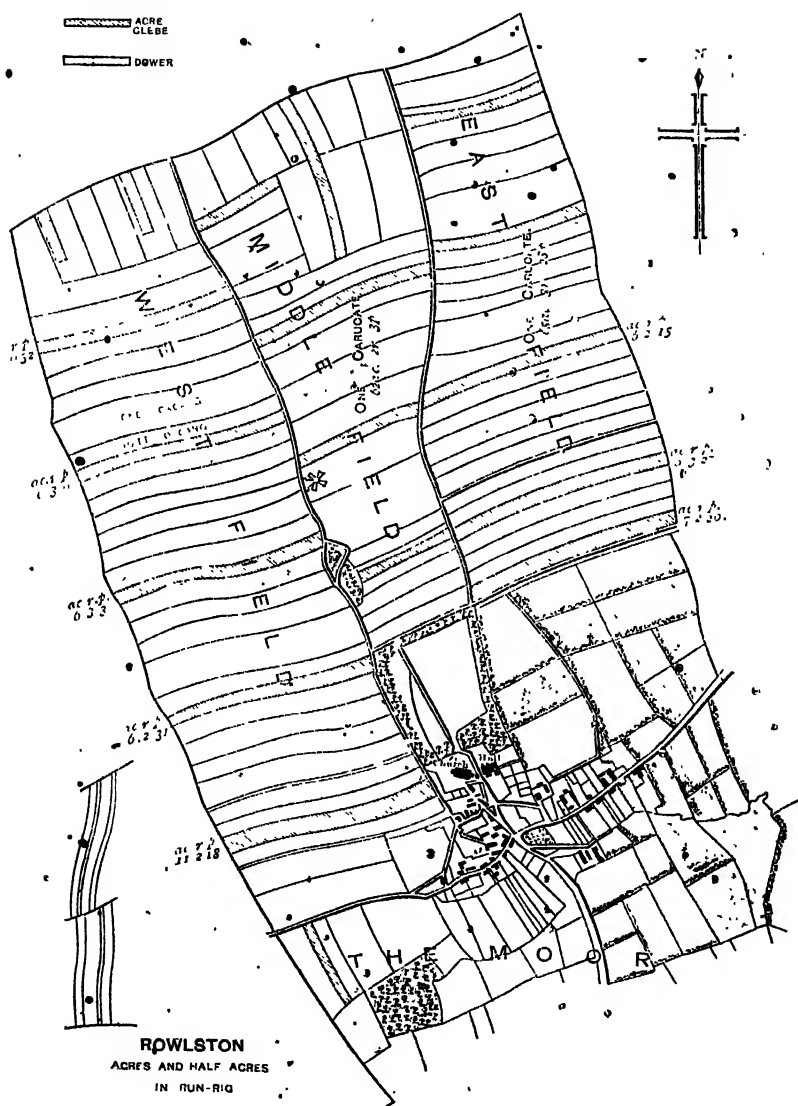
The way in which the ministrations of the Church were frequently

* The glebe strips are interesting as fixing the size and position of some of the Domesday carucates, as will be seen from the map.

BURTON AGNES.
1809.

ACRE
GLEBE

DOWER



supplied is shown by the names of several Hundreds and Wapentakes, such as Staincross (Stone Cross), Eweross (Yew Cross), Bückrose (Beech Cross), and Osgodcross, which were originally preaching crosses where the people came together at the Great Church festivals, afterwards becoming trysting-places for assemblage in arms when invasion threatened, and moots for the hundred-courts of civil jurisdiction.

The social and economical conditions pictured in the foregoing pages have now completely passed away, but they have left behind not a few traces of their former existence—curious anomalies, manifest to all who have eyes to see them, which testify to the scheme of village life recorded, or tacitly assumed, in the Domesday Survey. I will take from my own neighbourhood, the East Riding of Yorkshire, a few examples of such survivals.

Down almost to our own days a large portion of the East Riding was unenclosed, presenting a living picture of its aspect at the time of the Norman Conquest. Only the tofts and crofts around the houses, and a few garths and deals of meadow land were fenced, the wolds, the moors, and the arable still lying unenclosed.

The village had its "outgang," as it is still called, where the cattle of those who possessed rights of grazing were collected in the morning, ready to be driven out into the moor under charge of the neatherd. We have still, in my own parish of Settrington, the public cowherd, who takes the village cows into the lanes, and who is paid rateably by the owners. The arable land was tilled in common, alternate strips being held by different owners, and separated by turf balks. The position and extent of the open arable fields can frequently be determined by the old names which cling to them, such as East Field and West Field, High Field and Low Field, Far Field and Town-End Field. These "fields," each containing several hundred acres, are commonly either two or three in number; when there are two fields the Domesday entry usually indicates that the township was tilled on a two-year shift, but when there are three fields a three-year shift was adopted. When we learn from Domesday that there were two manors in a township, one cultivated on a two-year and the other on a three-year shift, we may expect to find traces of five arable fields.

Rowlston in Holderness is a good example of a two-field manor, and the present acreage, compared with the Domesday Survey, shows that upwards of 300 acres have been lost, the sea having encroached more than half a mile during the last 800 years. Burton Agnes, of which a map taken from a survey made in 1809 has been given for another purpose, shows a not unfrequent arrangement of a three-field manor. We see the messuages of the villans and cottiers, each standing in its toft, with a narrow acre or half-acre croft behind it. South of the main road was the moor, formerly open

pasture for the cattle of the community, but long since apportioned in "deals" or shares among the holders of oxgangs in the arable field,* one oxgate of moor, the pasture for one ox, going with each oxgang of arable, which represented the labour of the ox. North of the road is the "terra," or common arable, divided into three fields, East Field, Middle Field, and West Field, which were tilled in rotation; one field being ploughed in winter, another in Lent, while the third was left in fallow. The strips of tillage are divided by turf balks. They do not, as in many parishes, consist of acre strips, but are half oxgangs of about seven and a half acres, two strips, one in each of the two fields tilled in any one year, constituting an oxgang. Some of the strips have been consolidated, probably by exchange. The glebe strips are distinguished by crosshatching, and the oxgangs over which there was right of dower are stippled. The hall of the lord stands where it stood before the Conquest; but he seems to have enclosed his demesne land out of the common fields, whose ancient limits, however, are indicated by surviving rights of way.

The map represents Burton Agnes as it was before the enclosure, which took place about thirty years ago. There are many townships which lay in open fields within the memory of persons now alive. The last of them, Totternhoe, near Dunstable, is being enclosed this year. The death-blow to the system of open arable fields was given by the introduction of turnips, which made fallows needless, and introduced a more varied and profitable course of tillage. The consolidation of the scattered strips was mostly effected by the Enclosure Acts passed in the reign of George III., under the pressure of the high prices due to the great war. Hence, in the East Riding, the enclosures in the great majority of cases have been too recent to have effaced the names of the ancient open fields, which remain in the everyday parlance of the villagers to designate large tracts of country. A portion of my own parish, containing about 1000 acres, still goes by the name of West Field, though it is now divided into four farms, and contains scores of enclosures which might be called "fields" in the modern acceptation of the word.

Even where the land has been long enclosed, and divided into separate holdings, it is instructive to ride across the country, and observe how indelibly impressed on the soil by the ancient plough are the marks of those very divisions of the land which were recorded in the Domesday Survey. Frequently the exact boundaries of the Domesday carucates and bovates can be traced. The ancient arable, consisting as a rule of the best land, because land was plentiful, has

* In some parishes the pasture "deals" were annually re-distributed by lot. Each had a distinctive mark cut in the turf. After harvest corresponding marks were made on apples, which were thrown into a tub of water. Each farmer dived for one, thus terminating his deal of pasture for the succeeding year.

commonly gone back to valuable pasture, inferior soils, which were formerly unreclaimed, being now taken into tillage. Hence the land still lies visibly in "run-rig," the great rigs, lands, or selions, usually a furlong in length, and either a perch or two perches in breadth, remaining as they were left by the Domesday co-operative ploughs, often higher by two feet or more in the ridge than in the furrow, while here and there, at regular intervals, may be discerned the traces of the flat unploughed balks, two furrows broad, left in turf to separate and give access to the strips held by the several tenants of the manor. Even when the old arable still remains in tillage it is not impossible, as harvest time approaches, to detect by the varying colours of the ripening corn the lines of the selions of the Domesday plough, now levelled by cross ploughing, but still traceable, owing to the fact of the corn growing more luxuriantly, and ripening more slowly in the deeper and richer soil which has filled the depressions between the ancient selions.

Here we can behold the visible concrete acres and roods, and measure the actual furlongs, not, as in the tables of our arithmetic books, abstract quantities of so many square yards or so many linear feet, but strips of land of definite shape as well as of definite size. The shots or furlongs are forty perches or one-eighth of a mile in length—a furrow-long as the name implies—and the acres are of the same length, and four perches broad, the shape and the extent of each acre being determined, not arbitrarily, but by natural conditions—the precise length by the length of the longest furrow that could be conveniently ploughed before the oxen had to stop and rest, the longest furrow possible, because the turning of the plough constituted the severest part of the ploughman's labour, while the breadth of the acre depended on the number of furrows which formed the daily task of the villan and his oxen. Thus the acre represents one day's ploughing under the most convenient conditions as to size and shape, for which reason its length is ten times its breadth. Such acres, are seen in the sketch of the run-rig at Rowleston.

And as we gaze on these actual acres, roods, and furlongs, we notice that they are seldom straight, such as are delved by the modern two-horse plough, but, as is shown by the hedges which scrupulously follow the lines of the turf balks which separated the oxgangs of different owners, they lie in great sweeping curves, shaped usually like a capital J or a capital S reversed, the long narrow fields of the present farms thus perpetuating the graceful curves of the acres—curves which can only be due to the twist of the great eight-ox plough as the leading oxen were pulled round, in preparation for the turn as they approached the end of the furlong, by the villan at the near side of the leading ox. I have examined thousands of these S-shaped rigs, and I find that they invariably

swerve towards the left or near side, which seems to be explained by the fact that the driver, who walked backwards, would most conveniently have directed the oxen by pulling them round by their head-gear with his right-hand instead of with his left. Thus the acre strips, which were originally straight, were bent round in the course of centuries of continuous ploughing, the curvature being increased every year by an inch or two of further deviation; till at length the extremities of the furlong became shifted several feet from their original position. This is curiously shown at Rowleston, where the rigs originally terminated at a small watercourse. A road ran parallel to this beck at a distance of a few feet. The ends of the rigs could not be ploughed, and hence kept their original positions. At the time of the enclosure it was found that the owner of each rig possessed a few square yards of ground between the road and the beck, not opposite to the end of his rig, but four yards to the right of it, these little patches fixing the original position of the acres. In other townships, rigs, which must have been originally continuous, belonged to different shots or furlongs, and have become discontinuous, the ends of the rigs swerving to the right on one side of the headland, and to the left at the other, the acres thus gradually receding from each other in the course of years of continuous ploughing.

When the land is nearly level the rigs are S-shaped, with a curve at each end, but when the land is on a slope the rigs are often J-shaped, with the curve at the bottom of the hill. If the hill was steep, the plough went horizontally round it, forming those curious terraces on the hillsides which are locally called "lincs" or "reeaus." These are very conspicuous when the land has gone back to grass, but when it has remained in tillage, the modern cross-ploughing has so nearly effaced them that they can only be seen in a favourable light, when the sun is low, and casts them into partial shadow. These terraces were formed, as Mr. Seeböhm has shown, by the sod being turned downwards, the plough returning idle.

The formation of the lincs, the curvature of the acres, and the height attained by the rigs and headlands, impress the mind most forcibly with the great antiquity of the run-rig. Much of the land in run-rig went back to pasture at a very remote date, not improbably at the time of the Black Death, when many parishes were almost depopulated. The remoteness of the date is shown by the alterations in the beds of streams. In my own parish a beck must have changed its course and cut through the rigs at a time when it flowed at a height of four feet above its present level. It has cut off the headlands from the rigs to which they belong, and since no new headlands have been formed the stream must have changed its course at a time after the land had gone out of tillage.

* By noting the existence or absence of rigs and lincs it is easy to

determine the limits of the ancient tillage. This is also indicated by the curvature of the hedges, which constantly follow the divisions of the oxgangs, mostly running along the balks which separated the ploughed strips of different owners. This is only the case with old closes; in recent enclosures the hedges are straight, cutting across the curved rigs at various angles. In my own parish I can distinguish with certainty by the straightness or curvature of the hedges the fields which were enclosed before or after our local Enclosure Act, which was passed in 1797.

The direction of the country lanes is commonly determined by the position and extent of the Domesday tillage. They usually follow the lines of the balks and headlands which separated and gave access to the furlongs or shots in the open arable fields, while the highways usually skirt the division between the moorland and the ancient arable. Hence the roads meander hither and thither, taking curious rectangular turns as if round the squares of a chessboard, their directions being survivals of the boundaries of the several cultures in the open fields. That this is the true explanation of these twists is shown by the fact that the direction of the run-rig on one side of the lane is often at right angles to the direction on the other.

There are also queer rights of way, leading no whither, and now scarcely used except for exercising horses. Their origin is indicated by the fact that they commonly run at right angles to the rigs, along great mounds of turf, considerably higher than the adjacent land, proving that these rights of way are survivals of the headlands, which before the land was enclosed served to give access to the intermixed strips of arable in the open fields. Very striking are these conspicuous headlands, long, irregular mounds, where the great plough, with its team of eight oxen, rested and turned—the mysterious mounds, two or even three feet in height, being the accumulations formed during successive ages by the scrapings from the coulter of the plough at the spots where the oxen were accustomed to rest and pant after having traced a furlong in the acre which constituted the day's toil—the *journey*, as in some counties it is still called, in Norman French, a phrase which corresponds to the *morgen*, or morning's work, which is the name given to the acre by a German peasant.

Thus we see how the features of the Domesday agriculture have been impressed upon the soil by the Domesday plough. We can still see and count the individual acres, and can detect the boundaries of the primitive oxgangs, while the strips of glebe, one in each carucate, show the acreage, and in some cases the actual position of the carucates recorded by the Domesday Commissioners.*

* In Burton Agnes the carucates average 60 acres in each field, which conforms to the theoretical size of the carucate, as stated by Fleta, who wrote in the reign of Edward I.

If we ascend a hill, the Domesday map of the country lies spread before the eye. We see the divisions of the oxgangs tilled by the villans; here was the Domesday *pratum*, there was the *pastura*; this was the Infield, yonder was the Outfield. We look down upon the village, and see the mill, and the hall, and the church, and the messuages of the villagers, each with a long narrow strip of croft behind it, and the cots of the bordarii, with their acre or half-acre tofts, the buildings retaining the same sites and the crofts preserving the same boundaries as they had eight hundred years ago—a truly marvellous illustration of the immobile conservatism of English village life.

On my own glebe I have garths and closes representing the very oxgangs which before the Conquest must have been held by my predecessors. The rigs are about two rods broad and a furlong in length, being thus half-acres. A neighbouring rector retains as his glebe the half canicate of four oxgangs with which his Church was originally endowed, and he also holds the four oxgates of pasture which maintained the four oxen who tilled his four oxgangs in the common arable fields. He also possesses an acre allotted to him in lieu of the right of tethering two horses on the balks and “marstalls” of the common field, one horse, as an Elizabethan document recites, to each two oxgangs. In the next parish the enclosure took place by mutual consent of the freeholders and copyholders more than three hundred years ago, and the names of the common fields, East Field, Middle Field, and West Field, preserved in ancient documents, are now forgotten, but a right of way, called the East Balk, still remains. It was the East Balk of the West Field, a long ridge of turf, representing the headlands dividing the West Field from the Middle Field, as is shown by the fact that the rigs on one side run north and south, and on the other side east and west.

In my own parish there are several field names of historic interest. A paddock called Mill Garth preserves the memory of one of the two Domesday Mills, and a garden which goes by the name of the Chapel Garth, shows the site of a pre-Reformation chantry. A meadow which bears the name of Kirk Hill marks the position of the church mentioned in Domesday, and though this church was pulled down more than seven centuries ago, the name still holds in its tenacious grasp the memory of the ancient site. The cruciform trench which marks the position of the nave and transepts shows it was only a tiny edifice, though amply sufficient for the needs of the lord, the two millers, the nine sokemen, the twelve villans, and the nine cottiers, whom it served.

Another field, called Gallows Hill, formerly a part of the open wold, marks the conspicuous spot, visible to all the country round, where malefactors met their doom, and I still pay year by year the

sum of 5*s.* 8*d.* to the legal representatives of the Provost of St. John of Beverley for his services in correcting the villans of the parish. Close to Kirk Hill, where stood the Domesday church, is a farmhouse called Belmanoir, which marks the spot where the Norman lord had his hall, removed, not long after the Conquest, together with the church, to a more sheltered site. Belmanoir Farm is part of a tract of several hundred acres, now divided into numerous enclosures, which goes by the name of the "Hall Field." It represents the demesne land of the lord, tilled by his four ploughs and the oxen of his villans. It may be noted that one mill belonged to the lord, and the other collectively to the sokemen, who were thus free from paying multure to the lord.

The township consisted of two Domesday manors, Buckton and Settrington. The name of the first is only preserved by a meadow called Buckton Holms, near the site of the old church and hall. Before the Conquest, both manors were held by Thorbrand, a man of Scandinavian race, as his name, "The Sword of Thor," plainly indicates. Doubtless he fell fighting for his home at Stamford Bridge—*ad pontem Belli*—and his twelve broad manors had passed, when Domesday was compiled, to another full-blooded Northman, Bérengarde Todení (Thosney on the Seine), a descendant of Rolf Gangr, and a nephew of Ralph de Todení, the hereditary Standard Bearer of Normandy, who presumably bore the two leopards at Senlac. Bérengarde's lands afterwards passed away to a younger branch of the Bygods, Earls of Norfolk, whose descendant, five centuries later, a zealot for the faith of his forefathers, planned the Pilgrimage of Grace, and perished on the scaffold.

I have tried to draw a picture of old English life, more especially with reference to the Domesday survivals, in a single Yorkshire parish and its neighbourhood. I hope I may induce others to attempt the same task for their own parishes. The work of tracing out the details of the Domesday record on the spot will be found to add a world of interest to every country walk, while independent investigations by persons possessed of local knowledge can hardly fail to throw fresh light on a Book which forms one of our most precious national possessions, a unique treasure, the like of which no other land can show.

ISAAC TAYLOR.

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS.

I.—FICTION.

THE historian of literature in the last half of the nineteenth century will be driven to take note, in many different directions, of the influence of growing democracy. The many rule in everything; their tastes have become the canons of art, their opinions the standards of truth, their needs the rule of action. Their influence is deeply felt in the domain of fiction. The many, sad as the fact may be felt, read nothing but novels, and, now that they are all-important, those who have anything to say naturally write novels. A great painter of our day was once heard to express his regret that his fellow-workers, confusing the aim of literature and painting, more and more made it their aim to give their pictures the interest of narrative. The many never greatly care for a picture which does not tell a story; but this, he thought, was just what no picture should undertake to do; and some writers as much forsake their own ground in making the attempt, as do all painters. The essayist should not address the audience which thirsts for fiction. We make the criticism with some reluctance, because we confess that it is the novel which appears at the essay end of the spectrum which seems to us the most interesting; but we cannot deny that a work of fiction should keep well within the range of colour, and that when it encroaches on the chemical rays (by which we may fitly symbolize the philosophy of life), the novel is lost. We fear this will be the popular verdict on Mr. Mallock's work,* the greater part of which we have read with interest; but it has never been our lot to meet the essayist in a more transparent disguise. Those who did not bargain for a few hours in his company will feel themselves, we fear, sadly cheated; while those who, like ourselves, are delighted to meet him, will resent the invasion of irrelevant interest necessary to carry on the masquerade. There is something deadening to interest in wondering, as we turn the page, whether we are coming to anything of the nature of a plot, and doubting whether some remark is meant to set forth a truth or illustrate a character. We fancy the story has suffered from appearing in a serial form—a view of that criminal method of publication which we lose no opportunity of enforcing. The Socialist discussion strikes us as really interesting, and Mr. Mallock has not fallen into the common error of stating the case he disapproves at its weakest. But, indeed, we have no right to say that Mr. Mallock *disapproves* of Socialism. The sermon of his Catholic priest has many passages of a noble form of Christian Socialism, and throughout the novel there glimmers an ideal of that mystic union of each with all to

* "The Old Order Changes," by W. H. Mallock. Richard Bentley & Son.

which the belief in a Divine Son of Man gives the most adequate expression, and which only needs an expression more fused in the narrative to give every picture of human life its deepest interest.

The same want of distinctness will be felt in the novel to which readers have been looking forward most eagerly, and which they will be apt to lay down with the same kind of dissatisfaction.* Mr. Shorthouse has taught us to form about any work from his pen expectations which it is not easy to satisfy. "John Inglesant" was a novel that stood alone. It was the first, since George Eliot's novels became a ground of conventional admiration, which showed perfect independence of the spell she has cast over so many writers; while it was also the only historical novel we can call to mind which did not make the reader sigh for the magic of Scott; it combined something of the charm of a picture of the past with something of the interest of the problems of the present; it stirred deep thoughts and showed bright pictures. And its successor, though so slight, showed in addition some power, as it seemed to us, of a different kind. We looked eagerly for a third work from the same hand, and there is no denying that it is a little disappointing. The author has made two mistakes, under which his powers work at a disadvantage; he has chosen to speak as a woman, and to paint the present. The first mistake is obvious. An imaginary autobiography should always be true to the actual sex of the writer. Female authors often offend in this respect; but Defoe's "Moll Flanders," if we remember aright, is the only novel in which a man has attempted to speak as a woman. We beg Mr. Shorthouse's pardon for mentioning his heroine in such company, and hasten to assure him that, except in her over-readiness to take the public into her confidence, we find no lack of feminine qualities in her; indeed his treble seems to us a little overdone, and sometimes the falsetto becomes tiresome. This is the natural result of such a mistake; each sex, in such circumstances, exaggerates the characteristics of the other. However, autobiography would in any case have been an unsuitable form for the history of Constance Lisle. Miss Brontë rightly chooses that way of expressing herself; her narrations are all confidences; the sense of a vivid, intense personality is forced upon us as in real life we only feel it in close intimacy; and at that focus unreserve becomes natural. But whoever desires to paint a picture of which the main impression is meant to be womanly softness should never let his heroine tell us anything about herself of which such a woman could not inform an acquaintance. The heroine of Miss Austen's "Persuasion," to whom, we are told, there was a striking likeness in the heroine of Sir Percival, could never have written down the story of her love, especially if, as in the case before us, it was love unrequited. Unreserve is a characteristic of our day, and Mr. Shorthouse, in this case as in that of sex, seems to us to have exaggerated the side of life with which he is unfamiliar. He is not really at home in this Victorian era. The chief part of Sir Percival is in tone historical. There is a certain dignity of phrase and elaborateness of description which, appropriate to a record of the past, seem stilted and pompous where all the accessories are familiar. The reader feels throughout, in regard to the manner of the narra-

* "Sir Percival." By J. H. Shorthouse. Macmillan & Co.

tive, something of the sense of anachronism at its height in one passage, where a guest, at some festivity of about 1830, wears tights and ruffles to his shirt sleeves. In a picture of the past, it would be of very little importance to dress the sons in the costume of the fathers, but in a period within living memory the little slip becomes conspicuous. Or to turn to weightier matters, Mr. Shorthouse must surely know that people of quality do not, in real life, speak of themselves as "nobles," but he loses sight of the oddity of this dialect in the fact that it corresponds to a state of feeling which once actually existed; he is returning in thought to a time when the division of noble and roturier was a salient fact, present to the mind of every one without any association of vulgarity; and he forgets that this is no longer true. But we must not let our notice of a work inspired by a noble ideal, consist entirely of fault-finding. The book has a charm which it is not very easy to describe, an atmosphere of luminous purity seems to pervade it; and then again it has a high moral purpose, and breathes a spirit of broad Catholic faith. If it be objected that this is not enough to set up a novel, we would urge that a book which gives us this has some great merit, however we label it. Like everything else in the tale this moral aim is a little indistinct. An interesting letter in the *Spectator* for November 13, suggests an interpretation with which the associations of the title are fully in harmony; the two heroines, according to this view, are meant to symbolize the faith of the past which the hero deserts for "far the more attractive" belief in "Socialism, idealism, and artistic allurements," but to which he strives to return, and which dawns upon him in the hour of death. We do not agree with the editorial criticism on that letter, that allegory is bad art; all the most impressive art appears to us to bear some relation to what may be called allegory, but if Mr. Shorthouse had this meaning he would surely have made his Socialist heroine less noble a character, and not have contrasted her heroic death with the life of a lady who seems to do nothing more difficult or arduous than go regularly to church. To us the moral intention would rather appear to represent the meaning of the words, "Inasmuch as ye did it, unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me." Christianity—so we imagine Mr. Shorthouse to translate his narrative into dogma—is present wherever man dies for man, and the atheistic girl who throws away her bright young life rather than let an old woman die untended in a cottage, confesses Christ in deed far more emphatically than she can deny him in word; while the fact that her lover makes a similar sacrifice seems to set a seal on their union, and justify the instinct by which the Christian heroine refuses to come between them, even though Sir Percival fancies his love for her the more real. But it is possible that these interpretations are not really so incompatible as they appear.

If these considerations take too stern an aspect to be appropriate in a review of fiction, the reader will find it a welcome change to turn to the last work of Mr. Henry James.* He at least cannot be accused of trying to make a single reader wiser or better by his writings. He copies more or less the world as it is, and recognizes the existence of philanthropic endeavour as a taste of the day; but he is far too dainty an artist to allow himself to be "earnest" about that or anything else. There

* "The Princess Casamassima," by Henry James. Macmillan & Co.

is in him a vein of sympathy with patient, struggling, genteel poverty, and the American respect for women; but except for these indications of human feeling, we can promise the frivolous reader whom we have warned against Mr. Mallock and Mr. Shorthouse, that he may peruse "*The Princess Casamassima*" from beginning to end without perceiving a glimmer of a conviction or a moral standard. As to his other characteristics, we own that our criticism would be that of a gentleman who takes his stand by a fair musician in the Palace of Truth, and meaning to be highly complimentary, exclaims, "How tedious this is; how excessively tedious!" Mr. James is always witty, and, wit, we freely allow, is one of the rarest gifts of literature, and one of the most conservative; but surely if ought to have something to conserve. A meal of spices is as little palatable as wholesome. However, what we are now concerned to urge is that spice used to disguise the flavour of tainted meat is worse than wasted. There is so little meat here that perhaps the reader will feel disgust as much out of place as approbation, but the moral effect of fiction depends not on what it narrates, but what it suggests. The Italian-American lady, whose portrait Mr. James draws so elaborately, may be intended by him to be a person of spotless character; but the account of her intercourse with the hero has recalled to our mind that of a fine lady in London with Tom Jones, and the coarseness of Fielding seems to us much nearer purity than the suggestive decorum of Mr. James. Fiction cannot escape the responsibility of evoking such reminiscences. Take us into the atmosphere of vice, and it avails nothing to inform us that every personage with whom we are concerned plunged into it from mere curiosity. The novel which gives us to understand that its suggestions of evil are misleading, though it employ language which will bear reading aloud in the drawing-room, is as much more corrupting than a picture of lawless passion as the fire of passion is more cleansing than the close atmosphere of the laboratory. To our mind, "*Tom Jones*" is better reading for a young girl than a study of a man's relations with women, which is perpetually making the reader ask, "What does this mean?" It matters little how such a question is answered. The evil thing is, that it should be asked.

Princess Casamassima is a study of the new Socialism, a picture of the seething revolutionary energy and feverish destructiveness which has, to many in our day, taken the place of the Christianity they have abandoned. Such a feeling is a subject as legitimate for the artist as it is a problem obligatory on the moralist. Perhaps a true picture of that strange volcanic manifestation of our time, with its lurid background, might be the most valuable contribution than an artist could make to the student. But the picture of such a subject, in the dainty stippling touch of Mr. James—a study where the tastes of a vulgar shop girl claim impartial interest with the reconstruction of Society, and where a languid but wakeful curiosity is the atmosphere through which we regard life, death, man, woman, and the empty space where God has vanished—for whom has such a picture any value? If marriage has lost its sanctity, if reverence for human life is to be regarded as an obsolete superstition; then let us enter at least into a dramatic sympathy with those who attack the old order of which these things are a part. It is not difficult, for the moment, to take their point of

view. Our civilization is not so triumphant a success but what we can sympathize with those who, intent on the gulf between what it professes and what it is, desire to sweep it into nothingness. For our own part we can take up with positive refreshment after the "Princess Casamassima," such a work as "London Decroft,"* an artless and to our mind pathetic effort to express, in the form of a narrative, the writer's belief that Society has only to abolish religion and interest on money, and also to make wages a share of capital, in order to bring heaven to earth. Hatred is not so remote from reverence as dilettantism is. Those who would destroy the old order are at one with us as to its importance; as for those to whom it supplies a neutral background for the colouring of a dainty brush, we feel their service to art to be nearly on a par with that which they render to struggling, suffering men and women, seeking guidance through the wilderness of life, and hope beyond it.

Mr. Besant's vivid and interesting novel (of which we have to notice a second edition) affords us an example of the prevalence of those ideas which we associate with the name of Socialism and the problems in which they originate, seen through a better medium than the coloured glass of a frivolous curiosity. The claims of criticism and the limits of allotted space force us, however, to turn from an excellent plot, a brilliant dramatic development, a fair amount of character-painting and a noble aim, to causes of dissatisfaction which Mr. Besant's sparkle and pathos will perhaps conceal from the readers of the "Children of Gibeon."† The twin sisters in whom the eye of interested pursuit and disinterested affection alike fail to discern any difference of origin, but of whom one is the daughter of a baronet of ancient family, the other of a washer-woman and a burglar, brought up by the gracious Lady Mildred in designed confusion with her own child, that the heiress may not have one education and the charity child another; these two are apparently intended to symbolize the human race that our artificial arrangements of rich and poor divide in hostile camps; while the heiress, who, mistaking herself for the charity child, sets forth to dwell among her brethren, typifies the duty to which Mr. Besant would awaken her class. It is impossible to exaggerate our sympathy with his aim, and our admiration for the imagination and artistic power shown in the parable which clothes it is great; but it appears to us that to represent the difference of rich and poor under such a parable is to disguise its worst difficulties and suggest hopes respecting their solution, which must result in the inertia of despair. No view of social difficulties can be less fruitful than that which, regarding the poor as the victims of the rich, assumes that sympathy in the higher classes would make life easy for the lowest. But this is the heresy of noble minds, and it is set forth here with brilliancy, vigour, and a sympathy that has recalled to us the days of Christian Socialism and the finest work of Charles Kingsley.

This new sympathy with suffering is not less marked in the collection of vivid, but too photographic sketches of the Napoleonic struggle with Russia,‡ given by Count Tolstoi. It leaves much to be desired from the

* "London Decroft: a Socialistic novel." By Leon Ramsey. William Reeves: The New Temple Press.

† "The Children of Gibeon." By Walter Besant. Chatto & Windus.

‡ "War and Peace," by Count Lyof Tolstoi. Vizetelly & Co., Catherine Street, Strand.

point of view of the artist. We are bewildered by the thronged canvas, every inch of which seems filled with equal care; the eye finds no repose, no guidance, but wanders distracted among hurrying, changing crowds; and fixes on a familiar face only to lose sight of it immediately. Such a work needed extreme finish and fastidiousness in its rendering, and we feel sure that much of the tedium of the social portion must be due to the unfortunate dialect of the translator. His proper model would have been Walter Scott; not so much that the Waverley novels are written in the best English of the actual date (1805-12); rather that in them we find that hint of atmosphere which is what we need to make us realize that we are contemplating a period already part of history. But the *dramatis personæ* of "War and Peace" talk in the very latest slang of the hour; a high-bred mother, for instance (and almost every one in the story is a prince or princess), exhorts her son, in preparing his interview with a person whom it is desirable to conciliate, "Be nice to him," an expression which would have conveyed to the contemporaries of Austerlitz a totally different meaning from "soyez aimable," which is what the writer intends to convey by it. The criticism may be a trivial one, but trifles spoil a picture of high life. However, we doubt whether the social sketches would be brilliant, under any amount of polish. But if the reader of fiction lay down the book with a certain dissatisfaction, the student of history and the friend of peace will linger over it with gratitude. Not that the horrors of war are here dwelt upon at any length; we see nothing of that awful devastation in the wake of a conqueror on which Hannibal in his legendary dream was forbidden to look, and are not shown much of the actual miseries of a field of battle. Nevertheless we have never taken up a book which more brought home to us the dreary wretchedness of war. The author wipes out the glamour from the picture of the battle-field, representing it not only as a scene of anguish and death, but also of those petty wogries for which we make room in the arrangements of every day. Here they all are, the trivial misunderstanding and mistake—all that we allow for in a journey, a picnic, a ball—they meet us on the battle-field which gave Pitt his death-blow. Is it well to photograph this side of war? Photography can never be other than a danger to art, and society may ultimately reach a position in which the master of fiction might have as his sole aim to bring home to the mind those national objects for which a nation may rightly condemn its sons to all the varied wretchedness which these volumes depict. But we do not think that state of things is yet present, and we cannot but welcome every work which shows us the reality of almost the most awful event that a nation can confront. The following quotation will show that Count Tolstoi is not unable to appreciate this side of war also; while the English will also enable the reader to correct any exaggeration of a criticism meant to apply only to the social portions of the work:—

"It was now past noon, and the weather had cleared; a brilliant sun was moving westward over the Danube and the surrounding hills; the air was windless, rent now and then by the bugle call and shout of the enemy. The French had ceased firing, and for some distance nothing was to be seen but the patrols. There was in the air that indefinable sense of distance, ominous and immeasurable, which lies between two hostile armies face to face. One

step beyond the boundary on either side lies something that suggests that other boundary which divides the dead from the living. What is it? Is it the dread unknown of suffering and death? What is it?—just beyond that field, on the other side of that tree, of that roof on which the sun is shining?—Who can tell, and who does not wish to know? The soldier fears and yet longs to cross the line, for he feels that, sooner or later, he must, and that then he will know what lies beyond as surely as he will know what lies beyond this life."

We choose for very different reasons two pictures of that theme growing much more common than it used to be—an unhappy marriage—for a few words of comment. Our readers have doubtless long ago made up their minds on Mr. McCarthy's novel,* though we do not think its power has been generally appreciated, perhaps because of its painfulness. Our object in referring to this powerful story is to protest against one part of its teaching. The author has named his novel primarily of course to indicate that his hero is a member of the Cabinet; but we gather that his intention is to paint a character to which the words may be applicable in a deeper meaning. And yet this peerless knight, seeing that the woman to whom he has been attracted from the first is miserable with her husband, and, knowing the precipice on which she stands, lets her know that he loves her! Is this Mr. McCarthy's idea of the demeanour of a strong and honourable man towards a weak girl? There are many signs among us that the sacredness of marriage is not what it was; none seems to us more telling than the fact that a picture of a good man's relations to a good woman should contain such an incident. We rejoice to find, in the first attempt of a new writer—which we would associate with Mr. McCarthy's novel solely on the ground of an analogous subject—an ideal of duty as much higher as the workmanship in which it is set forth is weaker. "The Fawcetts and the Garods"† is the most unequal novel we have to notice, and the title curiously indicates the inequality of sympathy which results in this inequality of production, the sketch of the rustic Fawcetts recalling Mrs. Gaskell's best work, while that of the baronet's family never rises above the ordinary circulating library level. The clumsy, reverent devotion of the uncouth Cumbrian boor to his frivolous sister-in-law, and his pitying faithfulness to her after her fall, are touched with power; and though neither she nor her seducer have much interest, and the husband is a little indistinct, yet this relation gives a sweetness as well as freshness to the whole. Fiction has much to answer for in the belief that there is no pure and happy relation between man and woman except that which contemplates marriage, and we rejoice to see a young writer set the keynote of another strain of interest. The motive is weakened by its repetition in the aristocratic half of the tale. The baronet's devotion to a natural daughter of his father's seems intended to take up the air in the treble, but has the effect of repeating it on an instrument both feeble and out of tune.

If some of the novels we have noticed suffer from confusing the novel with the essay, the same tendency, in a rather rarer form, blurs the lines which divide fiction from biography. The author of "Arthur Hamilton"‡ has deliberately attempted to mislead his readers, and has

* "The Right Honourable." By Justin McCarthy, M.P., and Mrs. Praed. Chatto and Windus.

† "The Fawcetts and Garods." By Stannath. J. & R. Maxwell.

‡ "Arthur Hamilton." By Christopher Carr. London: Kegan Paul & Co.

so far succeeded, that many a pilgrim, we have heard, has visited a certain churchyard to seek for the grave of one of his characters; and even some reviewers have been taken in. There is great cleverness in such an achievement, but it seems to us cleverness thrown away. We would contrast it with a little sketch noticed by us on a former occasion—"Mark Rutherford," which gives the reader all that fiction can embody of the interest of biography—those thoughts and observations on life which group themselves most naturally round an ideal character, and reveal more of the actual results of experience than can ever be told in the narrative of literal fact. Arthur Hamilton, on the other hand, although a deliberate pretence, carried even to the point of apologizing for the "fictional" character of some of the incidents, holds no real experience in solution, but impresses us merely as the clever imaginings of a young writer, ignorant of life. The incidents depend for their interest on the false supposition that they really happened, and the characters, though distinct and life-like, are mere studies for a picture which is never even designed. However, the book has been eagerly read (we have heard of a third perusal by the same reader), it contains here and there several fragments of thought, and we see enough power in it to make us desirous of another work from the same hand, constructed on more artistic principles. The tendency to provide the readers of fiction with pictures of life which could only be valuable as contributions to a real biography is growing common in novels of less pretension. "A Northern Lily," for instance, is accurately described* by its second title, as "Five Years of an uneventful Life;" and, though it gives evidence of some power of character-painting, and a latent spring of pathos, yet it does not really aim at filling the blank of events with any other kind of interest. Nearly the same may be said of the even slighter production which we have coupled with it. The two may be set side by side as specimens of that passion for describing commonplace life which is perhaps an indirect result of the reverence for fact communicated to literature by science, and which, reproducing the desultoriness of experience in a manner utterly hostile to art, shows the injurious character of that impulse in the form which it has at present:

We must make space to notice two charming pictures of child-life published since our last record. Miss Montgomery's "Transformed"† is not a book for children; we are, indeed, very glad that she has given her stories a form which proclaims them *not* to be written for children. We cannot but feel her one of the many sinners of our age by whom the bloom of unconsciousness has been wiped away from childhood; and boys and girls have learnt to see themselves, not like old-fashioned children as good and naughty, but as picturesque beings, whose naughtiness has an attractive charm, and whose very imperfections of dialect are worth accurate record. Not only as a literary critic, but as the stern moralist, would we make our protest against a view of childhood which robs it of its truest happiness and its most appropriate discipline. Both are utterly lost when the mirror shows a child the most important denizen of his world. Having relieved the critical

* "A Northern Lily." By Joanna Harrison. Macmillan and Co. "J. S., or Trivialities." By J. Pleydell Bouverie. Griffith & Farran.

† "Transformed." By Florence Montgomery. Richard Bentley.

impulse by this burst of abuse, let us hasten to recommend Miss Montgomery's last story to readers of both sexes and all ages between eighteen and eighty. If they will skip a tiresome chapter describing a call at a country-house, put in, we suppose, to vindicate the status of the book as a novel of manners, and another at the end where the transformation of a hard and worldly man by the gracious brightness of a little child is redescribed—they will peruse an almost faultless little romance, fragrant with reminiscence of the influence of childhood. With the exception we have mentioned, our only criticism would be the extremely minute one that the hero always mentions his father by the hideous name of "Puppy"—a blemish worth noting, because it is a concession to that patronizing attitude of children towards their parents which is indeed a strong characteristic of our day, but which we are sure Miss Montgomery's well-brought-up little friend would never have permitted himself. A like, but worse, mistake, spoils Mrs. Moleworth's little tale.* The hero, a farmer's son of nine years old, tells the mother of an invalid friend that she is very beautiful, describes her eyes as forget-me-nots, and demeans himself towards her altogether as the hero of an æsthetic novel. This comes of our ceasing to appreciate modesty as a characteristic of childhood. When we go on to say that the tale in which this jarring note occurs has enough sweetness and harmony to enable us almost to forget it, we feel that we have paid it a very high compliment indeed. The story (which has no other trace of the heresy of our day about children), and only one other flaw in the slur which it casts on the simple life from which the hero emerges, has so much resemblance to George Macdonald's "At the Back of the North Wind," that we feel sure the resemblance must be accidental. His allegory, symbolizing by the cold wind those stern influences of life which are revealed to those that know them from within as gracious ministrants of blessing, is so different from hers, that she would have taken pains to express it by a different imagery, we should think, if she had known of the other. That so sweet and pure a "parable of nature" should be tainted here and there with sentimentalism is, we suppose, the inevitable drawback of being a popular writer for the readers of our day.

JULIA WEDGWOOD.

II.—GENERAL LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.—Mr. C. E. Norton, thinking—erroneously we believe—that Mr. Froude's *Life of Carlyle*, which in his opinion makes a new biography necessary, makes it at the same time impracticable, contents himself in the meantime with editing a selection from Carlyle's early letters,† in order to correct some of the wrong impressions Mr. Froude's work has spread abroad. The most interesting are the letters to Miss Wink before their marriage, which help to put their mutual relations in a different light from Mr. Froude's account of them. Mr. Norton

* "Four Winds Farm." By Mrs. Molesworth. Macmillan & Co.

† London: Macmillan & Co.

devotes an appendix to a discussion of some of those points, and is completely to disprove some of Mr. Froude's views, and to convict him of some carelessness in copying the letters on which his views were founded. Mr. Froude is sometimes unreasonably blamed for having an opinion of his own on this subject unfavourable to the Carlyles, but the true way of meeting him is to publish the evidence that refutes him, and to that end Mr. Norton's book is an important and entertaining contribution.—The American mind is at present much occupied with the records of the Civil War and its heroes, and one of the most recent fruits of this occupation is a thick volume of "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln," by distinguished men of his time.* The idea is a good one, and is due to Mr. Thorndike Rice, editor of the *North American Review*, who himself contributes one of the most interesting chapters the book contains. Among the other contributors are General Grant, Mr. Washburne (late U.S. Minister to France), General Butler, Walt Whitman, Mr. Hugh MacCulloch (of the Treasury), H. W. Beecher, Frederick Douglass, Mr. C. A. Dana, &c. Besides several excellent portraits of Lincoln at various periods of life, the book is illustrated by portraits of most of the contributors, of whom a short biography is also given in an appendix. Of course we get many of the racy stories for which Lincoln is famous, but we have also many an incident illustrating the courage, the simple, honest, large heart, the insight and resources of this great patriot and ruler, whose character, judging from the tone of many of these reminiscences, seems to have left as deep an impress and attracted even greater interest in America than Washington's. He is thought, at any rate, more typically American; Washington being, after all, an English gentleman of the best type, but Lincoln a native product of the life of the West.—"Australiana; or My Early Life,"† is the title of an entertaining account of things in Victoria in the early days of the colony, by Richmond Henty, the first white native of the first settlement in that colony. He here carries us through divers adventures in the station life of the pioneer times, through hunting and bushranging; he takes us among the black fellows, now a mere reminiscence of the past; on whaling expeditions in Portland Bay, now a reminiscence too, though only so lately as 1880 a whale was caught as far away as Behring's Straits, with a harpoon branded "Henty, 1838," stuck in it.—Mr. H. L. Lodge's *Life of Alexander Hamilton*,‡ in Mr. Morse's series of "American Statesmen," gives a very good account of the public work of that remarkable man, and of the history of which he was so great a part; but leaves the man himself rather a shadowy figure in the middle of it all.—Mr. R. J. De Beaufort's "The Abbé Liszt"§ is a sketchy and unpretending but interesting narrative of the principal incidents in Liszt's career, musical and personal. Perhaps his relations with Daniel Stern are described disproportionately long and with too indulgent a hand, while his intercourse with Wagner might have got more attention than it has done.—Mr. Gustave Masson's "Mazarin"|| is not, what the title would suggest, a biography of the Cardinal, but a few disjointed chapters from the history of France during the administration of Mazarin. It is on the

* Edinburgh: Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

† London: Sampson Low & Co.

‡ Edinburgh: D. Douglas.

§ London: Ward & Lock.

|| London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

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whole rather a feeble piece of work, and the English is often as defective as the arrangement.—Professor Garnett's "Heroes of Science,"* published under the same auspices, is, on the other hand, a workmanlike if unpretending performance. It consists of short but effective accounts of the lives of some of the chief scientific discoverers, from Robert Boyle to Clerk Maxwell, and will be very useful in supplying boys studying physical science with some knowledge of the history of the discoveries which establish the principles they are learning.

TRAVEL.—"Warm Corners in Egypt, by One who was in Them,"† is a series of very spirited and entertaining sketches from the author's Egyptian experience. Some of them are drawn from the exciting period of the Alexandrian massacre and bombardment, and the writer, who is a Government official, being an admirable *raconteur* as well as "one who was in" the scenes personally, we have many vivid and stirring descriptions of aspects of the events untouched by previous writers. Other chapters relate experiences in the little-visited Fayum, and the Soudan, and give us a great deal of knowledge of native Egyptian life in a very pleasant way. There is not a dull page in the book; the writer has always something interesting to tell, and wastes no time in telling it. Not the least valuable part of the work is the appendix, in which the writer points out, with manifest grasp of the facts, that what Egypt chiefly wants at present is a more general and scientific instruction in the art of cultivation.—Dr. C. J. Wills, who resided for many years in Persia as one of the medical officers of the English Telegraph Department, and who is already favourably known by his work, "In the Land of the Lion and the Sun," gives us now another work on Persia, this time on the various social phases of life in the country.‡ A doctor has opportunities of seeing things in the East that are denied to ordinary mortals, and Dr. Wills is a keen observer. His descriptions are full of facts, and are fresh and chatty in style. On points of policy he warns us most seriously that Russian influence is supplanting English in Persia, and is bound to continue to do so as long as Russia bribes and England refuses to bribe; and he is very strong for us making favour with the ablest of the Shah's sons, the Zil es Sultan, whom he describes as the most powerful man in Persia, and as having been almost childishly delighted with an Order he received from Russia.—Mr. James Bassett's "Persia, the Land of the Imams,"§ is another book of much excellence on the same country. Mr. Bassett has resided there as a missionary for eleven years, and seen a great deal of the country and people in the course of several extended missionary tours. He gives us a record of these tours, and the some chapters of information that he has collected in the course of them. It is a book of much value.—The Dobroudja, the country Roumania got by the Treaty of Berlin in place of Bessarabia, is little known, but according to an instructive little book by Professor Nacian, Bucharest,|| its 150,000 of population are probably the most mixed the world. It has been visited by most of the historical empires, and ten different races can still be distinguished there. The gives full and interesting details of the economic state of the

* Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

† London: Rev.

‡ "Persia as it is." By C. J. Wills, M.D. London: Sampson Low.

§ Glasgow: Blackie.

|| Paris: Gu.

and describes it as a place that invites colonization, having good natural resources, but a scarcity of people and capital.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Mr. John F. McLennan's unpublished remains are now promised soon, but in the meantime his brother gives us a new edition of his "Studies in Ancient History,"* which had gone out of print. This volume contains, among other things, "Primitive Marriage," one of the few modern books that may in strict truth be called epoch-making, for it opened an entirely new field of inquiry, and applied to it a most fruitful method of investigation. With the general conclusions of this work the author always remained satisfied, but there were—as was not unnatural—some minor statements on which subsequent research came to modify his views. These modifications his brother has judged best to reserve for the future and final volume, and contents himself in the present volume with inserting some notes on matters on which the author himself had already announced a change of opinion, or on which an additional statement was for some reason imperatively required. Of the latter the most important are the long notes on Mr. Morgan's classificatory system of relationship. Besides these, the editor has added a full collection of examples of the form of capture in marriage, based on a collection made originally by Mr. John McLennan himself, and published in the *Argosy*.—Whatever modern reformers may say, household and family management will ever remain the great profession of women, and what male profession is half as noble? And yet, as the author of a thoughtful and vigorous brochure called "Domestic Legislation; or, How to Elevate the Homes of the Poor,"† reminds us, women have, through the factory system and other causes, less and less chance of good domestic training every day, and scarce one in fifty can iron a collar. The writer certainly touches one of our chief social dangers here, and proposes various practical remedies, which, though modestly put forward, are well worthy of serious consideration. One of these is the introduction of the apprenticeship system into domestic service, with the proviso that the apprentice should still go to school part of the day; and there are other suggestions which might be useful with modifications.—In "England at War"‡ Mr. W. H. Navenport Adams describes in two volumes the successive wars in which this country has engaged from the days of the Tudors down till our own. The author makes no claim for his work of any higher character than that of a useful and careful compilation, and that claim is fully sustained by the work.

* London: Macmillan & Co.

† Glasgow: James Macphose & Sons.

‡ London: Remingtons

ERRATUM.—The name of the author of the article "On the Gastronomical Value of Odours," in the November number of this Review, was by mistake printed Henry T Fincke, instead of Henry T Finck

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